

- 1A.1**  
1 THERE was a lady of the North Country,  
**1A.1r**  
1 Lay the bent to the bonny broom
- 1A.1**  
2 And she had lovely daughters three.  
**1A.1r**  
2 Fa la la la, fa la la la ra re
- 1A.2**  
1 There was knight of noble worth  
2 Which also lived in the North.
- 1A.3**  
1 The knight, of courage stout and brave,  
2 A wife he did desire to have.
- 1A.4**  
1 He knocked at the ladie's gate  
2 One evening when it was late.
- 1A.5**  
1 The eldest sister let him in,  
2 And pin'd the door with a silver pin.
- 1A.6**  
1 The second sister she made his bed,  
2 And laid soft pillows under his head.
- 1A.7**  
1 The youngest daughter that same night,  
2 She went to bed to this young knight.
- 1A.8**  
1 And in the morning, when it was day,  
2 These words unto him she did say:
- 1A.9**  
1 'Now you have had your will,' quoth she,  
2 'I pray, sir knight, will you marry me?'
- 1A.10**  
1 The young brave knight to her replied,  
2 'Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be deny'd.
- 1A.11**  
1 'If thou canst answer me questions three,  
2 This very day will I marry thee.'
- 1A.12**  
1 'Kind sir, in love, O then,' quoth she,  
2 'Tell me what your [three] questions be.'
- 1A.13**  
1 'O what is longer than the way,  
2 Or what is deeper than the sea?'
- 1A.14**  
1 'Or what is louder than the horn,  
2 Or what is sharper than a thorn?'
- 1A.15**  
1 'Or what is greener than the grass,  
2 Or what is worse then a woman was?'
- 1A.16**  
1 'O love is longer than the way,  
2 And hell is deeper than the sea.'
- 1A.17**  
1 'And thunder is louder than the horn,  
2 And hunger is sharper than a thorn.'
- 1A.18**  
1 'And poyson is greener than the grass,  
2 And the Devil is worse than woman was.'
- 1A.19**  
1 When she these questions answered had,  
2 The knight became exceeding glad.
- 1A.20**  
1 And having [truly] try'd her wit,  
2 He much commended her for it.
- 1A.21**  
1 And after, as it is verifi'd,  
2 He made of her his lovely bride.
- 1A.22**  
1 So now, fair maidens all, adieu,  
2 This song I dedicate to you.
- 1A.23**  
1 I wish that you may constant prove  
2 Vnto the man that you do love.
- 1B.1**  
1 THERE were three sisters fair and bright,  
**1B.1r**  
1 Jennifer gentle and rosemaree
- 1B.1**  
2 And they three loved one valiant knight.  
**1B.1r**  
2 As the dew flies over the mulberry tree
- 1B.2**  
1 The eldest sister let him in,  
2 And barred the door with a silver pin.
- 1B.3**  
1 The second sister made his bed,  
2 And placed soft pillows under his head.
- 1B.4**  
1 The youngest sister, fair and bright,  
2 Was resolved for to wed with this valiant knight.
- 1B.5**  
1 'And if you can answer questions three,  
2 O then, fair maid, I will marry with thee.'
- 1B.6**  
1 'What is louder than an horn,  
2 And what is sharper than a thorn?'
- 1B.7**  
1 'Thunder is louder than an horn,  
2 And hunger is sharper than a thorn.'
- 1B.8**  
1 'What is broader than the way,  
2 And what is deeper than the sea?'
- 1B.9**  
1 'Love is broader than the way,  
2 And hell is deeper than the sea.'
- 1B.10**  
1 .....  
2 'And now, fair maid, I will marry with thee.'
- 1C.1**  
1 THERE was a knicht riding frae the east,  
**1C.1r**  
1 Sing the Cather banks, the bonnie brume
- 1C.1**  
2 Wha had been wooing at monie a place.  
**1C.1r**  
2 And ye may beguile a young thing sune
- 1C.2**  
1 He came unto a widow's door,  
2 And speird whare her three dochters were.
- 1C.3**  
1 The auldest ane's to a washing gane,  
2 The second's to a baking gane.
- 1C.4**  
1 The youngest ane's to a wedding gane,  
2 And it will be nicht or she be hame.
- 1C.5**  
1 He sat him down upon a stane,  
2 Till thir three lasses came tripping hame.
- 1C.6**  
1 The auldest ane's to the bed making,  
2 And the second ane's to the sheet spreading.
- 1C.7**  
1 The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,  
2 And she was to lye with this unco knicht.
- 1C.8**  
1 'Gin ye will answer me questions ten,  
2 The morn ye sall be made my ain.
- 1C.9**  
1 'O what is heigher nor the tree?  
2 And what is deeper nor the sea?'
- 1C.10**  
1 'Or what is heavier nor the lead?  
2 And what is better nor the breid?'
- 1C.11**  
1 'O what is whiter nor the milk?  
2 Or what is safter nor the silk?'
- 1C.12**  
1 'Or what is sharper nor a thorn?  
2 Or what is louder nor a horn?'
- 1C.13**  
1 'Or what is greener nor the grass?  
2 Or what is waur nor a woman was?'
- 1C.14**  
1 'O heaven is higher nor the tree,  
2 And hell is deeper nor the sea.'
- 1C.15**  
1 'O sin is heavier nor the lead,  
2 The blessing's better nor the bread.'
- 1C.16**  
1 'The snaw is whiter nor the milk,  
2 And the down is safter nor the silk.'
- 1C.17**  
1 'Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,  
2 And shame is louder nor a horn.'
- 1C.18**  
1 'The pies are greener nor the grass,  
2 And Clootie's waur nor a woman was.'
- 1C.19**  
1 As sune as she the fiend did name,  
2 He flew awa in a blazing flame.  
**1D.1**  
1 'O WHAT is higher than the trees?'  
**1D.1r**  
1 Gar lay the bent to the bonny broom
- 1D.1**  
2 And what is deeper than the seas?  
**1D.1r**  
2 And you may beguile a fair maid soon
- 1D.2**  
1 'O what is whiter than the milk?  
2 Or what is softer than the silk?'
- 1D.3**  
1 'O what is sharper than the thorn?  
2 O what is louder than the horn?'
- 1D.4**  
1 'O what is longer than the way?  
2 And what is colder than the clay?'
- 1D.5**  
1 'O what is greener than the grass?  
2 And what is worse than woman was?'
- 1D.6**  
1 'O heaven's higher than the trees,  
2 And hell is deeper than the seas.'
- 1D.7**  
1 'And snow is whiter than the milk,  
2 And love is softer than the silk.'
- 1D.8**  
1 'O hunger's sharper than the thorn,  
2 And thunder's louder than the horn.'
- 1D.9**  
1 'O wind is longer than the way,  
2 And death is colder than the clay.'
- 1D.10**  
1 'O poison's greener than the grass,  
2 And the Devil's worse than eer woman was.'
- 1[E.1]**  
1 There was a lady in the West,  
**1[E.1r]**  
1 Lay the bank with the bonny broom
- 1[E.1]**  
2 She had three daughters of the best.  
**1[E.1r]**  
2 Fa lang the dillo  
3 Fa lang the dillo dillo dee
- 1[E.2]**  
1 There came a stranger to the gate,  
2 And he three days and nights did wait.
- 1[E.3]**  
1 The eldest daughter did ope the door,  
2 The second set him on the floor.
- 1[E.4]**  
1 The third daughter she brought a chair,  
2 And placed it that he might sit there.
- 1[E.5]**  
1 'Now answer me these questions three,  
2 Or you shall surely go with me.'
- 1[E.6]**  
1 'Now answer me these questions six,  
2 Or you shall surely be Old Nick's.'
- 1[E.7]**  
1 'Now answer me these questions nine,  
2 Or you shall surely all be mine.'
- 1[E.8]**  
1 'What is greener than the grass?  
2 What is smoother than crystal glass?'
- 1[E.9]**  
1 'What is louder than a horn?  
2 What is sharper than a thorn?'
- 1[E.10]**  
1 'What is brighter than the light?  
2 What is darker than the night?'
- 1[E.11]**  
1 'What is keener than an axe?  
2 What is softer than melting wax?'
- 1[E.12]**  
1 'What is rounder than a ring?'  
2 'To you we thus our answers bring.'
- 1[E.13]**  
1 'Envy is greener than the grass,  
2 Flattery smoother than crystal glass.'
- 1[E.14]**  
1 'Rumour is louder than a horn,  
2 Hunger is sharper than a thorn.'

**1[E.15]**

- 1 'Truth is brighter than the light,  
2 Falsehood is darker than the night.

**1[E.16]**

- 1 'Revenge is keener than an axe,  
2 Love is softer than melting wax.

**1[E.17]**

- 1 'The world is rounder than a ring,  
2 To you we thus our answers bring.

**1[E.18]**

- 1 'Thus you have our answers nine,  
2 And we never shall be thine.'

**2A.b**

- 1 MY plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
2 And ore the hill and far awa,  
3 And far awa to Norrowa,  
4 My plaid shall not be blown awa.

**2A.1**

- 1 The elphin knight sits on yon hill,

**2A.1r**

- 1 Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba

**2A.1**

- 2 He blows his horn both lowd and shril.

**2A.1r**

- 2 The wind hath blown my plaid awa

**2A.2**

- 1 He blowes it east, he blowes it west,  
2 He blowes it where he lyketh best.

**2A.3**

- 1 'I wish that horn were in my kist,  
2 Yea, and the knight in my armes two.'

**2A.4**

- 1 She had no sooner these words said,  
2 When that the knight came to her bed.

**2A.5**

- 1 'Thou art over young a maid,' quoth he,  
2 'Married with me thou il wouldst be.'

**2A.6**

- 1 'I have a sister younger than I,  
2 And she was married yesterday.'

**2A.7**

- 1 'Married with me if thou wouldst be,  
2 A courtesie thou must do to me.

**2A.8**

- 1 'For thou must shape a sark to me,  
2 Without any cut or heme,' quoth he.

**2A.9**

- 1 'Thou must shape it knife-and-sheerlesse,  
2 And also sue it needle-threadlesse.'

**2A.10**

- 1 'If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,  
2 Another thou must do to me.

**2A.11**

- 1 'I have an aiker of good ley-land,  
2 Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.

**2A.12**

- 1 'For thou must eare it with thy horn,  
2 So thou must sow it with thy corn.

**2A.13**

- 1 'And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,  
2 Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame.

**2A.14**

- 1 'Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,  
2 And thrash it into thy shoes soll.

**2A.15**

- 3 And thou must winnow it in thy looff,  
4 And also seek it in thy glove.

**2A.16**

- 1 'For thou must bring it over the sea,  
2 And thou must bring it dry home to me.

**2A.17**

- 3 'When thou hast gotten thy turns well done,  
4 Then come to me and get thy sark then.'

**2A.18**

- 1 'I'l not quite my plaid for my life;  
2 It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'

**2A.18r**

- 2 The wind shall not blow my plaid awa

**2A.19**

- 1 'My maidenhead I'l then keep still,  
2 Let the elphin knight do what he will.'

**2A.19r**

- 2 The wind's not blown my plaid awa

**2B.b**

- 1 MY plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
2 And owe 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, lillie ba

**2B.1**

- 2 He blaws his horn baith loud and shrill.

**2B.1r**

- 2 The wind hath blawn my plaid awa

**2B.2**

- 1 He blaws it east, he blaws it west,  
2 He blaws it where he liketh 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.5**

- 1 'Thou art oer young a maid,' quoth he,  
2 'Married with me that thou wouldst 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 wouldst 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 seam,' quoth he.

**2B.9**

- 1 'And ye maun shape it, knife-, sheerless,  
2 And also sew it needle-, threadless.'

**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 sea strand.

**2B.12**

- 1 'It's ye maun till't wi your touting horn,  
2 And ye maun saw't wi the pepper corn.

**2B.13**

- 1 'And ye maun harrow't wi a thorn,  
2 And hae your wark done ere the morn.

**2B.14**

- 1 'And ye maun shear 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 hole,  
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'l not quite my plaid for my life;  
2 It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'

**2B.20**

- 1 'My maidenhead I'l 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 shill.

**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 thae 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?'

**2C.5**

- 1 'I have a sister younger than I,  
2 And she was married yesterday.'

**2C.6**

- 1 'Married wi me ye sall neer be nane  
2 Till ye mak to me a sark but a seam.

**2C.7**

- 1 'And ye maun shape it knife-,sheer-less,  
2 And ye maun sew it needle-, thread-less.

**2C.8**

- 1 'And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,  
2 Whare water never stood nor ran.

**2C.9**

- 1 'And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,  
2 Whare the sun neer shon sin man was born.'

**2C.10**

- 1 'Gin that courtesie I do for thee,  
2 Ye maun do this for me.

**2C.11**

- 1 'Ye'll get an acre o gude red-land  
2 Atween the saut sea and the sand.

**2C.12**

- 1 'I want that land for to be corn,  
2 And ye maun aer it wi your horn.

**2C.13**

- 1 'And ye maun saw it without a seed,  
2 And ye maun harrow it wi a threed.

**2C.14**

- 1 'And ye maun shear it wi your knife,  
2 And na tyne a pickle o't for your life.

**2C.15**

- 1 'And ye maun moue it in yon mouse-hole  
2 And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole.

**2C.16**

- 1 'And ye maun fan it wi your luves,  
2 And ye maun sack it in your gloves.

**2C.17**

- 1 'And ye maun bring it oure the sea,  
2 Fair and clean and dry to me.

**2C.18**

- 1 'And whan that your wark is weill deen,  
2 Yese get your sark without a seam.'

**2D.1**

- 1 THE Elfin knight stands on yon hill,

**2D.1r**

- 1 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw

**2D.1**

- 2 Blawing his horn loud and shrill.

**2D.1r**

- 2 And the wind has blawin my plaid awa

**2D.2**

- 1 'If I had yon horn in my kist,  
2 And the bonny laddie here that I luv best!

**2D.3**

- 1 'I hae a sister eleven years auld,  
2 And she to the young men's bed has made  
bauld.

**2D.4**

- 1 'And I mysell am only nine,  
2 And oh! sae fain, luv, as I woud be thine.'

**2D.5**

- 1 'Ye maun make me a fine Holland sark,  
2 Without ony stitching or needle wark.

**2D.6**

- 1 'And ye maun wash it in yonder well,  
2 Where the dew never wat, nor the rain ever fell.

**2D.7**

- 1 'And ye maun dry it upon a thorn  
2 That never budded sin Adam was born.'

**2D.8**

- 1 'Now sin ye've askd some things o me,  
2 It's right I ask as mony o thee.

**2D.9**

- 1 'My father he askd me an acre o land,  
2 Between the saut sea and the strand.

**2D.10**

- 1 'And ye maun plow't wi your blawing horn,  
2 And ye maun saw't wi pepper corn.

**2D.11**

- 1 And ye maun harrow't wi a single tyne,  
2 And ye maun shear't wi a sheep's shank bane.

**2D.12**

- 1 'And ye maun big it in the sea,  
2 And bring the stathle dry to me.

**2D.13**

- 1 'And ye maun barn't in yon mouse hole,  
2 And ye maun thrash't in your shee sole.

- 2D.14**  
1 'And ye maun sack it in your gluve,  
2 And ye maun winno't in your leuve.
- 2D.15**  
1 'And ye maun dry't without candle or coal,  
2 And grind it without quim or mill.
- 2D.16**  
1 'Ye'll big a cart o stane and lime,  
2 Gar Robin Redbreast trail it syne.
- 2D.17**  
1 'When ye've dune, and finishd your wark,  
2 Ye'll come to me, luve, and get your sark.'
- 2E.1**  
1 THE Elfin Knight sits on yon hill,
- 2E.1r**  
1 Ba ba lilly ba
- 2E.1**  
2 Blowing his horn loud and shill.
- 2E.1r**  
2 And the wind has blawn my plaid awa
- 2E.2**  
1 'I love to hear that horn blaw;  
2 I wish him [here] owns it and a'.'
- 2E.3**  
1 That word it was no sooner spoken,  
2 Than Elfin Knight in her arms was gotten.
- 2E.4**  
1 'You must mak to me a sark,  
2 Without threed, sheers or needle wark.'
- 2F.1**  
1 'DID ye ever travel twixt Berwick and Lyne?
- 2F.1r**  
1 Sober and grave grows merry in time
- 2F.1**  
2 There ye'll meet wi a handsome young dame,
- 2F.1r**  
2 Ance she was a true love o mine.
- 2F.2**  
1 'Tell her to sew me a holland sark,  
2 And sew it all without needle-wark:
- 2F.2r**  
2 And syne we'll be true lovers again.
- 2F.3**  
1 'Tell her to wash it at yon spring-well,  
2 Where neer wind blew, nor yet rain fell.
- 2F.4**  
1 'Tell her to dry it on yon hawthorn,  
2 That neer sprang up sin Adam was born.
- 2F.5**  
1 'Tell her to iron it wi a hot iron,  
2 And plait it a' in ae plait round.'
- 2F.6**  
1 'Did ye ever travel twixt Berwick and Lyne?  
2 There ye'll meet wi a handsome young man,
- 2F.6r**  
2 Ance he was a true lover o mine.
- 2F.7**  
1 'Tell him to plough me an acre o land  
2 Betwixt the sea-side bot and the sea-sand,
- 2F.7r**  
2 And syne we'll be true lovers again.
- 2F.8**  
1 'Tell him to saw it wi ae peck o corn,  
2 And harrow it a' wi ae harrow tine.
- 2F.9**  
1 'Tell him to shear it wi ae hook-tooth,  
2 And carry it hame just into his loof.
- 2F.10**  
1 'Tell him to stack it in yon mouse-hole,  
2 And thrash it a' just wi his shoe-sole.
- 2F.11**  
1 'Tell him to dry it on yon ribless kiln,  
2 And grind it a' in yon waterless miln.
- 2F.12**  
1 Tell this young man, whan he's finished his  
wark,  
2 He may come to me, and hese get his sark.'
- 2G.1**  
1 'CAN you make me a cambrick shirt,
- 2G.1r**  
1 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
- 2G.1**  
2 Without any seam or needle work?
- 2G.1r**  
2 And you shall be a true lover of mine
- 2G.2**  
1 'Can you wash it in yonder well,  
2 Where never sprung water nor rain ever fell?'
- 2G.3**  
1 'Can you dry it on yonder thorn,  
2 Which never bore blossom since Adam was  
bom?'
- 2G.4**  
1 'Now you have askd me questions three,  
2 I hope you'll answer as many for me.
- 2G.5**  
1 'Can you find me an acre of land  
2 Between the salt water and the sea sand?'
- 2G.6**  
1 'Can you plow it with a ram's horn,  
2 And sow it all over with one pepper corn?'
- 2G.7**  
1 'Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,  
2 And bind it up with a peacock's feather?'
- 2G.8**  
1 'When you have done, and finishd your work,  
2 Then come to me for your cambrick shirt.'
- 2H.1**  
1 'COME, pretty Nelly, and sit thee down by me,
- 2H.1r**  
1 Every rose grows merry wi thyme
- 2H.1**  
2 And I will ask thee questions three,
- 2H.1r**  
2 And then thou wilt be a true lover of mine.
- 2H.2**  
1 'Thou must buy me a cambrick smock  
2 Without any stitch of needlework.
- 2H.3**  
1 'Thou must wash it in yonder strand,  
2 Where wood never grew and water neer ran.
- 2H.4**  
1 'Thou must dry it on yonder thorn,  
2 Where the sun never shined on since Adam wa  
s formed.'
- 2H.5**  
1 'Thou hast asked me questions three;  
2 Sit down till I ask as many of thee.
- 2H.6**  
1 'Thou must buy me an acre of land  
2 Betwixt the salt water, love, and the sea-sand.
- 2H.7**  
1 'Thou must plow it wi a ram's horn,  
2 And sow it all over wi one pile o corn.
- 2H.8**  
1 'Thou must shear it wi a strap o leather,  
2 And tie it all up in a peacock feather.
- 2H.9**  
1 'Thou must stack it in the sea,  
2 And bring the stale o't hame dry to me.
- 2H.10**  
1 'When my love's done, and finished his work,  
2 Let him come to me for his cambric smock.'
- 2I.1**  
1 A LADY wonned on yonder hill,
- 2I.1r**  
1 Hee ba and balou ba
- 2I.1**  
2 And she had musick at her will.
- 2I.1r**  
2 And the wind has blown my plaid awa
- 2I.2**  
1 Up and cam an auld, auld man,  
2 Wi his blue bonnet in his han.
- 2I.3**  
1 'I will aks ye questions three;  
2 Resolve them, or ye'll gang wi me.
- 2I.4**  
1 'Ye maun mak to me a sark,  
2 It maun be free o woman's wark.
- 2I.5**  
1 'Ye maun shape it knife- sheerless,  
2 And ye maun sew it needle- threedless.
- 2I.6**  
1 'Ye maun wash it in yonder well,  
2 Whare rain nor dew has ever fell.
- 2I.7**  
1 'Ye maun dry it on yonder thorn,  
2 Where leaf neer grew since man was born.'
- 2I.8**  
1 'I will ask ye questions three;  
2 Resolve them, or ye'll neer get me.
- 2I.9**  
1 'I hae a rig o bonnie land  
2 Atween the saut sea and the sand.
- 2I.10**  
1 'Ye maun plow it wi ae horse bane,  
2 And harrow it wi ae harrow pin.
- 2I.11**  
1 'Ye maun shear't wi a whang o leather,  
2 And ye maun bind't bot strap or tether.
- 2I.12**  
1 'Ye maun stack it in the sea,  
2 And bring the stale hame dry to me.
- 2I.13**  
1 'Ye maun mak a cart o stane,  
2 And yoke the wren and bring it hame.
- 2I.14**  
1 'Ye maun thresh't atween your lufes,  
2 And ye maun sack't atween your thies.'
- 2I.15**  
1 'My curse on those wha learnèd thee;  
2 This night I weend ye'd gane wi me.'
- 2J.1**  
1 NOW you are a-going to Cape Ann,
- 2J.1r**  
1 Followingkathellomeday
- 2J.1**  
2 Remember me to the self-same man.
- 2J.1r**  
2 Ummatiddle, ummatiddle, ummatallyho,  
tallyho, followingkathellomeday
- 2J.2**  
1 Tell him to buy me an acre of land  
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
- 2J.3**  
1 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,  
2 Tell him to sow it with one peppercorn.
- 2J.4**  
1 Tell him to reap it with a penknife,  
2 And tell him to cart it with two mice.
- 2J.5**  
1 Tell him to cart it to yonder new barn  
2 That never was built since Adam was born.
- 2J.6**  
1 Tell him to thrash it with a goose quill,  
2 Tell him to fan it with an egg-shell.
- 2J.7**  
1 Tell the fool, when he's done his work,  
2 To come to me, and he shall have his shirt.
- 2K.1**  
1 MY father left me three acres of land,
- 2K.1r**  
1 Sing ivy, sing ivy
- 2K.1**  
2 My father left me three acres of land.
- 2K.1r**  
2 Sing holly, go whistle and ivy
- 2K.2**  
1 I ploughed it with a ram's horn,  
2 And sowed it all over with one pepper corn.
- 2K.3**  
1 I harrowed it with a bramble bush,  
2 And reaped it with my little penknife.
- 2K.4**  
1 I got the mice to carry it to the barn,  
2 And thrashed it with a goose's quill.
- 2K.5**  
1 I got the cat to carry it to the mill;  
2 The miller he swore he would have her paw,  
3 And the cat she swore she would scratch his  
face.
- 2L.1**  
1 MY father gave me an acre of land,
- 2L.1r**  
1 Sing ivy, sing ivy
- 2L.1**  
2 My father gave me an acre of land.
- 2L.1r**  
2 Sing green bush, holly and ivy
- 2L.2**  
1 I ploughd it with a ram's horn.
- 2L.3**  
1 I harrowd it with a bramble.
- 2L.4**  
1 I sowed it with a pepper corn.
- 2L.5**  
1 I reaped it with my penknife.



**4C.7**

1 'Cast off, cast off, my May Colven,  
2 All and your embroiderd shoen,  
3 For they're oer good and oer costly  
4 To rot in the salt sea foam.'

**4C.8**

1 'O turn you about, O false Sir John,  
2 And look to the leaf of the tree,  
3 For it never became a gentleman  
4 A naked woman to see.'

**4C.9**

1 He turnd himself straight round about,  
2 To look to the leaf of the tree;  
3 So swift as May Colven was  
4 To throw him in the sea.

**4C.10**

1 'O help, O help, my May Colven,  
2 O help, or else I'll drown;  
3 I'll take you home to your father's bower,  
4 And set you down safe and sound.'

**4C.11**

1 'No help, no help, O false Sir John,  
2 No help, nor pity thee;  
3 Tho seven king's-daughters you have drown'd,  
4 But the eight shall not be me.'

**4C.12**

1 So she went on her father's steed,  
2 As swift as she could flee,  
3 And she came home to her father's bower  
4 Before it was break of day.

**4C.13**

1 Up then and spoke the pretty parrot:  
2 'May Colven, where have you been?  
3 What has become of false Sir John,  
4 That woo'd you so late the streen?'

**4C.14**

1 'He woo'd you butt, he woo'd you ben,  
2 He woo'd you in the ha,  
3 Until he got your own consent  
4 For to mount and gang awa.'

**4C.15**

1 'O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
2 Lay not the blame upon me;  
3 Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,  
4 Your cage of the root of the tree.'

**4C.16**

1 Up then spake the king himself,  
2 In the bed-chamber where he lay:  
3 'What ails the pretty parrot,  
4 That prattles so long or day?'

**4C.17**

1 'There came a cat to my cage door,  
2 It almost a worried me,  
3 And I was calling on May Colven  
4 To take the cat from me.'

**4D.1**

1 O HEARD ye of a bloody knight,  
2 Lived in the south country?  
3 For he has betrayed eight ladies fair  
4 And drowned them in the sea.

**4D.2**

1 Then next he went to May Collin,  
2 She was her father's heir,  
3 The greatest beauty in the land,  
4 I solemnly declare.

**4D.3**

1 'I am a knight of wealth and might,  
2 Of townlands twenty-three;  
3 And you'll be lady of them all,  
4 If you will go with me.'

**4D.4**

1 'Excuse me, then, Sir John,' she says;  
2 'To wed I am too young;  
3 Without I have my parents' leave,  
4 With you I darena gang.'

**4D.5**

1 'Your parents' leave you soon shall have,  
2 In that they will agree;  
3 For I have made a solemn vow  
4 This night you'll go with me.'

**4D.6**

1 From below his arm he pulled a charm,  
2 And stuck it in her sleeve,  
3 And he has made her go with him,  
4 Without her parents' leave.

**4D.7**

1 Of gold and silver she has got  
2 With her twelve hundred pound,  
3 And the swiftest steed her father had  
4 She has taen to ride upon.

**4D.8**

1 So privily they went along,  
2 They made no stop or stay,  
3 Till they came to the fatal place  
4 That they call Bunion Bay.

**4D.9**

1 It being in a lonely place,  
2 And no house there was nigh,  
3 The fatal rocks were long and steep,  
4 And none could hear her cry.

**4D.10**

1 'Light down,' he said, 'Fair May Collin,  
2 Light down and speak with me,  
3 For here I've drowned eight ladies fair,  
4 And the ninth one you shall be.'

**4D.11**

1 'Is this your bowers and lofty towers,  
2 So beautiful and gay?  
3 Or is it for my gold,' she said,  
4 'You take my life away?'

**4D.12**

1 'Strip off,' he says, 'Thy jewels fine,  
2 So costly and so brave,  
3 For they are too costly and too fine  
4 To throw in the sea wave.'

**4D.13**

1 'Take all I have my life to save,  
2 O good Sir John, I pray;  
3 Let it neer be said you killed a maid  
4 Upon her wedding day.'

**4D.14**

1 'Strip off,' he says, 'Thy Holland smock,  
2 That's bordered with the lawn,  
3 For it's too costly and too fine  
4 To rot in the sea sand.'

**4D.15**

1 'O turn about, Sir John,' she said,  
2 'Your back about to me,  
3 For it never was comely for a man  
4 A naked woman to see.'

**4D.16**

1 But as he turned him round about,  
2 She threw him in the sea,  
3 Saying, 'Lie you there, you false Sir John,  
4 Where you thought to lay me.'

**4D.17**

1 'O lie you there, you traitor false,  
2 Where you thought to lay me,  
3 For though you stripped me to the skin,  
4 Your clothes you've got with thee.'

**4D.18**

1 Her jewels fine she did put on,  
2 So costly, rich and brave,  
3 And then with speed she mounts his steed,  
4 So well she did behave.

**4D.19**

1 That lady fair being void of fear,  
2 Her steed being swift and free,  
3 And she has reached her father's gate  
4 Before the clock struck three.

**4D.20**

1 Then first she called the stable groom,  
2 He was her waiting man;  
3 Soon as he heard his lady's voice  
4 He stood with cap in hand.

**4D.21**

1 'Where have you been, fair May Collin?  
2 Who owns this dapple grey?  
3 'It is a found one,' she replied,  
4 'That I got on the way.'

**4D.22**

1 Then out bespoke the wily parrot  
2 Unto fair May Collin:  
3 'What have you done with false Sir John,  
4 That went with you yestreen?'

**4D.23**

1 'O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
2 And talk no more to me,  
3 And where you had a meal a day  
4 O now you shall have three.'

**4D.24**

1 Then up bespoke her father dear,  
2 From his chamber where he lay:  
3 'What aileth thee, my pretty Poll,  
4 That you chat so long or day?'

**4D.25**

1 The cat she came to my cage-door,  
2 The thief I could not see,  
3 And I called to fair May Collin,  
4 'To take the cat from me.'

**4D.26**

1 Then first she told her father dear  
2 The deed that she had done,  
3 And next she told her mother dear  
4 Concerning false Sir John.

**4D.27**

1 'If this be true, fair May Collin,  
2 That you have told to me,  
3 Before I either eat or drink  
4 This false Sir John I'll see.'

**4D.28**

1 Away they went with one consent,  
2 At dawning of the day,  
3 Until they came to Carline Sands,  
4 And there his body lay.

**4D.29**

1 His body tall, by that great fall,  
2 By the waves tossed to and fro,  
3 The diamond ring that he had on  
4 Was broke in pieces two.

**4D.30**

1 And they have taken up his corpse  
2 To yonder pleasant green,  
3 And there they have buried false Sir John,  
4 For fear he should be seen.

**4E.1**

1 AN outlandish knight came from the north  
lands,  
2 And he came a-wooing to me;  
3 He told me he'd take me unto the north lands,  
4 And there he would marry me.

**4E.2**

1 'Come, fetch me some of your father's gold,  
2 And some of your mother's fee,  
3 And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
4 Where they stand thirty and three.'

**4E.3**

1 She fetched him some of her father's gold,  
2 And some of her mother's fee,  
3 And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
4 Where they stood thirty and three.

**4E.4**

1 She mounted her on her milk-white steed,  
2 He on the dapple grey;  
3 They rode till they came unto the sea-side,  
4 Three hours before it was day.

**4E.5**

1 'Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,  
2 And deliver it unto me;  
3 Six pretty maids have I drowned here,  
4 And thou the seventh shalt be.

**4E.6**

1 'Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,  
2 And deliver it unto me;  
3 Methinks it looks too rich and too gay  
4 To rot in the salt sea.

**4E.7**

1 'Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,  
2 And deliver them unto me;  
3 Methinks they are too fine and gay  
4 To rot in the salt sea.

**4E.8**

1 'Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock,  
2 And deliver it unto me;  
3 Methinks it looks too rich and gay  
4 To rot in the salt sea.'

**4E.9**

1 'If I must pull off my Holland smock,  
2 Pray turn thy back unto me;  
3 For it is not fitting that such a ruffian  
4 A naked woman should see.'

**4E.10**

1 He turned his back towards her  
2 And viewed the leaves so green;  
3 She caught him round the middle so small,  
4 And tumbled him into the stream.

- 4E.11**  
 1 He dropped high and he dropped low,  
 2 Until he came to the side;  
 3 'Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,  
 4 And I will make you my bride.'
- 4E.12**  
 1 'Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,  
 2 Lie there instead of me;  
 3 Six pretty maids have you drowned here,  
 4 And the seventh has drowned thee.'
- 4E.13**  
 1 She mounted on her milk-white steed,  
 2 And led the dapple grey;  
 3 She rode till she came to her own father's hall,  
 4 Three hours before it was day.
- 4E.14**  
 1 The parrot being in the window so high,  
 2 Hearing the lady, did say,  
 3 'I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,  
 4 That you have tarried so long away.'
- 4E.15**  
 1 'Don't prittle nor prattle, my pretty parrot,  
 2 Nor tell no tales of me;  
 3 Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
 4 Although it is made of a tree.'
- 4E.16**  
 1 The king being in the chamber so high,  
 2 And hearing the parrot, did say,  
 3 'What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,  
 4 That you prattle so long before day?'
- 4E.17**  
 1 'It's no laughing matter,' the parrot did say,  
 2 'That so loudly I call unto thee,  
 3 For the cats have got into the window so high,  
 4 And I'm afraid they will have me.'
- 4E.18**  
 1 'Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,  
 2 Well turned, well turned for me;  
 3 Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
 4 And the door of the best ivory.'
- 4F.1**  
 1 'GO fetch me some of your father's gold,  
 2 And some of your mother's fee,  
 3 And I'll carry you into the north land,  
 4 And there I'll marry thee.'
- 4F.2**  
 1 She fetchd him some of her father's gold,  
 2 And some of her mother's fee;  
 3 She carried him into the stable,  
 4 Where horses stood thirty and three.
- 4F.3**  
 1 She leapt on a milk-white steed,  
 2 And he on a dapple-grey;  
 3 They rode til they came to a fair river's side,  
 4 Three hours before it was day.
- 4F.4**  
 1 'O light, O light, you lady gay,  
 2 O light with speed, I say,  
 3 For six knight's daughters have I drowned here,  
 4 And you the seventh must be.'
- 4F.5**  
 1 'Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle  
 2 That grows so near the brim,  
 3 For fear it should tangle my golden locks,  
 4 Or freckle my milk-white skin.'
- 4F.6**  
 1 He fetchd the sickle, to crop the nettle  
 2 That grows so near the brim,  
 3 And with all the strength that pretty Polly had  
 4 She pushd the false knight in.
- 4F.7**  
 1 'Swim on, swim on, thou false knight,  
 2 And there bewail thy doom,  
 3 For I don't think thy cloathing too good  
 4 To lie in a watry tomb.'
- 4F.8**  
 1 She leaped on her milk-white steed,  
 2 She led the dapple grey;  
 3 She rid till she came to her father's house,  
 4 Three hours before it was day.
- 4F.9**  
 1 'Who knocked so loudly at the ring??  
 2 The parrot he did say;  
 3 'O where have you been, my pretty Polly,  
 4 All this long summer's day?'
- 4F.10**  
 1 'O hold your tongue, parrot,  
 2 Tell you no tales of me;  
 3 Your cage shall be made of beaten gold,  
 4 Which is now made of a tree.'
- 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 frighted me,  
 3 And I calld down my Polly  
 4 To take the cat away.'
- 4[G.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.'
- 4[G.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.
- 4[G.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.
- 4[G.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.'
- 4[G.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.'
- 4[G.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.'
- 4[G.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.'
- 4[G.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.
- 4[G.9]**  
 1 'Lie there, lie there, thou false knight villain,  
 2 Lie there instead of me;  
 3 'Twas you that promised to marry me,  
 4 For some of my father's fee.'
- 4[G.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.'
- 4[G.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.'
- 4[G.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.
- 4[G.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?'
- 4[G.14]**  
 1 'Oh hold your tongue, my favourite bird,  
 2 And tell no tales of me;  
 3 Your cage I will make of the beaten gold,  
 4 And hang in the willow-tree.'
- 4[G.15]**  
 1 Out then spoke her father dear,  
 2 From the chamber where he lay:  
 3 Oh what hath befallen my favourite bird,  
 4 That she calls so loud for day?'
- 4[G.16]**  
 1 "'Tis nothing at all, good lord,' she said,  
 2 "'Tis nothing at all indeed;  
 3 It was only the cat came to my cage-door,  
 4 And I called my pretty colleen.'
- 5A.1**  
 1 GIL BRENTON has sent oer the fame,  
 2 He's woo'd a wife an brought her hame.
- 5A.2**  
 1 Full sevenscore o ships came her wi,  
 2 The lady by the greenwood tree.
- 5A.3**  
 1 There was twal an twal wi beer an wine,  
 2 An twal an twal wi muskadine:
- 5A.4**  
 1 An twall an twall wi bouted flour,  
 2 An twall an twall wi paramour:
- 5A.5**  
 1 An twall an twall wi baken bread,  
 2 An twall an twall wi the goud 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 dresd i the finest pa,  
 2 But ay she loot the tears down fa.
- 5A.8**  
 1 An she was dickd wi the fairest flows,  
 2 But ay she loot the tears down pour.
- 5A.9**  
 1 'O is there water i your shee?  
 2 Or does the win blow i your glee?'
- 5A.10**  
 1 'Or are you mourning i your meed  
 2 That eer you left your mither gueede?'
- 5A.11**  
 1 'Or are ye mourning i your tide  
 2 That ever ye was Gil Brenton's bride?'
- 5A.12**  
 3 'Th<re>] is nae water i my shee,  
 4 Nor does the win blow i my glee:
- 5A.13**  
 1 'Nor am I mourning i my tide  
 2 That eer 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 whan 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 Then hire some woman o youre bowr.'
- 5A.23**  
 1 O whan she came to the palace yate,  
 2 His mither a golden chair did set.
- 5A.24**  
 1 An was she maid or was she nane,  
 2 She sat in it till the day was dane.
- 5A.25**  
 1 An she's calld on her bowr woman,  
 2 That waiting was her bowr within.

- 5A.26**  
1 'Five hundred pound, maid, I'll gi to the,  
2 An sleep this night wi the king for me.'
- 5A.27**  
1 Whan bells was rung, an mass was sung,  
2 An a' man unto bed was gone,
- 5A.28**  
1 Gil Brenton an the bonny maid  
2 Intill ae chamber they were laid.
- 5A.29**  
1 'O speak to me, blankets, an speak to me,  
sheets,  
2 An speak to me, cods, that under me sleeps;
- 5A.30**  
1 'Is this a maid that I ha wedded?  
2 Is this a maid that I ha bedded?'
- 5A.31**  
1 'It's nae a maid that you ha wedded,  
2 But it's a maid that you ha bedded.
- 5A.32**  
1 'Your lady's in her bigly bowr,  
2 An for you she drees mony sharp showr.'
- 5A.33**  
1 O he has taen him thro the ha,  
2 And on his mither he did ca.
- 5A.34**  
1 'I am the most unhappy man  
2 That ever was in christend lan.
- 5A.35**  
1 'I woo'd a maiden meek an mild,  
2 An I've marryed a woman great wi child.'
- 5A.36**  
1 'O stay, my son, intill this ha,  
2 An sport you wi your merry men a'.
- 5A.37**  
1 'An I'll gang to yon painted bowr,  
2 An see how't fares wi yon base whore.'
- 5A.38**  
1 The auld queen she was stark an strang;  
2 She gard the door flee aff the ban.
- 5A.39**  
1 The auld queen she was stark an steer;  
2 She gard the door lye i the fleer.
- 5A.40**  
1 'O is your bairn to laird or loon?  
2 Or is it to your father's groom?'
- 5A.41**  
1 'My bairn's na to laird or loon,  
2 Nor is it to my father's groom.
- 5A.42**  
1 'But hear me, mither, on my knee,  
2 An my hard wierd I'll tell to thee.
- 5A.43**  
1 'O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
2 We was the fairest under heaven.
- 5A.44**  
1 'We had nae mair for our seven years wark  
2 But to shape an sue the king's son a sark.
- 5A.45**  
1 'O it fell on a Saturday's afternoon,  
2 Whan a' our langsome wark was dane,
- 5A.46**  
1 'We keist the cavils us amang,  
2 To see which shoud to the greenwood gang.
- 5A.47**  
1 'Ohone, alas! for I was youngest,  
2 An ay my wierd it was the hardest.
- 5A.48**  
1 'The cavil it did on me fa,  
2 Which was the cause of a' my wae.
- 5A.49**  
1 'For to the greenwood I must gae,  
2 To pu the nut but an the slae;
- 5A.50**  
1 'To pu the red rose an the thyme,  
2 To strew my mother's bowr and mine.
- 5A.51**  
1 'I had na pu'd a flower but ane,  
2 Till by there came a jelly hind greeme,
- 5A.52**  
1 'Wi high-coldd hose an laigh-coldd shoone,  
2 An he 'pear'd to be some kingis son.
- 5A.53**  
1 'An be I maid or be I nane,  
2 He kept me there till the day was dane.
- 5A.54**  
1 'An be I maid or be I nae,  
2 He kept me there till the close of day.
- 5A.55**  
1 'He gae me a lock of yallow hair,  
2 An bade me keep it for ever mair.
- 5A.56**  
1 'He gae me a carket o gude black beads,  
2 An bade me keep them against my needs.
- 5A.57**  
1 'He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
2 An bade me ke<e>p it aboon a' thing.
- 5A.58**  
1 'He gae to me a little pen-knife,  
2 An bade me keep it as my life.'
- 5A.59**  
1 'What did you wi these tokens rare  
2 That ye got frae that young man there?'
- 5A.60**  
1 'O bring that coffer hear to me,  
2 And a' the tokens ye sal see.'
- 5A.61**  
1 An ay she ranked, an ay she flang,  
2 Till a' the tokens came till her han.
- 5A.62**  
1 'O stay here, daughter, your bowr within,  
2 Till I gae parley wi my son.'
- 5A.63**  
1 O she has taen her thro the ha,  
2 An on her son began to ca.
- 5A.64**  
1 'What did you wi that gay gold ring  
2 I bade you keep aboon a' thing?'
- 5A.65**  
1 'What did you wi that little pen-knife  
2 I bade you keep while you had life?'
- 5A.66**  
1 'What did you wi that yallow hair  
2 I bade you keep for ever mair?'
- 5A.67**  
1 'What did you wi that good black beeds  
2 I bade you keep against your needs?'
- 5A.68**  
1 'I gae them to a lady gay  
2 I met i the greenwood on a day.
- 5A.69**  
1 'An I would gi a' my father's lan,  
2 I had that lady my yates within.
- 5A.70**  
1 'I would gi a' my ha's an towrs,  
2 I had that bright burd i my bowrs.'
- 5A.71**  
1 'O son, keep still your father's lan;  
2 You hae that lady your yates within.
- 5A.72**  
1 'An keep you still your ha's an towrs;  
2 You hae that bright burd i your bowrs.'
- 5A.73**  
1 Now or a month was come an gone,  
2 This lady bare a bonny young son.
- 5A.74**  
1 An it was well written on his breast-bane  
2 'Gil brenton is my father's name.'
- 5B.1**  
1 COSPATRICK has sent oer the faem,  
2 Cospatrick brought his ladye hame.
- 5B.2**  
1 And fourscore ships have come her wi,  
2 The ladye by the grenewood tree.
- 5B.3**  
1 There were twal and twal wi baken bread,  
2 And twal and twal wi gowd sae reid:
- 5B.4**  
1 And twal and twal wi bouted flour,  
2 And twal and twal wi the paramour.
- 5B.5**  
1 Sweet Willy was a widow's son,  
2 And at her stirrup he did run.
- 5B.6**  
1 And she was clad in the finest pall,  
2 But aye she let the tears down fall.
- 5B.7**  
1 'O is your saddle set awrye?  
2 Or rides your steed for you owre high?'
- 5B.8**  
1 'Or are you mourning in your tide  
2 That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?'
- 5B.9**  
1 'I am not mourning at this tide  
2 That I suld be Cospatrick's bride;
- 5B.10**  
1 'But I am sorrowing in my mood  
2 That I suld leave my mother good.
- 5B.11**  
1 'But, gentle boy, come tell to me,  
2 What is the custom of thy countrys?'
- 5B.12**  
1 'The custom thereof, my dame,' he says,  
2 'Will ill a gentle laydye please.
- 5B.13**  
1 'Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,  
2 And seven king's daughters has our lord  
bedded;
- 5B.14**  
1 'But he's cutedt their breasts frae their breast  
bane,  
2 And sent them mourning hame again.
- 5B.15**  
1 'Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,  
2 Ye may gae safely to his bed;
- 5B.16**  
1 'But gif o that ye be na sure,  
2 Then hire some damsell o your bour.'
- 5B.17**  
1 The ladye's call'd her bour-maiden,  
2 That waiting was into her train;
- 5B.18**  
1 'Five thousand merks I will gie thee,  
2 To sleep this night with my lord for me.'
- 5B.19**  
1 When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,  
2 And a' men unto bed were gane,
- 5B.20**  
1 Cospatrick and the bonny maid,  
2 Into ae chamber they were laid.
- 5B.21**  
1 'Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me,  
bed,  
2 And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;
- 5B.22**  
1 'And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that  
winna lie,  
2 Is this a true maiden that lies by me?'
- 5B.23**  
1 'It is not a maid that you hae wedded,  
2 But it is a maid that you hae bedded.
- 5B.24**  
1 'It is a liel maiden that lies by thee,  
2 But not the maiden that it should be.'
- 5B.25**  
1 O wrathfully he left the bed,  
2 And wrathfully his claihs on did.
- 5B.26**  
1 And he has taen him thro the ha,  
2 And on his mother he did ca.
- 5B.27**  
1 'I am the most unhappy man  
2 That ever was in christen land!
- 5B.28**  
1 'I courted a maiden meik and mild,  
2 And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi  
child.'
- 5B.29**  
1 'O stay, my son, into this ha,  
2 And sport ye wi your merry men a';
- 5B.30**  
1 'And I will to the secret bour,  
2 To see how it fares wi your paramour.'
- 5B.31**  
1 The carline she was stark and sture;  
2 She aff the hinges dang the dure.
- 5B.32**  
1 'O is your bairn to laird or loun?  
2 Or is it to your father's groom?'
- 5B.33**  
1 'O hear me, mother, on my knee,  
2 Till my sad story I tell to thee.
- 5B.34**  
1 'O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
2 We were the fairest under heaven.
- 5B.35**  
1 'It fell on a summer's afternoon,  
2 When a' our toilsome task was done,

- 5B.36**  
1 'We cast the kavils us amang,  
2 To see which suld 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 kավil 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 slae;
- 5B.40**  
1 'To pu the red rose and the thyme,  
2 To deck my mother's bour and mine.
- 5B.41**  
1 'I hadna pu'd a flower but aen,  
2 When by there came a gallant hende,
- 5B.42**  
1 'Wi high-coldd hose and laigh-coldd shoon,  
2 And he seemd to be sum king's son.
- 5B.43**  
1 'And be I maid or be I nae,  
2 He kept me there till the close o day.
- 5B.44**  
1 'And be I maid or be I nane,  
2 He kept me there 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.
- 5B.46**  
1 'He gae me a carknet o bonny beads,  
2 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?'
- 5B.49**  
1 'O bring that coffer unto me,  
2 And a' the tokens ye sall see.'
- 5B.50**  
1 'Now stay, daughter, your bour within,  
2 While I gae parley wi my son.'
- 5B.51**  
1 O she has taen her thro the ha,  
2 And on her son began to ca.
- 5B.52**  
1 'What did you wi the bonny beads  
2 I bade ye keep against your needs?'
- 5B.53**  
1 'What did you wi the gay gowd ring  
2 I bade ye keep abune a' thing?'
- 5B.54**  
1 'I gae them a' to a ladye gay  
2 I met in grene-wood on a day.
- 5B.55**  
1 'But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,  
2 I had that ladye within my bours.
- 5B.56**  
1 'But I wad gie my very life,  
2 I had that ladye to my wife.'
- 5B.57**  
1 'Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours;  
2 Ye have that bright burd in your bours.
- 5B.58**  
1 'And keep, my son, your very life;  
2 Ye have that ladye to your wife.'
- 5B.59**  
1 Now or a month was cum and gane,  
2 The ladye bore a bonny son.
- 5B.60**  
1 And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,  
2 'Cospatrick is my father's name.'
- 5B.61**  
1 'O rowe my ladye in satin and silk,  
2 And wash my son in the morning milk.'
- 5C.1**  
1 WE were sisters, we were seven,  
2 We were the fairest under heaven.
- 5C.2**  
1 And it was a' our seven years wark  
2 To sew our father's seven sarks.
- 5C.3**  
1 And whan our seven years wark was done,  
2 We laid it out upo the green.
- 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 weer was hardest.
- 5C.7**  
1 And to the greenwood I bud gae,  
2 . . . .
- 5C.8**  
1 There I met a handsome childe,  
2 . . . .
- 5C.9**  
1 High-coled stockings and laigh-coled 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 simmer day.
- 5C.11**  
1 An though I for my hame-gaun sich<I],  
2 He keepit me a' the simmer night.
- 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 laughters o his yellow hair,  
2 For fear we wad neer meet mair.  
3 ''''''
- 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 Wrought 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**  
3 They were fu o baken bread,  
4 They were fu of wine sae red.
- 5C.19**  
1 My dowry went a' by the sea,  
2 But I gaed by the grenewode tree.
- 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 siche 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<r] am I oer 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 maning for my mither  
4 Wha's far awa frae me.'  
5 ''''''
- 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 gowden chair ye draw right soon.
- 5C.30**  
1 'But be ye leman or be ye maiden,  
2 Sit nae down till ye be bidden.'
- 5C.31**  
1 Was she maiden or was she nane,  
2 To the gowden chair she drew right soon.
- 5C.32**  
3 Was she leman or was she maiden,  
4 She sat down ere she was bidden.
- 5C.33**  
1 Out then spake the lord's mother;  
2 Says, 'This is not a maiden fair.'
- 5C.34**  
1 'In that chair nae leal maiden  
2 Eer sits down till they be bidden.'
- 5C.35**  
1 The Billie Blin then outspake he,  
2 As he stood by the fair ladie.
- 5C.36**  
1 'The bonnie may is tired wi riding,  
2 Gaurd her sit down ere she was bidden.'  
3 ''''''
- 5C.37**  
1 But on her waiting-maid she ca'd:  
2 'Fair ladie, what's your will wi me?'  
3 'O ye maun gie yere maidenheid  
4 This night to an unco lord for me.'
- 5C.38**  
1 'I hae been east, I hae been west,  
2 I hae been far beyond the sea,  
3 But ay, by grenewode or by bower,  
4 I hae keepit my virginie.
- 5C.39**  
1 'But will it for my ladie plead,  
2 I'll gie't this night to an unco lord.'  
3 ''''''
- 5C.40**  
1 When bells were rung an vespers sung,  
2 An men in sleep were locked soun,
- 5C.41**  
1 Childe Branton and the waiting-maid  
2 Into the bridal bed were laid.
- 5C.42**  
1 'O lie thee down, my fair ladie,  
2 Here are a' things meet for thee;
- 5C.43**  
1 'Here's a bolster for yere head,  
2 Here is sheets an comelie weids.'  
3 ''''''
- 5C.44**  
1 'Now tell to me, ye Billie Blin,  
2 If this fair dame be a leal maiden.'
- 5C.45**  
1 'I wat she is as leal a wight  
2 As the moon shines on in a simmer night.
- 5C.46**  
1 'I wat she is as leal a may  
2 As the sun shines on in a simmer day.
- 5C.47**  
1 'But your bonnie bride's in her bower,  
2 Dreeing the mither's trying hour.'
- 5C.48**  
1 Then out o his bridal bed he sprang,  
2 An into his mither's bower he ran.
- 5C.49**  
1 'O mither kind, O mither dear,  
2 This is nae a maiden fair.'
- 5C.50**  
1 'The maiden I took to my bride  
2 Has a bairn atween her sides.'
- 5C.51**  
1 'The maiden I took to my bower  
2 Is dreeing the mither's trying hour.'
- 5C.52**  
1 Then to the chamber his mother flew,  
2 And to the wa the door she threw.
- 5C.53**  
1 She stapt at neither bolt nor ban,  
2 Till to that ladie's bed she wan.
- 5C.54**  
1 Says, 'Ladie fair, sae meek an mild,  
2 Wha is the father o yere child?'
- 5C.55**  
1 'O mither dear,' said that ladie,  
2 'I canna tell gif I sud die.'
- 5C.56**  
1 'We were sisters, we were seven,  
2 We were the fairest under heaven.'



- 5C.57**  
1 'And it was a' our seven years wark  
2 To sew our father's seven sarks.
- 5C.58**  
1 'And whan our seven years wark was done,  
2 We laid it out upon the green.
- 5C.59**  
1 'We coost the lotties us amang,  
2 Wha wad to the greenwode gang;
- 5C.60**  
1 'To pu the lily but an the rose,  
2 To strew witha' our sisters' bowers.
- 5C.61**  
1 . . . . 'I was youngest,  
2 . . . . my weer was hardest.
- 5C.62**  
1 'And to the greenwode I bu<d] gae.  
2 . . . .
- 5C.63**  
1 'There I met a handsome childe,  
2 . . . .
- 5C.64**  
1 'Wi laigh-coled stockings and high-coled  
shoon,  
2 He seemed to be some king's son.
- 5C.65**  
1 'And was I weel or was I wae,  
2 He keepit me a' the simmer day.
- 5C.66**  
1 'Though for my hame-gaun I oft sicht,  
2 He keepit me a' the simmer night.
- 5C.67**  
1 'He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
2 An bade me keep it aboon a' thing;
- 5C.68**  
1 'Three laughters o he yellow hair,  
2 For fear that we suld neer meet mair.
- 5C.69**  
1 'O mither, if ye'll believe nae me,  
2 Break up the coffer, an there ye'll see.'
- 5C.70**  
1 An ay she coost, an ay she flang,  
2 Till her ain gowd ring came in her hand.
- 5C.71**  
1 And scarce aught i the coffer she left,  
2 Till she gat the knife wi the siller heft,
- 5C.72**  
1 Three laughters o his yellow hair,  
2 Knotted wi ribbons dink and rare.
- 5C.73**  
1 She cried to her son, 'Where is the ring  
2 Your father gave me at our wooing,  
3 An I gae you at your hunting?'
- 5C.74**  
1 'What did ye wi the cuttie knife,  
2 I bade ye keep it as yere life?'
- 5C.75**  
1 'O haud yere tongue, my mither dear;  
2 I gae them to a lady fair.
- 5C.76**  
1 'I wad gie a' my lands and rents,  
2 I had that ladie within my brents.
- 5C.77**  
1 'I wad gie a' my lands an towers,  
2 I had that ladie within my bowers.'
- 5C.78**  
1 'Keep still yere lands, keep still yere rents;  
2 Ye hae that ladie within yere brents.
- 5C.79**  
1 'Keep still yere lands, keep still yere towers;  
2 Ye hae that lady within your bowers.'
- 5C.80**  
1 Then to his ladie fast ran he,  
2 An low he kneeled on his knee.
- 5C.81**  
1 'O tauk ye up my son,' said he,  
2 'An, mither, tent my fair ladie.'
- 5C.82**  
1 'O wash him purely i the milk,  
2 And lay him saftly in the silk.'
- 5C.83**  
1 'An ye maun bed her very soft,  
2 For I maun kiss her wondrous oft.'
- 5C.84**  
1 It was weel written on his breast-bane  
2 Childe Branton was the father's name.
- 5C.85**  
1 It was weel written on his right hand  
2 He was the heir o his daddie's land.
- 5D.1**  
1 WE were sisters, sisters seven,
- 5D.1r**  
1 Bowing down, bowing down
- 5D.1**  
2 The fairest women under heaven.
- 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 And so he set their wedding-day.
- 5D.11**  
1 A little boy to the ha was sent,  
2 To bring her horse was his intent.
- 5D.12**  
1 As she was riding the way along,  
2 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 bridle 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 that are in your countrie?'
- 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 be ye 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's 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 mother 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 aft 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 waeifu 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 hadna 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 'He gae to me at our parting  
2 A chain of gold and gay gold ring;'
- 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 to me 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 bird 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 praissed his lovely charms.'







**7B.17**

1 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
2 Lady Margret lang ere day,  
3 And all true lovers that go thegither,  
4 May they have mair luck than they!

**7B.18**

1 Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,  
2 Lady Margret in Mary's quire;  
3 Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
4 And out o the knight's a briar.

**7B.19**

1 And they twa met, and they twa plat,  
2 And fain they wad be near;  
3 And a' the world might ken right weel  
4 They were twa lovers dear.

**7B.20**

1 But bye and rade the Black Douglas,  
2 And wow but he was rough!  
3 For he pulld up the bonny brier,  
4 And flang't in St. Mary's Loch.

**7C.1**

1 'RISE up, rise up, my seven brave sons,  
2 And dress in your armour so bright;  
3 Earl Douglas will hae Lady Margaret awa  
4 Before that it be light.

**7C.2**

1 'Arise, arise, my seven brave sons,  
2 And dress in your armour so bright;  
3 It shall never be said that a daughter of mine  
4 Shall go with an earl or a knight.'

**7C.3**

1 'O will ye stand, fair Margaret,' he says,  
2 'And hold my milk-white steed,  
3 Till I fight your father and seven brethren,  
4 In yonder pleasant mead?'

**7C.4**

1 She stood and held his milk-white steed,  
2 She stood trembling with fear,  
3 Until she saw her seven brethren fall,  
4 And her father that loved her dear.

**7C.5**

1 'Hold your hand, Earl Douglas,' she says,  
2 'Your strokes are wondrous sair;  
3 I may get sweetheart's again enew,  
4 But a father I'll ne'er get mair.'

**7C.6**

1 She took out a handkerchief  
2 Was made o' the cambrick fine,  
3 And aye she wiped her father's bloody wounds,  
4 And the blood sprung up like wine.

**7C.7**

1 'Will ye go, fair Margaret?' he said,  
2 'Will ye now go, or bide?'  
3 'Yes, I'll go, sweet William,' she said,  
4 'For ye've left me never a guide.'

**7C.8**

1 'If I were to go to my mother's house,  
2 A welcome guest I would be;  
3 But for the bloody deed that's done this day  
4 I'll rather go with thee.'

**7C.9**

1 He lifted her on a milk-white steed  
2 And himself on a dapple gray;  
3 They drew their hats out over their face,  
4 And they both went weeping away.

**7C.10**

1 They rode, they rode, and they better rode,  
2 Till they came to yon water wan;  
3 They lighted down to gie their horse a drink  
4 Out of the running stream.

**7C.11**

1 'I am afraid, Earl Douglas,' she said,  
2 'I am afraid ye are slain;  
3 I think I see your bonny heart's blood  
4 Running down the water wan.'

**7C.12**

1 'Oh no, oh no, fair Margaret,' he said,  
2 'Oh no, I am not slain;  
3 It is but the scad of my scarlet cloak  
4 Runs down the water wan.'

**7C.13**

1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed  
2 And himself on a dapple gray,  
3 And they have reached Earl Douglas' gates  
4 Before the break of day.

**7C.14**

1 'O rise, dear mother, and make my bed,  
2 And make it braid and wide,  
3 And lay me down to take my rest,  
4 And at my back my bride.'

**7C.15**

1 She has risen and made his bed,  
2 She made it braid and wide;  
3 She laid him down to take his rest,  
4 And at his back his bride.

**7C.16**

1 Lord William died ere it was day,  
2 Lady Margaret on the morrow;  
3 Lord William died through loss of blood and  
4 wounds,  
4 Fair Margaret died with sorrow.

**7C.17**

1 The one was buried in Mary's kirk,  
2 The other in Mary's quire;  
3 The one sprung up a bonnie bush,  
4 And the other a bonny brier.

**7C.18**

1 These twa grew, and these twa threw,  
2 Till they came to the top,  
3 And when they could na farther gae,  
4 They coost the lovers' knot.

**7D.1**

1 'SLEEPST thou or wakst thou, Lord  
2 Montgomerie,  
3 Sleepst thou or wakst thou, I say?  
4 Rise up, make a match for your eldest daughter,  
4 For the youngest I carry away.'

**7D.2**

1 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
2 Dress yourselves in the armour sae fine;  
3 For it ne'er shall be said that a churlish knight  
4 Eer married a daughter of mine.'

**7D.3**

1 'Loup aff, loup aff, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
2 'And hold my steed in your hand,  
3 And I will go fight your seven brethren,  
4 And your father, where they stand.'

**7D.4**

1 Sometimes she gaed, sometimes she stood,  
2 But never dropt a tear,  
3 Until she saw her brethren all slain,  
4 And her father who lovd her so dear.

**7D.5**

1 'Hold thy hand, sweet William,' she says,  
2 'Thy blows are wondrous sore;  
3 Sweethearts I may have many a one,  
4 But a father I'll never have more.'

**7D.6**

1 O she's taken her napkin frae her pocket,  
2 Was made o the holland fine,  
3 And ay as she dighted her father's bloody  
4 wounds,  
4 They sprang as red as the wine.

**7D.7**

1 'Two chooses, two chooses, Lady Margret,' he  
2 says,  
2 'Two chooses I'll make thee;  
3 Whether to go back to your mother again,  
4 Or go along with me.'

**7D.8**

1 'For to go home to my mother again,  
2 An unwelcome guest I'd be;  
3 But since my fate has ordered it so,  
4 I'll go along with thee.'

**7D.9**

1 He has mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself on the dapple gray,  
3 And blawn his horn baith loud and shill,  
4 And it sounded far on their way.

**7D.10**

1 They rode oer hill, they rode oer dale,  
2 They rode oer mountains so high,  
3 Until they came to that beautiful place  
4 Where Sir William's mother did lie.

**7D.11**

1 'Rise up, rise up, lady mother,' he said,  
2 'Rise up, and make much o your own;  
3 Rise up, rise up, lady mother,' he said,  
4 'For his bride's just new come home.'

**7D.12**

1 Sir William he died in the middle o the night,  
2 Lady Margaret died on the morrow;  
3 Sir William he died of pure pure love,  
4 Lady Margaret of grief and sorrow.

**7E.1**

1 HE has lookit over his left shoulder,  
2 And through his bonnie bridle rein,  
3 And he spy'd her father and her seven bold  
4 brethren,  
4 Come riding down the glen.

**7E.2**

1 'O hold my horse, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
2 O hold my horse by the bonnie bridle rein,  
3 Till I fight your father and seven bold brethren,  
4 As they come riding down the glen.'

**7E.3**

1 Some time she rade, and some time she gaed,  
2 Till she that place did near,  
3 And there she spy'd her seven bold brethren  
4 slain,  
4 And her father who loved her so dear.

**7E.4**

1 'O hold you hand, sweet William,' she said,  
2 'Your bull baits are wondrous sair;  
3 Sweet-hearts I may get many a one,  
4 But a father I will never get mair.'

**7E.5**

1 She has taken a napkin from off her neck,  
2 That was of the cambrick so fine,  
3 And aye as she wiped her father's bloody  
4 wounds,  
4 The blood ran red as the wine.

**7E.6**

1 He set her upon the milk-white steed,  
2 Himself upon the brown;  
3 He took a horn out of his pocket,  
4 And they both went weeping along.

**7F.1**

1 ...  
2 ...  
3 Sayes 'Christ thee saue, good Child of Eil!  
4 Christ saue thee and thy steede!

**7F.2**

1 'My father sayes he will [eat] noe meate,  
2 Nor his drinke shall doe him noe good,  
3 Till he haue slaine the Child of Eil,  
4 And haue seene his harts blood.'

**7F.3**

1 'I wold I were in my saddle sett,  
2 And a mile out of the towne;  
3 I did not care for your father  
4 And all his merry men!

**7F.4**

1 'I wold I were in my saddle sett,  
2 And a little space him froe;  
3 I did not care for *your* father  
4 And all that long him to!

**7F.5**

1 He leaned ore his saddle bow  
2 To kisse this lady good;  
3 The *tears* that went them *two* betweene  
4 Were blend water and blood.

**7F.6**

1 He sett himselfe on one good steed,  
2 This lady on a palfray,  
3 And sett his litle horne to his mouth,  
4 And roundlie he rode away.

**7F.7**

1 He had not ridden past a mile,  
2 A mile out of the towne,  
3 ...  
4 ...

**7F.8**

1 Her father was readye with her *seuen* brether,  
2 He said, 'Sett thou my daughter downe!  
3 For it ill besemees thee, thou false churles  
4 sonne,  
4 To carry her forth of this towne!'

**7F.9**

1 But lowd thou lyeest, Sir John the *knight*,  
2 Thou now doest lye of me;  
3 A knight me gott, and a lady me bore;  
4 Soe neuer did none by thee.

- 7F.10**  
 1 'But light now downe, my lady gay,  
 2 Light downe and hold my horsse,  
 3 Whilist I and *your* father and *your* brether  
 4 Doe play vs at this crosse.
- 7F.11**  
 1 'But light now downe, my owne trew loue,  
 2 And meeklye hold my steede,  
 3 Whilist *your* father [and *your seuen* brether]  
 bold  
 , , , , ,  
 4 , , , , ,
- 7[G.1]**  
 1 'Gude Earl Brand, I long to see
- 7[G.1r]**  
 1 Faldee faldee fal deediddle a dee
- 7[G.1]**  
 2 All your grey hounds running over the lea.'
- 7[G.1r]**  
 2 And the brave knights in the valley
- 7[G.2]**  
 1 'Gude lady fair, I have not a steed but one,  
 2 But you shall ride and I shall run.'
- 7[G.3]**  
 1 They're ower moss and they're ower mure,  
 2 And they saw neither rich nor pure.
- 7[G.4]**  
 1 Until that they came to auld Karl Hude;  
 2 He's aye for ill and never for gude.
- 7[G.5]**  
 1 'Gude Earl Brand, if ye love me,  
 2 Kill auld Karl Hude, and gar him die.'
- 7[G.6]**  
 1 'O fair ladie, we'll do better than sae:  
 2 Gie him a penny and let him gae.'
- 7[G.7]**  
 1 'Gude Earl Brand, whare hae ye been,  
 2 Or whare hae ye stown this lady sheen?'
- 7[G.8]**  
 1 'She's not my lady, but my sick sister,  
 2 And she's been at the wells of Meen.'
- 7[G.9]**  
 1 'If she was sick, and very sair,  
 2 She wadna wear the red gold on her hair.
- 7[G.10]**  
 1 'Or if she were sick, and like to be dead,  
 2 She wadna wear the ribbons red.'
- 7[G.11]**  
 1 He cam till he cam to her father's gate,  
 2 And he has rappit furious thereat.
- 7[G.12]**  
 1 'Where is the lady o this hall?'  
 2 'She's out wi her maidens, playing at the ball.'
- 7[G.13]**  
 1 'If you'll get me fyfteen wale wight men,  
 2 Sae fast as I'll fetch her back again.'
- 7[G.14]**  
 1 She's lookit ower her left collar-bane:  
 2 'O gude Earl Brand, we baith are taen.'
- 7[G.15]**  
 1 'Light down, light down, and hold my steed;  
 2 Change never your cheer till ye see me dead.
- 7[G.16]**  
 1 'If they come on me man by man,  
 2 I'll be very laith for to be taen.
- 7[G.17]**  
 1 'But if they come on me one and all,  
 2 The sooner you will see me fall.'
- 7[G.18]**  
 1 O he has killd them all but one,  
 2 And wha was that but auld Karl Hude.
- 7[G.19]**  
 1 And he has come on him behind,  
 2 And put in him the deadly wound.
- 7[G.20]**  
 1 O he has set his lady on,  
 2 And he's come whistling all along.
- 7[G.21]**  
 1 hGude Earl Brand, I see blood:  
 2 'It's but the shade o my scarlet robe.'
- 7[G.22]**  
 1 They cam till they cam to the water afloat;  
 2 He's lighted down and he's wushen aff the  
 blood.
- 7[G.23]**  
 1 His mother walks the floor alone:  
 2 'O yonder does come my poor son.
- 7[G.24]**  
 1 'He is both murderd and undone,  
 2 And all for the sake o an English loon.'
- 7[G.25]**  
 1 'Say not sae, my dearest mother,  
 2 Marry her on my eldest brother.'
- 7[G.26]**  
 1 She set her fit up to the wa,  
 2 Faldee faldee fal deediddle adee
- 7[G.26]**  
 2 She's fallen down dead among them a'.
- 7[G.26r]**  
 2 And the brave knights o the valley
- 7[H.1]**  
 1 Did you ever hear of good Earl Brand,
- 7[H.1r]**  
 1 Aye lally an lilly lally
- 7[H.1]**  
 2 And the king's daughter of fair Scotland?'
- 7[H.1r]**  
 2 And the brow knights o Airly
- 7[H.2]**  
 1 She was scarce fifteen years of age  
 2 When she came to Earl Brand's bed.
- 7[H.2r]**  
 2 Wi the brow knights o Airly
- 7[H.3]**  
 1 'O Earl Brand, I fain wad see  
 2 Our grey hounds run over the lea.'
- 7[H.3r]**  
 2 Mang the brow bents o Airly
- 7[H.4]**  
 1 'O,' says Earl Brand, 'I've nae steads but one,  
 2 And you shall ride and I shall run.'
- 7[H.4r]**  
 2 Oer the brow heights o Airly
- 7[H.5]**  
 1 'O,' says the lady, 'I hae three,  
 2 And ye shall hae yeer choice for me.'
- 7[H.5r]**  
 2 Of the brow steeds o Airly
- 7[H.6]**  
 1 So they lap on, and on they rade,  
 2 Till they came to auld Carle Hood.
- 7[H.6r]**  
 2 Oer the brow hills o Airly
- 7[H.7]**  
 1 Carl Hood's aye for ill, and he's no for good,  
 2 He's aye for ill, and he's no for good.
- 7[H.7r]**  
 2 Mang the brow hills o Airly
- 7[H.8]**  
 1 'Where hae ye been hunting a' day,  
 2 And where have ye stolen this fair may?'
- 7[H.8r]**  
 2 I' the brow nights sae airly
- 7[H.9]**  
 1 'She is my sick sister dear,  
 2 New comd home from another sister.'
- 7[H.9r]**  
 2 I the brow nights sae early
- 7[H.10]**  
 1 'O,' says the lady, 'if ye love me,  
 2 Gie him a penny fee and let him gae.'
- 7[H.10r]**  
 2 I the brow nights sae early
- 7[H.11]**  
 1 He's gane home to her father's bower,  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 . . . . .
- 7[H.12]**  
 1 'Where is the lady o this ha?'  
 2 'She's out wi the young maids, playing at the  
 ba.'
- 7[H.12r]**  
 2 I the brow nights so early
- 7[H.13]**  
 1 'No,' says another, 'She's riding oer the moor,  
 2 And a' to be Earl Brand's whore.'
- 7[H.13r]**  
 2 I the brow nights so early
- 7[H.14]**  
 1 The king mounted fifteen weel armed men,  
 2 A' to get Earl Brand taen.
- 7[H.14r]**  
 2 I the brow hills so early
- 7[H.15]**  
 1 The lady looked over her white horse mane:  
 2 'O Earl Brand, we will be taen.'
- 7[H.15r]**  
 2 In the brow hills so early
- 7[H.16]**  
 1 He says, If they come one by one,  
 2 Ye'll no see me so soon taen.
- 7[H.16r]**  
 2 In the brow hills so early
- 7[H.17]**  
 1 So they came every one but one,  
 2 And he has killd them a' but ane.
- 7[H.17r]**  
 2 In the brow hills so early
- 7[H.18]**  
 1 And that one came behind his back,  
 2 And gave Earl Brand a deadly stroke.
- 7[H.18r]**  
 2 In the brow nights of Airly
- 7[H.19]**  
 1 For as sair wounded as he was,  
 2 He lifted the lady on her horse.
- 7[H.19r]**  
 2 In the brow nights so early
- 7[H.20]**  
 1 'O Earl Brand, I see thy heart's bluid!'  
 2 'It's but the shadow of my scarlet robe.'
- 7[H.20r]**  
 2 I the brow nights so early
- 7[H.21]**  
 1 He came to his mother's home;  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 . . . . .
- 7[H.22]**  
 1 She looked out and cryd her son was gone,  
 2 And a' for the sake [of] an English loon.  
 3 . . . . .
- 7[H.23]**  
 1 'What will I do wi your lady fair?'  
 2 'Marry her to my eldest brother.'
- 7[H.23r]**  
 2 The browest knight i Airly
- 7[I.1]**  
 1 'Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas,' she said,  
 2 'And draw to your arms so bright;  
 3 Let it never be said a daughter of yours  
 4 Shall go with a lord or a knight.'
- 7[I.2]**  
 1 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
 2 And draw to your armour so bright;  
 3 Let it never be said a sister of yours  
 4 Shall go with a lord or a night.'
- 7[I.3]**  
 1 He looked over his left shoulder,  
 2 To see what he could see,  
 3 And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,  
 4 And her father that lov'd her tenderly.
- 7[I.4]**  
 1 'Light down, light down, Lady Margret,' he  
 said,  
 2 'And hold my steed in thy hand.  
 3 That I may go fith with your seven brethren  
 bold,  
 4 And your father who's just at hand.'
- 7[I.5]**  
 1 O there she stood, and bitter she stood,  
 2 And never did shed a tear,  
 3 Till once she saw her seven brethren slain,  
 4 And her father she lovd so dear.
- 7[I.6]**  
 1 'Hold, hold your hand, William,' she said,  
 2 'For thy strokes are wondrous sore;  
 3 For sweethearts I may get many a one,  
 4 But a father I neer will get more.'
- 7[I.7]**  
 1 She took out a handkerchief of holland so fine  
 2 And wip'd her father's bloody wound,  
 3 Which ran more clear than the red wine,  
 4 And forked on the cold ground.
- 7[I.8]**  
 1 'O chuse you, chuse you, Margret,' he said,  
 2 'Whether you will go or bide!'  
 3 'I must go with you, Lord William,' she said,  
 4 'Since you've left me no other guide.'

**7[I.9]**

1 He lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 And himself on a dapple grey,  
3 With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,  
4 And they slowly both rode away.

**7[I.10]**

1 Away they rode, and better they rode,  
2 Till they came to yonder sand,  
3 Till once they came to yon river side,  
4 And ther they lighted down.

**7[I.11]**

1 They lighted down to take a drink  
2 Of the spring that ran so clear,  
3 And there she spy'd his bonny heart's blood,  
4 A running down the stream.

**7[I.12]**

1 'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
2 'For I fear that you are slain';  
3 "'Tis nought but the shade of my scarlet  
clothes,  
4 That is sparkling down the stream.'

**7[I.13]**

1 He lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 And himself on a dapple grey,  
3 With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,  
4 And slowly they rode away.

**7[I.14]**

1 Ay they rode, and better they rode,  
2 Till they came to his mother's bower;  
3 Till once they came to his mother's bower,  
4 And down they lighted there.

**7[I.15]**

1 'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
2 And make it soft and fine,  
3 And lay my lady close at my back,  
4 That I may sleep most sound.'

**7[I.16]**

1 Lord William he died eer middle o the night,  
2 Lady Margret long before the morrow;  
3 Lord William he died for pure true love,  
4 And Lady Margret died for sorrow.

**7[I.17]**

1 Lord William was bury'd in Lady Mary's kirk,  
2 The other in Saint Mary's quire;  
3 Out of William's grave sprang a red rose,  
4 And out of Margret's a briar.

**7[I.18]**

1 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
2 As they wad fain been near;  
3 And by this you may ken right well  
4 They were twa lovers dear.

**8A.1**

1 ERLINTON had a fair daughter;  
2 I wat he weird her in a great sin;  
3 For he has built a bigly bower,  
4 An a' to put that lady in.

**8A.2**

1 An he has warnd her sisters six,  
2 An sae has he her brethren se'en,  
3 Outher to watch her a' the night,  
4 Or else to seek her morn an een.

**8A.3**

1 She hadna been i that bigly bower  
2 Na not a night but barely ane,  
3 Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
4 Chappd at the door, cryin 'Peace within!'

**8A.4**

1 'O whae is this at my bower door,  
2 That chaps sae late, nor kens the gin?'  
3 'O it is Willie, your ain true love,  
4 I pray you rise an let me in!'

**8A.5**

1 'But in my bower there is a wake,  
2 An at the wake there is a wane;  
3 But I'll come to the green-wood the morn,  
4 Whar blooms the briar, by mornin dawn.'

**8A.6**

1 Then she's gane to her bed again,  
2 Where she has layen till the cock crew thrice,  
3 Then she said to her sisters a',  
4 'Maidens, 'tis time for us to rise.'

**8A.7**

1 She pat on her back her silken gown,  
2 An on her breast a siller pin,  
3 An she's tane a sister in ilka hand,  
4 An to the green-wood she is gane.

**8A.8**

1 She hadna walkd in the green-wood  
2 Na not a mile but barely ane,  
3 Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
4 Whae frae her sister has her taen.

**8A.9**

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

**8A.10**

1 They hadna 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**

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

**8A.12**

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

**8A.13**

1 But up then spake the second knight,  
2 I wat he spake right boustouslie:  
3 'Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,  
4 Or here the tane of us shall die.'

**8A.14**

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

**8A.15**

1 He lighted aff his milk-white steed,  
2 An gae his lady him by the head,  
3 Sayn, 'See ye dinna change your cheer,  
4 Untill ye see my body bleed.'

**8A.16**

1 He set his back unto an aik,  
2 He set his feet against a stane,  
3 An he has fought these fifteen men,  
4 An killd them a' but barely ane.

**8A.17**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 For he has left that aged knight,  
4 An a' to carry the tidings hame.

**8A.18**

1 When he gaed to his lady fair,  
2 I wat he kissd her tenderlie:  
3 'Thou art mine ain love, I have thee bought;  
4 Now we shall walk the green-wood free.'

**8B.1**

1 THERE was a knight, an he had a daughter,  
2 An he wad wed her, wi muckle sin;  
3 Sae he has biggit a bonnie bower, love,  
4 An a' to keep his fair daughter in.

**8B.2**

1 But she hadna been in the bonnie bower, love,  
2 And no twa hours but barely ane,  
3 Till up started Tammas, her ain true lover,  
4 And O sae fain as he wad been in.

**8B.3**

1 'For a' sae weel as I like ye, Tammas,  
2 An for a' sae weel as I like the gin,  
3 I wadna for ten thousand pounds, love,  
4 Na no this night wad I let thee in.

**8B.4**

1 'But yonder is a bonnie greenwud,  
2 An in the greenwud there is a wauk,  
3 An I'll be there an sune the morn, love,  
4 It's a' for my true love's sake.

**8B.5**

1 'On my right hand I'll have a glove, love,  
2 An on my left ane I'll have nane;  
3 I'll have wi' me my sisters six, love,  
4 An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'

**8B.6**

1 They hadna waukd in the bonnie greenwud,  
2 Na no an hour but barely ane,  
3 Till up start Tammas, her ain true lover,  
4 He's taen her sisters her frae mang.

**8B.7**

1 An he has kissed her sisters six, love,  
2 An he has sent them hame again,  
3 But he has kept his ain true lover,  
4 Saying, 'We will wauk the wuds our lane.'

**8B.8**

1 They hadna waukd in the bonnie greenwud  
2 Na no an hour but barely ane,  
3 Till up start fifteen o the bravest outlaws  
4 That ever bure either breath or bane.

**8B.9**

1 An up bespake the foremost man, love,  
2 An O but he spake angrily:  
3 'Either your life—or your lady fair, sir,  
4 This night shall wauk the wuds wi me.'

**8B.10**

1 'My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
2 An O my life, but it lies me near!  
3 But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
4 I'll rather lose my life sae dear.'

**8B.11**

1 Then up bespak the second man, love,  
2 An aye he spake mair angrily,  
3 Saying, 'Baith your life, and your lady fair, sir,  
4 This night shall wauk the wuds wi me.'

**8B.12**

1 'My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
2 An O my life, but it lies me near!  
3 But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
4 I'll rather lose my life sae dear.'

**8B.13**

1 'But if ye'll be men to your manhood,  
2 As that I will be unto mine,  
3 I'll fight ye every ane man by man,  
4 Till the last drop's blude I hae be slain.

**8B.14**

1 'O sit ye down, my dearest dearie,  
2 Sit down and hold my noble steed,  
3 And see that ye never change your cheer  
4 Until ye see my body bleed.'

**8B.15**

1 He's feughten a' the fifteen outlaws,  
2 The fifteen outlaws every ane,  
3 He's left naething but the auldest man  
4 To go and carry the tidings hame.

**8B.16**

1 An he has gane to his dearest dear,  
2 An he has kissed her, cheek and chin,  
3 Saying, 'Thou art mine ain, I have bought thee  
dear,  
4 An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'

**8C.1**

1 AS Robin Hood sat by a tree,  
2 He espied a prettie may,  
3 And when she chanced him to see,  
4 She turnd her head away.

**8C.2**

1 'O feare me not, thou prettie mayde,  
2 And doe not flie from mee;  
3 I am the kindest man,' he said,  
4 'That ever eye did see.'

**8C.3**

1 Then to her he did doffe his cap,  
2 And to her lowtd low;  
3 'To meete with thee I hold it good hap,  
4 If thou wilt not say noe.'

**8C.4**

1 Then he put his hand around her waste,  
2 Soe small, so tight, and trim,  
3 And after sought her lip to taste,  
4 And she to kissed him.

**8C.5**

1 'Where dost thou dwell, my prettie maide?  
2 I prithee tell to me;  
3 'I am a tanner's daughter,' she said,  
4 'John Hobbes of Barneslee.'

**8C.6**

1 'And whither goest thou, pretty maide?  
2 Shall I be thy true love?'  
3 'If thou art not afeard,' she said,  
4 'My true love thou shalt prove.'

**8C.7**

1 'What should I feare?' then he replied;  
2 'I am thy true love now;'  
3 'I have two brethren, and their pride  
4 Would scorn such one as thou.'

- 8C.8**  
 1 'That will we try,' quoth Robin Hood;  
 2 'I was not made their scorne;  
 3 Ile shed my blood to doe the<e] good,  
 4 As sure as they were borne.'
- 8C.9**  
 1 'My brothers are proude and fierce and strong;  
 2 'I am,' said he, 'The same,  
 3 And if they offer thee to wrong,  
 4 Theyle finde Ile play their game.'
- 8C.10**  
 1 'Through the free forrest I can run,  
 2 The king may not controll;  
 3 They are but barking tanners' sons,  
 4 To me they shall pay toll.'
- 8C.11**  
 1 'And if not mine be sheepe and kine,  
 2 I have cattle on my land;  
 3 On venison eche day I may dine,  
 4 Whiles they have none in hand.'
- 8C.12**  
 1 These wordes had Robin Hood scarce spoke,  
 2 When they two men did see,  
 3 Come riding till their horses smoke:  
 4 'My brothers both,' cried shee.
- 8C.13**  
 1 Each had a good sword by his side,  
 2 And furiouslie they rode  
 3 To where they Robin Hood espied,  
 4 That with the maiden stood.
- 8C.14**  
 1 'Flee hence, flee hence, away with speede!  
 2 Cried she to Robin Hood,  
 3 'For if thou stay, thoulst surely bleede;  
 4 I could not see thy blood.'
- 8C.15**  
 1 'With us, false maiden, come away,  
 2 And leave that outlawe bolde;  
 3 Why fledst thou from thy home this day,  
 4 And left thy father olde?'
- 8C.16**  
 1 Robin stept backe but paces five,  
 2 Unto a sturdie tree;  
 3 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;  
 4 Stay thou, sweete maide, with mee.'
- 8C.17**  
 1 He stood before, she stooode behinde,  
 2 The brothers two drewe nie;  
 3 'Our sister now to us resign,  
 4 Or thou full sure shalt die.'
- 8C.18**  
 1 Then cried the maide, 'My brethren deare,  
 2 With ye Ile freely wend,  
 3 But harm not this young forrester,  
 4 Noe ill doth he pretend.'
- 8C.19**  
 1 'Stande up, sweete maide, I plight my troth;  
 2 Fall thou not on thy knee;  
 3 Ile force thy cruell brothers both  
 4 To bend the knee to thee.'
- 8C.20**  
 1 'Stand thou behinde this sturdie oke,  
 2 I soone will quell their pride;  
 3 Thoulst see my sword with furie smoke,  
 4 And in their hearts' blood died.'
- 8C.21**  
 1 He set his backe against a tree,  
 2 His foote against a stone;  
 3 The first blow that he gave so free  
 4 Cleft one man to the bone.
- 8C.22**  
 1 The tanners bold they fought right well,  
 2 And it was one to two;  
 3 But Robin did them both refell,  
 4 All in the damsell's viewe.
- 8C.23**  
 1 The red blood ran from Robins brow,  
 2 All downe unto his knee;  
 3 'O holde your handes, my brethren now,  
 4 I will goe backe with yee.'
- 8C.24**  
 1 'Stande backe, stande backe, my pretty maide,  
 2 Stande backe and let me fight;  
 3 By sweete St. James be no<t] afraide  
 4 But I will it requite.'
- 8C.25**  
 1 Then Robin did his sword uplift,  
 2 And let it fall againe;  
 3 The oldest brothers head it cleft,  
 4 Right through unto his braine.'
- 8C.26**  
 1 'O hold thy hand, bolde forrester,  
 2 Or ill may thee betide;  
 3 Slay not my youngest brother here,  
 4 He is my father's pride.'
- 8C.27**  
 1 'Away, for I would scorne to owe,  
 2 My life to the<e], false maide!  
 3 The youngest cried, and aimed a blow  
 4 That lit on Robin's head.'
- 8C.28**  
 1 Then Robin leand against the tree,  
 2 His life nie gone did seeme;  
 3 His eyes did swim, he could not see  
 4 The maiden start betweene.'
- 8C.29**  
 1 It was not long ere Robin Hood  
 2 Could welde his sword so bright;  
 3 Upon his feete he firmly stood,  
 4 And did renew the fight.'
- 8C.30**  
 1 Untill the tanner scarce could heave  
 2 His weapon in the aire;  
 3 But Robin would not him bereave  
 4 Of life, and left him there.'
- 8C.31**  
 1 Then to the greenewood did he fly,  
 2 And with him went the maide;  
 3 For him she vovd that she would dye,  
 4 He'd live for her, he said.'
- 9A.1**  
 1 IT was a knight in Scotland borne
- 9A.1r**  
 1 Follow, my love, come over the strand
- 9A.1**  
 2 Was taken prisoner, and left forlorne,
- 9A.1r**  
 2 Even by the good Earle of Northumberland.
- 9A.2**  
 1 Then was he cast in prison strong,  
 2 Where he could not walke nor lie along,
- 9A.2r**  
 2 Even by the goode Earle of Northumberland.
- 9A.3**  
 1 And as in sorrow thus he lay,  
 2 The Earle's sweete daughter walkt that way,
- 9A.3r**  
 2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 9A.4**  
 1 And passing by, like an angell bright,  
 2 The prisoner had of her a sight,
- 9A.4r**  
 2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 9A.5**  
 1 And loud to her this knight did crie,  
 2 The salt teares standing in his eye,
- 9A.5r**  
 2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 9A.6**  
 1 'Faire lady,' he said, 'Take pity on me,  
 2 And let me not in prison dye,
- 9A.6r**  
 2 And you the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9A.7**  
 1 'Faire Sir, how should I take pity on thee,  
 2 Thou being a foe to our country,
- 9A.7r**  
 2 And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9A.8**  
 1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,  
 2 'Through thy sweet love heere was I stayd,
- 9A.8r**  
 2 For thee, the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9A.9**  
 1 'Why shouldst thou come heere for love of me,  
 2 Having wife and children in thy countrie?'
- 9A.9r**  
 2 And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9A.10**  
 1 'I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,  
 2 I have no wife nor children, I,
- 9A.10r**  
 2 Nor dwelling at home in merrie Scotland.
- 9A.11**  
 1 'If curteously you will set me free,  
 2 I vow that I will marrie thee,
- 9A.11r**  
 2 So soone as I come in faire Scotland.
- 9A.12**  
 1 'Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,  
 2 And sit like a queene in princely bowers,
- 9A.12r**  
 2 When I am at home in faire Scotland.'
- 9A.13**  
 1 Then parted hence this lady gay,  
 2 And got her father's ring away,
- 9A.13r**  
 2 To helpe this sad knight into faire Scotland.
- 9A.14**  
 1 Likewise much gold she got by sleight,  
 2 And all to help this forlorne knight
- 9A.14r**  
 2 To wend from her father to faire Scotland.
- 9A.15**  
 1 Two gallant steedes, both good and able,  
 2 She likewise tooke out of the stable,
- 9A.15r**  
 2 To ride with this knight into faire Scotland.
- 9A.16**  
 1 And to the jaylor she sent this ring,  
 2 The knight from prison forth to bring,
- 9A.16r**  
 2 To wend with her into faire Scotland.
- 9A.17**  
 1 This token set the prisoner free,  
 2 Who straight went to this faire lady,
- 9A.17r**  
 2 To wend with her into faire Scotland.
- 9A.18**  
 1 A gallant steede he did bestride,  
 2 And with the lady away did ride,
- 9A.18r**  
 2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 9A.19**  
 1 They rode till they came to a water cleare:  
 2 'Good Sir, how should I follow you heere,
- 9A.19r**  
 2 And I the faire flower of Northumberland?'
- 9A.20**  
 1 'The water is rough and wonderfull deepe,  
 2 An<d] on my saddle I shall not keepe,
- 9A.20r**  
 2 And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9A.21**  
 1 'Feare not the foord, faire lady,' quoth he,  
 2 'For long I cannot stay for thee,
- 9A.21r**  
 2 And thou the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9A.22**  
 1 The lady prickt her wanton steed,  
 2 And over the river swom with speede,
- 9A.22r**  
 2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 9A.23**  
 1 From top to toe all wet was shee:  
 2 'This have I done for love of thee,
- 9A.23r**  
 2 And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9A.24**  
 1 Thus rode she all one winter's night,  
 2 Till Edenborow they saw in sight,
- 9A.24r**  
 2 The chiefest towne in all Scotland.
- 9A.25**  
 1 'Now chuse,' quoth he, 'Thou wanton flower,  
 2 Whe'r thou wilt be my paramour,
- 9A.25r**  
 2 Or get thee home to Northumberland.
- 9A.26**  
 1 'For I have wife, and children five,  
 2 In Edenborow they be alive;
- 9A.26r**  
 2 Then get thee home to faire England.
- 9A.27**  
 1 'This favour shalt thou have to boote,  
 2 Ile have thy horse, go thou on foote,
- 9A.27r**  
 2 Go, get thee home to Northumberland.'



- 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**  
1 A may's love whiles is easy won
- 9B.1**  
2 She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,
- 9B.1r**  
2 And she was the fair flower of Northumberland.
- 9B.2**  
1 'If any lady would borrow me
- 9B.2r**  
1 Out into the prison strong,
- 9B.2**  
2 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**  
1 A may's love whiles is easy won
- 9B.3**  
2 She's stolen the keys o many braw lock,
- 9B.3r**  
2 And she's loosed him out o the prison strong.
- 9B.4**  
1 She's done her to her father's stable,
- 9B.4r**  
1 A may's love whiles is easy won
- 9B.4**  
2 She's taen out a steed that was both swift and able,
- 9B.4r**  
2 To carry them both to fair Scotland.
- 9B.5**  
1 O when they came to the Scottish cross,
- 9B.5r**  
1 A may's whiles is easy won
- 9B.5**  
2 'Ye brazen-faced whore, light off o my horse,
- 9B.5r**  
2 And go get you back to Northumberland!'
- 9B.6**  
1 O when they came to the Scottish moor,
- 9B.6r**  
1 A may's love whiles is easy won
- 9B.6**  
2 'Get off o my horse, you're a brazen-faced whore,
- 9B.6r**  
2 So go get you back to Northumberland!'
- 9B.7**  
1 'O pity on me, O pity,' said she,
- 9B.7r**  
1 'O that my love was so easy won!
- 9B.7**  
2 Have pity on me as I had upon thee,
- 9B.7r**  
2 When I loosed you out of the prison strong.'
- 9B.8**  
1 'O how can I have pity on thee?
- 9B.8r**  
1 O why was your love so easy won!
- 9B.8**  
2 When I have a wife and children three
- 9B.8r**  
2 More worthy than a' Northumberland.'
- 9B.9**  
1 'Cook in your kitchen I will be,
- 9B.9r**  
1 O that my love was so easy won!
- 9B.9**  
2 And serve your lady most reverently,
- 9B.9r**  
2 For I darena go back to Northumberland.'
- 9B.10**  
1 'Cook in my kitchen you shall not be,
- 9B.10r**  
1 Why was your love so easy won!
- 9B.10**  
2 For I will have no such servants as thee,
- 9B.10r**  
2 So get you back to Northumberland.'
- 9B.11**  
1 But laith was he the lassie to tyne,
- 9B.11r**  
1 A may's love whiles is easy won
- 9B.11**  
2 He's hired an old horse and feed an old man,
- 9B.11r**  
2 To carry her back to Northumberland.
- 9B.12**  
1 O when she came her father before,
- 9B.12r**  
1 A may's love whiles is easy won
- 9B.12**  
2 She fell down on her knees so low
- 9B.12r**  
2 For she was the fair flower of Northumberland.
- 9B.13**  
1 'O daughter, O daughter, why was ye so bold,
- 9B.13r**  
1 Or why was your love so easy won,
- 9B.13**  
2 To be a Scottish whore in your fifteen year old?
- 9B.13r**  
2 And you the fair flower of Northumberland!'
- 9B.14**  
1 Her mother she gently on her did smile,
- 9B.14r**  
1 O that her love was so easy won!
- 9B.14**  
2 'She is not the first that the Scotts have beguild,
- 9B.14r**  
2 But she's still the fair flower of Northumberland.
- 9B.15**  
1 'She shanna want gold, she shanna want fee,
- 9B.15r**  
1 Altho that her love was so easy won,
- 9B.15**  
2 She shanna want gold to gain a man wi,
- 9B.15r**  
2 And she's still the fair flower of Northumberland.'
- 9C.1**  
1 AS I went by a jail-house door,
- 9C.1r**  
1 Maid's love whiles is easy won
- 9C.1**  
2 I saw a prisoner standing there,
- 9C.1r**  
2 'I wish I were home in fair Scotland.
- 9C.2**  
1 'Fair maid, will you pity me?  
2 Ye'll steal the keys, let me gae free:
- 9C.2r**  
2 I'll make you my lady in fair Scotland.
- 9C.3**  
1 'I'm sure you have no need of me,  
2 For ye have a wife and bairns three,
- 9C.3r**  
2 That lives at home in fair Scotland.'
- 9C.4**  
1 He swore by him that was crownd with thorn,  
2 That he never had a wife since the day he was born,
- 9C.4r**  
2 But livd a free lord in fair Scotland.
- 9C.5**  
1 She went unto her father's bed-head,  
2 She's stown the key o mony a lock,
- 9C.5r**  
2 She's let him out o prison strong.
- 9C.6**  
1 She's went to her father's stable,  
2 She's stown a steed baith wight and able,
- 9C.6r**  
2 To carry them on to fair Scotland.
- 9C.7**  
1 They rode till they came to a muir,  
2 He bade her light aff, they'd call her a whore,
- 9C.7r**  
2 If she didna return to Northumberland.
- 9C.8**  
1 They rode till they came to a moss,  
2 He bade her light aff her father's best horse,
- 9C.8r**  
2 And return her again to Northumberland.
- 9C.9**  
1 'I'm sure I have no need of thee,  
2 When I have a wife and bairns three,
- 9C.9r**  
2 That lives at home in fair Scotland.'
- 9C.10**  
1 'I'll be cook in your kitchen,  
2 And serve your lady handsomelie,
- 9C.10r**  
2 For I darena gae back to Northumberland.'
- 9C.11**  
1 'Ye cannot be cook in my kitchen,  
2 My lady cannot fa sic servants as thee,
- 9C.11r**  
2 So ye'll return again to Northumberland.'
- 9C.12**  
1 When she went thro her father's ha,  
2 She looted her low amongst them a',
- 9C.12r**  
2 She was the fair flower o Northumberland.
- 9C.13**  
1 Out spake her father, he spake bold,  
2 'How could ye be a whore in fifteen years old,
- 9C.13r**  
2 And you the flower of Northumberland?'
- 9C.14**  
1 Out spake her mother, she spake wi a smile,  
2 'She's nae the first his coat did beguile,
- 9C.14r**  
2 Ye're welcome again to Northumberland.'
- 9D.1**  
1 SHE'S gane down to her father's stable,
- 9D.1r**  
1 O my dear, and my love that she wan
- 9D.1**  
2 She's taen out a black steed baith sturdy and able,
- 9D.1r**  
2 And she's away to fair Scotland.
- 9D.2**  
1 When they came to Scotland bridge,  
2 'Light off, you whore, from my black steed,
- 9D.2r**  
2 And go your ways back to Northumberland.'
- 9D.3**  
1 'O take me by the body so meek,  
2 And throw me in the water so deep,
- 9D.3r**  
2 For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'

- 9D.4**  
1 'I'll no take thee by the body so meek,  
2 Nor throw thee in the water so deep;
- 9D.4r**  
2 Thou may go thy ways back to  
Northumberland.'
- 9D.5**  
1 'Take me by the body so small,  
2 And throw me in yon bonny mill-dam,
- 9D.5r**  
2 For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'
- 9E.1**  
1 A BAILIFF'S fair daughter, she lived by the  
Aln,
- 9E.1r**  
1 A young maid's love is easily won
- 9E.1**  
2 She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,
- 9E.1r**  
2 And she was the flower of Northumberland.
- 9E.2**  
1 'If ye could love me, as I do love thee,
- 9E.2r**  
1 A young maid's love is hard to win
- 9E.2**  
2 I'll make you a lady of high degree,
- 9E.2r**  
2 When once we go down to fair Scotland.'
- 9E.3**  
1 To think of the prisoner her heart was sore,
- 9E.3r**  
1 A young maid's love is easily won
- 9E.3**  
2 Her love it was much, but her pity was more,
- 9E.3r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.4**  
1 She stole from her father's pillow the key,  
2 And out of the dungeon she soon set him free,
- 9E.4r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.5**  
1 She led him into her father's stable,  
2 And they've taken a steed both gallant and able,
- 9E.5r**  
2 To carry them down to fair Scotland.
- 9E.6**  
1 When they first took the way, it was darling an  
d dear;  
2 As forward they fared, all changed was his  
cheer,
- 9E.6r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.7**  
1 They rode till they came to a fair Scottish corse;  
2 Says he, 'Now, pray madam, dismount from m  
y horse,
- 9E.7r**  
2 And go get you back to Northumberland.
- 9E.8**  
1 'It befits not to ride with a leman light,  
2 When awaits my returning my own lady bright,
- 9E.8r**  
2 My own wedded wife in fair Scotland.'
- 9E.9**  
1 The words that he said on her fond heart smote,  
2 She knew not in sooth if she lived or not,
- 9E.9r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.10**  
1 She looked to his face, and it kythed so unkind  
2 That her fast coming tears soon rendered her  
blind,
- 9E.10r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.11**  
1 'Have pity on me as I had it on thee,
- 9E.11r**  
1 O why was my love so easily won!
- 9E.11**  
2 A slave in your kitchen I'm willing to be,
- 9E.11r**  
2 But I may not go back to Northumberland.
- 9E.12**  
1 'Or carry me up by the middle sae sma,
- 9E.12r**  
1 O why was my love so easily won!
- 9E.12**  
2 And fling me headlong from your high castle  
wa,
- 9E.12r**  
2 For I dare not go back to Northumberland.'
- 9E.13**  
1 Her wailing, her woe, for nothing they went,
- 9E.13r**  
1 A young maid's love is easily won
- 9E.13**  
2 His bosom was stone and he would not relent,
- 9E.13r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.14**  
1 He turned him around and he thought of a plan,  
2 He bought an old horse and he hired an old  
man,
- 9E.14r**  
2 To carry her back to Northumberland.
- 9E.15**  
1 A heavy heart makes a weary way,  
2 She reached her home in the evening gray,
- 9E.15r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.16**  
1 And all as she stood at her father's tower-gate,  
2 More loud beat her heart than her knock thereat,
- 9E.16r**  
2 And she, etc.
- 9E.17**  
1 Down came her step-dame, so rugged and  
doure,
- 9E.17r**  
1 O why was your love so easily won!
- 9E.17**  
2 'In Scotland go back to your false paramour,
- 9E.17r**  
2 For you shall not stay here in Northumberland.'
- 9E.18**  
1 Down came her father, he saw her and smiled,
- 9E.18r**  
1 A young maid's love is easily won
- 9E.18**  
2 'You are not the first that false Scots have  
beguiled,
- 9E.18r**  
2 And ye're aye welcome back to  
Northumberland.
- 9E.19**  
1 'You shall not want houses, you shall not want  
land,  
2 You shall not want gold for to gain a husband,
- 9E.19r**  
2 And ye're aye welcome back to  
Northumberland.'
- 9[F.1]**  
1 ' , , , , ,  
1 She stole the keys from her father's bed-head,
- 9[F.1r]**  
1 O but her love it was easy won!
- 9[F.1]**  
2 She opened the gates, she opened them wide,
- 9[F.1r]**  
2 She let him out o the prison strong.
- 9[F.2]**  
1 She went into her father's stable,
- 9[F.2r]**  
1 O but her love it was easy won!
- 9[F.2]**  
2 She stole a steed that was both stout and strong,
- 9[F.2r]**  
2 To carry him hame frae Northumberland.  
3 ' , , , , ,
- 9[F.3]**  
1 'I'll be cook in your kitchen,
- 9[F.3r]**  
1 Noo sure my love has been easy won!
- 9[F.3]**  
2 I'll serve your own lady with hat an with hand,
- 9[F.3r]**  
2 For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'
- 9[F.4]**  
1 'I need nae cook in my kitchin,
- 9[F.4r]**  
1 O but your love it was easy won!
- 9[F.4]**  
2 Ye'll serve not my lady with hat or with hand,
- 9[F.4r]**  
2 For ye maun gae back to Northumberland.'
- 9[F.5]**  
1 When she gaed hame, how her father did ban!
- 9[F.5r]**  
1 'O but your love it was easy won!
- 9[F.5]**  
2 A fair Scottish girl, not sixteen years old,
- 9[F.5r]**  
2 Was once the fair flower o Northumberland!
- 9[G.1]**  
1 'Why, fair maid, have pity on me,'
- 9[G.1r]**  
1 Waly's my love wi the life that she wan
- 9[G.1]**  
2 'For I am bound in prison strong,
- 9[G.1r]**  
2 And under the heir o Northumberland.'
- 9[G.2]**  
1 'How can I have pity on thee,'
- 9[G.2r]**  
1 Waly's my love, etc.
- 9[G.2]**  
2 'When thou hast a wife and children three,
- 9[G.2r]**  
2 All dwelling at home in fair Scotland?'
- 9[G.3]**  
1 Now he has sworn a solemn oath,
- 9[G.3r]**  
1 An it was by eternity,
- 9[G.3]**  
2 That wife and children he had none,
- 9[G.3r]**  
2 All dwelling at home in fair Scotland.
- 9[G.4]**  
1 Now she's gone to her father's bedstock,
- 9[G.4r]**  
1 Waly's my love, etc.
- 9[G.4]**  
2 And has stolen the key of the dungeon-lock,
- 9[G.4r]**  
2 And she the great heir o Northumberland.
- 9[G.5]**  
1 And she's gone to her father's chest,  
2 She has stolen away a suit of the best,
- 9[G.5r]**  
2 Altho she was heir o Northumberland.
- 9[G.6]**  
1 Now she's gone to her father's coffer,  
2 And has taen out gold nane kens how meickle,
- 9[G.6r]**  
2 Altho she, etc.
- 9[G.7]**  
1 She's gane to her father's stable,  
2 And taen out a steed baith lusty and able,
- 9[G.7r]**  
2 For a' she was heir, etc.
- 9[G.8]**  
1 The rade till they came to Crafurdmoor,  
2 He bade her light down for an English whore,
- 9[G.8r]**  
2 Altho she, etc.
- 9[G.9]**  
1 The rade till the came to the water o Clyde,  
2 He bade her light down, nae farer she should  
ride,
- 9[G.9r]**  
2 'For now I am at hame in fair Scotland.'
- 9[G.10]**  
1 'Yonder view my castle,' said he;  
2 'There I hae a wife and children three,
- 9[G.10r]**  
2 All dwelling at home,' etc.
- 9[G.11]**  
1 'O take me by the middle sae sma  
2 And thro me oer your castle-wa,
- 9[G.11r]**  
2 For I darena gang hame to Northumberland.'
- 9[G.12]**  
1 When she came to her father's yett,  
2 She durst hardly rapp thereat,
- 9[G.12r]**  
2 Altho she was, etc.
- 9[G.13]**  
1 Out then spoke her stepmother sour,  
2 She bad her pack off for an impudent whore,

**9[G.13r]**  
2 'For thou shalt not be heir o Northumberland.'

**9[G.14]**  
1 Out then spok her bastard brother;  
2 'She'll hae nae mair grace than God has gien her,

**9[G.14r]**  
2 And she shall be heir o Northumberland.'

**9[G.15]**  
1 Out and spok her father sae mild,  
2 'She's no the first maid a false Scot has beguild,

**9[G.15r]**  
2 And she shall be,' etc.

**10A.1**  
1 THERE were two sisters, they went playing,

**10A.1r**  
1 With a hie downe downe a downe-a

**10A.1**  
2 To see their father's ships come sayling in.

**10A.1r**  
2 With a hy downe downe a downe-a

**10A.2**  
1 And when they came unto the sea-brym,  
2 The elder did push the younger in.

**10A.3**  
1 'O sister, O sister, take me by the gowne,  
2 And drawe me up upon the dry ground.'

**10A.4**  
1 'O sister, O sister, that may not bee,  
2 Till salt and oatmeale grow both of a tree.'

**10A.5**  
1 Somtymes she sanke, somtymes she swam,  
2 Until she came unto the mill-dam.

**10A.6**  
1 The miller runne hastily downe the cliffe,  
2 And up he betook her withouten her life.

**10A.7**  
1 What did he doe with her brest-bone?  
2 He made him a violl to play thereupon.

**10A.8**  
1 What did he doe with her fingers so small?  
2 He made him peggs to his violl withall.

**10A.9**  
1 What did he doe with her nose-ridge?  
2 Unto his violl he made him a bridge.

**10A.10**  
1 What did he doe with her veynes so blew?  
2 He made him strings to his violl thereto.

**10A.11**  
1 What did he doe with her eyes so bright?  
2 Upon his violl he played at first sight.

**10A.12**  
1 What did he doe with her tongue so rough?  
2 Unto the violl it spake enough.

**10A.13**  
1 What did he doe with her two shinnes?  
2 Unto the violl they danc'd Moll Syms.

**10A.14**  
1 Then bespake the treble string,  
2 'O yonder is my father the king.'

**10A.15**  
1 Then bespake the second string,  
2 'O yonder sits my mother the queen.'

**10A.16**  
1 And then bespake the strings all three,  
2 'O yonder is my sister that drowned mee.'

**10A.17**  
1 'Now pay the miller for his payne,  
2 And let him bee gone in the divel's name.'

**10B.1**  
1 THERE was twa sisters in a bowr,

**10B.1r**  
1 Edinburgh, Edinburgh

**10B.1**  
2 There was twa sisters in a bowr,

**10B.1r**  
2 Stirling for ay

**10B.1**  
3 There was twa sisters in a bowr,  
4 There came a knight to be their wooer.

**10B.1r**  
3 Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay

**10B.2**  
1 He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,  
2 But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

**10B.3**  
1 He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,  
2 But lovd the youngest as his life.

**10B.4**  
1 The eldest she was vexed sair,  
2 An much envi'd her sister fair.

**10B.5**  
1 Into her bowr she could not rest,  
2 Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

**10B.6**  
1 Upon a morning fair an clear,  
2 She cried upon her sister dear:

**10B.7**  
1 'O sister, come to yon sea stran,  
2 An see our father's ships come to lan.'

**10B.8**  
1 She's taen her by the milk-white han,  
2 An led her down to yon sea stran.

**10B.9**  
1 The younges<t] stood upon a stane,  
2 The eldest came an threw her in.

**10B.10**  
1 She tooke her by the middle sma,  
2 An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

**10B.11**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my han,  
2 An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

**10B.12**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my middle,  
2 An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.

**10B.13**  
1 'O sister, sister, save my life,  
2 An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife.'

**10B.14**  
1 'Foul fa the han that I should tacke,  
2 It twin'd me an my wardles make.

**10B.15**  
1 'Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair  
2 Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'

**10B.16**  
1 Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,  
2 Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

**10B.17**  
1 O out it came the miller's son,  
2 An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

**10B.18**  
1 'O father, father, draw your dam,  
2 Here's either a mermaid or a swan.'

**10B.19**  
1 The miller quickly drew the dam,  
2 An there he found a drown'd woman.

**10B.20**  
1 You coudna see her yallow hair  
2 For gold and pearle that were so rare.

**10B.21**  
1 You coudna see her middle sma  
2 For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

**10B.22**  
1 You coudna see her fingers white,  
2 For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

**10B.23**  
1 An by there came a harper fine,  
2 That harped to the king at dine.

**10B.24**  
1 When he did look that lady upon,  
2 He sighd and made a heavy moan.

**10B.25**  
1 He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,  
2 An wi them strung his harp sae fair.

**10B.26**  
1 The first tune he did play and sing,  
2 Was, 'Farewell to my father the king.'

**10B.27**  
1 The nextin tune that he playd syne,  
2 Was, 'Farewell to my mother the queen.'

**10B.28**  
1 The lasten tune that he playd then,  
2 Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'

**10C.1**  
1 THERE were two sisters sat in a bour;

**10C.1r**  
1 Binnorie, O Binnorie

**10C.1**  
2 There came a knight to be their wooer.

**10C.1r**  
2 By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie

**10C.2**  
1 He courted the eldest with glove and ring,  
2 But he loed the youngest aboon a' thing.

**10C.3**  
1 He courted the eldest with broach and knife,  
2 But he loed the youngest aboon his life.

**10C.4**  
1 The eldest she was vexed sair,  
2 And sore envied her sister fair.

**10C.5**  
1 The eldest said to the youngest ane,  
2 'Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?'

**10C.6**  
1 She's taen her by the lilly hand,  
2 And led her down to the river strand.

**10C.7**  
1 The youngest stude upon a stane,  
2 The eldest came and pushed her in.

**10C.8**  
1 She took her by the middle sma,  
2 And dashed her bonnie back to the jaw.

**10C.9**  
1 'O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
2 And ye shall be heir of half my land.'

**10C.10**  
1 'O sister, I'll not reach my hand,  
2 And I'll be heir of all your land.

**10C.11**  
1 'Shame fa the hand that I should take,  
2 It's twin'd me and my world's make.'

**10C.12**  
1 'O sister, reach me but your glove,  
2 And sweet William shall be your love.'

**10C.13**  
1 'Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,  
2 And sweet William shall better be my love.

**10C.14**  
1 'Your cherry cheeks and your yallow hair  
2 Garrd me gang maiden evermair.'

**10C.15**  
1 Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,  
2 Until she came to the miller's dam.

**10C.16**  
1 'O father, father, draw your dam,  
2 There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan

**10C.17**  
1 The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
2 And there he found a drowned woman.

**10C.18**  
1 You could not see her yallow hair,  
2 For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.

**10C.19**  
1 You could na see her middle sma,  
2 Her gowden girdle was sae bra.

**10C.20**  
1 A famous harper passing by,  
2 The sweet pale face he chanced to spy.

**10C.21**  
1 And when he looked that ladye on,  
2 He sighd and made a heavy moan.

**10C.22**  
1 He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
2 Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone.

**10C.23**  
1 The strings he framed of her yallow hair,  
2 Whose notes made sad the listening ear.

**10C.24**  
1 He brought it to her father's hall,  
2 And there was the court assembled all.

**10C.25**  
1 He laid this harp upon a stone,  
2 And straight it began to play alone.

**10C.26**  
1 'O yonder sits my father, the king,  
2 And yonder sits my mother, the queen.

**10C.27**  
1 'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
2 And by him my William, sweet and true.'

**10C.28**  
1 But the last tune that the harp playd then,  
2 Was 'Woe to my sister, false Helen!'

**10D.1**  
1 THERE lived three sisters in a bouer,

**10D.1r**  
1 Edinbruch, Edinbruch

- 10D.1**  
2 There lived three sisters in a bouer.
- 10D.1r**  
2 Stirling for aye
- 10D.1**  
3 There lived three sisters in a bouer,  
4 The youngest was the sweetest flowr.
- 10D.1r**  
3 Bonnie St Johnston stands upon Tay
- 10D.2**  
1 There cam a knicht to see them a',  
2 And on the youngest his love did fa.
- 10D.3**  
1 He brought the eldest ring and glove,  
2 But the youngest was his ain true-love.
- 10D.4**  
1 He brought the second sheath and knife,  
2 But the youngest was to be his wife.
- 10D.5**  
1 The eldest sister said to the youngest ane,  
2 'Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?'
- 10D.6**  
1 And as they walked by the linn,  
2 The eldest dang the youngest in.
- 10D.7**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
2 And ye'll be heir to a' my land.'
- 10D.8**  
1 'Foul fa the hand that I wad take,  
2 To twin me o my world's make.'
- 10D.9**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my glove,  
2 And yese get Willie, my true-love.'
- 10D.10**  
1 'Sister, sister, I'll na tak your glove,  
2 For I'll get Willie, your true-love.'
- 10D.11**  
1 Aye she swittert, and aye she swam,  
2 Till she cam to yon bonnie mill-dam.
- 10D.12**  
1 The miller's dochter cam out wi speed,  
2 It was for water, to bake her bread.
- 10D.13**  
1 'O father, father, gae slack your dam;  
2 There's in't a lady or a milk-white swan.'  
3 , , , , ,
- 10D.14**  
1 They could na see her coal-black eyes  
2 For her yellow locks hang oure her breees.
- 10D.15**  
1 They could na see her weel-made middle  
2 For her braid gowden girdle.  
3 , , , , ,
- 10D.16**  
1 And by there cam an auld blind fiddler,  
2 And took three tets o her bonnie yellow hair.  
3 , , , , ,
- 10D.17**  
1 The first spring that the bonnie fiddle playd,  
2 'Hang my cruel sister, Alison,' it said.
- 10E.1**  
1 THERE livd twa sisters in a bower,
- 10E.1r**  
1 Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch!
- 10E.1**  
2 There lived twa sisters in a bower,
- 10E.1r**  
2 Stirling for aye!
- 10E.1**  
3 The youngest o them O she was a flower!
- 10E.1r**  
3 Bonny Sanct Johnstoune that stands upon Tay!
- 10E.2**  
1 There cam a squire frae the west,  
2 He loed them baith, but the youngest best.
- 10E.3**  
1 He gied the eldest a gay gold ring,  
2 But he loed the youngest aboon a' thing.
- 10E.4**  
1 'O sister, sister, will ye go to the sea?  
2 Our father's ships sail bonnilie.'
- 10E.5**  
1 The youngest sat down upon a stane;  
2 The eldest shot the youngest in.
- 10E.6**  
1 'O sister, sister, lend me your hand,  
2 And you shall hae my gouden fan.
- 10E.7**  
1 'O sister, sister, save my life,  
2 And ye shall be the squire's wife.'
- 10E.8**  
1 First she sank, and then she swam,  
2 Untill she cam to Tweed mill-dam.
- 10E.9**  
1 The millar's daughter was baking bread,  
2 She went for water, as she had need.
- 10E.10**  
1 'O father, father, in our mill-dam  
2 There's either a lady, or a milk-white swan.'
- 10E.11**  
1 They could nae see her fingers small,  
2 Wi diamond rings they were coverd all.
- 10E.12**  
1 They could nae see her yellow hair,  
2 Sae mony knots and platts were there.
- 10E.13**  
1 They could nae see her lilly feet,  
2 Her gowden fringes war sae deep.
- 10E.14**  
1 Bye there cam a fiddler fair,  
2 And he's taen three taitis o her yellow hair.
- 10F.1**  
1 THERE was two ladies livd in a bower,
- 10F.1r**  
1 Hey with a gay and a grinding O
- 10F.1**  
2 The youngest o them was the fairest flower
- 10F.1r**  
2 About a' the bonny bows o London.
- 10F.2**  
1 There was two ladies livd in a bower,  
2 An wooer unto the youngest did go.
- 10F.3**  
1 The oldest one to the youngest did say,  
2 'Will ye take a walk with me today,
- 10F.3r**  
2 And we'll view the bonny bows o London.
- 10F.4**  
1 'Thou'll set thy foot whare I set mine,  
2 Thou'll set thy foot upon this stane.'
- 10F.5**  
1 'I'll set my foot where thou sets thine:'  
2 The old sister dang the youngest in,
- 10F.5r**  
2 At, etc.
- 10F.6**  
1 'O sister dear, come tak my hand,  
2 Take my life safe to dry land,'
- 10F.6r**  
2 At, etc.
- 10F.7**  
1 'It's neer by my hand thy hand sall come in,  
2 It's neer by my hand thy hand sall come in,
- 10F.7r**  
2 At, etc.
- 10F.8**  
1 'It's thy cherry cheeks and thy white briest bane  
2 Gars me set a maid owre lang at hame.'
- 10F.9**  
1 She clasped her hand<s> about a brume rute,  
2 But her cruel sister she lowsed them out.
- 10F.10**  
1 Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,  
2 Till she cam to the miller's dam.
- 10F.11**  
1 The miller's bairns has muckle need,  
2 They were bearing in water to bake some breid.
- 10F.12**  
1 Says, 'Father, dear father, in our mill-dam,  
2 It's either a fair maid or a milk-white swan.'
- 10F.13**  
1 The miller he's spared nae his hose nor his  
shoon  
2 Till he brocht this lady till dry land.
- 10F.14**  
1 I wad he saw na a bit o her feet,  
2 Her silver slippers were made so neat.
- 10F.15**  
1 I wad he saw na a bit o her skin,  
2 For ribbons there was mony a ane.
- 10F.16**  
1 He laid her on a brume buss to dry,  
2 To see wha was the first wad pass her by.
- 10F.17**  
1 Her ain father's herd was the first man  
2 That by this lady gay did gang.
- 10F.18**  
1 He's taen three links of her yellow hair,  
2 And made it a string to his fiddle there.
- 10F.19**  
1 He's cut her fingers long and small  
2 To be fiddle-pins that neer might fail.
- 10F.20**  
1 The very first spring that the fiddle did play,  
2 'Hang my auld sister,' I wad it did say.
- 10F.21**  
1 'For she drowned me in yonder sea,  
2 God neer let her rest till she shall die,'
- 10F.21r**  
2 At the bonny bows o London.
- 10G.1**  
1 THERE were three sisters lived in a bouir,
- 10G.1r**  
1 Hech, hey, my Nannie O
- 10G.1**  
2 And the youngest was the fairest flour.
- 10G.1r**  
2 And the swan swims bonnie O
- 10G.2**  
1 'O sister, sister, gang down to yon sand,  
2 And see your father's ships coming to dry land  
,
- 10G.3**  
1 O they have gane down to yonder sand,  
2 To see their father's ships coming to dry land.
- 10G.4**  
1 'Gae set your fit on yonder stane,  
2 Till I tye up your silken gown.'
- 10G.5**  
1 She set her fit on yonder stane,  
2 And the auldest drave the youngest in.
- 10G.6**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak me by the hand,  
2 And ye'll get a' my father's land.
- 10G.7**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak me by the gluve,  
2 An ye'll get Willy, my true luve.'
- 10G.8**  
1 She had a switch into her hand,  
2 And ay she drave her frae the land.
- 10G.9**  
1 O whiles she sunk, and whiles she swam,  
2 Untill she swam to the miller's dam.
- 10G.10**  
1 The miller's daughter gade down to Tweed,  
2 To carry water to bake her bread.
- 10G.11**  
1 'O father, O father, what's yon in the dam?  
2 It's either a maid or a milk-white swan.'
- 10G.12**  
1 They have tane her out till yonder thorn,  
2 And she has lain till Monday morn.
- 10G.13**  
1 She hadna, hadna twa days lain,  
2 Till by there came a harper fine.
- 10G.14**  
1 He made a harp o her breast-bane,  
2 That he might play forever thereon.
- 10H.1**  
1 THERE were three sisters lived in a hall,
- 10H.1r**  
1 Hey with the gay and the grandeur O
- 10H.1**  
2 And there came a lord to court them all.
- 10H.1r**  
2 At the bonnie bows o London town.
- 10H.2**  
1 He courted the eldest with a penknife,  
2 And he vowed that he would take her life.
- 10H.3**  
1 He courted the youngest with a glove,  
2 And he said that he'd be her true love.
- 10H.4**  
1 'O sister, O sister, will you go and take a walk,  
2 And see our father's ships how they float?'
- 10H.5**  
1 'O lean your foot upon the stone,  
2 And wash your hand in that sea-foam.'

- 10H.6**  
1 She leaned her foot upon the stone,  
2 But her eldest sister has tumbled her down.
- 10H.7**  
1 'O sister, sister, give me your hand,  
2 And I'll make you lady of all my land.'
- 10H.8**  
1 'O I'll not lend to you my hand,  
2 But I'll be lady of your land.'
- 10H.9**  
1 'O sister, sister, give me your glove,  
2 And I'll make you lady of my true love.'
- 10H.10**  
1 'It's I'll not lend to you my glove,  
2 But I'll be lady of your true love.'
- 10H.11**  
1 Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,  
2 Until she came to a miller's dam.
- 10H.12**  
1 The miller's daughter was coming out wi speed,  
2 For water for to bake some bread.
- 10H.13**  
1 'O father, father, stop the dam,  
2 For it's either a lady or a milk-white swan.'
- 10H.14**  
1 He dragged her out unto the shore,  
2 And stripped her of all she wore.
- 10H.15**  
1 By cam a fiddler, and he was fair,  
2 And he buskit his bow in her bonnie yellow hair.  
1 By cam her father's harper, and he was fine,
- 10H.16**  
2 And he made a harp o her bonny breast-bone.
- 10H.17**  
1 When they came to her father's court,  
2 The harp [and fiddle these words] spoke:
- 10H.18**  
1 'O God bless my father the king,  
2 And I wish the same to my mother the queen.
- 10H.19**  
1 'My sister Jane she tumbled me in,  
2 .....  
3 '.....'
- 10L.1**  
1 THERE war twa sisters lived in a bouer,
- 10L.1r**  
1 Binnorie and Binnorie
- 10L.1**  
2 There cam a squire to court them baith.
- 10L.1r**  
2 At the bonnie mill-streams o Binnorie
- 10L.2**  
1 He courted the eldest with Jewels and rings,  
2 But he lovd the youngest the best of all things.
- 10L.3**  
1 He courted the eldest with a penknife,  
2 He lovd the youngest as dear as his life.
- 10L.4**  
1 It fell ance upon a day  
2 That these twa sisters hae gane astray.
- 10L.5**  
1 It was for to meet their father's ships that had  
come in.  
2 .....  
3 '.....'
- 10L.6**  
1 As they walked up the linn,  
2 The eldest dang the youngest in.
- 10L.7**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
2 And ye'll hae Lud John and aw his land.'
- 10L.8**  
1 With a silver wand she pushd her in,  
2 .....  
3 '.....'
- 10L.9**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my glove,  
2 And ye sall hae my ain true love.'
- 10L.10**  
1 The miller's dochter cam out wi speed.  
2 It was for a water to bake her bread.
- 10L.11**  
1 'O father, father, gae slack your dam;  
2 There's either a white fish or a swan.'  
3 '.....'
- 10L.12**  
1 Bye cam a blind fiddler that way,  
2 And he took three tets o her bonnie yellow hair.
- 10L.13**  
1 And the first spring that he playd,  
2 It said, 'It was my sister threw me in.'
- 10J.1**  
1 THERE were two ladies playing ball,
- 10J.1r**  
1 Hey, ho, my Nannie O
- 10J.1**  
2 A great lord came to court them all.
- 10J.1r**  
2 The swan she does swim bonnie O
- 10J.2**  
1 He gave to the first a golden ring,  
2 He gave to the second a far better thing.  
3 '.....'
- 10J.3**  
1 He made a harp of her breast-bone  
2 .....  
3 '.....'
- 10J.4**  
1 He set it down upon a stone,  
2 And it began to play its lone.
- 10K.1**  
1 'O SISTER, sister, gie me your hand,
- 10K.1r**  
1 Binnorie and Binnorie
- 10K.1**  
2 And I'll give the half of my fallow-land,
- 10K.1r**  
2 By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.'  
3 '.....'
- 10K.2**  
1 The first time the bonnie fiddle played,  
2 'Hang my sister, Alison,' it said,
- 10K.2r**  
2 'At the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.'
- 10L.1**  
1 O WAS it eke a pheasant cock,  
2 Or eke a pheasant hen,  
3 Or was it the bodye of a fair ladye,  
4 Come swimming down the stream?
- 10L.2**  
1 O it was not a pheasant cock,  
2 Nor eke a pheasant hen,  
3 But it was the bodye of a fair ladye  
4 Came swimming down the stream.  
5 '.....'
- 10L.3**  
1 And what did he do with her fair bodye?
- 10L.3r**  
1 Fal the lal the lal laral lody
- 10L.3**  
2 He made it a case for his melodye.
- 10L.3r**  
2 Fal, etc.
- 10L.4**  
1 And what did he do with her legs so strong?  
2 He made them a stand for his violon.
- 10L.5**  
1 And what did he do with her hair so fine?  
2 He made of it strings for his violine.
- 10L.6**  
1 And what did he do with her arms so long?  
2 He made them bows for his violon.
- 10L.7**  
1 And what did he do with her nose so thin?  
2 He made it a bridge for his violin.
- 10L.8**  
1 And what did he do with her eyes so bright?  
2 He made them spectacles to put to his sight.
- 10L.9**  
1 And what did he do with her petty toes?  
2 He made them a nosegay to put to his nose.
- 10M.1**  
1 THERE lived twa sisters in yonder ha,
- 10M.1r**  
1 Bin'orie O an Bin'orie
- 10M.1**  
2 They hadna but ae lad atween them twa,
- 10M.1r**  
2 He's the bonnie miller lad o Bin'orie.
- 10M.2**  
1 It fell oot upon a day,  
2 The auldest ane to the youngest did say,
- 10M.2r**  
2 At the bonnie mill-dams o Bin'orie,
- 10M.3**  
1 'O sister, O sister, will ye go to the dams,  
2 To hear the blackbird thrashin oer his songs?'
- 10M.3r**  
2 At the,' etc.
- 10M.4**  
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.4r**  
2 An the bonnie miller lad o Binorie.'
- 10M.5**  
1 They hadna been an oor at the dams,  
2 Till they heard the blackbird thrashin oer his  
tune,
- 10M.5r**  
2 At the, etc.
- 10M.6**  
1 They hadna been an oor at the dams  
2 Till they saw their father's fish-boats come safe  
to dry lan,
- 10M.6r**  
2 Bat they sawna the bonnie miller laddie.
- 10M.7**  
1 They stood baith up upon a stane,  
2 An the eldest ane dang the youngest in,
- 10M.7r**  
2 I the, etc.
- 10M.8**  
1 She swam up, an she swam doon,  
2 An she swam back to her sister again,
- 10M.8r**  
2 I the, etc.
- 10M.9**  
1 'O sister, O sister, len me your han,  
2 An yes be heir to my true love,
- 10M.9r**  
2 He's the bonnie miller lad o Binorie.'
- 10M.10**  
1 'It was not for that love at I dang you in,  
2 But ye was fair and I was din,
- 10M.10r**  
2 And yes droon i the dams o Binorie.'
- 10M.11**  
1 The miller's daughter she cam oot,  
2 For water to wash her father's hans,
- 10M.11r**  
2 Frae the, etc.
- 10M.12**  
1 'O father, O father, ye will fish your dams,  
2 An ye'll get a white fish or a swan,
- 10M.12r**  
2 I the,' etc.
- 10M.13**  
1 They fished up and they fished doon,  
2 But they got nothing but a droonet woman,
- 10M.13r**  
2 I the, etc.
- 10M.14**  
1 Some o them kent by her skin sae fair,  
2 But weel kent he by her bonnie yallow hair
- 10M.14r**  
2 She's the bonnie miller's lass o Binorie.
- 10M.15**  
1 Some o them kent by her goons o silk,  
2 But weel kent he by her middle sae jimp,
- 10M.15r**  
2 She's the bonnie miller's lass o Binorie.
- 10M.16**  
1 Mony ane was at her oot-takin,  
2 But mony ane mair at her green grave makin,
- 10M.16r**  
2 At the bonny mill-dams o Binorie.
- 10N.1**  
1 THERE were twa sisters livd in a bouir,
- 10N.1r**  
1 Binnorie, O Binnorie
- 10N.1**  
2 Their father was a baron of pour.
- 10N.1r**  
2 By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie
- 10N.2**  
1 The youngest was meek, and fair as the may  
2 When she springs in the east wi the gowden  
day.

- 10N.3**  
1 The eldest austerne as the winter cauld,  
2 Ferce was her saul, and her seiming was bauld.
- 10N.4**  
1 A gallant squire can sweet Isabel to woove;  
2 Her sister had naething to luvie I trow.
- 10N.5**  
1 But filld was she wi dolour and ire,  
2 To see that to her the comlie squire
- 10N.6**  
1 Preferd the debonair Isabel:  
2 Their hevin of luvie of spyte was her hell.
- 10N.7**  
1 Till ae ein she to her sister can say,  
2 'Sweit sister, cum let us wauk and play.'
- 10N.8**  
1 They wauked up, and they wauked down,  
2 Sweit sang the birdis in the vallie loun.
- 10N.9**  
1 Whan they cam to the roaring lin,  
2 She drave unweiting Isabel in.
- 10N.10**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
2 And ye sall hae my silver fan.
- 10N.11**  
1 'O sister, sister, tak my middle,  
2 And ye sall hae my gowden girdle.'
- 10N.12**  
1 Sumtimes she sank, sumtimes she swam,  
2 Till she cam to the miller's dam.
- 10N.13**  
1 The miller's dochtor was out that ein,  
2 And saw her rowing down the streim.
- 10N.14**  
1 'O father deir, in your mil-dam  
2 There is either a lady or a milk-white swan!'
- 10N.15**  
1 Twa days were gane, whan to her deir  
2 Her wraith at deid of nicht cold appear.
- 10N.16**  
1 'My luvie, my deir, how can ye sleip,  
2 Whan your Isabel lyes in the deip!'
- 10N.17**  
1 'My deir, how can ye sleip bot pain  
2 Whan she by her cruel sister is slain!'
- 10N.18**  
1 Up raise he sune, in frichtfu mude:  
2 'Busk ye, my meiny, and seik the flude.'
- 10N.19**  
1 They socht her up and they socht her doun,  
2 And spyd at last her glisterin gown.
- 10N.20**  
1 They raisd her wi richt meidle care;  
2 Pale was her cheik and grein was her hair.
- 10Q.1**  
1 THERE were twa sisters in a bower,
- 10Q.1r**  
1 Hey wi the gay and the grinding
- 10Q.1**  
2 And ae king's son has courted them baith.
- 10Q.1r**  
2 At the bonny bonny bows o London
- 10Q.2**  
1 He courted the youngest wi broach and ring,  
2 He courted the eldest wi some other thing.
- 10Q.3**  
1 It fell ance upon a day  
2 The eldest to the youngest did say,
- 10Q.4**  
1 'Will ye gae to yon Tweed mill-dam,  
2 And see our father's ships come to land?'
- 10Q.5**  
1 They baith stood up upon a stane,  
2 The eldest dang the youngest in.
- 10Q.6**  
1 She swimmid up, sae did she down,  
2 Till she came to the Tweed mill-dam.
- 10Q.7**  
1 The miller's servant he came out,  
2 And saw the lady floating about.
- 10Q.8**  
1 'O master, master, set your mill,  
2 There is a fish, or a milk-white swan.'
- 10Q.9**  
1 They could not ken her yellow hair,  
2 [For] the scales o gowd that were laid there.
- 10Q.10**  
1 They could not ken her fingers sae white,  
2 The rings o gowd they were sae bright.
- 10Q.11**  
1 They could not ken her middle sae jimp,  
2 The stays o gowd were so well laced.
- 10Q.12**  
1 They could not ken her foot sae fair,  
2 The shoes o gowd they were so rare.
- 10Q.13**  
1 Her father's fiddler he came by,  
2 Upstartd her ghaist before his eye.
- 10Q.14**  
1 'Ye'll take a lock o my yellow hair,  
2 Ye'll make a string to your fiddle there.
- 10Q.15**  
1 'Ye'll take a lith o my little finger bane,  
2 And ye'll make a pin to your fiddle then.'
- 10Q.16**  
1 He's taen a lock o her yellow hair,  
2 And made a string to his fiddle there.
- 10Q.17**  
1 He's taen a lith o her little finger bane,  
2 And he's made a pin to his fiddle then.
- 10Q.18**  
1 The firstand spring the fiddle did play,  
2 Said, 'Ye'll drown my sister, as she's dune me.'
- 10Q.1**  
1 THERE were twa ladies in a bower,
- 10Q.1r**  
1 Hey my bonnie Nannie O
- 10Q.1**  
2 The old was black and the young ane fair.
- 10Q.1r**  
2 And the swan swims bonnie O
- 10Q.2**  
1 Once it happened on a day  
2 The auld ane to the young did say,
- 10Q.3**  
1 The auld ane to the young did say,  
2 'Will you gae to the green and play?'
- 10Q.4**  
1 'O sister, sister, I daurna gang,  
2 For fear I file my silver shoon.'
- 10Q.5**  
1 It was not to the green they gaed,  
2 But it was to the water of Tweed.
- 10Q.6**  
1 She bowed her back and she's taen her on,  
2 And she's tumbled her in Tweed mill-dam.
- 10Q.7**  
1 'O sister, O sister, O tak my hand,  
2 And I'll mak you heir of a' my land.'
- 10Q.8**  
1 'O sister, O sister, I'll no take your hand,  
2 And I'll be heir of a' your land.'
- 10Q.9**  
1 'O sister, O sister, O tak my thumb,  
2 And I'll give you my true-love John.'
- 10Q.10**  
1 'O sister, O sister, I'll no tak your thumb,  
2 And I will get your true-love John.'
- 10Q.11**  
1 Aye she swattered and aye she swam,  
2 Until she came to the mouth of the dam.
- 10Q.12**  
1 The miller's daughter went out to Tweed,  
2 To get some water to bake her bread.
- 10Q.13**  
1 In again she quickly ran:  
2 'Here's a lady or a swan in our mill-dam.'
- 10Q.14**  
1 Out went the miller and his man  
2 And took the lady out of the dam.
- 10Q.15**  
1 They laid her on the brae to dry;  
2 Her father's fiddler then rode by.
- 10Q.16**  
1 When he this lady did come near,  
2 Her ghost to him then did appear.
- 10Q.17**  
1 'When you go to my father the king,  
2 You'll tell him to burn my sister Jean.'
- 10Q.18**  
1 'When you go to my father's gate,  
2 You'll play a spring for fair Ellen's sake.
- 10P.19**  
1 'You'll tak 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**  
2 And the youngest she was the fairest flower.
- 10Q.1r**  
2 On the banks of the Banna, ohone and aree!
- 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 pusht 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 faither, faither, come drag me your dam,  
2 For there's aither a lady in't, or a milk-white swan.'
- 10Q.13**  
1 The miller went, and he dragd his dam,  
2 And he brought her fair body to lan.
- 10Q.14**  
1 They couldna see her waist sae sma  
2 For the goud and silk about it a'.
- 10Q.15**  
1 They couldna see her yallow 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?'
- 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 yallow 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**  
2 There was a king of the north countree,  
3 And he had daughters one, two, three.
- 10R.1r**  
2 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.

- 10R.5**  
1 'Oh sister, oh sister, oh lend me your hand,  
2 And I will give you both houses and land.'
- 10R.6**  
1 'I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
2 Unless you give me your true love.'
- 10R.7**  
1 Away she sank, away she swam,  
2 Until she came to a miller's dam.
- 10R.8**  
1 The miller and daughter stood at the door,  
2 And watched her floating down the shore.
- 10R.9**  
1 'Oh father, oh father, I see a white swan,  
2 Or else it is a fair woman.'
- 10R.10**  
1 The miller he took up his long crook,  
2 And the maiden up from the stream he took.
- 10R.11**  
1 'I'll give to thee this gay gold chain,  
2 If you'll take me back to my father again.'
- 10R.12**  
1 The miller he took the gay gold chain,  
2 And he pushed her into the water again.
- 10R.13**  
1 The miller was hanged on his high gate  
2 For drowning our poor sister Kate.
- 10R.14**  
1 The cat's behind the buttery shelf,  
2 If you want any more, you may sing it yourself.
- 10S.1**  
1 ' , , , , ,  
1 'O FATHER, father, swims a swan,'  
2 This story I'll vent to thee  
3 'O father, father, swims a swan,  
4 Unless it be some dead woman.'
- 10S.1r**  
1 I'll prove true to my true love,  
2 If my love prove true to me
- 10S.2**  
1 The miller he held out his long fish hook,  
2 And hooked this fair maid from the brook.
- 10S.3**  
1 She offered the miller a gold ring stane  
2 To throw her into the river again.
- 10S.4**  
1 Down she sunk, and away she swam,  
2 Until she came to her father's brook.
- 10S.5**  
1 The miller was hung at his mill-gate,  
2 For drowning of my sister Kate.
- 10T.1**  
1 'SISTER, dear sister, where shall we go play?'
- 10T.1r**  
1 Cold blows the wind, and the wind blows low
- 10T.1**  
2 'We shall go to the salt sea's brim.'
- 10T.1r**  
2 And the wind blows cheerily around us, high ho
- 10U.1**  
1 THERE was a man lived in the mist,
- 10U.1r**  
1 Bow down, bow down
- 10U.1**  
2 He loved his youngest daughter best.
- 10U.1r**  
2 The bow is bent to me,  
3 So you be true to your own true love,  
4 And I'll be true to thee.
- 10U.2**  
1 These two sisters went out to swim;  
2 The oldest pushed the youngest in.
- 10U.3**  
1 First she sank and then she swam,  
2 First she sank and then she swam.
- 10U.4**  
1 The miller, with his rake and hook,  
2 He caught her by the petticoat.  
3 ' , , , , ,
- 10[V.1]**  
1 There dwelt twa sisters in a bower,
- 10[V.1r]**  
1 Benorie, O Benorie
- 10[V.1]**  
2 The youngest o them was the fairest flower.
- 10[V.1r]**  
2 In the merry milldams o Benorie
- 10[V.2]**  
1 There cam a wooer them to woo,  
2 . . . . .  
3 . . . . .
- 10[V.3]**  
1 He's gien the eldest o them a broach and a real,  
2 Because that she loved her sister weel.
- 10[V.3r]**  
2 At etc.'p
- 10[V.4]**  
1 He's gien the eldest a gay penknife,  
2 He loved the youngest as dear as his life.
- 10[V.4r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.5]**  
1 'O sister, O sister, will ye go oer yon glen,  
2 And see my father's ships coming in?'
- 10[V.5r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.6]**  
1 'O sister dear, I darena gang,  
2 Because I'm feard ye throw me in.'
- 10[V.6r]**  
2 The etc.
- 10[V.7]**  
1 'O set your foot on yon sea stane,  
2 And was yeer hands in the sea foam.'
- 10[V.7r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.8]**  
1 She set her foot on yon sea stane,  
2 To wash her hands in the sea foam.
- 10[V.8r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.9]**  
1 . . . . .  
2 But the eldest has thrown the youngest in.
- 10[V.9r]**  
2 The etc.
- 10[V.10]**  
1 'O sister, O sister, lend me your hand,  
2 And ye'se get William and a' his land.'
- 10[V.10r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.11]**  
1 The miller's daughter cam out clad in red,  
2 Seeking water to bake her bread.
- 10[V.11r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.12]**  
1 'O father, O father, gae fish yeer mill-dam,  
2 There's either a lady or a milk-<white] swan.'
- 10[V.12r]**  
2 In etc.
- 10[V.13]**  
1 The miller cam out wi his lang cleek,  
2 And he cleekit the lady out by the feet.
- 10[V.13r]**  
2 From the bonny milldam, etc.
- 10[V.14]**  
1 Ye wadna kend her pretty feet,  
2 The American leather was sae neat.
- 10[V.14r]**  
2 In etc.
- 10[V.15]**  
1 Ye wadna kend her pretty legs,  
2 The silken stockings were so neat tied.
- 10[V.15r]**  
2 In etc.
- 10[V.16]**  
1 Ye wadna kend her pretty waist,  
2 The silken stays were sae neatly laced.
- 10[V.16r]**  
2 In etc.
- 10[V.17]**  
1 Ye wadna kend her pretty face,  
2 It was sae prettily preend oer wi lace.
- 10[V.17r]**  
2 In etc.
- 10[V.18]**  
1 Ye wadna kend her yellow hair,  
2 It was sae besmeared wi dust and glar.
- 10[V.18r]**  
2 In etc.
- 10[V.19]**  
1 By cam her father's fiddler fine,  
2 And that lady's spirit spake to him.
- 10[V.19r]**  
2 From etc.
- 10[V.20]**  
1 She bad him take three taits o her hair,  
2 And make them three strings to his fiddle sae rare.
- 10[V.20r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.21]**  
1 'Take two of my fingers, sae lang and sae white,  
2 And make them pins to your fiddle sae neat.'
- 10[V.21r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.22]**  
1 The ae first spring that the fiddle played  
2 Was, Cursed be Sir John, my ain true-love.
- 10[V.22r]**  
2 At etc.
- 10[V.23]**  
1 The next spring that the fiddle playd  
2 Was, Burn burd Hellen, she threw me in.
- 10[V.23r]**  
2 The etc.
- 10[W.1]**  
1 Ther were three ladies playing at the ba,
- 10[W.1r]**  
1 Norham, down by Norham
- 10[W.1]**  
2 And there cam a knight to view them a'.
- 10[W.1r]**  
2 By the bonnie mill-dams o Norham
- 10[W.2]**  
1 He courted the aldest wi diamonds and rings,  
2 But he loved the youngest abune a' things.  
3 ' , , , , ,
- 10[W.3]**  
1 'Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your hand,  
2 And pull my poor body unto dry land.
- 10[W.4]**  
1 'Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your glove,  
2 And you shall have my own true love!'
- 10[W.5]**  
1 Oot cam the miller's daughter upon Tweed,  
2 To carry in water to bake her bread.
- 10[W.6]**  
1 'Oh father, oh father, there's a fish in your dam;  
2 It either is a lady or a milk-white swan.'
- 10[W.7]**  
1 Oot cam the miller's man upon Tweed,  
2 And there he spied a lady lying dead.
- 10[W.8]**  
1 He could not catch her by the waist,  
2 For her silken stays they were tight laced.
- 10[W.9]**  
1 But he did catch her by the hand,  
2 And pulled her poor body unto dry land.
- 10[W.10]**  
1 He took three tacts o her bonnie yellow hair,  
2 To make harp strings they were so rare.
- 10[W.11]**  
1 The very first tune that the bonnie harp played  
2 Was The aldest has cuisten the youngest away.
- 10[X.1]**  
1 I see a lady in the dam,
- 10[X.1r]**  
1 Binnorie, oh Binnorie
- 10[X.1]**  
2 She shenes as sweet as ony swan.
- 10[X.1r]**  
2 I the bonny milldams o Binnorie
- 10[Y.1]**  
1 There was a king lived in the North Country,
- 10[Y.1r]**  
1 Hey down down dery down
- 10[Y.1]**  
2 There was a king lived in the North Country,
- 10[Y.1r]**  
2 And the bough it was bent to me
- 10[Y.1]**  
3 There was a king lived in the North Country,  
4 And he had daughters one, two, three.
- 10[Y.1r]**  
3 I'll prove true to my love,  
4 If my love will prove true to me.  
5 ' , , , , ,







- 11J.2**  
1 The eldest of them was drest in green;  
2 'I wish I had you to be my queen.'
- 11J.3**  
1 The second of them was drest in red;  
2 'I wish I had you to grace my bed.'
- 11J.4**  
1 The youngest of them was drest in white;  
2 'I wish I had you to be my wife.'
- 11J.5**  
1 'Did ye ask my father brave?  
2 Or did ye ask my mother fair?'
- 11J.6**  
1 'Or did ye ask my brother John?  
2 For without his will I dare not move on.'
- 11J.7**  
1 'I did ask your parents dear,  
2 But I did not see your brother John.'  
3 ' , , , , , '
- 11J.8**  
1 'Ride on, ride on,' said the first man,  
2 'For I fear the bride comes slowly on.'
- 11J.9**  
1 'Ride on, ride on,' said the next man,  
2 'For lo! the bride she comes bleeding on.'  
3 ' , , , , , '
- 11J.10**  
1 'What will you leave your mother dear?'  
2 'My heart's best love for ever and aye.'
- 11J.11**  
1 'What will ye leave your sister Anne?'  
2 'This wedding garment that I have on.'
- 11J.12**  
1 'What will ye leave your brother John's wife?'  
2 'Grief and sorrow all the days of her life.'
- 11J.13**  
1 'What will ye leave your brother John?'  
2 'The highest gallows to hang him on.'
- 11J.14**  
1 'What will ye leave your brother John's son?'  
2 'The grace of God to make him a man.'
- 11K.1**  
1 THERE were three ladies playing at ball,
- 11K.1r**  
1 Gilliver, Gentle, and Rosemary
- 11K.1**  
2 There came three knights and looked over the wall.
- 11K.1r**  
2 Sing O the red rose and the white lilly
- 11K.2**  
1 The first young knight, he was clothed in red,  
2 And he said, 'Gentle lady, with me will you wed?'
- 11K.3**  
1 The second young knight, he was clothed in blue,  
2 And he said, 'To my love I shall ever be true.'
- 11K.4**  
1 The third young knight, he was clothed in green,  
2 And he said, 'Fairest maiden, will you be my queen?'
- 11K.5**  
1 The lady thus spoke to the knight in red,  
2 'With you, sir knight, I never can wed.'
- 11K.6**  
1 The lady then spoke to the knight in blue,  
2 And she said, 'Little faith I can have in you.'
- 11K.7**  
1 The lady then spoke to the knight in green,  
2 And she said, 'Tis at court you must seek for a queen.'
- 11K.8**  
1 The three young knights then rode away,  
2 And the ladies they laughed, and went back to their play.
- 11K.8r**  
1 Singing, etc.
- 11[L.1]**  
1 There were three ladies playing at the ba,
- 11[L.1r]**  
1 With a hey and a lilly gay
- 11[L.1]**  
2 When the King o' Fairies rode by them a'.
- 11[L.1r]**  
2 And the roses they grow sweetlie
- 11[L.2]**  
1 The foremost one was clad in blue;  
2 He askd at her if she'd be his doo.
- 11[L.3]**  
1 The second of them was clad in red;  
2 He asked at her if she'd be his bride.
- 11[L.4]**  
1 The next of them was clad in green;  
2 He askd at her if she'd be his queen.
- 11[L.5]**  
1 'Go you ask at my father then,  
2 And you may ask at my mother then.'
- 11[L.6]**  
1 'You may ask at my sister Ann,  
2 And not forget my brother John.'
- 11[L.7]**  
1 'O I have askd at your father then,  
2 And I have askd at your mother then.'
- 11[L.8]**  
1 'And I have askd at your sister Ann,  
2 But I've quite forgot your brother John.'
- 11[L.9]**  
1 Her father led her down the stair,  
2 Her mother combd down her yellow hair.
- 11[L.10]**  
1 Her sister Ann led her to the cross,  
2 And her brother John set her on her horse.
- 11[L.11]**  
1 'Now you are high and I am low,  
2 Give me a kiss before ye go.'
- 11[L.12]**  
1 She's lootit down to gie him a kiss,  
2 He gave her a deep wound and didna miss.
- 11[L.13]**  
1 And with a penknife as sharp as a dart,  
2 And he has stabbit her to the heart.
- 11[L.14]**  
1 'Ride up, ride up,' says the foremost man,  
2 'I think our bride looks pale an wan.'
- 11[L.15]**  
1 'Ride up, ride up,' says the middle man,  
2 'I see her heart's blude trinkling down.'
- 11[L.16]**  
1 'Ride on, ride,' says the Fairy King,  
2 'She will be dead lang ere we win hame.'
- 11[L.17]**  
1 'O I wish I was at yonder cross,  
2 Where my brother John put me on my horse.'
- 11[L.18]**  
1 'I wish I was at yonder thorn,  
2 I wad curse the day that ere I was born.'
- 11[L.19]**  
1 'I wish I was at yon green hill,  
2 Then I wad sit and bleed my fill.'
- 11[L.20]**  
1 'What will you leave your father then?'  
2 'The milk-white steed that I ride on.'
- 11[L.21]**  
1 'What will you leave your mother then?'  
2 'My silver Bible and my golden fan.'
- 11[L.22]**  
1 'What will ye leave your sister Ann?'  
2 'My good lord, to be married on.'
- 11[L.23]**  
1 'What will ye leave your sister Pegg?'  
2 'The world wide to go and beg.'
- 11[L.24]**  
1 'What will you leave your brother John?'  
2 'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
- 11[L.25]**  
1 'What will you leave your brother's wife?'  
2 'Grief and sorrow to end her life.'
- 11[M.1]**  
1 There was three ladies playing at the ba,
- 11[M.1r]**  
1 With a hay and a lilly gay
- 11[M.1]**  
2 A gentleman cam amang them a'.
- 11[M.1r]**  
2 And the roses grow sweet aye
- 11[M.2]**  
1 The first of them was clad in yellow,  
2 And he askd at her gin she'd be his marrow.
- 11[M.3]**  
1 The next o them was clad in green;  
2 He askd at her gin she'd be his queen.
- 11[M.4]**  
1 The last o them [was] clad in red;  
2 He askd at her gin she'd be his bride.
- 11[M.5]**  
1 'Have ye asked at my father dear?  
2 Or have ye asked my mother dear?'
- 11[M.6]**  
1 'Have ye asked my sister Ann?  
2 Or have ye asked my brother John?'
- 11[M.7]**  
1 'I have asked yer father dear,  
2 And I have asked yer mother dear.'
- 11[M.8]**  
1 'I have asked yer sister Ann,  
2 But I've quite forgot your brother John.'
- 11[M.9]**  
1 Her father dear led her thro them a',  
2 Her mother dear led her thro the ha.
- 11[M.10]**  
1 Her sister Ann led her thro the closs,  
2 And her brother John stabbed her on her horse.
- 11[M.11]**  
1 'Ride up, ride up,' says the foremost man,  
2 'I think our bride looks pale and wan.'
- 11[M.12]**  
1 'Ride up,' cries the bonny bridegroom,  
2 'I think the bride be bleeding.'
- 11[M.13]**  
1 'This is the bludy month of May,  
2 Me and my horse bleeds night and day.'
- 11[M.14]**  
1 'O an I were at yon green hill,  
2 I wad ly down and bleed a while.'
- 11[M.15]**  
1 'O gin I was at yon red cross,  
2 I wad light down and corn my horse.'
- 11[M.16]**  
1 'O an I were at yon kirk-style,  
2 I wad lye down and soon be weel.'
- 11[M.17]**  
1 When she cam to yon green hill,  
2 Then she lay down and bled a while.'
- 11[M.18]**  
1 And when she cam to yon red cross,  
2 Then she lighted and corned her horse.'
- 11[M.19]**  
1 'What will ye leave your father dear?'  
2 'My milk-white steed, which cost me dear.'
- 11[M.20]**  
1 'What will ye leave your mother dear?'  
2 'The bludy clothes that I do wear.'
- 11[M.21]**  
1 'What will ye leave your sister Ann?'  
2 'My silver bridle and my golden fan.'
- 11[M.22]**  
1 'What will ye leave your brother John?'  
2 'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
- 11[M.23]**  
1 'What will ye leave to your sister Pegg?'  
2 'The wide world for to go and beg.'
- 11[M.24]**  
1 When she came to yon kirk-style,  
2 Then she lay down, and soon was weel.
- 11[N.1]**  
1 Then out bespak the foremost priest:
- 11[N.1r]**  
1 Wi a heigh ho and a lilly gay
- 11[N.1]**  
2 I think she's bleedin at the breast.
- 11[N.1r]**  
2 The flowers they spring so sweetly
- 12A.1**  
1 'O WHERE ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
2 And where ha you been, my handsome young man?'  
3 'I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,  
4 For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'
- 12A.2**  
1 'An what met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?  
2 An wha met you there, my handsome young man?'  
3 'O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,  
4 For I'm wearied wi huntin, an fain wad lie down.'

**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 leavins, Lord Randal, my son?
- 2 And wha gat your leavins, my handsom young man?'
- 3 'My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

**12A.5**

- 5 'And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?
- 6 And what becam of them, my handsome young man?'
- 7 'They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak my bed soon,
- 8 For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

**12A.6**

- 1 'O I fear you 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, my handsome young man?'
- 3 'My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick at the heart, an 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 WHARE 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 sune,
- 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 sune,
- 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 sune,
- 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 sune,
- 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 spreckld bellies; mither, mak my bed sune,
- 4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

**12B.6**

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

**12B.8**

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

**12B.9**

- 1 'What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Donald, my son?'
- 2 What will ye leave to your sister, my jollie young man?'
- 3 'Baith my gold box and rings; mither, mak my bed sune,
- 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 poysoning 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, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald 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 speckled on the back and white on the belly; mother, make 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, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

**12C.5**

- 5 'What leave ye to your brother, King Henry, my son?'
- 6 What leave ye to your brother, my pretty little one?'
- 7 'The keys of my coffers and all that's therein; mother, mak my bed soon,
- 8 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, make 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, make 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, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and 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 eels boild in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

**12D.4**

- 1 'What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
- 2 What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?
- 3 'O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

**12D.5**

- 1 'O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Randal, my son!
- 2 O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man!
- 3 'O yes! I am poisond; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

**12E.1**

- 1 'AH where have you been, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 2 Ah where have you been, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 3 'I've been in the wild woods; mither, mak my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

**12E.2**

- 1 'Oh you've been at your true love's, Lairde Rowlande, my son!
- 2 Oh you've been at your true-love's, Lairde Rowlande, my son!
- 3 'I've been at my true-love's; mither, mak my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

**12E.3**

- 1 'What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 2 What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 3 'I got eels boild in brue; mither, mak my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

**12E.4**

- 1 'What's become of your warden, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 2 What's become of your warden, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 3 'He died in the muirlands; mither, mak my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

**12E.5**

- 1 'What's become of your stag-hounds, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 2 What's become of your stag-hounds, Lairde Rowlande, my son?
- 3 'They swelled and they died; mither, mak my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

**12F.1**

- 1 'O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?
- 2 O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?
- 3 'I hae been wi my sweetheart; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm weary wi the hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

**12F.2**

- 1 'What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
- 2 What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
- 3 'I hae got deadly poison; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.'

**12G.1**

- 1 'WHERE have you been today, Billy, my son?
- 2 Where have you been today, my only man?
- 3 'I've been a wooing; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick at heart, and fain would lay down.'

**12G.2**

- 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.'

**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 fowling; 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 mother, my own pretty boy?
- 2 What will you leave to your mother, my comfort and joy?
- 3 'I'll leave her my coach and four horses; 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 my gold and my silver; 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.'

**12H.10**

- 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.11**

- 1 'Where shall I make it, my own pretty boy?
- 2 Where shall I make it, my comfort and joy?
- 3 'Above in the churchyard, and dig it down deep,
- 4 Put a stone to my head and a flag to my feet,
- 5 And leave me down easy until I'll take a long sleep.'

**12I.1**

- 1 'O WHERE have you been, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 O where have you been, my sweet little one?
- 3 'I have been to my grandmother's; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12I.2**

- 1 'What did you have for your supper, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 What did you have for your supper, my sweet little one?
- 3 'I had eels fried in butter; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12I.3**

- 1 'Where did the eels come from, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 Where did the eels come from, my sweet little one?
- 3 'From the corner of the haystack; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12I.4**

- 1 'What color were the eels, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 What color were the eels, my sweet little one?
- 3 'They were streaked and striped; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12I.5**

- 1 'What'll you give to your father, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 What'll you give to your father, my sweet little one?
- 3 'All my gold and my silver; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12I.6**

- 1 'What'll you give to your mother, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 What'll you give to your mother, my sweet little one?
- 3 'A coach and six horses; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12I.7**

- 1 'What'll you give to your grandmother, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 What'll you give to your grandmother, my sweet little one?
- 3 'A halter to hang her; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12I.8**

- 1 'Where'll you have your bed made, Tiranti, my son?
- 2 Where'll you have your bed made, my sweet little one?
- 3 'In the corner of the churchyard; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I'm sick to my heart, and I'm faint to lie down.'

**12J.1**

- 1 'O WHARE hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?
- 2 O whare hae ye been a' day, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?
- 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 doo?' [Twice.]
- 2 'I gat 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 doo?'
- 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 doo?'
- 2 'I boild it in a wee pannie; oh mak my bed, mammy, now!'

**12J.5**

- 1 'Wha gied ye the banes o the fishie till, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'
- 2 'I gied them till a wee doggie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!'

**12J.6**

- 1 'O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'
- 2 O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'
- 3 'It shot out its fit and died, and sae maun I do too;
- 4 Oh mak my bed, mammy, now, now, oh mak my bed, mammy, now!'

**12K.1**

- 1 'O WHAUR hae ye been a' the day, my little wee croodlin doo?'
- 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 doo?'
- 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 doo?'
- 2 'She catchd it in the gutter hole; mak my bed, mammie, now!'

**12K.4**

- 1 'And what did she do wi the fish, my little wee croodlin doo?'
- 2 'She boiled it in a brass pan; O mak my bed, mammie, now!'

**12K.5**

- 3 'And what did ye do wi the banes o't, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'
- 4 '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 doo?'
- 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 Whar 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, lay me down;
- 2 She gae me a speckled trout, die shall I now!'

**12L.5**

- 1 'Whar got she the speckled trout, Willie doo, Willie doo?'
- 2 'She got it amang the heather hills; die shall I now.'

**12L.6**

- 1 'What did she boil it in, Willie doo, Willie doo?'
- 2 'She boild it in the billy-pot; die shall I now!'

**12L.7**

- 1 'What gaed she you for to drink, Willie doo, Willie doo?'
- 2 What gaed she you for to drink, Willie, my doo?'

**12L.8**

- 1 'She gaed 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 doo?'
- 2 'O I hae been at my stepmother's house; make my bed, mammie, now, 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 yon 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 'O it shot out its feet and died;' O make, etc.

**12N.1**

- 1 'FARE hae ye been a' day, a' day, a' day,
- 2 Fare hae ye been a' day, my little wee croudlin doo?'

**12N.2**

- 1 'I've been at my step-mammie's, my step-mammie's, my step-mammie's,
- 2 I've been at my step-mammie's; come mack my beddy now!'

**12N.3**

- 1 'What got ye at yer step-mammie's,
- 2 My little wee croudlin doo?'

**12N.4**

- 1 'She gied me a spreckled fishie;
- 2 Come mack my beddy now!'

**12N.5**

- 1 'What did ye wi the baenies oet,
- 2 My little wee croudlin doo?'

**12N.6**

- 1 'I gaed them till her little dogie;
- 2 Come mack my beddy now!'

**12N.7**

- 1 'What did her little dogie syne,
- 2 My little wee croudlin doo?'

**12N.8**

- 1 'He laid down his heed and feet;
- 2 And sae shall I dee now!'

**12O.1**

- 1 'O WHERE hae ye been a' the day, my wee wee croodlin doo doo?'
- 2 O where hae ye been a' the day, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'
- 3 'O I hae been to my step-mammie's; mak my bed, mammy, noo, noo,
- 4 Mak my bed, mammy, noo!'

**12O.2**

- 1 'O what did yere step-mammie gie to you?' etc.
- 2 'She gied to me a wee wee fish,' etc.

**12O.3**

- 1 '[O] what did she boil the wee fishie in?'
- 2 'O she boiled it in a wee wee pan; it turned baith black an blue, blue,
- 3 It turned baith black an blue.'

**12O.4**

- 1 'An what did she gie the banes o't to?'
- 2 'O she gied them to a wee wee dog;' mak, etc.

**12O.5**

- 1 'An what did the wee wee doggie do then?'
- 2 'O it put out its tongue and its feet, an it deed; an sae maun I do, noo, noo,
- 3 An sae maun I do noo!'

**12[P.1]**

- 1 'Where hae ye been a' day, Lord Ronald, my son?'
- 2 Where hae ye been a' day, my handsome young one?'
- 3 'I've been in the wood hunting; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down'

**12[P.2]**

- 1 'O where did you dine, Lord Ronald, my son?'
- 2 O where did you dine, my handsome young one?'
- 3 'I dined with my sweetheart; mother, make my bed soon,
- 4 For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

**12[P.3]**

- 1 '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 would lie down.'

**12[P.4]**

- 1 'What did she wi the broo o them, Lord Ronald, my son?'
- 2 What did she wi the broo o them, my handsome young one?'
- 3 'She gave it to my hounds for to live upon,
- 4 And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

**12[P.5]**

- 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 would lie down.'

**12[P.6]**

- 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 lands for to live upon,
- 4 And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

**12[P.7]**

- 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 gallant steed for to ride upon,
- 4 And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

**12[P.8]**

- 1 'What will you leave your sister, Lord Ronald, my son?'
- 2 What will you leave your sister, my handsome young one?'
- 3 'I'll leave her my gold watch for to look upon,
- 4 And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

**12[P.9]**

- 1 'What will you leave your mother, Lord Ronald, my son?'
- 2 What will you leave your mother, my handsome young one?'
- 3 'I'll leave her my Bible for to read upon,
- 4 And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.'

**12[P.10]**

- 1 'What will you leave your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
- 2 What will you leave your sweetheart, my handsome young one?"
- 3 'I'll leave her the gallows-tree 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 Randal, 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 Randal, 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[Q.7]**

- 1 'What leave ye to your brother, Lord Randal, 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[Q.8]**

- 1 'What leave ye to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?
- 2 What leave ye to your true-love, my handsome young man?"
- 3 'O a high, high gallows, 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 dow?"
- 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 dow?"
- 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 dow?"
- 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 woud lie down.
- 5 Dear sister, hold my head, dear mother, make my bed,
- 6 I am sick at the heart, fain woud lie down.'

**12[S.2]**

- 1 'What have you eat today, Randal, 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, Randal, 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, Randal, 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, Randal, 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 'Whare were ye the lea lang day,

**12[U.1r]**

- 1 My wee crooding doo, doo?"

**12[U.1]**

- 1 'I hae been at my step-dame's;

**12[U.1r]**

- 2 Mammy, mak my bed noo, noo!"

**12[U.2]**

- 1 'Whare gat she the wee, wee fish?"
- 2 'She gat it neist the edder-flowe.'

**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 fittie an deed;

**12[U.4r]**

- 1 An sae maun I now too, too.' Etc.

**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 dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
- 2 Edward, Edward,
- 3 Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
- 4 And why sae sad gang yee O?"
- 5 'O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
- 6 Mither, mither,
- 7 O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
- 8 And I had nae mair bot hee O.'

**13B.2**

- 1 'Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
- 2 Edward, Edward,
- 3 Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
- 4 My deir son I tell thee O.'
- 1 'O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
- 2 Mither, mither,
- 3 O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
- 4 That erst was sae fair and frie 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 other dule ye drie O.'
- 5 'O I hae killed my fadir deir,
- 6 Mither, mither,
- 7 O I hae killed my fadir deir,
- 8 Alas, and wae is mee O!'

**13B.4**

- 1 'And whatten penance wul ye drie, for that,
- 2 Edward, Edward?"
- 3 And whatten penance will ye drie for that?"
- 4 My deir son, now tell me O.'
- 5 'Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
- 6 Mither, mither,
- 7 Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
- 8 And Ile fare ovir the sea O.'

**13B.5**

- 1 'And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
- 2 Edward, Edward?"
- 3 And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
- 4 That were sae fair to see O?"
- 5 'Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
- 6 Mither, mither,
- 7 Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
- 8 For here nevir mair maun I bee O.'

**13B.6**

- 1 'And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
- 2 Edward, Edward?"
- 3 And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
- 4 Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?"
- 5 'The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
- 6 Mither, mither,
- 7 The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
- 8 For thame nevir mair wul I see O.'

**13B.7**

- 1 'And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
- 2 Edward, Edward?"
- 3 And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?"
- 4 My deir son, now tell me O.'
- 5 'The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
- 6 Mither, mither,
- 7 The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
- 8 Sic counseils ye gave to me 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,

**14A.1r**

- 1 Eh vow bonnie

**14A.1**

- 2 And they went out to pull a flower.

**14A.1r**

- 2 On the bonnie banks o Fordie

**14A.2**

- 1 They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,
- 2 When up started to them a banisht man.

**14A.3**

- 1 He's taen the first sister by her hand,
- 2 And he's turned her round and made her stand.

- 14A.4**  
 1 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
 2 Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'
- 14A.5**  
 1 'It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
 2 But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'
- 14A.6**  
 1 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,  
 2 For to bear the red rose company.
- 14A.7**  
 1 He's taken the second ane by the hand,  
 2 And he's turned her round and made her stand.
- 14A.8**  
 1 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
 2 Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'
- 14A.9**  
 1 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
 2 But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'
- 14A.10**  
 1 He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,  
 2 For to bear the red rose company.
- 14A.11**  
 1 He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,  
 2 And he's turned her round and made her stand.
- 14A.12**  
 1 Says, 'Will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
 2 Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'
- 14A.13**  
 1 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
 2 Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.'
- 14A.14**  
 1 'For I hae a brother in this wood,  
 2 And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee.'
- 14A.15**  
 1 'What's thy brother's name? come tell to me.'  
 2 'My brother's name is Baby Lon.'
- 14A.16**  
 1 'O sister, sister, what have I done!  
 2 O have I done this ill to thee!
- 14A.17**  
 1 'O since I've done this evil deed,  
 2 Good sall never be seen o me.'
- 14A.18**  
 1 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,  
 2 And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.
- 14B.1**  
 1 THERE wond three ladies in a bower,  
**14B.1r**  
 1 Annet and Margret and Marjorie  
**14B.1**  
 2 And they have gane out to pu a flower.  
**14B.1r**  
 2 And the dew it lyes on the wood, gay ladiie  
**14B.2**  
 1 They had nae pu'd a flower but ane,  
 2 When up has started a banished man.  
**14B.3**  
 1 He has taen the eldest by the hand,  
 2 He has turned her about and bade her stand.  
**14B.4**  
 1 'Now whether will ye be a banisht man's wife,  
 2 Or will ye be stuck wi your pen-knife?'
- 14B.5**  
 1 'I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife,  
 2 I'll rather be stuck wi your pen-knife.'
- 14B.6**  
 1 And he has taen out his little pen-knife,  
 2 And frae this lady he has taen the life.
- 14B.7**  
 1 He has taen the second by the hand,  
 2 He has turned her about and he bad her stand.
- 14B.8**  
 1 'Now whether will ye be a banisht man's wife,  
 2 Or will ye be stuck wi your pen-knife?'
- 14B.9**  
 1 'I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife;  
 2 I'll rather be stuck wi your pen-knife.'
- 14B.10**  
 1 And he has taen out his little pen-knife,  
 2 And frae this lady he has taen the life.
- 14B.11**  
 1 He has taen the youngest by the hand,  
 2 He has turned her about and he bad her stand.
- 14B.12**  
 1 'Now whether will ye be a banished man's  
 wife,  
 2 Or will ye be stuck wi your pen-knife?'
- 14B.13**  
 1 'I winnae be called a banished man's wife,  
 2 Nor yet will I be stuck wi your pen-knife.'
- 14B.14**  
 1 'But gin my three brethren had been here,  
 2 Ye had nae slain my sisters dear.'  
 3 ' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''
- 14C.1**  
 1 THERE were three sisters on a road,  
**14C.1r**  
 1 Gilly flower gentle rosemary  
**14C.1**  
 2 And there they met a banished lord.  
**14C.1r**  
 2 And the dew it hings over the mulberry tree  
**14C.2**  
 1 The eldest sister was on the road,  
 2 And there she met with the banished lord.  
**14C.3**  
 1 'O will ye consent to lose your life,  
 2 Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
- 14C.4**  
 1 'I'll rather consent to lose my life  
 2 Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
- 14C.5**  
 1 'It's lean your head upon my staff,'  
 2 And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
- 14C.6**  
 1 He flang her in amang the broom,  
 2 Saying, 'Lye ye there till another ane come.'
- 14C.7**  
 1 The second sister was on the road,  
 2 And there she met with the banished lord.  
**14C.8**  
 1 'O will ye consent to lose your life,  
 2 Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
- 14C.9**  
 1 'I'll rather consent to lose my life  
 2 Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
- 14C.10**  
 1 'It's lean your head upon my staff,'  
 2 And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
- 14C.11**  
 1 He flang her in amang the broom,  
 2 Saying, 'Lie ye there till another ane come.'
- 14C.12**  
 1 The youngest sister was on the road,  
 2 And there she met with the banished lord.  
**14C.13**  
 1 'O will ye consent to lose your life,  
 2 Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
- 14C.14**  
 1 'O if my three brothers were here,  
 2 Ye durstna put me in such a fear.'
- 14C.15**  
 1 'What are your three brothers, altho they were  
 here,  
 2 That I durstna put you in such a fear?'
- 14C.16**  
 1 'My eldest brother's a belted knight,  
 2 The second, he's a . . .
- 14C.17**  
 1 'My youngest brother's a banished lord,  
 2 And oftentimes he walks on this road.'  
 3 ' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''
- 14D.1**  
 1 THERE were three sisters, they lived in a  
 bower,  
**14D.1r**  
 1 Sing Anna, sing Margaret, sing Marjorie  
**14D.1**  
 2 The youngest o them was the fairest flower.  
**14D.1r**  
 2 And the dew goes thro the wood, gay ladiie  
**14D.2**  
 1 The oldest of them she's to the wood gane,  
 2 To seek a brow leaf and to bring it hame.  
**14D.3**  
 1 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
 2 Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.  
**14D.4**  
 1 'Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
 2 Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy  
 sweet life?'
- 14D.5**  
 1 'O kind sir, if I hae't at my will,  
 2 I'll twinn with my life, keep my maidenhead  
 still.'
- 14D.6**  
 1 He's taen out his we pen-knife,  
 2 He's twinned this young lady of her sweet life  
**14D.7**  
 1 He wiped his knife along the dew;  
 2 But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.  
**14D.8**  
 1 The second of them she's to the wood gane,  
 2 To seek her old sister, and to bring her hame.  
**14D.9**  
 1 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
 2 Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.  
**14D.10**  
 1 'Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
 2 Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy  
 sweet life?'
- 14D.11**  
 1 'O kind sir, if I hae't at my will,  
 2 I'll twinn with my life, keep my maidenhead  
 still.'
- 14D.12**  
 1 He's taen out his we pen-knife,  
 2 He's twinned this young lady of her sweet life.  
**14D.13**  
 1 He wiped his knife along the dew;  
 2 But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.  
**14D.14**  
 1 The youngest of them she's to the wood gane,  
 2 To seek her two sisters, and to bring them  
 hame.  
**14D.15**  
 1 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
 2 Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.  
**14D.16**  
 1 'Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
 2 Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy  
 sweet life?'
- 14D.17**  
 1 'If my three brethren they were here,  
 2 Such questions as these thou durst nae speer.'
- 14D.18**  
 1 'Pray, what may thy three brethren be,  
 2 That I durst na mak so bold with thee?'
- 14D.19**  
 1 'The eldest o them is a minister bred,  
 2 He teaches the people from evil to good.  
**14D.20**  
 1 'The second o them is a ploughman good,  
 2 He ploughs the land for his livelihood.  
**14D.21**  
 1 'The youngest of them is an outlyer bold,  
 2 Lies many a long night in the woods so cold.'
- 14D.22**  
 1 He stuck his knife then into the ground,  
 2 He took a long race, let himself fall on.
- 14E.1**  
 1 THE Duke o Perth had three daughters,  
**14E.1r**  
 1 Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;  
**14E.1**  
 2 And Elizabeth's to the greenwud gane,  
**14E.1r**  
 2 To pu the rose and the fair lillie.  
**14E.2**  
 1 But she hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,  
**14E.2r**  
 1 A double rose, but barely three,  
**14E.2**  
 2 Whan up and started a Loudon lord,  
**14E.2r**  
 2 Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.  
**14E.3**  
 1 'Will ye be called a robber's wife?  
 2 Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife?  
**14E.3r**  
 1 For pu'in the rose and the fair lillie,  
 2 For pu'in them sae fair and free.'  
**14E.4**  
 1 'Before I'll be called a robber's wife,  
 2 I'll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,  
**14E.4r**  
 1 For pu'in,' etc.

- 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 o brume,  
4 There never more for to be found.
- 14E.6**  
1 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,
- 14E.6r**  
1 Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
- 14E.6**  
2 And Margaret's to the greenwud gane,
- 14E.6r**  
2 To pu the rose and the fair lillie.
- 14E.7**  
1 She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
- 14E.7r**  
1 A double rose, but barely three,
- 14E.7**  
2 When up and started a Loudon lord,
- 14E.7r**  
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?
- 14E.8r**  
1 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,
- 14E.9r**  
1 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,
- 14E.10r**  
1 For pu'in, etc.
- 14E.11**  
1 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,
- 14E.1r**  
1 Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
- 14E.11**  
2 And Mary's to the greenwud gane,
- 14E.1r**  
2 To pu the rose and the fair lillie.
- 14E.12**  
1 She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
- 14E.12r**  
1 A double rose, but barely three,
- 14E.12**  
2 When up and started a Loudon lord,
- 14E.12r**  
2 Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.
- 14E.13**  
1 'O will ye be called a robber's wife?  
2 Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife?
- 14E.13r**  
1 For pu'in,' etc.
- 14E.14**  
1 'Before I'll be called a robber's wife,  
2 I'll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,
- 14E.14r**  
1 For pu'in,' etc.
- 14E.15**  
1 But just as he took out his knife,  
2 To tak frae her her ain sweet life,  
3 Her brother John cam ryding bye,  
4 And this bloody robber he did espy.
- 14E.16**  
1 But when he saw his sister fair,  
2 He kenn'd her by her yellow hair;  
3 He call'd upon his pages three,  
4 To find this robber speedilie.
- 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 twinned them o their life,  
4 And wi your cruel bloody knife.
- 14E.18**  
1 'Then for their life ye sair shall dree;  
2 Ye sall be hangit on a tree,  
3 Or thrown into the poisond lake,  
4 To feed the toads and rattle-snake.'
- 14[F.1]**  
1 There were three sisters going from home,
- 14[F.1r]**  
1 All in a lea and alony, oh
- 14[F.1]**  
2 They met a man, and he made them stand,
- 14[F.1r]**  
2 Down by the bonny banks of Airdrie, oh.
- 14[F.2]**  
1 He took the first one by the hand,  
2 He turned her round, and he made her stand.
- 14[F.3]**  
1 Saying, Will you be a robber's wife?  
2 Or will you die by my penknife?
- 14[F.4]**  
1 'Oh, I wont be a robber's wife,  
2 But I will die by your penknife.'
- 14[F.5]**  
1 Then he took the second by her hand,  
2 He turned her round, and he made her stand.
- 14[F.6]**  
1 Saying, Will you be a robber's wife?  
2 Or will you die by my penknife?
- 14[F.7]**  
1 'Oh, I wont be a robber's wife,  
2 But I will die by your penknife.'
- 14[F.8]**  
1 He took the third one by the hand,  
2 He turned her round, and he made her stand.
- 14[F.9]**  
1 Saying, Will you be a robber's wife?  
2 Or will you die by my penknife?
- 14[F.10]**  
1 'Oh, I wont be a robber's wife,  
2 And I wont die by you penknife.'
- 14[F.11]**  
1 'If my two brothers had been here,  
2 You would not have killed my sisters two.'
- 14[F.12]**  
1 'What was your two brothers' names?'  
2 'One was John, and the other was James.'
- 14[F.13]**  
1 'Oh, what did your two brothers do?'  
2 'One was a minister, the other such as you.'
- 14[F.14]**  
1 'Oh, what is this that I have done?  
2 I have killed my sisters, all but one.'
- 14[F.15]**  
1 'And now I'll take out my penknife,  
2 And here I'll end my own sweet life.'
- 15A.1**  
1 MY boy was scarcely ten years auld,  
2 Whan he went to an unco land,  
3 Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crew,  
4 Ohon for my son, Leesome Brand!
- 15A.2**  
1 Awa to that king's court he went,  
2 It was to serve for meat an fee;  
3 Gude red gowd it was his hire,  
4 And lang in that king's court stayd he.
- 15A.3**  
1 He hadna been in that unco land  
2 But only twallmonths twa or three,  
3 Till by the glancing o his ee,  
4 He gaird the love o a gay ladye.
- 15A.4**  
1 This ladye was scarce eleven years auld,  
2 When on her love she was right bauld;  
3 She was scarce up to my right knee,  
4 When oft in bed wi men I'm tauld.
- 15A.5**  
1 But when nine months were come and gane,  
2 This ladye's face turnd pale and wane.
- 15A.6**  
1 To Leesome Brand she then did say,  
2 'In this place I can nae mair stay.
- 15A.7**  
1 'Ye do you to my father's stable,  
2 Where steeds do stand baith wight and able.
- 15A.8**  
1 'Strike aone o them upo the back,  
2 The swiftest will gie his head a wap.
- 15A.9**  
1 'Ye take him out upo the green,  
2 And get him saddled and bridled seen.
- 15A.10**  
1 'Get ane for you, anither for me,  
2 And lat us ride out ower the lee.
- 15A.11**  
1 'Ye do you to my mother's coffer,  
2 And out of it ye'll take my tocher.
- 15A.12**  
1 'Therein are sixty thousand pounds,  
2 Which all to me by right belongs.'
- 15A.13**  
1 He's done him to her father's stable,  
2 Where steeds stood baith wicht and able.
- 15A.14**  
1 Then he strake ane upon the back,  
2 The swiftest gae his head a wap.
- 15A.15**  
1 He's taen him out upo the green,  
2 And got him saddled and bridled seen.
- 15A.16**  
1 Ane for him, and another for her,  
2 To carry them baith wi might and virr.
- 15A.17**  
1 He's done him to her mother's coffer,  
2 And there he's taen his love's tocher;
- 15A.18**  
1 Wherein were sixty thousand pound,  
2 Which all to her by right belongd.
- 15A.19**  
1 When they had ridden about six mile,  
2 His true love then began to fail.
- 15A.20**  
1 'O wae's me,' said that gay ladye,  
2 'I fear my back will gang in three!'
- 15A.21**  
1 'O gin I had but a gude midwife,  
2 Here this day to save my life,
- 15A.22**  
1 'And ease me o my misery,  
2 O dear, how happy I would be!'
- 15A.23**  
1 'My love, we're far frae ony town,  
2 There is nae midwife to be foun.
- 15A.24**  
1 'But if ye'll be content wi me,  
2 I'll do for you what man can dee.'
- 15A.25**  
1 'For no, for no, this maunna be,'  
2 Wi a sigh, replied this gay ladye.
- 15A.26**  
1 'When I endure my grief and pain,  
2 My companie ye maun refrain.
- 15A.27**  
1 'Ye'll take your arrow and your bow,  
2 And ye will hunt the deer and roe.
- 15A.28**  
1 'Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,  
2 For she is o the woman kind.'
- 15A.29**  
1 He took sic pleasure in deer and roe,  
2 Till he forgot his gay ladye.
- 15A.30**  
1 Till by it came that milk-white hynde,  
2 And then he mind on his ladye syne.
- 15A.31**  
1 He hasted him to yon greenwood tree,  
2 For to relieve his gay ladye;
- 15A.32**  
1 But found his ladye lying dead,  
2 Likeways her young son at her head.
- 15A.33**  
1 His mother lay ower her castle wa,  
2 And she beheld baith dale and down;  
3 And she beheld young Leesome Brand,  
4 As he came riding to the town.
- 15A.34**  
1 'Get minstrels for to play,' she said,  
2 'And dancers to dance in my room;  
3 For here comes my son, Leesome Brand,  
4 And he comes merrilie to the town.'
- 15A.35**  
1 'Seek nae minstrels to play, mother,  
2 Nor dancers to dance in your room;  
3 But tho your son comes, Leesome Brand,  
4 Yet he comes sorry to the town.
- 15A.36**  
1 'O I hae lost my gowden knife;  
2 I rather had lost my ain sweet life!'
- 15A.37**  
1 'And I hae lost a better thing,  
2 The gilded sheath that it was in.'
- 15A.38**  
1 'Are there nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,  
2 Can make to you anither knife?'



**15A.39**

- 1 'Are there nae sheath-makers in the land,
- 2 Can make a sheath to Leesome Brand?'

**15A.40**

- 1 'There are nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,
- 2 Can make me sic a gowden knife;

**15A.41**

- 1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
- 2 Can make to me a sheath again.

**15A.42**

- 1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
- 2 Ordaind to be so much forlorn.

**15A.43**

- 1 'I've lost my ladye I lovd sae dear,
- 2 Likeways the son she did me bear.'

**15A.44**

- 1 'Put in your hand at my bed head,
- 2 There ye'll find a gude grey horn;
- 3 In it three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blude,
- 4 That hae been there sin he was born.

**15A.45**

- 1 'Drap twa o them o your ladye,
- 2 And ane upo your little young son;
- 3 Then as lively they will be
- 4 As the first night ye brought them hame.'

**15A.46**

- 1 He put his hand at her bed head,
- 2 And there he found a gude grey horn,
- 3 Wi three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blude,
- 4 That had been there sin he was born.

**15A.47**

- 1 Then he drappd twa on his ladye,
- 2 And ane o them on his young son,
- 3 And now they do as lively be,
- 4 As the first day he brought them hame.

**15B.1**

- 1 'THERE is a feast in your father's house,

**15B.1r**

- 1 The broom blooms bonnie and so is it fair

**15B.1**

- 2 It becomes you and me to be very douce.

**15B.1r**

- 2 And we'll never gang up to the broom nae mair

**15B.2**

- 1 'You will go to yon hill so hie;
- 2 Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'

**15B.3**

- 1 He's tane his lady on his back,
- 2 And his auld son in his coat lap.

**15B.4**

- 1 'When ye hear me give a cry,
- 2 Ye'll shoot your bow and let me lye.

**15B.5**

- 1 'When ye see my lying still,
- 2 Throw away your bow and come running me till.'

**15B.6**

- 1 When he heard her gie the cry,
- 2 He shot his bow and he let her lye.

**15B.7**

- 1 When he saw she was lying still,
- 2 He threw away his bow and came running her till.

**15B.8**

- 1 It was nae wonder his heart was sad
- 2 When he shot his auld son at her head.

**15B.9**

- 3 He houkit a grave, long, large and wide,
- 4 He buried his auld son down by her side.

**15B.10**

- 1 It was nae wonder his heart was sair
- 2 When he shoold the mools in her yellow hair.

**15B.11**

- 1 'Oh,' said his father, 'Son, but thou'rt sad!
- 2 At our brow meeting you might be glad.'

**15B.12**

- 1 'Oh,' said he, 'Father, I've lost my knife
- 2 I loved as dear almost as my own life.

**15B.13**

- 1 'But I have lost a far better thing,
- 2 I lost the sheath that the knife was in.'

**15B.14**

- 1 'Hold thy tongue, and mak nae din;
- 2 I'll buy thee a sheath and a knife therein.'

**15B.15**

- 1 'A' the ships eer sailed the sea
- 2 Neer'll bring such a sheath and a knife to me.

**15B.16**

- 1 'A' the smiths that lives on land
- 2 Will neer bring such a sheath and knife to my hand.'

**16A.1**

- 1 IT is talked the warld all over,

**16A.1r**

- 1 The brume blooms bonnie and says it is fair

**16A.1**

- 2 That the king's dochter gaes wi child to her brither.

**16A.1r**

- 2 And we'll never gang down to the brume onie mair

**16A.2**

- 1 He's taen his sister doun to her father's deer park,
- 2 Wi his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung to his back.

**16A.3**

- 1 'Now when that ye hear me gie a loud cry,
- 2 Shoot frae thy bow an arrow and there let me lye.

**16A.4**

- 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.'

**16A.5**

- 1 Now when he heard her gie a loud cry,
- 2 His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let fly.

**16A.5r**

- 2 Now they'll never, etc.

**16A.6**

- 1 He has made a grave that was lang and was deep,
- 2 And he has buried his sister, wi her babe at her feet.

**16A.6r**

- 2 And they'll never, etc.

**16A.7**

- 1 And when he came to his father's court hall,
- 2 There was music and minstrels and dancing an d all.

**16A.7r**

- 2 But they'll never, etc.

**16A.8**

- 1 'O Willie, O Willie, what makes thee in pain?'
- 2 'I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again.'

**16A.8r**

- 2 For we'll never, etc.

**16A.9**

- 1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
- 2 That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee.'

**16A.10**

- 1 'There is ships o my father's sailing on the sea,
- 2 But sic a sheath and a knife they can never bring to me.'

**16A.10r**

- 2 Now we'll never, etc.

**16B.1**

- 1 AE lady has whispered the other,

**16B.1r**

- 1 The broom grows bonnie, the broom grows fair

**16B.1**

- 2 Lady Margaret's wi bairn to Sir Richard, her brother.

**16B.1r**

- 2 And we daur na gae down to the broom nae mair

**16B.2**

- 1 'And when ye hear me loud, loud cry,
- 2 O bend your bow, let your arrow fly.

**16B.2r**

- 2 And I daur na, etc.

**16B.3**

- 1 'But when ye see me lying still,
- 2 O then you may come and greet your fill.'

**16B.4**

- 1 'It's I hae broken my little pen-knife
- 2 That I loed dearer than my life.'

**16B.4r**

- 2 And I daur na, etc.

**16B.5**

- 1 'It's no for the knife that my tears doun run,
- 2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept in.'

**16C.1**

- 1 IT'S whispered in parlour, it's whispered in ha,

**16C.1r**

- 1 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair

**16C.1**

- 2 Lady Marget's wi child amang our ladies a'.

**16C.1r**

- 2 And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair

**16C.2**

- 1 One day whisperd unto another
- 2 Lady Marget's wi child to Sir Richard, her brother.

**16C.3**

- 1 'O when that you hear my loud loud cry,
- 2 Then bend your bow and let your arrows fly.

**16C.3r**

- 2 For I dare na, etc.

**16D.1**

- 1 AE king's dochter said to anither,

**16D.1r**

- 1 Broom blooms bonnie an grows sae fair

**16D.1**

- 2 We'll gae ride like sister and brither.

**16D.1r**

- 2 But we'll never gae down to the broom nae mair

**16[E.1]**

- 1 One king's daughter said to anither,

**16[E.1r]**

- 1 Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair

**16[E.1]**

- 2 'We'll gae ride like sister and brither.'

**16[E.1r]**

- 2 And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair

**16[E.2]**

- 1 'We'll ride doun into yonder valley,
- 2 Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily.

**16[E.3]**

- 1 'Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,
- 2 And we'll come back in the morning early.'

**16[E.4]**

- 1 They rade on like sister and brither,
- 2 And they hunted and hawket in the valley the -gether.

**16[E.5]**

- 1 'Now, lady, hauld my horse and my hawk,
- 2 For I maun na ride, and I downa walk.

**16[E.6]**

- 1 'But set me doun be the rute o this tree,
- 2 For there hae I dreamt that my bed sall be.'

**16[E.7]**

- 1 The ae king's dochter did lift doun the ither,
- 2 And she was licht in her armis like ony fether.

**16[E.8]**

- 1 Bonnie Lady Ann sat doun be the tree,
- 2 And a wide grave was houkit whare nane suld be.

**16[E.9]**

- 1 The hawk had nae lure, and the horse had nae master,
- 2 And the faithless hounds thro the woods ran faster.

**16[E.10]**

- 1 The one king's dochter has ridden awa,
- 2 But bonnie Lady Ann lay in the deed-thraw.

**16[F.1]**

- 1 'There is a feast in your father's house,

**16[F.1r]**

- 1 The broom blooms bonnie, and so is it fair

**16[F.1]**

- 2 It becomes you and me to be very douce.'

**16[F.1r]**

- 2 And we'll never gang up to the broom nae mair

**16[F.2]**

- 1 'Will you to yon hill so hie,
- 2 Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'

- 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 howkit 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 shoold the mools on her yellow hair.
- 16[F.11]**  
1 'Oh,' said his father, 'Son, but thou'rt sad,  
2 At our braw meeting you micht 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 sailed the sea  
2 Neer'll bring such a sheathe and knife to me.
- 16[F.16]**  
1 'A' the smiths that lives on land  
2 Will neer bring such a sheath and knife to my hand.'
- 17A.1**  
1 IN Scotland there was a babie born,
- 17A.1r**  
1 Lill lal, etc.
- 17A.1**  
2 And his name it was called young Hind Horn.
- 17A.1r**  
2 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 lavrocks sitting 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 looked 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 begging 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 'O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
2 And beg wi you frae town to town.
- 17A.21**  
1 'O 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 he had wedded the bride,  
2 But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.
- 17B.1**  
1 I NEVER saw my love before,
- 17B.1r**  
1 With a hey lillelu and a ho lo lan
- 17B.1**  
2 Till I saw her thro an oger bore.
- 17B.1r**  
2 With a hey down and a hey diddle downie
- 17B.2**  
1 She gave to me a gay gold ring,  
2 With three shining diamonds set therein.
- 17B.3**  
1 And I gave to her a silver wand,  
2 With three singing lavrocks set thereon.
- 17B.4**  
1 'What if these diamonds lose their hue,  
2 Just when your love begins for to rew?'
- 17B.5**  
1 He's left the land, and he's gone to sea,  
2 And he's stayd there seven years and a day.
- 17B.6**  
1 But when he looked this ring upon,  
2 The shining diamonds were both pale and wan.
- 17B.7**  
1 He's left the seas and he's come to the land,  
2 And there he met with an auld beggar man.
- 17B.8**  
1 'What news, what news, thou auld beggar man  
2 For it is seven years sin I've seen lan.'
- 17B.9**  
1 'No news,' said the old beggar man, æt all,  
2 But there is a wedding in the king's hall.'
- 17B.10**  
1 'Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?  
2 And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak.
- 17B.11**  
1 'Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff?  
2 And I'll give to thee my good gray steed.'
- 17B.12**  
1 The old beggar man was bound for to ride,  
2 But Young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride.
- 17B.13**  
1 When he came to the king's gate,  
2 He asked a drink for Young Hynd Horn's sake.
- 17B.14**  
1 The news unto the bonnie bride came  
2 That at the yett there stands an auld man.
- 17B.15**  
1 'There stands an auld man at the king's gate;  
2 He asketh a drink for young Hyn Horn's sake.'
- 17B.16**  
1 'I'll go thro nine fires so hot,  
2 But I'll give him a drink for Young Hyn Horn's sake.'
- 17B.17**  
1 She gave him a drink out of her own hand;  
2 He drank out the drink and he dropt in the ring.
- 17B.18**  
1 'Got thou't by sea, or got thou't by land?  
2 Or got thou't out of any dead man's hand?'
- 17B.19**  
1 'I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,  
2 For I got it out of thine own hand.'
- 17B.20**  
1 'I'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
2 And I'll follow thee from town to town.
- 17B.21**  
1 'I'll cast off my gowns of red,  
2 And along with thee I'll beg my bread.'
- 17B.22**  
1 'Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,  
2 For I can make thee lady of many a town.
- 17B.23**  
1 'Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,  
2 For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread.'
- 17B.24**  
1 The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride wed,  
2 But Young Hyn Horn took the bride to bed.
- 17C.1**  
1 YOUNG Hyn Horn's to the king's court gone,
- 17C.1r**  
1 Hoch hey and an ney O
- 17C.1**  
2 He's fallen in love with his little daughter Jean.
- 17C.1r**  
2 Let my love alone, I pray you
- 17C.2**  
1 He's bocht to her a little gown,  
2 With seven broad flowers spread it along.
- 17C.3**  
1 She's given to him a gay gold ring.  
2 The posie upon it was richt plain.
- 17C.4**  
1 'When you see it losing its comely hue,  
2 So will I my love to you.'
- 17C.5**  
1 Then within a little wee,  
2 Hyn Horn left land and went to sea.
- 17C.6**  
1 When he lookt his ring upon,  
2 He saw it growing pale and wan.
- 17C.7**  
1 Then within a little [wee] again,  
2 Hyn Horn left sea and came to the land.
- 17C.8**  
1 As he was riding along the way,  
2 There he met with a jovial beggar.
- 17C.9**  
1 'What news, what news, old man?' he did say:  
2 'This is the king's young dochter's wedding day.'
- 17C.10**  
1 'If this be true you tell to me,  
2 You must niffer clothes with me.
- 17C.11**  
1 'You'll gie me your cloutit coat,  
2 I'll gie you my fine velvet coat.
- 17C.12**  
1 'You'll gie me your cloutit pock,  
2 I'll gie you my purse; it'll be no joke.'
- 17C.13**  
1 'Perhaps there<'s] nothing in it, not one bawbee;'  
2 'Yes, there's gold and silver both,' said he.
- 17C.14**  
1 'You'll gie me your bags of bread,  
2 And I'll gie you my milk-white steed.'
- 17C.15**  
1 When they had niffered all, he said,  
2 'You maun learn me how I'll beg.'

**17C.16**

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

**17C.17**

- 1 When that he came before the gate,
- 2 He call'd for a drink for the highman's sake.

**17C.18**

- 1 The bride cam tripping down the stair,
- 2 To see whaten a bold beggar was there.

**17C.19**

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

**17C.20**

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

**17C.21**

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

**17C.22**

- 1 The bridegroom cam tripping down the stair,
- 2 But there was neither bride nor beggar there.

**17C.23**

- 1 Her ain bridegroom had her first wed,
- 2 But Young Hyn Horn had her first to bed.

**17D.1**

- 1 NEAR Edinburgh was a young son born,

**17D.1r**

- 1 Hey lilelu an a how low lan

**17D.1**

- 2 An his name it was called young Hyn Horn.

**17D.1r**

- 2 An it's hey down down deedle airo

**17D.2**

- 1 Seven long years he served the king,
- 2 An it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.

**17D.3**

- 1 The king an angry man was he;
- 2 He send young Hyn Horn to the sea.

**17D.4**

- 1 An on his finger she put a ring.
- 2 . . . . .
- 3 . . . . .

**17D.5**

- 1 'When your ring turns pale and wan,
- 2 Then I'm in love wi another man.'

**17D.6**

- 1 Upon a day he lookd at his ring,
- 2 It was as pale as anything.

**17D.7**

- 1 He's left the sea, an he's come to the lan,
- 2 An there he met an auld beggar man.

**17D.8**

- 1 'What news, what news, my auld beggar man?
- 2 What news, what news, by sea or by lan?'

**17D.9**

- 1 'Nae news, nae news,' the auld beggar said,
- 2 'But the king's dochter Jean is going to be wed'

**17D.10**

- 1 'Cast off, cast off thy auld beggar-weed,
- 2 An I'll gie thee my gude gray steed.'

**17D.11**

- 1 When he cam to our guid king's yet,
- 2 He sought a glass o wine for young Hyn Horn's sake.

**17D.12**

- 1 He drank out the wine, an he put in the ring,
- 2 An he bade them carry't to the king's dochter Jean.

**17D.13**

- 1 'O gat ye't by sea, or gat ye't by lan?
- 2 Or gat ye't aff a dead man's han?'

**17D.14**

- 1 'I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan,
- 2 But I gat it out of your own han.'

**17D.15**

- 4 'Go take away my bridal gown,
- 5 For I'll follow him frae town to town.'

**17D.16**

- 1 'Ye need na leave your bridal gown,
- 2 For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.'

**17E.1**

- 1 ' . . . . .
- 1 HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,

**17E.1r**

- 1 Hey ninny ninny, how ninny nanny

**17E.1**

- 2 And it was baith black and blue,
- 3 And she is either dead or she's married.

**17E.1r**

- 2 And the barck and the broom blooms bonnie

**17E.2**

- 1 Hynd Horn he has shuped to land,
- 2 And the first he met was an auld beggar man.

**17E.3**

- 1 'What news, what news, my silly auld man?
- 2 For it is seven years syne I have seen land.

**17E.4**

- 1 'What news, what news, my auld beggar man?
- 2 What news, what news, by sea or by land?'

**17E.5**

- 1 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
- 2 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.

**17E.6**

- 1 'Until the bride's bed she winna gang
- 2 Till she hears tell of her Hynd Horn.'

**17E.7**

- 1 'Cast aff, cast aff thy auld beggar weed,
- 2 And I will gie thee my gude gray steed.'

**17F.1**

- 1 IN Newport town this knight was born,

**17F.1r**

- 1 Hey lily loo, hey loo lan

**17F.1**

- 2 And they've called him Young Hynd Horn.

**17F.1r**

- 2 Fal lal la, fal the dal the dady

**17F.2**

- 1 Seven long years he served the king,
- 2 For the love of his daughter Jean.

**17F.3**

- 1 He courted her through a wimble bore,
- 2 The way never woman was courted before.

**17F.4**

- 1 He gave her through a silver wand,
- 2 With three singing laverocks there upon.

**17F.5**

- 1 She gave him back a gay gold ring,
- 2 With three bright diamonds glittering.

**17F.6**

- 1 'When this ring grows pale and blue,
- 2 Fair Jeanie's love is lost to you.'

**17F.7**

- 1 Young Hynd Horn is gone to sea,
- 2 And there seven long years staid he.

**17F.8**

- 1 When he lookd his ring upon,
- 2 It grew pale and it grew wan.

**17F.9**

- 1 Young Hynd Horn is come to land,
- 2 When he met an old beggar man.

**17F.10**

- 1 'What news, what news doth thee betide?'
- 2 'No news, but Princess Jeanie's a bride.'

**17F.11**

- 1 'Will ye give me your old brown cap?
- 2 And I'll give you my gold-laced hat.

**17F.12**

- 1 'Will ye give me your begging weed?
- 2 And I'll give you my good grey steed.'

**17F.13**

- 1 The beggar has got on to ride,
- 2 But Young Hynd Horn's bound for the bride.

**17G.1**

- 1 'HYNDE HORN'S bound love, and Hynde Horn's free,
- 2 Whare was ye born, or in what countrie?'

**17G.2**

- 1 'In gude greenwud whare I was born,
- 2 And all my friends left me forlorn.

**17G.3**

- 1 'I gave my love a silver wand;
- 2 That was to rule oure all Scotland.

**17G.4**

- 1 'My love gave me a gay gowd ring;
- 2 That was to rule abune a' thing.'

**17G.5**

- 1 'As lang as that ring keeps new in hue,
- 2 Ye may ken that your love loves you.

**17G.6**

- 1 'But whan that ring turns pale and wan,
- 2 Ye may ken that your love loves anither man.'

**17G.7**

- 1 He hoisted up his sails, and away sailed he,
- 2 Till that he cam to a foreign countrie.

**17G.8**

- 1 He looked at his ring; it was turnd pale and wan;
- 2 He said, 'I wish I war at hame again.'

**17G.9**

- 1 He hoisted up his sails, and hame sailed he,
- 2 Until that he came to his ain countrie.

**17G.10**

- 1 The first ane that he met wi
- 2 Was wi a puir auld beggar man.

**17G.11**

- 1 'What news, what news, my silly old man?
- 2 What news hae ye got to tell to me?'

**17G.12**

- 1 'Na news, na news,' the puir man did say,
- 2 'But this is our queen's wedding day.'

**17G.13**

- 1 'Ye'll lend me your begging weed,
- 2 And I'll gie you my riding steed.'

**17G.14**

- 1 'My begging weed is na for thee,
- 2 Your riding steed is na for me.'

**17G.15**

- 1 But he has changed wi the beggar man,
- 2 . . . . .

**17G.16**

- 1 'Which is the gate that ye used to gae?'
- 2 And what are the words ye beg wi?'

**17G.17**

- 1 'Whan ye come to yon high hill,
- 2 Ye'll draw your bent bow nigh until.

**17G.18**

- 1 'Whan ye come to yonder town,
- 2 Ye'll let your bent bow low fall down.

**17G.19**

- 1 'Ye'll seek meat for St Peter, ask for St Paul,
- 2 And seek for the sake of Hynde Horn all.

**17G.20**

- 1 'But tak ye frae nane of them a',
- 2 Till ye get frae the bonnie bride hersel O.'

**17G.21**

- 1 Whan he cam to yon high hill,
- 2 He drew his bent bow nigh until.

**17G.22**

- 1 And whan he cam to yonder town,
- 2 He lute his bent bow low fall down.

**17G.23**

- 1 He saught meat for St Peter, he askd for St Paul,
- 2 And he sought for the sake of Hynde Horn all.

**17G.24**

- 1 But he would tak frae nane o them a',
- 2 Till he got frae the bonnie bride hersel O.

**17G.25**

- 1 The bride cam tripping down the stair,
- 2 Wi the scales o red gowd on her hair.

**17G.26**

- 1 Wi a glass of red wine in her hand,
- 2 To gie to the puir auld beggar man.

**17G.27**

- 1 It's out he drank the glass o wine,
- 2 And into the glass he dropt the ring.

**17G.28**

- 1 'Got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,
- 2 Or got ye't aff a drownd man's hand?'

**17G.29**

- 1 'I got na't by sea, I got na't by land,
- 2 Nor got I it off a drownd man's hand.

**17G.30**

- 1 'But I got it at my wooing,
- 2 And I'll gie it at your wedding.'

**17G.31**

- 1 'I'll tak the scales o gowd frae my head,
- 2 I'll follow you, and beg my bread.

**17G.32**

- 1 'I'll tak the scales of gowd frae my hair,
- 2 I'll follow you, for evermair.'

## 17G.33

- 1 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her head,
- 2 She has followed him to beg her bread.

## 17G.34

- 1 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her hair,
- 2 And she has followed him for evermair.

## 17G.35

- 1 But atween the kitchen and the ha,
- 2 There he lute his cloutie cloak fa.

## 17G.36

- 1 And the red gowd shined oure him a',
- 2 And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown awa.

## 17H.1

- 1 'HYND HORN fair, and Hynd Horn free,
- 2 O where were you born, in what countrie?'

## 17H.2

- 1 'In gude greenwood, there I was born,
- 2 And all my forbears me befor.

## 17H.3

- 1 'O seven years I served the king,
- 2 And as for wages, I never gat nane;

## 17H.4

- 1 'But ae sight o his ae daughter,
- 2 And that was thro an augre bore.

## 17H.5

- 1 'My love gae me a siller wand,
- 2 'Twas to rule ower a' Scotland.

## 17H.6

- 1 'And she gae me a gay gowd ring,
- 2 The virtue o't was above a' thing.'

## 17H.7

- 1 'As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,
- 2 Ye'll know I am a lover true:

## 17H.8

- 1 'But when the ring turns pale and wan,
- 2 Ye'll know I love another man.'

## 17H.9

- 1 He hoist up sails, and awa saild he,
- 2 And saild into a far countrie.

## 17H.10

- 1 And when he lookd upon his ring,
- 2 He knew she loved another man.

## 17H.11

- 1 He hoist up sails and home came he,
- 2 Home unto his ain countrie.

## 17H.12

- 1 The first he met on his own land,
- 2 It chanced to be a beggar man.

## 17H.13

- 1 'What news, what news, my gude auld man?
- 2 What news, what news, hae ye to me?'

## 17H.14

- 1 'Nae news, nae news,' said the auld man,
- 2 'The morn's our queen's wedding day.'

## 17H.15

- 1 'Will ye lend me your begging weed?
- 2 And I'll lend you my riding steed.'

## 17H.16

- 1 'My begging weed will ill suit thee,
- 2 And your riding steed will ill suit me.'

## 17H.17

- 1 But part be right, and part be wrang,
- 2 Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan.

## 17H.18

- 1 'Auld man, come tell to me your leed;
- 2 What news ye gie when ye beg your bread.'

## 17H.19

- 1 'As ye walk up unto the hill,
- 2 Your pike staff ye lend ye till.

## 17H.20

- 1 'But whan ye come near by the yett,
- 2 Straight to them ye will upstep.

## 17H.21

- 1 'Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
- 2 Nane frae high or low o them all.

## 17H.22

- 1 'And frae them all ye will take nane,
- 2 Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand.'

## 17H.23

- 1 He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul,
- 2 Nane frae the high nor low o them all.

## 17H.24

- 1 And frae them all he would take nane,
- 2 Until it came frae the bride's ain hand.

## 17H.25

- 1 The bride came tripping down the stair,
- 2 The combs o red gowd in her hair.

## 17H.26

- 1 A cup o red wine in her hand,
- 2 And that she gae to the beggar man.

## 17H.27

- 1 Out o the cup he drank the wine,
- 2 And into the cup he dropt the ring.

## 17H.28

- 1 'O got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,
- 2 Or got ye't on a drownd man's hand?'

## 17H.29

- 1 'I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,
- 2 Nor got I it on a drownd man's hand.

## 17H.30

- 1 'But I got it at my wooing gay,
- 2 And I'll gie't you on your wedding day.'

## 17H.31

- 1 'I'll take the red gowd frae my head,
- 2 And follow you, and beg my bread.

## 17H.32

- 1 'I'll take the red gowd frae my hair,
- 2 And follow you for evermair.'

## 17H.33

- 1 Atween the kitchen and the ha,
- 2 He loot his cloutie cloak down fa.

## 17H.34

- 1 And wi red gowd shone ower them a',
- 2 And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta.

## 17[L.1]

- 1 ' . . . . .
- 1 She gave him a gay gold ring,

## 17[L.1r]

- 1 Hey lillelu and how lo lan

## 17[L.1]

- 2 But he gave her a far better thing.

## 17[L.1r]

- 2 With my hey down and a hey diddle downie

## 17[L.2]

- 1 He gave her a silver wan,
- 2 With nine bright laverocks thereupon.
- 3 ' . . . . .

## 17[L.3]

- 1 Young Hynd Horn is come to the lan,
- 2 There he met a beggar man.

## 17[L.4]

- 1 'What news, what news do ye betide?'
- 2 'Na news but Jeanie's the prince's bride.'

## 17[L.5]

- 1 'Wilt thou give me thy begging weed?
- 2 And I'll give thee my good grey steed.

## 17[L.6]

- 1 'Wilt thou give me thy auld grey hair?
- 2 And I'll give ye mine that is thrice as fair.'

## 17[L.7]

- 1 The beggar he got on for to ride,
- 2 But young Hynd Horn is bound for the bride.

## 17[L.8]

- 1 First the news came to the ha,
- 2 Then to the room mang the gentles a'.

## 17[L.9]

- 1 'There stands a beggar at our gate,
- 2 Asking a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake.'

## 17[L.10]

- 1 'I'll ga through nine fires hot
- 2 To give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake.'

## 17[L.11]

- 1 She gave him the drink, and he dropt in the ring;
- 2 They lady turned baith pale an wan.

## 17[L.12]

- 1 'Oh got ye it by sea, or got ye it by lan?
- 2 Or got ye it off some dead man's han?'

## 17[L.13]

- 1 'I got it not by sea, nor I got it not by lan,
- 2 But I got it off thy milk-white han.'

## 17[L.14]

- 1 'I'll cast off my dress of red,
- 2 And I'll go with thee and beg my bread.

## 17[L.15]

- 1 'I'll cast off my dress of brown,
- 2 And follow you from city to town.

## 17[L.16]

- 1 'I'll cast off my dress of green,
- 2 For I am not ashamed with you to be seen.'

## 17[L.17]

- 1 'You need not cast off your dress of red,
- 2 For I can support thee on both wine and bread.

## 17[L.18]

- 1 'You need not cast off your dress of brown,
- 2 For I can keep you a lady in any town.

## 17[L.19]

- 1 'You need not cast off your dress of green,
- 2 For I can maintain you as gay as a queen.'

## 18A.1

- 1 SIR EGRABELL had sonnes three,

## 18A.1r

- 1 Blow thy horne, good hunter

## 18A.1

- 2 *Sir* Lyonell was one of these.

## 18A.1r

- 2 As I am a gentle hunter

## 18A.2

- 1 *Sir* Lyonell wold on hunting ryde,
- 2 Vntill the forrest him beside.

## 18A.3

- 1 And as he rode thorrow the wood,
- 2 Where trees and harts and all were good,

## 18A.4

- 1 And as he rode over the plaine,
- 2 There he saw a knight lay slaine.

## 18A.5

- 1 And as he rode still on the plaine,
- 2 He saw a lady sitt in a graine.

## 18A.6

- 1 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou me,
- 2 What blood shedd heere has bee.'

## 18A.7

- 1 'Of this blood shedd we may all rew,
- 2 Both wife and childe and man alsoe.

## 18A.8

- 1 'For it is not past 3 days right
- 2 Since *Sir* Broninge was mad a *knicht*.

## 18A.9

- 1 'Nor it is not more than 3 dayes agoe
- 2 Since the wild bore did him sloe.'

## 18A.10

- 1 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou mee,
- 2 How long thou wilt sitt in *that* tree.'

## 18A.11

- 1 She said, 'I will sitt in this tree
- 2 Till my friends doe feitch me.'

## 18A.12

- 1 'Tell me, lady, and doe not misse,
- 2 Where that *your* friends dwellings is.'

## 18A.13

- 1 'Downe,' shee said, 'in yonder towne,
- 2 There dwells my freinds of great renowne.'

## 18A.14

- 1 Says, 'Lady, Ile ryde into yonder towne
- 2 And see wether *your* friends beene bowne.

## 18A.15

- 1 'I my self wilbe the formost man
- 2 That shall come, lady, to feitch you home.'

## 18A.16

- 1 But as he rode then by the way,
- 2 He thought it shame to goe away;

## 18A.17

- 1 And vmbethought him of a wile,
- 2 How he might that wilde bore beguile.

## 18A.18

- 1 'Sir Egrabell,' he said, 'My father was;
- 2 He neuer left lady in such a case;

## 18A.19

- 1 'Noe more will I' . . .
- 2 ' . . . . .

## 18A.20

- 1 'And a<fter> that thou shalt doe mee
- 2 Thy hawkes and thy lease alsoe.

## 18A.21

- 1 'Soe shalt thou doe at my *com*mand
- 2 The litle fingar on thy right hand.'

## 18A.22

- 1 'Ere I wold leaue all this with thee,
- 2 Vpon this ground I rather dyee.'

## 18A.23

- 1 The gyant gaue *Sir* Lyonell such a blow,
- 2 The fyer out of his eyen did throw.

## 18A.24

- 1 He said then, 'if I were saffe and sound,
- 2 As *with*-in this hower I was in the ground,

- 18A.25**  
1 'It shold be in the next towne told  
2 How deare thy buffett it was sold;
- 18A.26**  
1 'And it shold haue beene in the next towne *said*  
2 How well thy buffett it were paid.'
- 18A.27**  
1 'Take 40 daies into spite,  
2 To heale thy wounds that beene soe wide.
- 18A.28**  
1 'When 40 dayes beene at an end,  
2 Heere meete thou me both safe and sound.
- 18A.29**  
1 And till thou come to me againe,  
2 With me thoust leaue thy lady alone.'
- 18A.30**  
1 When 40 dayes was at an end,  
2 Sir *Lyonel* of his wounds was healed sound.
- 18A.31**  
1 He tooke with him a litle page,  
2 He gawe to him good yeomans wage.
- 18A.32**  
1 And as he rode by one hawthorne,  
2 Even there did hang his hunting horne.
- 18A.33**  
1 He sett his bugle to his mouth,  
2 And blew his bugle still full south.
- 18A.34**  
1 He blew his bugle lowde and shrill;  
2 The lady heard, and came him till.
- 18A.35**  
1 Sayes, 'The gyant lyes vnder yond low,  
2 And well he heares *your* bugle blow.
- 18A.36**  
1 'And bidds me of good cheere be,  
2 This night heele supp with you and me.'
- 18A.37**  
1 Hee sett that lady vpon a steede,  
2 And a litle boy before her yeede.
- 18A.38**  
1 And said, 'lady, if you see that I must dye,  
2 As euer you loued me, from me flye.
- 18A.39**  
1 'But, lady, if you see *that* I must liue,'  
2 , , , , ,
- 18B.1**  
1 A KNIGHT had two sons o sma fame,
- 18B.1r**  
1 Hey nien nanny
- 18B.1**  
2 Isaac-a-Bell and Hugh the Graeme.
- 18B.1r**  
2 And the norlan flowers spring bonny
- 18B.2**  
1 And to the youngest he did say,  
2 'What occupation will you hae?'
- 18B.2r**  
2 When the, etc.
- 18B.3**  
1 'Will you gae fee to pick a mill?  
2 Or will you keep hogs on yon hill?'
- 18B.3r**  
2 While the, etc.
- 18B.4**  
1 'I winna fee to pick a mill,  
2 Nor will I keep hogs on yon hill.
- 18B.4r**  
2 While the, etc.
- 18B.5**  
1 'But it is said, as I do hear,  
2 That war will last for seven year,
- 18B.5r**  
2 And the, etc.
- 18B.6**  
1 'With a giant and a boar  
2 That range into the wood o Tore.
- 18B.6r**  
2 And the, etc.
- 18B.7**  
1 'You'll horse and armour to me provide,  
2 That through Tore wood I may safely ride.'
- 18B.7r**  
2 When the, etc.
- 18B.8**  
1 The knight did horse and armour provide,  
2 That through Tore wood Graeme nicht safely ride.
- 18B.8r**  
2 When the, etc.
- 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 'I cam 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 When my wounds heal, I'll come to thee.'
- 18B.19r**  
2 When 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,
- 18C.1r**  
1 Wind well thy horn, good hunter
- 18C.1**  
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 woodside,  
2 Till up 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 mean, fair lady?' said he;  
2 'O the wild boar has killed my lord and his me  
n thirty.'
- 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 quite.
- 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 It's thy horn, and thy hound, and thy gay lady.'
- 18C.12r**  
2 As thou beest, etc.
- 18C.13**  
1 'If these three things thou dost demand of me,  
2 It's just as my sword and thy neck can agree.'
- 18C.13r**  
2 For I am, etc.
- 18C.14**  
1 Then into his locks the wild woman flew,  
2 Till she thought in her heart she had torn him through.
- 18C.14r**  
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 There the wild boar's head is picturd by
- 18C.16r**  
2 Sir Ryalas, etc.
- 18D.1**  
1 AS I went up one brook, one brook,
- 18D.1r**  
1 Well wind the horn, good hunter
- 18D.1**  
2 I saw a fair maiden sit on a tree top.
- 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;'
- 18D.3r**  
1 Well wind the horn, good hunter,  
2 And the wild boar soon will come to thee.'
- 18D.3r**  
2 As thou art, etc.

- 18D.4**  
1 Then he put his horn unto his mouth,  
2 And he blowd both east, west, north and south.
- 18D.4r**  
2 As he was, etc.
- 18D.5**  
1 The wild boar hearing it into his den,  
2 [Then he made the best of his speed unto him].
- 18D.6**  
1 He whetted his tusks for to make them strong,  
2 And he cut down the oak and the ash as he came along.
- 18D.6r**  
2 For to meet with, etc.
- 18D.7**  
1 They fought five hours one long summer's day,  
2 Till the wild boar he yell'd, and he'd fain run away.
- 18D.7r**  
2 And away from, etc.
- 18D.8**  
1 O then he cut his head clean off,  
2 . . . . .
- 18D.9**  
1 Then there came an old lady running out of the wood,  
2 Saying, 'You have killed my pretty, my pretty spotted pig.'
- 18D.9r**  
2 As thou art, etc.
- 18D.10**  
1 Then at him this old lady she did go,  
2 And he clove her from the top of her head to her toe.
- 18D.10r**  
2 As he was, etc.
- 18D.11**  
1 In Bromsgrove churchyard this old lady lies,  
2 And the face of the boar's head there is drawn by,
- 18D.11r**  
2 That was killed by, etc.
- 18E.1**  
1 THERE was an old man and sons he had three;
- 18E.1r**  
1 Wind well, Lion, good hunter
- 18E.1**  
2 A friar he being one of the three,  
3 With pleasure he ranged the north country.
- 18E.1r**  
2 For he was a jovial hunter
- 18E.2**  
1 As he went to the woods some pastime to see,  
2 He spied a fair lady under a tree,  
3 Sighing and moaning mournfully.
- 18E.2r**  
2 He was, etc.
- 18E.3**  
1 'What are you doing, my fair lady?'  
2 'I'm frightened the wild boar he will kill me;  
3 He has worried my lord and wounded thirty.'
- 18E.3r**  
2 As thou art, etc.
- 18E.4**  
1 Then the friar he put his horn to his mouth,  
2 And he blew a blast, east, west, north and south,  
3 And the wild boar from his den he came forth.
- 18E.4r**  
2 Unto the, etc.  
3 ' . . . . '
- 18F.1**  
1 SIR RACKABELLO had three sons,
- 18F.1r**  
1 Wind well your horn, brave hunter
- 18F.1**  
2 Sir Ryalash was one of these.
- 18F.1r**  
2 And he was a jovial hunter
- 19A.1**  
1 DER lived a king inta da aste,
- 19A.1r**  
1 Scowan irla grün
- 19A.1**  
2 Der lived a lady in da wast.
- 19A.1r**  
2 Whar giorten han grün oarlac
- 19A.2**  
1 Dis king he has a huntin gaen,  
2 He's left his Lady Isabel alane.
- 19A.3**  
1 'Oh I wis ye'd never gaen away,  
2 For at your hame is d'ol an wae.'
- 19A.4**  
1 'For da king o Ferrie we his daert,  
2 Has pierced your lady to da hert.'  
3 ' . . . . '
- 19A.5**  
1 And aifter dem da king has gaen,  
2 But whan he cam it was a grey stane.
- 19A.6**  
1 Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,  
2 Bit sair his hert wi d'ol an wae.
- 19A.7**  
1 And first he played da notes o noy,  
2 An dan he played da notes o joy.
- 19A.8**  
1 An dan he played da g'od gabber reel,  
2 Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.  
3 ' . . . . '
- 19A.9**  
1 'Noo come ye in inta wir ha,  
2 An come ye in among wis a'.'
- 19A.10**  
1 Now he's gaen in inta der ha,  
2 An he's gaen in among dem a'.
- 19A.11**  
1 Dan he took out his pipes to play,  
2 Bit sair his hert wi d'ol an wae.
- 19A.12**  
1 An first he played da notes o noy,  
2 An dan he played da notes o joy.
- 19A.13**  
1 An dan he played da g'od gabber reel,  
2 Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.
- 19A.14**  
1 'Noo tell to us what ye will hae:  
2 What sall we gie you for your play?'
- 19A.15**  
1 'What I will hae I will you tell,  
2 An dat's me Lady Isabel.'
- 19A.16**  
1 'Yees tak your lady, an yees gaeng hame,  
2 An yees be king ower a' your ain.'
- 19A.17**  
1 He's taen his lady, an he's gaen hame,  
2 An noo he's king ower a' his ain.
- 20A.1**  
1 ' . . . . '
- 20A.1**  
1 AND there she's leand her back to a thorn,
- 20A.1r**  
1 Oh and alleladay, oh and alleladay
- 20A.1**  
2 And there she has her baby born.
- 20A.1r**  
2 Ten thousand times good night and be wi thee
- 20A.2**  
1 She has houked a grave ayont the sun,  
2 And there she has buried the sweet babe in.
- 20A.3**  
1 And she's gane back to her father's ha,  
2 She's counted the leelest maid o them a'.'  
3 ' . . . . '
- 20A.4**  
1 'O look not sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
2 Gin ye smyle sae, ye'll smyle me dead.'  
3 ' . . . . '
- 20B.1**  
1 SHE sat down below a thorn,
- 20B.1r**  
1 Fine flowers in the valley
- 20B.1**  
2 And there she has her sweet babe born.
- 20B.1r**  
2 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 smile me dead.'
- 20B.3**  
1 She's taen out her little pen-knife,  
2 And twinnd 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.
- 20B.5**  
1 As she was going to the church,  
2 She saw a sweet babe in the porch.
- 20B.6**  
1 'O sweet babe, and thou were mine,  
2 I wad cleed thee in the silk so fine.'
- 20B.7**  
1 'O mother dear, when I was thine,  
2 You did na prove to me sae kind.'  
3 ' . . . . '
- 20C.1**  
1 SHE leaned her back unto a thorn,
- 20C.1r**  
1 Three, three, and three by three
- 20C.1**  
2 And there she has her two babes born.
- 20C.1r**  
2 Three, three, and thirty-three
- 20C.2**  
1 She took frae 'bout her ribbon-belt,  
2 And there she bound them hand and foot.
- 20C.3**  
1 She has taen out her wee pen-knife,  
2 And there she ended baith their life.
- 20C.4**  
1 She has howked a hole baith deep and wide,  
2 She has put them in baith side by side.
- 20C.5**  
1 She has covered them oer wi a marble stane,  
2 Thinking she would gang maiden hame.
- 20C.6**  
1 As she was walking by her father's castle wa,  
2 She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ba.
- 20C.7**  
1 'O bonnie babes, gin ye were mine,  
2 I would dress you up in satin fine.'
- 20C.8**  
1 'O I would dress you in the silk,  
2 And wash you ay in morning milk.'
- 20C.9**  
1 'O cruel mother, we were thine,  
2 And thou made us to wear the twine.'
- 20C.10**  
1 'O cursed mother, heaven's high,  
2 And that's where thou will neer win nigh.'
- 20C.11**  
1 'O cursed mother, hell is deep,  
2 And there thou'll enter step by step.'
- 20D.1**  
1 THERE lies a lady in London,
- 20D.1r**  
1 All alone and alone ee
- 20D.1**  
2 She's gane wi bairn to the clerk's son.
- 20D.1r**  
2 Down by the green wood sae bonnie
- 20D.2**  
1 She's taen her mantle her about,  
2 She's gane aff to the gude green wood.
- 20D.3**  
1 She's set her back untill an oak,  
2 First it bowed and then it broke.
- 20D.4**  
1 She's set her back untill a tree,  
2 Bonny were the twa boys she did bear.
- 20D.5**  
1 But she took out a little pen-knife,  
2 And she parted them and their sweet life.
- 20D.6**  
1 She's aff untill her father's ha;  
2 She was the lealest maiden that was amang them a'.
- 20D.7**  
1 As she lookit oore the castle wa,  
2 She spied twa bonnie boys playing at the ba.
- 20D.8**  
1 'O if these two babes were mine,  
2 They should wear the silk and the sabelline!'
- 20D.9**  
1 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
2 We neither wore the silks nor the sabelline.'
- 20D.10**  
1 'But out ye took a little pen-knife,  
2 And ye parted us and our sweet life.'
- 20D.11**  
1 'But now we're in the heavens hie,  
2 And ye've the pains o hell to drie.'

- 20E.1**  
1 THERE was a lady, she lived in Lurk,  
**20E.1r**  
1 Sing hey alone and alonie O
- 20E.1**  
2 She fell in love with her father's clerk.  
**20E.1r**  
2 Down by yon greenwood sidie O
- 20E.2**  
1 She loved him seven years and a day,  
2 Till her big belly did her betray.
- 20E.3**  
1 She leaned her back unto a tree,  
2 And there began her sad misery.
- 20E.4**  
1 She set her foot unto a thorn,  
2 And there she got her two babes born.
- 20E.5**  
1 She took out her wee pen-knife,  
2 She twind them both of their sweet life.
- 20E.6**  
1 She took the sattins was on her head,  
2 She rolled them in both when they were dead.
- 20E.7**  
1 She howkit a grave forenent the sun,  
2 And there she buried her twa babes in.
- 20E.8**  
1 As she was walking thro her father's ha,  
2 She spied twa boys playing at the ba.
- 20E.9**  
1 'O pretty boys, if ye were mine,  
2 I would dress ye both in the silks so fine.'
- 20E.10**  
1 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
2 Thou neer dressed us in the silks so fine.
- 20E.11**  
1 'For thou was a lady, thou livd in Lurk,  
2 And thou fell in love with thy father's clerk.
- 20E.12**  
1 'Thou loved him seven years and a day,  
2 Till thy big belly did thee betray.
- 20E.13**  
1 'Thou leaned thy back unto a tree,  
2 And there began thy sad misery.
- 20E.14**  
1 'Thou set thy foot unto a thorn,  
2 And there thou got thy two babes born.
- 20E.15**  
1 'Thou took out thy wee pen-knife,  
2 And twind us both of our sweet life.
- 20E.16**  
1 'Thou took the sattins was on thy head,  
2 Thou rolled us both in when we were dead.
- 20E.17**  
1 'Thou howkit a grave forenent the sun,  
2 And there thou buried thy twa babes in.
- 20E.18**  
1 'But now we're both in [the] heavens hie,  
2 There is pardon for us, but none for thee.'
- 20E.19**  
1 'My pretty boys, beg pardon for me!'  
2 'There is pardon for us, but none for thee.'
- 20F.1**  
1 IT fell ance upon a day,  
**20F.1r**  
1 Edinburgh, Edinburgh
- 20F.1**  
2 It fell ance upon a day,  
**20F.1r**  
2 Stirling for aye
- 20F.1**  
3 It fell ance upon a day  
4 The clerk and lady went to play.
- 20F.1r**  
3 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay
- 20F.2**  
1 'If my baby be a son,  
2 I'll make him a lord of high renown.'
- 20F.3**  
1 She's leand her back to the wa,  
2 Prayd that her pains might fa.
- 20F.4**  
1 She's leand her back to the thorn,  
2 There was her baby born.
- 20F.5**  
1 'O bonny baby, if ye suck sair,  
2 You'll never suck by my side mair.'
- 20F.6**  
1 She's riven the muslin frae her head,  
2 Tied the baby hand and feet.
- 20F.7**  
1 Out she took her little pen-knife,  
2 Twind the young thing o its sweet life.
- 20F.8**  
1 She's howked a hole anent the meen,  
2 There laid her sweet baby in.
- 20F.9**  
1 She had her to her father's ha,  
2 She was the meekest maid amang them a'.
- 20F.10**  
1 It fell ance upon a day,  
2 She saw twa babies at their play.
- 20F.11**  
1 'O bonny babies, gin ye were mine,  
2 I'd cleathe you in the silks sae fine.'
- 20F.12**  
1 'O wild mother, when we were thine,  
2 You cleathd us not in silks so fine.
- 20F.13**  
1 'But now we're in the heavens high,  
2 And you've the pains o hell to try.'
- 20F.14**  
1 She threw hersell oer the castle-wa,  
2 There I wat she got a fa.
- 20G.1**  
1 THERE was a lady lived on [a] lea,  
**20G.1r**  
1 All alone, alone O
- 20G.1**  
2 Down by the greenwood side went she.  
**20G.1r**  
2 Down the greenwood side O
- 20G.2**  
1 She set her foot all on a thorn,  
2 There she had two babies born.
- 20G.3**  
1 O she had nothing to lap them in,  
2 But a white appurn, and that was thin.
- 20H.1**  
1 THERE was a lady brisk and smart,  
**20H.1r**  
1 All in a lone and a lonie O
- 20H.1**  
2 And she goes with child to her father's clerk.  
**20H.1r**  
2 Down by the greenwood sidie O
- 20H.2**  
1 Big, big oh she went away,  
2 And then she set her foot to a tree.
- 20H.3**  
1 Big she set her foot to a stone,  
2 Till her three bonnie babes were borne.
- 20H.4**  
1 She took the ribbons off her head,  
2 She tied the little babes hand and feet.
- 20H.5**  
1 She howkit a hole before the sun,  
2 She's laid these three bonnie babes in.
- 20H.6**  
1 She covered them over with marble stone,  
2 For dukes and lords to walk upon.
- 20H.7**  
1 She lookit over her father's castle wa,  
2 She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba.
- 20H.8**  
1 The first o them was clad in red,  
2 To shew the innocence of their blood.
- 20H.9**  
1 The neist o them was clad in green,  
2 To shew that death they had been in.
- 20H.10**  
1 The next was naked to the skin,  
2 To shew they were murderd when they were born,
- 20H.11**  
1 'O bonnie babes, an ye were mine,  
2 I wad dress you in the satins so fine.'
- 20H.12**  
1 'O mother dear, when we were thine,  
2 Thou did not use us half so kind.'
- 20H.13**  
1 'O bonnie babes, an ye be mine,  
2 Whare hae ye been a' this time?'
- 20H.14**  
1 'We were at our father's house,  
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'
- 20H.15**  
1 'Whaten a place hae ye prepar'd for me?'  
2 'Heaven's for us, but hell's for thee.'
- 20H.16**  
1 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;  
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.
- 20H.17**  
1 'O mother dear, but hell is deep;  
2 'Twill cause thee bitterlie to weep.'
- 20I.1**  
1 THE minister's daughter of New York,  
**20I.1r**  
1 Hey wi the rose and the lindie, O
- 20I.1**  
2 Has faen in love wi her father's clerk.  
**20I.1r**  
2 Alone by the green burn sidie, O
- 20I.2**  
1 She courted him six years and a day,  
2 At length her belly did her betray.
- 20I.3**  
1 She did her down to the greenwood gang,  
2 To spend awa a while o her time.
- 20I.4**  
1 She lent her back unto a thorn,  
2 And she's got her twa bonny boys born.
- 20I.5**  
1 She's taen the ribbons frae her hair,  
2 Bound their bodyes fast and sair.
- 20I.6**  
1 She's put them aneath a marble stane,  
2 Thinking a maiden to gae hame.
- 20I.7**  
1 Looking oer her castle wa,  
2 She spied her bonny boys at the ba.
- 20I.8**  
1 'O bonny babies, if ye were mine,  
2 I woud feed you with the white bread and wine.
- 20I.9**  
1 'I woud feed you wi the ferra cow's milk,  
2 And dress you in the finest silk.'
- 20I.10**  
1 'O cruel mother, when we were thine,  
2 We saw none of your bread and wine.
- 20I.11**  
1 'We saw none of your ferra cow's milk,  
2 Nor wore we of your finest silk.'
- 20I.12**  
1 'O bonny babies, can ye tell me,  
2 What sort of death for you I must die?'
- 20I.13**  
1 'Yes, cruel mother, we'll tell to thee,  
2 What sort of death for us you must die.
- 20I.14**  
1 'Seven years a fowl in the woods,  
2 Seven years a fish in the floods.
- 20I.15**  
1 'Seven years to be a church bell,  
2 Seven years a porter in hell.'
- 20I.16**  
1 'Welcome, welcome, fowl in the wood<s>],  
2 Welcome, welcome, fish in the flood<s>].
- 20I.17**  
1 'Welcome, welcome, to be a church bell,  
2 But heavens keep me out of hell.'
- 20J.1**  
1 SHE leant her back against a thorn,  
**20J.1r**  
1 Hey for the Rose o' Malindie O
- 20J.1**  
2 And there she has twa bonnie babes born.  
**20J.1r**  
2 Adoon by the green wood sidie O
- 20J.2**  
1 She's taen the ribbon frae her head,  
2 An hankit their necks till they waur dead.
- 20J.3**  
1 She luikit outowre her castle wa,  
2 An saw twa nakit boys, playin at the ba.
- 20J.4**  
1 'O bonnie boys, waur ye but mine,  
2 I wald feed ye wi flour-bread an wine.'





- 20[O.21]**  
1 'O mother, mother, for your sin  
2 Heaven-gate you shall not enter in.
- 20[O.22]**  
1 'O mother, mother, for your sin  
2 Hell-gates stands open to let you in.'
- 20[O.23]**  
1 The lady's cheeks lookd pale and wan,  
2 'Alas I,' said she, 'what have I done!'
- 20[O.24]**  
1 She tore her silken locks of hair,  
2 And dy'd away in sad despair.
- 20[O.25]**  
1 Young ladies all, of beauty bright,  
2 Take warning by her last good-night.
- 20[Q.1]**  
1 There was a lady, a lady of York,
- 20[Q.1r]**  
1 Ri fol i diddle i gee wo
- 20[Q.1]**  
1 She fell a-courting in her own father's park.
- 20[Q.1r]**  
1 Down by the greenwood side, O
- 20[Q.2]**  
1 She leaned her back against the stile,  
2 There she had two pretty babes born.
- 20[Q.3]**  
1 And she had nothing to lap 'em in,  
2 But she had a penknife sharp and keen.
- 20[Q.4]**  
1 . . . . .  
2 There she stabbed them right through the heart.
- 20[Q.5]**  
1 She wiped the penknife in the sludge;  
2 The more she wiped it, the more the blood showed.
- 20[Q.6]**  
1 As she was walking in her own father's park,  
2 She saw two pretty babes playing with a ball.
- 20[Q.7]**  
1 'Pretty babes, pretty babes, if you were mine,  
2 I'd dress you up in silks so fine.'
- 20[Q.8]**  
1 'Dear mother, dear mother, [when we were thine,]  
2 You dressed us not in silks so fine.
- 20[Q.9]**  
1 'Here we go to the heavens so high,  
2 You'll go to bad when you do die.'
- 21A.1**  
1 THE maid shee went to the well to washe,
- 21A.1r**  
1 Lillumwham, lillumwham!
- 21A.1**  
2 The mayd shee went to the well to washe,
- 21A.1r**  
2 Whatt then? what then?
- 21A.1**  
3 The maid shee went to the well to washe,  
4 Dew fell of her lilly white fleshe.
- 21A.1r**  
3 Grandam boy, grandam boy, heye!  
4 Leg a derry, leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!  
5 Driuanee, larumben, grandam boy, heye!
- 21A.2**  
1 While shee washte and while shee ronge,  
2 While shee handg o the hazle wand.
- 21A.3**  
1 There came an old palmer by the way,  
2 Sais, 'God speed thee well, thou faire maid!'
- 21A.4**  
1 'Hast either cupp or can,  
2 To giue an old palmer drinke therin?'
- 21A.5**  
1 Sayes, 'I have neither cupp nor cann,  
2 To giue an old palmer drinke therin.'
- 21A.6**  
1 'But an thy lemman came from Roome,  
2 Cupps and canns thou wold ffind soone.'
- 21A.7**  
1 She sware by God & good St. John,  
2 Lemman had shee neuer none.
- 21A.8**  
1 Sais, 'Peace, ffaire mayd, you are fforsworne!  
2 Nine children you haue borne.
- 21A.9**  
1 'Three were buryed vnder thy bed's head,  
2 Other three vnder thy brewing leade.
- 21A.10**  
1 'Other three on yon play greene;  
2 Count, maid, and there be 9.'
- 21A.11**  
1 'But I hope you are the good old man  
2 That all the world beleuees vpon.
- 21A.12**  
1 'Old palmer, I pray thee,  
2 Pennaunce *that* thou wilt giue to me.'
- 21A.13**  
1 'Penance I can giue thee none,  
2 But 7 yeere to be a stepping-stone.
- 21A.14**  
1 'Other seaven a clapper in a bell,  
2 Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.
- 21A.15**  
1 'When thou hast thy penance done,  
2 Then thoust come a mayden home.'
- 21B.1**  
1 'SEVEN years ye shall be a stone,
- 21B.1r**  
1 . . . . .
- 21B.1**  
2 For many a poor palmer to rest him upon.
- 21B.1r**  
2 And you the fair maiden of Gowden-gane
- 21B.2**  
1 'Seven years ye'll be porter of hell,  
2 And then I'll take you to mysell.'  
3 . . . . .
- 21B.3**  
1 'Weel may I be a' the other three,  
2 But porter of hell I never will be.'
- 21B.3r**  
2 And I, etc.
- 22.1**  
1 SEYNT Steuene was a clerk in kyng Herowdes halle,  
2 And seruyd him of bred *and* cloþ, as euery kyn g befalle.
- 22.2**  
1 Steuyn out of kechone *cam*, wyth boris hed on honde;  
2 He saw a sterre was fayr *and* bryzt ouer Bedlem stonde.
- 22.3**  
1 He kyst adoun þe boris hed *and* went in to þe halle:  
2 'I forsak þe, kyng Herowdes, *and* þi werkes alle.
- 22.4**  
1 'I forsak þe, kyng Herowdes, *and* þi werkes alle;  
2 þer is a chyld in Bedlem born is beten þan we alle.'
- 22.5**  
1 'Quat eylyt þe, Steuene? *quat* is þe befalle?  
2 Lakkyt þe eyþer mete or drynk in kyng Herowdes halle!'
- 22.6**  
3 'Lakit me neyþer mete ne drynk in kyng Herowdes halle;  
4 þer is a chyld in Bedlem born is beten þan we alle.'
- 22.7**  
1 Quat eylyt þe, Steuyn? art þu wod, or þu gynnyst to brede?  
2 Lakkyt þe eyþer gold or fe, or ony ryche wede?'
- 22.8**  
1 'Lakyt me neyþer gold ne fe, ne non ryche wede;  
2 þer is a chyld in Bedlem born xal helpyn vs at our nede.'
- 22.9**  
1 'þat is al so soþ, Steuyn, al so soþ, iwys,  
2 As þis capoun crowe xal þat lyp here in myn dysh.'
- 22.10**  
1 þat word was not so sone seyð, þat word in þat halle,  
2 þe capoun crew *Cristus natus est!* among þe lordes alle.
- 22.11**  
1 Rysyt vp, myn turmentowres, be to *and* al be on,  
2 *And* ledyt Steuyn out of þis town, *and* stonyt hym wyth ston!'
- 22.12**  
1 Tokyn he Steuene, *and* stonyd hym in the way,  
2 *And* þerfore is his euyñ on Crystes owyn day.
- 23.1**  
1 HIT wes upon a Scere-thorsday that ure loverd aros;  
2 Ful milde were the wordes he spec to Judas.
- 23.2**  
1 'Judas, thou most to Jurselem, oure mete for to bugge;  
2 Thritti platen of selver thou bere up othi rugge.
- 23.3**  
1 'Thou comest fer ithe brode stret, fer ithe brode strete;  
2 Summe of thine tunesmen ther thou meiht imete.'
- 23.4**  
1 . . . . .  
2 Immette wid is soster, the swikele wimon.
- 23.5**  
1 'Judas, thou were wrthe me stende the wid ston,  
2 For the false prophete that tou bilevest upon.'
- 23.6**  
1 'Be stille, leve soster, thin herte the tobreke!  
2 Wiste min loverd Crist, ful wel he wolde be wreke.'
- 23.7**  
1 'Judas, go thou on the roc, heie upon the ston;  
2 Lei thin heved imy barm, slep thou the anon.'
- 23.8**  
1 Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,  
2 Thritti platen of selver from hym weren itake.
- 23.9**  
1 He drou hymselfe bi the cop, that al it lavede a blode;  
2 The Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were wode.
- 23.10**  
1 Foret hym com the riche Jeu that heihte Pilatus:  
2 'Wolte sulle thi loverd, that hette Jesus?'
- 23.11**  
1 'I nul sulle my loverd [for] nones cunnes eithe,  
2 Bote hit be for the thritti platen that he me bitaihte.'
- 23.12**  
1 'Wolte sulle thi lord Crist for enes cunnes golde?'  
2 'Nay, bote hit be for the platen that he habben wolde.'
- 23.13**  
1 In him com ur lord Crist gon, as is postles seten at mete:  
2 'Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?'
- 23.14**  
1 ['Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?]  
2 Ic am ibouht ant isold today for oure mete.'
- 23.15**  
1 Up stod him Judas: 'Lord, am I that . . . ?  
2 'I has never othe stude ther me the evel spec.'
- 23.16**  
1 Up him stod Peter, and spec wid al is mihte,  
2 . . . . .
- 23.17**  
1 'Thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnihtes,  
2 Yet ic wolde, loverd, for thi love fihte.'
- 23.18**  
1 'Still thou be, Peter, wel I the icnowe;  
2 Thou wolt fursake me thrien ar the coc him crowe.'
- 24A.1**  
1 THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,  
2 He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.
- 24A.2**  
1 O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie!  
2 A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.
- 24A.3**  
1 There cam a ship's captain out owre the sea sailing,  
2 He courted this young thing till he got her wi bairn.



- 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 'O JOHNNIE, dear Johnnie, what makes ye sae  
 sad?'
- 25D.1r**  
 1 As the sun shines ower the valley
- 25D.1**  
 2 'I think nae music will mak ye glad.'
- 25D.1r**  
 2 Among the blue flowers and the yellow
- 25[E.1]**  
 1 'If my love loves me, she lets me not know,  
 2 That is a dowie chance;  
 3 I wish that I the same could do,  
 4 Tho my love were in France, France,  
 5 Tho my love were in France.
- 25[E.2]**  
 1 'O lang think I, and very lang,  
 2 And lang think I, I true;  
 3 But lang and langer will I think  
 4 Or my love o me rue.
- 25[E.3]**  
 1 'I will write a broad letter,  
 2 And write it sae perfite,  
 3 That an she winna o me rue,  
 4 I'll bid her come to my lyke.'
- 25[E.4]**  
 1 Then he has written a broad letter,  
 2 And seald it wi his hand,  
 3 And sent it on to his true love,  
 4 As fast as boy could gang.
- 25[E.5]**  
 1 When she looked the letter upon,  
 2 A light laugh then gae she;  
 3 But ere she read it to an end,  
 4 The tear blinded her ee.
- 25[E.6]**  
 1 'O saddle to me a steed, father,  
 2 O saddle to me a steed;  
 3 For word is come to me this night,  
 4 That my true love is dead.'
- 25[E.7]**  
 1 'The steeds are in the stable, daughter,  
 2 The keys are casten by;  
 3 Ye cannot won to-night, daughter,  
 4 To-morrow ye'se won away.'
- 25[E.8]**  
 1 She has cut aff her yellow locks,  
 2 A little aboon her ee,  
 3 And she is on to Willie's lyke,  
 4 As fast as gang could she.
- 25[E.9]**  
 1 As she gaed ower yon high hill head,  
 2 She saw a dowie light;  
 3 It was the candles at Willie's lyke,  
 4 And torches burning bright.
- 25[E.10]**  
 1 Three o Willie's eldest brothers  
 2 Were making for him a bier;  
 3 One half o it was gude red gowd,  
 4 The other siller clear.
- 25[E.11]**  
 1 Three o Willie's eldest sisters  
 2 Were making for him a sark;  
 3 The one half o it was cambric fine,  
 4 The other needle wark.
- 25[E.12]**  
 1 Out spake the youngest o his sisters,  
 2 As she stood on the flear:  
 3 How happy would our brother been,  
 4 If ye'd been sooner here!
- 25[E.13]**  
 1 She lifted up the green covering,  
 2 And gae him kisses three;  
 3 Then he lookd up into her face,  
 4 The blythe blink in his ee.
- 25[E.14]**  
 1 O then he started to his feet,  
 2 And thus to her said he:  
 3 Fair Annie, since we're met again,  
 4 Parted nae mair we'se be.
- 26.1**  
 1 THERE were three rauens sat on a tree,
- 26.1r**  
 1 Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe
- 26.1**  
 2 There were three rauens sat on a tree,
- 26.1r**  
 2 With a downe
- 26.1**  
 3 There were three rauens sat on a tree,  
 4 They were as blacke as they might be.
- 26.1r**  
 3 With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe,  
 downe
- 26.2**  
 1 The one of them said to his mate,  
 2 'Where shall we our breakefast take?'
- 26.3**  
 1 'Downe in yonder greene field,  
 2 There lies a knight slain vnder his shield.
- 26.4**  
 1 'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,  
 2 So well they can their master keepe.
- 26.5**  
 1 'His haukes they flie so eagerly,  
 2 There's no fowle dare him come nie.'
- 26.6**  
 1 Downe there comes a fallow doe,  
 2 As great with yong as she might goe.
- 26.7**  
 1 She lift vp his bloody hed,  
 2 And kist his wounds that were so red.
- 26.8**  
 1 She got him vp vpon her backe,  
 2 And carried him to earthen lake.
- 26.9**  
 1 She buried him before the prime,  
 2 She was dead herselfe ere euen-song time.
- 26.10**  
 1 God send euery gentleman,  
 2 Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.
- 27.1**  
 1 SEVEN lang years I hae served the king,
- 27.1r**  
 1 Fa fa fa fa lilly
- 27.1**  
 2 And I never got a sight of his daughter but ane.
- 27.1r**  
 2 With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,  
 3 Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally
- 27.2**  
 1 I saw her thro a whummil bore,  
 2 And I neer got a sight of her no more.
- 27.3**  
 1 Twa was putting on her gown,  
 2 And ten was putting pins therein.
- 27.4**  
 1 Twa was putting on her shoon,  
 2 And twa was buckling them again.
- 27.5**  
 1 Five was combing down her hair,  
 2 And I never got a sight of her nae mair.
- 27.6**  
 1 Her neck and breast was like the snow,  
 2 Then from the bore I was forced to go.
- 28.1**  
 1 BURD ELLEN sits in her bower windowe,
- 28.1r**  
 1 With a double laddy double, and for the double  
 dow
- 28.1**  
 2 Twisting the red silk and the blue.
- 28.1r**  
 2 With the double rose and the May-hay
- 28.2**  
 1 And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twan,  
 2 And whiles the tears fell down amang.
- 28.3**  
 1 Till once there by cam Young Tamlane:  
 2 'Come light, oh light, and rock your young son  
 .'
- 28.4**  
 1 'If you winna rock him, you may let him rair,  
 2 For I hae rockit my share and mair.'  
 3 '' '' '' ''
- 28.5**  
 1 Young Tamlane to the seas he's gane,  
 2 And a' women's curse in his company's gane.
- 29.1**  
 1 IN the third day of May  
 2 to Carleile did come  
 3 A kind curtesie child,  
 4 that cold much of wisdome.
- 29.2**  
 1 A kirtle and a mantle  
 2 this child had vppon,  
 3 With brauches and ringes  
 4 full richelye bedone.
- 29.3**  
 1 He had a sute of silke,  
 2 about his middle drawne;  
 3 Without he cold of curtesye,  
 4 he thought itt much shame.
- 29.4**  
 1 'God speed thee, King Arthur,  
 2 sitting att thy meate!  
 3 And the goodly Queene Gueneuer!  
 4 I cannott her fforgett.
- 29.5**  
 1 'I tell you lords in this hall,  
 2 I hett you all heede,  
 3 Except you be the more surer,  
 4 is you for to dread.'
- 29.6**  
 1 He plucked out of his potewer,  
 2 and longer wold not dwell,  
 3 He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
 4 betweene two nut-shells.
- 29.7**  
 1 'Haue thou here, King Arthure,  
 2 haue thou heere of mee;  
 3 Giue itt to thy comely queene,  
 4 shapen as itt is alreadye.
- 29.8**  
 1 'Itt shall neuer become *that* wiffe  
 2 *that* hath once done amisse.'  
 3 Then euery knight in the kings court  
 4 began to care for his.
- 29.9**  
 1 Forth came dame Gueneuer,  
 2 to the mantle shee her bed;  
 3 The ladye shee was new-fangle,  
 4 but yett shee was affrayd.
- 29.10**  
 1 When shee had taken the mantle,  
 2 shee stooode as she had beene madd;  
 3 It was from the top to the toe  
 4 as sheeres had itt shread.
- 29.11**  
 1 One while was itt gaule,  
 2 another while was itt greene;  
 3 another while was itt wadded;  
 4 ill itt did her beseeame.
- 29.12**  
 1 Another while was it blacke,  
 2 and bore the worst hue;  
 3 'By my troth,' *quoth* King Arthur,  
 4 'I thinke thou be not true.'
- 29.13**  
 1 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
 2 *that* bright was of blee,  
 3 Fast with a rudd redd  
 4 to her chamber can shee flee.
- 29.14**  
 1 Shee curst the weauer and the walker  
 2 that clothe *that* had wrought,  
 3 And bade a vengeance on his crowne  
 4 *that* hither hath itt brought.

- 29.15**  
 1 'I had rather be in a wood,  
 2 vnder a greene tree,  
 3 Then in *King* Arthurs court  
 4 shamed for to bee.'
- 29.16**  
 1 Kay called forth his ladye,  
 2 and bade her come neere;  
 3 Saies, 'Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
 4 I pray thee hold thee there.'
- 29.17**  
 1 Forth came his ladye  
 2 shortlye and anon,  
 3 Boldlye to the mantle  
 4 then is shee gone.
- 29.18**  
 1 When shee had tane the mantle,  
 2 and cast it her about,  
 3 Then was shee bare  
 4 all about the buttockes.
- 29.19**  
 1 Then euery knight  
 2 *that* was in the kings court  
 3 Talked, laughed, and showted,  
 4 full oft att *that* sport.
- 29.20**  
 1 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
 2 *that* bright was of blee,  
 3 Ffast with a red rudd  
 4 to her chamber can shee flee.
- 29.21**  
 1 Forth came an old *knight*,  
 2 pattering ore a creede,  
 3 And he *proffered* to this little boy  
 4 twenty markes to his meede,
- 29.22**  
 1 And all the time of the Christmasse  
 2 willinglye to feede;  
 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 euery *knight* in the *kings* court  
 6 bade euill might shee speed.
- 29.24**  
 1 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
 2 *that* bright was of blee,  
 3 And fast with a redd rudd  
 4 to her chamber can shee flee.
- 29.25**  
 1 Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
 2 and bade her come in;  
 3 Saith, 'Winne this mantle, ladye,  
 4 with a litle dinne.'
- 29.26**  
 1 'Winne this mantle, ladye,  
 2 and it shalbe thine  
 3 If thou neuer did amisse  
 4 since thou wast mine.'
- 29.27**  
 1 Forth came Craddockes 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 itt her about,  
 3 Vpp att her great toe  
 4 itt began to crinkle and crowt;  
 5 Shee said, 'Bowe downe, mantle,  
 6 and shame me not for nought.'
- 29.29**  
 1 'Once I did amisse,  
 2 I tell you certainlye,  
 3 When I kist Craddockes mouth  
 4 vnder a greene tree,  
 5 When I kist Craddockes mouth  
 6 before he married mee.'
- 29.30**  
 1 When shee had her shreueu,  
 2 and her sines shee had tolde,  
 3 The mantle stooode about her  
 4 right as shee wold;
- 29.31**  
 1 Seemelye of coulour,  
 2 glittering like gold;  
 3 Then euery *knight* in Arthurs court  
 4 did her behold.
- 29.32**  
 1 Then spake dame Gueneuer  
 2 to Arthur our king:  
 3 'Shee 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 haue seene tane out of her bedd  
 4 of men fueteene;
- 29.34**  
 1 'Preists, clarkes, and wedded men,  
 2 from her by-deene;  
 3 Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
 4 and maketh her-selfe cleane!'
- 29.35**  
 1 Then spake the litle boy  
 2 *that* kept the mantle in hold;  
 3 Sayes '*King*, chasten 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 cuchold.'
- 29.37**  
 1 The litle boy stooode  
 2 looking ouer a dore;  
 3 He was ware of a wyld bore,  
 4 wold haue werryed a man.
- 29.38**  
 1 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,  
 2 fast thither *that* he ran;  
 3 He brought in the bores head,  
 4 and quitted him like a man.
- 29.39**  
 1 He brought in the bores head,  
 2 and was wonderous bold;  
 3 He said there was neuer a cucholds kniffe  
 4 carue itt that cold.
- 29.40**  
 1 Some rubbed their kniues  
 2 vppon a whetstone;  
 3 Some threw them vnder the table,  
 4 and said they had none.
- 29.41**  
 1 *King* Arthur and the child  
 2 stood looking them vpon;  
 3 All their kniues edges  
 4 turned backe againe.
- 29.42**  
 1 Craddocke had a litle 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 litle boy had a horne,  
 2 of red gold *that* ronge;  
 3 He said, 'There was noe cuckolde  
 4 shall drinke of my horne,  
 5 But he shold itt sheede,  
 6 either behind or beforene.'
- 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 cuckhold,  
 6 euery man might him see.
- 29.45**  
 1 Craddocke wan the horne  
 2 and the bores head;  
 3 His ladye wan the mantle  
 4 vnto her meede;  
 5 Euerye such a louely ladye,  
 6 God send her well to speede!
- 30.1**  
 1 ' . . . .  
 2 [SAIES, 'Come here, cuzen Gawaine so gay,]  
 3 My sisters sonne be ye;
- 30.1**  
 3 Ffor 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,'  
 shee said,  
 2 'Lowe downe 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 Litle 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 neuer gett more of me.'
- 30.6**  
 1 Then bespake him noble *King* Arthur,  
 2 These were the words said hee:  
 3 'Ile make mine avow to God,  
 4 And alsoe to the Trinity,
- 30.7**  
 1 'Ile never sleepe one night there as I doe  
 another,  
 2 Till *that* round table I see:  
 3 *Sir* Marramiles and *Sir* Tristeram,  
 4 Fellowes *that* ye shall bee.'
- 30.8**  
 1 . . . .  
 2 . . . .  
 3 'Weele be clad in palmers weede,  
 4 Fiue palmers we will bee;
- 30.9**  
 1 'There is noe outlandish man will vs abide,  
 2 Nor will vs come nye.'  
 3 Then they riuied east and thè riuied west,  
 4 In many a strange country.
- 30.10**  
 1 Then they tranckled a litle further,  
 2 They saw a battle new sett:  
 3 'Now, by my faith,' saies noble *King* Arthur,  
 4 . . . . well .  
 5 . . . .
- 30.11**  
 1 But when he cam to this . . . .  
 2 And to the palace gate,  
 3 Soe 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* Arthur,  
 4 'Yonder is a minion swaine.'
- 30.13**  
 1 Then bespake noble *King* Arthur,  
 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 to thee;  
 3 Tell who may be lord of this castle,' hee sayes,  
 4 'Or who is lord in this cuntry?'
- 30.15**  
 1 'Cornewall *King*,' the porter sayes,  
 2 'There is none soe rich as hee;  
 3 Neither in christendome, nor yet in heathennest,  
 4 None hath soe much gold as he.'
- 30.16**  
 1 And then bespake him noble *King* Arthur,  
 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, Cornewall *King*,  
 6 And greete him well from me.'

## 30.17

1 'Pray him for one nights lodging and two  
meales meate,  
2 For his love that dyed vpon a tree;  
3 Of one ghesting and two meales meate,  
4 For his loue that dyed vpon a tree.

## 30.18

1 'Of one ghesting, of two meales meate,  
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 Cornwall *King*,  
4 He kneeled downe 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 Cornwall  
*King*  
4 These palmers had beene in Brittainne.

## 30.22

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

## 30.23

1 And then bespake him noble *King* Arthur,  
2 These were the words said hee:  
3 'I doe not know that comly *king*,  
4 But once my selfe I did him see,'  
5 Then bespake Cornwall *King* againe,  
6 These were the words said hee:

## 30.24

1 Sayes, 'Seuen yeere I was clad and fed,  
2 In Litle Brittainne, in a bower;  
3 I had a daughter by *King* Arthurs wife,  
4 *That* now is called my flower;  
5 For *King* Arthur, that kindly cockward,  
6 Hath none such in his bower.

## 30.25

1 'For I durst swears, 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 haue sight.'  
5 'Now, by my faith,' sayes noble *King* Arthur,  
6 'And that's a full faire wight!'

## 30.26

1 And then bespake Cornwall [*King*] againe,  
2 And these were the words he said:  
3 'Come hither, fwe or three of my knights,  
4 And feitch me downe my steed;  
5 *King* Arthur, that foule cockeward,  
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 iourney?

## 30.28

1 'For the eyes that beene in his head,  
2 Thē glister as doth the gleeed.'  
3 'Now, by my faith,' says noble *King* Arthur,  
4 '*That* is a well faire steed.'  
5 ' . . . . .'

## 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 greeiued man was hee;  
3 And soe were all his fellowes with him,  
4 From him thē thought neuer to flee.

## 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 their talke and their comunye;

## 30.32

1 *That* 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 avow to God,  
4 And alsoe to the Trinity,  
5 That Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,  
6 Litle Brittainne or euer I see!'

## 30.34

1 'It is an vnaduised vow,' saies Gawaine the  
gay,  
2 'As ever *king* hard make I;  
3 But wee *that* beene five christian men,  
4 Of the christen faith are wee,  
5 And we shall fight against anyoynted *king*  
6 And all his armorie.'

## 30.35

1 And then bespake him noble Arthur,  
2 And these were the words said hee:  
3 'Why, if thou be afraid, *Sir* Gawaine the gay,  
4 Goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne  
country.'

## 30.36

1 And then bespake *Sir* Gawaine the gay,  
2 And these were the words said hee:  
3 'Nay, seeing you have made such a hearty vow,  
4 Heere another vow make will I.

## 30.37

1 'Ile make mine avow to God,  
2 And alsoe to the Trinity,  
3 *That* I will haue yonder faire lady  
4 To Litle Brittainne 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 These were the words sayd hee:  
3 'Befor I wold wrestle with yonder feend,  
4 It is better be drowned in the sea.'

## 30.40

1 And then bespake *Sir* Bredbeddle,  
2 And these were the words said hee:  
3 'Why, I will wrestle with yon lodly feend,  
4 God, my gouernor thou wilt bee!'

## 30.41

1 Then bespake him noble Arthur,  
2 And these were the words said hee:  
3 'What weapons wilt thou haue, thou gentle  
knight?  
4 I 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 With seuen heads, and one body.

## 30.44

1 The fyer towards the element flew,  
2 Out of his mouth, where was great plentie;  
3 The knight stooode in the middle and fought,  
4 *That* it was great ioy to see.

## 30.45

1 Till his Collaine brand brake in his hand,  
2 And his Millaine knife burst on his knee,  
3 And then the Danish axe burst in his hand first,  
4 That a sur weapon he thought shold be.

## 30.46

1 But now is the knight left without any weapons,  
2 And alacke! it was the more pittie;  
3 But a surer weapon then he had one,  
4 Had neuer *lord* in Christentye;

## 30.46

5 And all was but one litle booke,  
6 He found it by the side of the sea.

## 30.47

1 He found it at the sea-side,  
2 Wrucked upp in a floode;  
3 Our *Lord* had written it with his hands,  
4 And sealed it with his bloode.  
5 ' . . . . .'

## 30.48

1 'That thou doe not s . . . . .  
2 But ly still in that wall of stone,  
3 Till I haue beene with noble *King* Arthur,  
4 And told him what I haue done.'

## 30.49

1 And when he came to the *kings* chamber,  
2 He cold of his curtesie:  
3 Says, 'Sleepe you, wake you, noble *King*  
*Arthur*?  
4 And euer Iesus waken yee!'

## 30.50

1 'Nay, I am not sleeping, I am waking,'  
2 These were the words said hee;  
3 'Ffor thee I haue card; how hast thou fared?  
4 O gentle knight, let me see.'

## 30.51

1 The knight wrought the *king* his booke,  
2 Bad him behold, reede and see;  
3 And euer he found it on the backside of the  
leaf  
4 As noble Arthur wold wish it to be.

## 30.52

1 And then bespake him *King* Arthur,  
2 'Alas! thow gentle knight, how may this be,  
3 That I might see him in the same licknesse  
4 *That* he stood vnto thee?'

## 30.53

1 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
2 These were the words said hee:  
3 'If youle stand stify in the battell stronge,  
4 For I haue won all the victory.'

## 30.54

1 Then bespake him the *King* againe,  
2 And these were the words said hee:  
3 'If wee stand not stify in this battell strong,  
4 Wee are worthy to be hanged all on a tree.'

## 30.55

1 Then bespake him the Greene Kinght,  
2 These were the words said hee:  
3 Saies, 'I doe coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
4 In the same licknesse thou stood vnto me.'

## 30.56

1 With that start out a lodly feend,  
2 With seuen heads, and one body;  
3 The fier towards the element flaugh,  
4 Out of his mouth, where was great plenty.

## 30.57

1 The knight stood in the middle p . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .  
5 ' . . . . .'

## 30.58

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 . . . they stood the space of an houre,  
4 I know not what they did.

## 30.59

1 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
2 And these were the words said hee:  
3 Saith, 'I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
4 *That* thou feitch downe the steed that we see.'

## 30.60

1 And then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
2 As fast as he cold hie,  
3 And feitch he did *that* faire steed,  
4 And came againe by and by.

## 30.61

1 Then bespake him *Sir* Marramiles,  
2 And these were the words said hee:  
3 'Riding of this steed, brother Bredbeddle,  
4 The mastery belongs to me.'

## 30.62

1 Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,  
2 To ryd him he was full bold;  
3 He cold noe more make him goe  
4 Then a child of three yeere old.

- 30.63**  
 1 He laid vpon him with heele and hand,  
 2 With yard that was soe fell;  
 3 'Helpe! brother Bredbeddle,' says Marramile,  
 4 'For I thinke he be the devill of hell.'
- 30.64**  
 1 'Helpe! brother Bredbeddle,' says Marramile,  
 2 'Helpe! for Christs pittye;  
 3 Ffor without thy help, brother Bredbeddle,  
 4 He will neuer be rydden for me.'
- 30.65**  
 1 Then bespake him *Sir* Bredbeddle,  
 2 These were the words said he:  
 3 'I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beane,  
 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 .....  
 4 .....  
 5 .....
- 30.69**  
 1 .....  
 2 .....  
 3 .....  
 4 A lowd blast he may blow then.
- 30.70**  
 1 And then bespake *Sir* Bredebeddle,  
 2 To the ffeend these words said he:  
 3 Says, 'I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
 4 The powder-box thou feitch me.'
- 30.71**  
 1 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
 2 As fast as he cold hie,  
 3 And feich he did the powder-box,  
 4 And came againe by and by.
- 30.72**  
 1 Then *Sir* Tristeram tooke powder forth of *that*  
 box,  
 2 And blent it with warme sweet milke,  
 3 And there put it vnto that horne,  
 4 And swilled it about in that ilke.
- 30.73**  
 1 Then he tooke the horne in his hand,  
 2 And a lowd blast he blew;  
 3 He rent the horne vp to the midst,  
 4 All his fellowes this thè knew.
- 30.74**  
 1 Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
 2 These were the words said he:  
 3 Saies, 'I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
 4 *That* thou feitch me the sword *that* I see.'
- 30.75**  
 1 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
 2 As fast as he cold hie,  
 3 And feitch he did that faire sword,  
 4 And came againe by and by.
- 30.76**  
 1 Then bespake him *Sir* Bredbeddle,  
 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  
 th<ee,]  
 5 And goe strike off *King* Cornewalls 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 .....
- 30.78**  
 4 .....  
 5 .....
- 31.1**  
 1 KING ARTHUR liues in merry Carleile,  
 2 And seemely is to see,  
 3 And there he hath with him Queene Genever,  
 4 *That* bride soe bright of blee.
- 31.2**  
 1 And there he hath with [him] Queene Genever,  
 2 *That* bride soe bright in bower,  
 3 And all his barons about him stooode,  
 4 *That* were both stiffe and stowre.
- 31.3**  
 1 The *king* kept a royall Christmasse,  
 2 Of mirth and great honor,  
 3 And when .....  
 4 .....  
 5 .....
- 31.4**  
 1 'And bring me word what thing it is  
 2 *That* a woman [will] most desire;  
 3 This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,' he sayes,  
 4 'For Ile haue noe other hier.'
- 31.5**  
 1 *King* Arthur then held vp his hand,  
 2 According thene as was the law;  
 3 He tooke his leaue of the baron there,  
 4 And homward 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 knight;  
 3 'Why sigh you soe sore, vnckle Arthur,' he  
 said,  
 4 'Or who hath done thee vnright?'
- 31.8**  
 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 att all.
- 31.9**  
 1 'Ffor when I came to Tearne Wadling,  
 2 A bold barron there I fand,  
 3 With a great club vpon his backe,  
 4 Standing stiffe and strong.
- 31.10**  
 1 'And he asked me wether I wold fight  
 2 Or from him I shold begone,  
 3 O<r] else I must him a ransome pay,  
 4 And soe depart him from.
- 31.11**  
 1 'To fight with him I saw noe cause;  
 2 Methought it was not meet;  
 3 For he was stiffe and strong with-all,  
 4 His strokes were nothing sweete.
- 31.12**  
 1 'Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,  
 2 I ought to him to pay;  
 3 I must come againe, as I am sworne,  
 4 Vpon the New Yeers day;
- 31.13**  
 1 'And I must bring him word what thing it is  
 2 .....  
 3 .....  
 4 .....  
 5 .....
- 31.14**  
 1 Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde,  
 2 In one soe rich array,  
 3 Toward the fore-said Tearne Wadling,  
 4 *That* he might keepe his day.
- 31.15**  
 1 And as he rode over a more,  
 2 Hee see a lady where shee sate  
 3 Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen;  
 4 She was cladd in red scarlett.
- 31.16**  
 1 Then there as shold haue stood her mouth,  
 2 Then there was sett her eye;  
 3 The other was in her forhead fast,  
 4 The way that she might see.
- 31.17**  
 1 Her nose was crooked and turnd outward,  
 2 Her mouth stood foule a-wry;  
 3 A worse formed lady than shee was,  
 4 Neuer man saw with his eye.
- 31.18**  
 1 To halch vpon him, *King* Arthur,  
 2 This lady was full faire,  
 3 But *King* Arthur had forgott his lesson,  
 4 What he shold say againe.
- 31.19**  
 1 'What knight art thou,' the lady sayd,  
 2 'That will not speak to me?'  
 3 Of me be thou nothing dismayd,  
 4 Tho I be vgly to see.
- 31.20**  
 1 'For I haue halched you curteouslye,  
 2 And you will not me againe;  
 3 Yett I may happen *Sir* Knight,' shee said,  
 4 'To ease thee of thy paine.'
- 31.21**  
 1 'Giue thou ease me, lady,' he said,  
 2 'Or helpe me any thing,  
 3 Thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cozen,  
 4 And marry him with a ring.'
- 31.22**  
 1 'Why, if I help thee not, thou noble *King*  
*Arthur*,  
 2 Of thy owne hearts desiringe,  
 3 Of gentle Gawaine .....  
 4 .....  
 5 .....
- 31.23**  
 1 And when he came to the Tearne Wadling,  
 2 The baron there cold he finde,  
 3 With a great weapon on his backe,  
 4 Standing stiffe and stronge.
- 31.24**  
 1 And then he tooke *King* Arthurs letters in his  
 hands,  
 2 And away he cold them fling,  
 3 And then he puld out a good browne sword,  
 4 And cryd himselfe a *king*.
- 31.25**  
 1 And he sayd, I have thee and thy land, Arthur,  
 2 To doe as it pleaseth me,  
 3 For this is not thy ransome sure,  
 4 Therefore yeeld thee to me.
- 31.26**  
 1 And then bespoke him noble Arthur,  
 2 And bad him hold his hand:  
 3 'And giue me leaue to speake my mind  
 4 In defence of all my land.'
- 31.27**  
 1 He said, As I came over a more,  
 2 I see a lady where shee sate  
 3 Betweene an oke and a green hollen;  
 4 Shee was clad in red scarlett.
- 31.28**  
 1 And shee says a woman will haue her will,  
 2 And this is all her cheef desire:  
 3 Doe me right, as thou art a baron of skill,  
 4 This is thy ransome and all thy hier.
- 31.29**  
 1 He sayes, An early vengeance light on her!  
 2 Shee walkes on yonder more;  
 3 It was my sister that told thee this,  
 4 And shee is a misshappen hore.
- 31.30**  
 1 But heer Ile make mine avow to God  
 2 To doe her an euill turne,  
 3 For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,  
 4 In a fyer I will her burne.  
 5 .....
- 31.31**  
 1 *Sir* Lancelott and *Sir* Steven bold,  
 2 They rode with them that day,  
 3 And the formost of the company  
 4 There rode the steward Kay.
- 31.32**  
 1 Soe did *Sir* Banier and *Sir* Bore,  
 2 *Sir* Garrett with them soe gay,  
 3 Soe did *Sir* Tristeram *that* gentle knight,  
 4 To the forrest fresh and gay.

## 31.33

1 And when he came to the greene forrest,  
2 Vnderneath 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 vpon her swire;  
3 'Whosoeuer kisses this lady,' he sayes,  
4 'Of his kisse he stands in feare.'

## 31.35

1 Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,  
2 And looked vpon her snout;  
3 'Whosoeuer 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 wiffe.'*

## 31.37

1 'What! wedd her to wiffe!' then said Sir Kay,  
2 'In the diuells name anon!  
3 Gett 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 sware thy wold not marry her  
4 For citty nor for towne.

## 31.39

1 And then be-spake him noble King Arthur,  
2 And sware there by this day,  
3 'For a little foule sight and misliking  
4 . . . . .  
5 ' . . . . .'

## 31.40

1 Then shee said, Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,  
2 Truth as I doe say,  
3 Wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse  
4 In the night or else in the day.

## 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! when lords goe *with* ther feires,' 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, Blessed be thou, gentle Gawain,  
2 This day *that* I thee see,  
3 For as thou seest me at this time,  
4 From hencforth I wilbe.

## 31.46

1 My father was an old knight,  
2 And yett 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 forrest 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 ' . . . . .'

## 31.49

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'That looked soe foule, and that was wont  
4 On the wild more to goe.'

## 31.50

1 'Come kisse her, brother Kay,' then said Sir  
Gawaine,  
2 'And amend thè of thy liffe;  
3 I swear this is the same lady  
4 *That I married to my wiffe.'*

## 31.51

1 Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,  
2 Standing vpon his ffeete;  
3 He swore as he was trew knight,  
4 The spice was neuer soe sweete.

## 31.52

1 'Well, *cozen* Gawaine,' sayes Sir Kay,  
2 'Thy chance is fallen arright,  
3 For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids  
4 I euer saw with my sight.'

## 31.53

1 'It is my fortune,' said Sir Gawaine;  
2 'For my vnckle Arthurs sake  
3 I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,  
4 Great ioy that I may take.'

## 31.54

1 Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,  
2 Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,  
3 They led her straight to King Arthur,  
4 As they were brother and brother.

## 31.55

1 King Arthur welcomed them there all,  
2 And soe did Lady Geneuer his queene,  
3 With all the knights of the Round Table,  
4 Most seemly to be seene.

## 31.56

1 King Arthur beheld that lady faire  
2 That was soe faire and bright,  
3 He thanked Christ in Trinity  
4 For Sir Gawaine that gentle knight.

## 31.57

1 Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,  
2 Reioyced all that day  
3 For the good chance *that* hapened was  
4 To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

## 32.1

1 LAT never a man a wooing wend  
2 That lacketh thingis three;  
3 A routh o gold, an open heart,  
4 Ay fu o charity.

## 32.2

1 As this I speak of King Henry,  
2 For he lay burd-alone;  
3 An he's doen him to a jelly hunt's ha,  
4 Was seven miles frae a town.

## 32.3

1 He chas'd the deer now him before,  
2 An the roe down by the den,  
3 Till the fattest buch in a' the flock  
4 King Henry he has slain.

## 32.4

1 O he has doen him to his ha,  
2 To make him beerly cheer;  
3 An in it came a griesly ghost,  
4 Steed stappin i the flier.

## 32.5

1 Her head hat the reef-tree o the house,  
2 Her middle ye mot wel span;  
3 He's thrown to her his gay mantle,  
4 Says, 'Lady, hap your lingcan.'

## 32.6

1 Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,  
2 Her nose like club or mell;  
3 An I ken naething she 'peard to be,  
4 But the fiend that wons in hell.

## 32.7

1 'Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry,  
2 Some meat ye gie to me!'  
3 'An what meat's in this house, lady,  
4 An what ha I to gie?'  
5 'O ye do kill your berry-brown steed,  
6 An you bring him here to me.'

## 32.8

1 O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,  
2 Wow but his heart was sair!  
3 Shee eat him [a'] up, skin an bane,  
4 Left naething but hide an hair.

## 32.9

1 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
2 Mair meat ye gi to me!'  
3 'An what meat's in this house, lady,  
4 An what ha I to gi?'  
5 'O ye do kill your good gray-hounds,  
6 An ye bring them a' to me.'

## 32.10

1 O whan he slew his good gray-hounds,  
2 Wow but his heart was sair!  
3 She eat them a' up, skin an bane,  
4 Left naething but hide an hair.

## 32.11

1 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
2 Mair meat ye gi to me!'  
3 'An what meat's i this house, lady,  
4 An what ha I to gi?'  
5 'O ye do kill your gay gos-hawks,  
6 An ye bring them here to me.'

## 32.12

1 O whan he slew his gay gos-hawks,  
2 Wow but his heart was sair!  
3 She eat them a' up, skin an bane,  
4 Left naething but feathers bare.

## 32.13

1 'Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry,  
2 Some drink ye bring to me!'  
3 'O what drink's i this house, lady,  
4 That you're nae welcome ti?'  
5 'O ye sew up your horse's hide,  
6 An bring in a drink to me.'

## 32.14

1 And he's sewd up the bloody hide,  
2 A puncheon o wine put in;  
3 She drank it a' up at a waught,  
4 Left na ae drap ahin.

## 32.15

1 'A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,  
2 A bed you mak to me!  
3 For ye maun pu the heather green,  
4 An mak a bed to me.'

## 32.16

1 O pu'd has he the heather green,  
2 An made to her a bed,  
3 An up has he taen his gay mantle,  
4 An oer it has he spread.

## 32.17

1 'Tak aff your claihs, now, King Henry,  
2 An lye down by my side!'  
3 'O God forbid,' says King Henry,  
4 'That ever the like betide;  
5 That ever the fiend that wons in hell  
6 Shoud streak down by my side.'  
7 . . . . .

## 32.18

1 Whan night was gane, and day was come,  
2 An the sun shone throw the ha,  
3 The fairest lady that ever was seen  
4 Lay atween him an the wa.

## 32.19

1 'O well is me!' says King Henry,  
2 'How lang'll this last wi me?'  
3 Then out it spake that fair lady,  
4 'Even till the day you dee.

## 32.20

1 'For I've met wi mony a gentle knight  
2 That's gien me sic a fill,  
3 But never before wi a courteous knight  
4 That ga me a' my will.'

## 33A.1

1 KEMPY KAYE's a wooing gane,  
2 Far, far ayont the sea,  
3 And he has met with an auld, auld man,  
4 His gudefaythir to be.

## 33A.2

1 'It's I'm coming to court your daughter dear,  
2 And some part of your gear:'  
3 'And by my sooth,' quoth Bengoleer,  
4 'She'll sare a man a wear.'

**33A.3**

1 'My dochter she's a thrifty lass,  
2 She span seven year to me,  
3 And if it were weel counted up,  
4 Full three heire it would be.

**33A.4**

1 'What's the matter wi you, my fair creature,  
2 You look so pale and wan?  
3 I'm sure you was once the fairest creature  
4 That ever the sun shined on.

**33A.5**

1 'Gae scrape yoursel, and gae scart yoursel,  
2 And mak your brucket face clean,  
3 For the wooers are to be here to nighte,  
4 And your body's to be seen.'

**33A.6**

1 Sae they scrapit her, and they scartit her,  
2 Like the face of an aussy pan;  
3 Syne in cam Kempy Kay himself,  
4 A clever and tall young man.

**33A.7**

1 His teeth they were like tether-sticks,  
2 His nose was three fit lang,  
3 Between his shouters was ells three,  
4 And tween his eyne a span.

**33A.8**

1 He led his dochter by the hand,  
2 His dochter ben brought he:  
3 'O is she not the fairest lass  
4 That's in great Christendye?'

**33A.9**

1 Ilka hair intil her head  
2 Was like a heather-cowe,  
3 And ilka louse anunder it  
4 Was like a bruckit ewe.

**33A.10**

1 She had tauchy teeth and kaily lips,  
2 And wide lugs, fou o hair;  
3 Her pouches fou o peasemeal-daighe  
4 A' hinging down her spare.

**33A.11**

1 Ilka eye intil her head  
2 Was like a rotten plumbe,  
3 And down browed was the queyne,  
4 And sairly did she gloom.

**33A.12**

1 Ilka nail upon her hand  
2 Was like an iron rake,  
3 And ilka tooth intil her head  
4 Was like a tether-stake.  
5 , , , , ,

**33A.13**

1 She gied to him a gravat,  
2 O the auld horse's sheet,  
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 auld Goling,  
4 His gudfather to be, be,  
5 His gudfather to be.

**33B.2**

1 'Whar are ye gaun, O Kempy Kaye,  
2 Whar are ye gaun sae sune?'  
3 'O I am gaun 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 our 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 develling down the green.'

**33B.6**

1 Up then rose the Fusome Fug,  
2 To mak her foul 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 Was like an auld pat-fit;  
3 Atween her neis bot an her mou  
4 Was inch thick deep wi dirt.

**33B.9**

1 She had twa een intil her head  
2 War like twa-rotten plums;  
3 The heavy brows hung down her face,  
4 And O I vow she glooms!

**33B.10**

1 He gied to her a braw silk napkin,  
2 Was made o' an auld horse-brat:  
3 'I ne'er wore a silk napkin a' my life,  
4 But weel I wat Ise wear that.'

**33B.11**

1 He gied to her a braw gowd ring,  
2 Was made frae an auld brass pan:  
3 'I neer wore a gowd ring in a' my life,  
4 But now I wat Ise wear ane.'

**33B.12**

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 beyond the sea, a wee  
3 And there he met wi Drearylane,  
4 His gay gudfather to be. a wee

**33C.2**

1 'Gude een, gude een,' quo Drearylane,  
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 And if it come to gude guiding,  
4 It will be half a heer.'

**33C.4**

1 'Rise up, rise up, ye dirty slut,  
2 And wash your foul face clean;  
3 The wooers will be here the night  
4 That suld been here yestreen.'

**33C.5**

1 They took him ben to the fire en,  
2 And set him on a chair;  
3 He looked on the lass that he loved best,  
4 And thought she was wondrous fair.

**33C.6**

1 The een that was in our bride's head  
2 Was like twa rotten plooms;  
3 She was a chaunler-chafit quean,  
4 And O but she did gloom!

**33C.7**

1 The skin that was on our bride's breast  
2 Was like a saffron bag,  
3 And aye her hand was at her neek,  
4 And riving up the scabs.

**33C.8**

1 The hair that was on our bride's head  
2 Was like a heather-cow,  
3 And every louse that lookit out  
4 Was like a brockit ewe.

**33C.9**

1 Betwixd Kempy's shouters was three ells,  
2 His nose was nine feet lang,  
3 His teeth they were like tether sticks,  
4 Between his eyne a span.

**33C.10**

1 So aye they kissed, and aye they clapped,  
2 I wat they kissed weel;  
3 The slaver that hang between their mouths  
4 Wad hae tethered a twa year auld bill.

**33D.1**

1 , , , , ,  
2 The father came unto the door,  
3 And keeked thro the key-hole, a wee  
4 And there he saw his dochter Jean,  
5 Sitting on a coal. a wee

**33D.2**

1 They scartit her, and scrapit her,  
2 Wi the hand o a rusty pan, a wee  
3 Her father he did all his best  
4 For to get her a man. a wee

**33D.3**

1 She is to the stoups gane,  
2 There is nae water in;  
3 She's cursed the hands and ban'd the feet  
4 That did na bring it in.

**33D.4**

1 Out then spak her auld mither,  
2 In her bed whare she lay:  
3 'If there is nae water in the house,  
4 Gae harl her thro the lin.'

**33D.5**

1 O she is to the taipy tapples gane,  
2 That stood for seven year,  
3 And there she washed her foul face clean,  
4 And dried it wi a huggar.

**33D.6**

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

**33E.1**

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.'

**33E.2**

1 'My daughter 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.'

**33E.3**

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 reeking oer the coal. a wee

**33E.4**

1 'Get up, get up, ye dirty bitch,  
2 And wash yer foul face clean,  
3 For they are to be here the night  
4 That should hae been here yestreen.'

**33E.5**

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.

**33E.6**

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.

**33E.7**

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

**33E.8**

1 Ilka hair into his head  
2 Was like a heather-cowe,  
3 And ilka louse that lookit out  
4 Was like a brookit ewe.

**33E.9**

1 Thae twa kissd and thae twa clapt,  
2 And thae twa kissd their fill,  
3 And aye the slaver between them hang  
4 Wad tetherd a ten-pund bull.

**33E.10**

1 They twa kissd and they twa clapt,  
2 And they gaed to their bed, a wee,  
3 And at their head a knocking stane  
4 And at their feet a mell, a wee.

**33E.11**

1 The auld wife she lay in her bed:  
2 'And gin ye'll do my bidding a wee,  
3 And gin ye'll do my bidding,' quoth she,  
4 'Yees whirl her oer the lea, a wee.'

**33F.1**

1 AS I cam oer yon misty muir,  
2 And oer yon grass-green hill,  
3 There I saw a campy carle  
4 Going to the mill.



**33F.1r**

- 1 And bar aye yer bower door weel weel,
- 2 And bar ay yer bower door 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 Covering oer a coal.

**33F.3**

- 1 'Get up, get up, ye fousome fag,
- 2 And make yer face fou clean;
- 3 For the wooers 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 kissd 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 mell 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 his hand at 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 A gude pike-staff intill his hand,
- 4 And dulgets anew forbye, I, I, I,
- 5 And dulgets anew forbye.

**33G.2**

- 1 Then he met in wi an auld woman,
- 2 Was feeding her flocks near by, I, I, I;
- 3 'I'm come a wooing to your daughter,
- 4 And a very gude bargain am I, I, I.'

**33G.3**

- 1 And she's awa to her wee hole house,
- 2 Lookd in a wee chip hole,
- 3 And there she saw her filthy wee flag,
- 4 Was sitting athort the coal.

**33G.4**

- 1 'Get up, get up, ye filthy foul flag,
- 2 And make your foul face clean;
- 3 There are wooers coming to the town,
- 4 And your foul face mauna be seen.'

**33G.5**

- 1 Then up she raise, an awa she gaes,
- 2 And in at the back o the door,
- 3 And there a pig o water she saw,
- 4 'Twas seven years auld an mair.

**33G.6**

- 1 Aye she rubbed, an aye she scrubbed,
- 2 To make her foul face clean,
- 3 And aye she bann'd the auld wife, her mither,
- 4 For nae bringing clean water in.

**33G.7**

- 1 King Knapperty he came in at the door,
- 2 Stood even up in the floor;
- 3 Altho that she had neer seen him before,
- 4 She kent him to be her dear.

**33G.8**

- 1 He has taen her in his arms twa,
- 2 And kissd her, cheek and chin:
- 3 'I neer was kissd afore in my life,
- 4 But this night got mony ane.'

**33G.9**

- 1 He has put his hand in his pocket,
- 2 And he's taen out a ring:
- 3 Says, 'Take ye that, my dearest dear,
- 4 It is made o the brazen pan.'

**33G.10**

- 1 She thankd him ance, she thankd him twice,
- 2 She thankd him oer again:
- 3 'I neer got a ring before in my life,
- 4 But this night hae gotten ane.'

**33G.11**

- 1 These lovers bed it was well made,
- 2 And at their hearts' desire;
- 3 These lovers bed it was well made,
- 4 At the side o the kitchen fire.

**33G.12**

- 1 The bolster that these lovers had
- 2 Was the mattock an the mell,
- 3 And the covring that these lovers had
- 4 Was the clouted cloak an pale.

**33G.13**

- 1 The draps that fell frae her twa een
- 2 Woud have gard a froth-mill gang,
- 3 An [the] clunkerts that hung at their heels
- 4 Woud hae muckd an acre o land.

**33G.14**

- 1 An ilka hair that was in their head
- 2 Was like a heather-cow,
- 3 And ilka tenant that it containd
- 4 Was like a linstead-bow.

**34A.1**

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

**34A.2**

- 1 She served her with foot and hand,
- 2 In every thing that she could dee,
- 3 Till once, in an unlucky time,
- 4 She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

**34A.3**

- 1 Says, 'Lie you there, dove Isabel,
- 2 And all my sorrows lie with thee;
- 3 Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
- 4 And borrow you with kisses three,
- 5 Let all the warld do what they will,
- 6 Oh borrowed shall you never be!'

**34A.4**

- 1 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
- 2 And twisted thrice about the tree,
- 3 And all the people, far and near,
- 4 Thought that a savage beast was she.

**34A.5**

- 1 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
- 2 Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
- 3 He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
- 4 And on the savage beast lookd he.

**34A.6**

- 1 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
- 2 And twisted was about the tree,
- 3 And with a swing she came about:
- 4 'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.'

**34A.7**

- 1 'Here is a royal belt,' she cried,
- 2 'That I have found in the green sea;
- 3 And while your body it is on,
- 4 Drawn shall your blood never be;
- 5 But if you touch me, tail or fin,
- 6 I vow my belt your death shall be.'

**34A.8**

- 1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
- 2 The royal belt he brought him wi;
- 3 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
- 4 And twisted twice about the tree,
- 5 And with a swing she came about:
- 6 'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.'

**34A.9**

- 1 'Here is a royal ring,' she said,
- 2 'That I have found in the green sea;
- 3 And while your finger it is on,
- 4 Drawn shall your blood never be;
- 5 But if you touch me, tail or fin,
- 6 I swear my ring your death shall be.'

**34A.10**

- 1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
- 2 The royal ring he brought him wi;
- 3 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
- 4 And twisted ance about the tree,
- 5 And with a swing she came about:
- 6 'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.'

**34A.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 on,
- 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.12**

- 1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
- 2 The royal brand he brought him wi;
- 3 Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
- 4 And twisted nane about the tree,
- 5 And smilingly she came about,
- 6 As fair a woman as fair could be.

**34B.1**

- 1 COME here, come here, you freely feed,
- 2 An lay your head low on my knee;
- 3 The hardest weird I will you read
- 4 That eer war read to a lady.

**34B.2**

- 1 'O meikle dollour sall you dree,
- 2 An ay the sat seas oer ye<'s] swim;
- 3 An far mair dollour sall ye dree
- 4 On Eastmuir craigs, or ye them clim.

**34B.3**

- 1 'I wot ye's be a weary wight,
- 2 An releived sall ye never be
- 3 Till Kempion, the kingis son,
- 4 Come to the craig and thrice kiss thee.'

**34B.4**

- 1 O meickle dollour did she dree,
- 2 An ay the sat seas oer she swam;
- 3 An far mair dollour did she dree
- 4 On Eastmuir craigs, or them she clam;
- 5 An ay she cried for Kempion,
- 6 Gin he would come till her han.

**34B.5**

- 1 Now word has gane to Kempion
- 2 That sich a beast was in his lan,
- 3 An ay be sure she would gae mad
- 4 Gin she gat nae help frae his han.

**34B.6**

- 1 'Now by my sooth,' says Kempion,
- 2 'This fiery beast I<'ll] gang to see;'
- 3 'An by my sooth,' says Segramour,
- 4 'My ae brother, I'll gang you wi.'

**34B.7**

- 1 O biggit ha they a bonny boat,
- 2 An they hae set her to the sea,
- 3 An Kempion an Segramour
- 4 The fiery beast he gane to see:
- 5 A mile afore they reachd the shore,
- 6 I wot she gard the red fire flee.

**34B.8**

- 1 'O Segramour, keep my boat afloat,
- 2 An lat her no the lan so near;
- 3 For the wicked beast she'll sure gae mad,
- 4 An set fire to the land an mair.'

**34B.9**

- 1 'O out o my stye I winna rise—
- 2 An it is na for the fear o thee—
- 3 Till Kempion, the kingis son,
- 4 Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'

**34B.10**

- 1 He's louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,
- 2 An he has gien her kisses ane;
- 3 Awa she gid, an again she came,
- 4 The fieriest beast that ever was seen.

**34B.11**

- 1 'O out o my stye I winna rise—
- 2 An it is na for fear o thee—
- 3 Till Kempion, the kingis son,
- 4 Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'

**34B.12**

- 1 He louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,
- 2 An he has gien her kisses twa;
- 3 Awa she gid, an again she came,
- 4 The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

**34B.13**

- 1 'O out o my stye I winna rise—
- 2 An it is na for fear o ye—
- 3 Till Kempion, the kingis son,
- 4 Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'

**34B.14**

1 He's louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
2 An he has gien her kisses three;  
3 Awa she gid, an again she came,  
4 The fairest lady that ever could be.

**34B.15**

1 'An by my sooth,' say<s] Kempion,  
2 'My ain true love—for this is she—  
3 O was it wolf into the wood,  
4 Or was it fish intill the sea,  
5 Or was it man, or wile woman,  
6 My true love, that misshapit thee?'

**34B.16**

1 'It was na wolf into the wood,  
2 Nor was it fish into the sea,  
3 But it was my stepmother,  
4 An wae an weary mot she be.

**34B.17**

1 'O a heavier weird light her upon  
2 Than ever fell on wile woman;  
3 Her hair's grow rough, an her teeth's grow  
  lang,  
4 An on her four feet sal she gang.

**34B.18**

1 'Nane sall tack pity her upon,  
2 But in Wormie's Wood she sall ay won,  
3 An relieved sall she never be,  
4 Till St Mungo come oer the sea.'

**35.1**

1 O ALLISON GROSS, that lives in yon towr,  
2 The ugliest witch i the north country,  
3 Has trysted me ae day up till her bowr,  
4 An monny fair speech she made to me.

**35.2**

1 She stroaked my head, an she kembed my hair,  
2 An she set me down saftly on her knee;  
3 Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so true,  
4 Sae monny braw things as I woud you gi.

**35.3**

1 She showd me a mantle o red scarlet,  
2 Wi gouden flows an fringes fine;  
3 Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so true,  
4 This goodly gift it sal be thine.

**35.4**

1 'Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
2 Haud far awa, an lat me be;  
3 I never will be your lemman sae true,  
4 An I wish I were out o your company.'

**35.5**

1 She neist brought a sark o the saftest silk,  
2 Well wrought wi pearles about the ban;  
3 Says, Gin you will be my ain true love,  
4 This goodly gift you sal comman.

**35.6**

1 She showd me a cup of the good red gold,  
2 Well set wi jewls sae fair to see;  
3 Says, Gin you will be my lemman sae true,  
4 This goodly gift I will you gi.

**35.7**

1 'Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
2 Had far awa, and lat me be;  
3 For I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth  
4 For a' the gifts that ye could gi.'

**35.8**

1 She's turnd her right and roun about,  
2 An thrice she blaw on a grass-green horn,  
3 An she sware by the meen and the stars abeen,  
4 That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

**35.9**

1 Then out has she taen a silver wand,  
2 An she's turnd her three times roun an roun;  
3 She's mutterd sich words till my strength it  
  fauld,  
4 An I fell down senceless upon the groun.

**35.10**

1 She's turnd me into an ugly worm,  
2 And gard me toddle about the tree;  
3 An ay, on ilka Saturdays night,  
4 My sister Maisry came to me,

**35.11**

1 Wi silver bason an silver kemb,  
2 To kemb my heady upon her knee;  
3 But or I had kissd her ugly mouth,  
4 I'd rather a toddled about the tree.

**35.12**

1 But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,  
2 When the seely court was ridin by,  
3 The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,  
4 Nae far frae the tree where I went to lye.

**35.13**

1 She took me up in her milk-white han,  
2 An she's stroakd me three times oer her knee;  
3 She chang'd me again to my ain proper shape,  
4 An I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

**36.1**

1 'I WAS but seven year auld  
2 When my mither she did die;  
3 My father married the ae warst woman  
4 The warld did ever see.

**36.2**

1 'For she has made me the laily worm,  
2 That lies at the fit o the tree,  
3 An my sister Masery she's made  
4 The machrel of the sea.

**36.3**

1 'An every Saturday at noon  
2 The machrel comes to me,  
3 An she takes my laily head  
4 An lays it on her knee,  
5 She kaims it wi a siller kaim,  
6 An washes't in the sea.

**36.4**

1 'Seven knights hae I slain,  
2 Sin I lay at the fit of the tree,  
3 An ye war na my ain father,  
4 The eight ane ye should be.'

**36.5**

1 'Sing on your song, ye laily worm,  
2 That ye did sing to me;  
3 'I never sung that song but what  
4 I would it sing to thee.

**36.6**

1 'I was but seven year auld,  
2 When my mither she did die;  
3 My father married the ae warst woman  
4 The warld did ever see.

**36.7**

1 'For she changed me to the laily worm,  
2 That lies at the fit o the tree,  
3 And my sister Masery  
4 To the machrel of the sea.

**36.8**

1 'And every Saturday at noon  
2 The machrel comes to me,  
3 An she takes my laily head  
4 An lays it on her knee,  
5 An kames it wi a siller kame,  
6 An washes it i the sea.

**36.9**

1 'Seven knights hae I slain,  
2 Sin I lay at the fit o the tree,  
3 An ye war na my ain father,  
4 The eighth ane ye should be.'

**36.10**

1 He sent for his lady,  
2 As fast as send could he:  
3 'Whar is my son that ye sent frae me,  
4 And my daughter, Lady Masery?'

**36.11**

1 'Your son is at our king's court,  
2 Serving for meat an fee,  
3 An your daughter's at our queen's court,  
4 . . . . .

**36.12**

1 'Ye lie, ye ill woman,  
2 Sae loud as I hear ye lie;  
3 My son's the laily worm,  
4 That lies at the fit o the tree,  
5 And my daughter, Lady Masery,  
6 Is the machrel of the sea!'

**36.13**

1 She has tane a siller wan,  
2 An gien him strokes three,  
3 And he has started up the bravest knight  
4 That ever your eyes did see.

**36.14**

1 She has taen a small horn,  
2 An loud an shrill blew she,  
3 An a' the fish came her untill  
4 But the proud machrel of the sea:

**36.14**

5 'Ye shapeit me ance an unseemly shape,  
6 An ye's never mare shape me.'

**36.15**

1 He has sent to the wood  
2 For whins and for hawthorn,  
3 An he has taen that gay lady,  
4 An there he did her burn.

**37A.1**

1 TRUE THOMAS lay oer yond grassy bank,  
2 And he beheld a ladie gay,  
3 A ladie that was brisk and bold,  
4 Come riding oer the fernie brae.

**37A.2**

1 Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
2 Her mantel of the velvet fine,  
3 At ilka tett of her horse's mane  
4 Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

**37A.3**

1 True Thomas he took off his hat,  
2 And bowed him low down till his knee:  
3 'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
4 For your peer on earth I never did see.'

**37A.4**

1 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
2 'That name does not belong to me;  
3 I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
4 And I'm come here for to visit thee.  
  . . . . .

**37A.5**

1 'But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,  
2 True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,  
3 For ye maun serve me seven years,  
4 Thro weel or wae as may chance to be.'

**37A.6**

1 She turned about her milk-white steed,  
2 And took True Thomas up behind,  
3 And aye whenever her bridle rang,  
4 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

**37A.7**

1 For forty days and forty nights  
2 He wade thro red blude to the knee,  
3 And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
4 But heard the roaring of the sea.

**37A.8**

1 O they rade on, and further on,  
2 Until they came to a garden green;  
3 'Light down, light down, ye ladie free,  
4 Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'

**37A.9**

1 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
2 'That fruit maun not be touched by thee,  
3 For a' the plagues that are in hell  
4 Light on the fruit of this countrie.

**37A.10**

1 'But I have a loaf here in my lap,  
2 Likewise a bottle of claret wine,  
3 And now ere we go farther on,  
4 We'll rest a while, and ye may dine.'

**37A.11**

1 When he had eaten and drunk his fill,  
2 'Lay down your head upon my knee,'  
3 The lady said, ère we climb yon hill,  
4 And I will show you fairlies three.

**37A.12**

1 'O see not ye yon narrow road,  
2 So thick beset wi thorns and briers?  
3 That is the path of righteousness,  
4 Tho after it but few enquires.

**37A.13**

1 'And see not ye that braid braid road,  
2 That lies across yon lillie leven?  
3 That is the path of wickedness,  
4 Tho some call it the road to heaven.

**37A.14**

1 'And see not ye that bonny road,  
2 Which winds about the fernie brae?  
3 That is the road to fair Elfland,  
4 Whe<re] you and I this night maun gae.

**37A.15**

1 'But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
2 Whatever you may hear or see,  
3 For gin ae word you should chance to speak,  
4 You will neer get back to your ain countrie.'

**37A.16**

1 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
2 And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
3 And till seven years were past and gone  
4 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

**37B.1**

1 As Thomas lay on Huntlie banks—  
2 A wat a weel bred man was he—  
3 And there he spied a lady fair,  
4 Coming riding down by the Eildon tree.

**37B.2**

1 The horse she rode on was dapple gray,  
2 And in her hand she held bells nine;  
3 I thought I heard this fair lady say  
4 These fair siller bells they should a' be mine.

**37B.3**

1 It's Thomas even forward went,  
2 And lootit low down on his knee:  
3 'Weel met thee save, my lady fair,  
4 For thou'rt the flower o this countrie.'

**37B.4**

1 'O no, O no, Thomas,' she says,  
2 'O no, O no, that can never be,  
3 For I'm but a lady of an unco land,  
4 Comd out a hunting, as ye may see.

**37B.5**

1 'O harp and carp, Thomas,' she says,  
2 'O harp and carp, and go wi me;  
3 It's be seven years, Thomas, and a day,  
4 Or you see man or woman in your ain countrie.'

**37B.6**

1 It's she has rode, and Thomas ran,  
2 Until they cam to yon water clear;  
3 He's coosten off his hose and shon,  
4 And he's wooden the water up to the knee.

**37B.7**

1 It's she has rode, and Thomas ran,  
2 Until they cam to yon garden green;  
3 He's put up his hand for to pull down ane,  
4 For the lack o food he was like to tyne.

**37B.8**

1 'Hold your hand, Thomas,' she says,  
2 'Hold your hand, that must not be;  
3 It was a' that cursed fruit o thine  
4 Beggared man and woman in your countrie.

**37B.9**

1 'But I have a loaf and a soup o wine,  
2 And ye shall go and dine wi me;  
3 And lay yer head down in my lap,  
4 And I will tell ye farlies three.

**37B.10**

1 'It's dont ye see yon broad broad way,  
2 That leadeth down by yon skerry fell?  
3 It's ill's the man that dothe thereon gang,  
4 For it leadeth him straight to the gates o hell.

**37B.11**

1 'It's dont ye see yon narrow way,  
2 That leadeth down by yon lillie lea?  
3 It's weel's the man that doth therein gang,  
4 For it leads him straight to the heaven hie.'  
5 '.....'  
6 '.....'

**37B.12**

1 It's when she cam into the hall—  
2 I wat a weel bred man was he—  
3 They've asked him question<s>, one and all,  
4 But he answered none but that fair ladie.

**37B.13**

1 O they speerd at her where she did him get,  
2 And she told them at the Eildon tree;  
3 .....  
4 .....

**37C.1**

1 TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,  
2 A ferlie he spied wi' his ee,  
3 And there he saw a lady bright,  
4 Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

**37C.2**

1 Her shirt was o the grass-green silk,  
2 Her mantle o the velvet fyne,  
3 At ilka tett of her horse's mane  
4 Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

**37C.3**

1 True Thomas, he pulld aff his cap,  
2 And louted low down to his knee:  
3 'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
4 For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

**37C.4**

1 'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,  
2 'That name does not belong to me;  
3 I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
4 That am hither come to visit thee.

**37C.5**

1 'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,  
2 'Harp and carp along wi me,  
3 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
4 Sure of your bodie I will be.'

**37C.6**

1 'Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
2 That weird shall never daunton me;  
3 Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,  
4 All underneath the Eildon Tree.

**37C.7**

1 'Now, ye maun go wi me,' she said,  
2 'True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,  
3 And ye maun serve me seven years,  
4 Thro weal or woe, as may chance to be.'

**37C.8**

1 She mounted on her milk-white steed,  
2 She's taen True Thomas up behind,  
3 And aye whenever her bridle rung,  
4 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

**37C.9**

1 O they rade on, and farther on—  
2 The steed gaed swifter than the wind—  
3 Until they reached a desert wide,  
4 And living land was left behind.

**37C.10**

1 'Light down, light down, now, True Thomas,  
2 And lean your head upon my knee;  
3 Abide and rest a little space,  
4 And I will shew you ferlies three.

**37C.11**

1 'O see ye not yon narrow road,  
2 So thick beset with thorns and briers?  
3 That is the path of righteousness,  
4 Tho after it but few enquires.

**37C.12**

1 'And see not ye that braid braid road,  
2 That lies across that lily leven?  
3 That is the path of wickedness,  
4 Tho some call it the road to heaven.

**37C.13**

1 'And see not ye that bonny road,  
2 That winds about the fernie brae?  
3 That is the road to fair Elfland,  
4 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

**37C.14**

1 'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
2 Whatever ye may hear or see,  
3 For, if you speak word in Elflin land,  
4 Ye'll neer get back to your ain countrie.'

**37C.15**

1 O they rade on, and farther on,  
2 And they waded thro rivers aboon the knee,  
3 And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
4 But they heard the roaring of the sea.

**37C.16**

1 It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern  
light,  
2 And they waded thro red blude to the knee;  
3 For a' the blude that's shed on earth  
4 Rins thro the springs o that countrie.

**37C.17**

1 Syne they came on to a garden green,  
2 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:  
3 'Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,  
4 It will give the tongue that can never lie.'

**37C.18**

1 'My tongue is mine ain,' True Thomas said;  
2 'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!  
3 I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
4 At fair or tryst where I may be.

**37C.19**

1 'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
2 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'  
3 'Now hold thy peace,' the lady said,  
4 'For as I say, so must it be.'

**37C.20**

1 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
2 And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
3 And till seven years were gane and past  
4 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

**38A.1**

1 As I was walking all alone,  
2 Between a water and a wa,  
3 And there I spy'd a wee wee man,  
4 And he was the least that ere I saw.

**38A.2**

1 His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,  
2 And thick and thimber was his thigh;  
3 Between his brows there was a span,  
4 And between his shoulders there was three.

**38A.3**

1 He took up a meikle stane,  
2 And he flang't as far as I could see;  
3 Though I had been a Wallace wight,  
4 I couldna liften't to my knee.

**38A.4**

1 'O wee wee man, but thou be strang!  
2 O tell me where thy dwelling be?'  
3 'My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower;  
4 O will you go with me and see?'

**38A.5**

1 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
2 Till we came to yon bonny green;  
3 We lighted down for to bait our horse,  
4 And out there came a lady fine.

**38A.6**

1 Four and twenty at her back,  
2 And they were a' clad out in green;  
3 Though the King of Scotland had been there,  
4 The warst o them might hae been his queen.

**38A.7**

1 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
2 Till we came to yon bonny ha,  
3 Whare the roof was o the beaten gould,  
4 And the floor was o the cristal a'.

**38A.8**

1 When we came to the stair-foot,  
2 Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,  
3 But in the twinkling of an eye,  
4 My wee wee man was clean awa.

**38B.1**

1 AS I was walking by my lane,  
2 Atween a water and a wa,  
3 There sune I spied a wee wee man,  
4 He was the least that eir I saw.

**38B.2**

1 His legs were scant a shathmont's length,  
2 And sma and limber was his thie;  
3 Atween his shoulders was ae span,  
4 About his middle war but three.

**38B.3**

1 He has tane up a meikle stane,  
2 And flang't as far as I cold see;  
3 Ein though I had been Wallace wicht,  
4 I dought na lift it to my knie.

**38B.4**

1 'O wee wee man, but ye be strang!  
2 Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?'  
3 'I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir;  
4 O will ye gae wi me and see?'

**38B.5**

1 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
2 Till we cam to a bonny green;  
3 We lichted syne to bait our steid,  
4 And out there cam a lady sheen.

**38B.6**

1 Wi four and twentie at her back,  
2 A' comely cled in glistening green;  
3 Thouch there the King of Scots had stude,  
4 The warst micht weil hae been his queen.

**38B.7**

1 On syne we past wi wondering cheir,  
2 Till we cam to a bonny ha;  
3 The roof was o the beaten gowd,  
4 The flure was o the cristal a'.

**38B.8**

1 When we cam there, wi wee wee knights  
2 War ladies dancing, jimp and sma,  
3 But in the twinkling of an eie,  
4 Baith green and ha war clein awa.

**38C.1**

1 'TWAS down by Carterhaugh, father,  
2 I walked beside the wa,  
3 And there I saw a wee wee man,  
4 The least that eer I saw.

**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 taen 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**

- 5 'O wee wee man, but ye be strang!
- 6 Where may thy dwelling be?'
- 7 'It's down beside yon bonny bower;
- 8 Fair lady, come and see.'

**38C.5**

- 1 On we lap, and away we rade,
- 2 Down to a bonny green;
- 3 We lichted down to bait our steed,
- 4 And we saw the fairy 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 away we rade,
- 2 Down to a bonny ha;
- 3 The roof was o the beaten goud,
- 4 The floor was of chrystal a'.

**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 sainted 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 The weest man that ere I saw.

**38D.2**

- 1 Thick and short was his legs,
- 2 And sma and thin was his thie,
- 3 And atween his een a flee might gae,
- 4 And atween his shouthers were inches three.

**38D.3**

- 1 And he has tane up a muckle stane,
- 2 And thrown it farther than I *could* see;
- 3 If I had been as strong as ere Wallace was,
- 4 I *could* na lift it to my knie.

**38D.4**

- 1 'O,' quo I, 'But ye be strong!
- 2 And O where may your dwelling be?'
- 3 'It's down in to yon bonnie glen;
- 4 Gin ye dinna believe, ye can come and see.'

**38D.5**

- 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 daainty dame.

**38D.6**

- 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 nicht hae been his queen.

**38D.7**

- 1 There war pipers playing on ilka stair,
- 2 And ladies dancing in ilka ha,
- 3 But before ye *could* hae sadd what was that,
- 4 The house and wee manie was awa.

**38E.1**

- 1 AS I was walking mine alone,
- 2 Betwext the water and the wa,
- 3 There I spied a wee wee man,
- 4 He was the least ane that eer I saw.

**38E.2**

- 1 His leg was scarce a shaftmont lang,
- 2 Both thick and nimble was his knee;
- 3 Between his eyes there was a span,
- 4 Betwixt his shoulders were ells three.

**38E.3**

- 1 This wee wee man pulled up a stone,
- 2 He flang't as far as I could see;
- 3 Tho I had been like Wallace strong,
- 4 I wadna gotn't up to my knee.

**38E.4**

- 1 I said, Wee man, oh, but you're strong!
- 2 Where is your dwelling, or where may't be?
- 3 'My dwelling's at yon bonnie green;
- 4 Fair lady, will ye go and see?'

**38E.5**

- 1 On we lap, and awa we rade,
- 2 Until we came to yonder green;
- 3 We lichtit down to rest our steed,
- 4 And there cam out a lady soon.

**38E.6**

- 1 Four and twenty at her back,
- 2 And every one of them was clad in green;
- 3 Altho he had been the King of Scotland,
- 4 The warst o them a' micht hae been his queen.

**38E.7**

- 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 alane,
- 2 Between the water and the wa,
- 3 And oh there I spy'd a wee wee mannie,
- 4 The weest mannie 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 Whare his dwelling place might be;
- 3 The answer that he gied to me
- 4 Was, Cum alang, and ye shall see.

**38F.4**

- 1 So we'll awa, and on we rade,
- 2 Till we cam to yon bonnie green;
- 3 We lichted down to bait 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' weell clad in green;
- 3 Tho I had been a crowned king,
- 4 The warst o them might ha been my queen.

**38F.6**

- 1 So we'll awa, and on we rade,
- 2 Till we cam to yon bonnie hall;
- 3 The rafters 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 shoulders 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 wytte he made the stane to flee.

**38G.4**

- 1 'O little wee man, but ye be wight!
- 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 ware 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 turnd about, and gae a look,
- 4 Just at the foot o' Benachie.

**39A.1**

- 1 O I FORBID you, maidens a',
- 2 That wear gowd on your hair,
- 3 To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
- 4 For young Tam Lin is there.

**39A.2**

- 1 There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh
- 2 But they leave him a wad,
- 3 Either their rings, or green mantles,
- 4 Or else their maidenhead.

**39A.3**

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

**39A.4**

- 1 When she came to Carterhaugh
- 2 Tam Lin was at the well,
- 3 And there she fand his steed standing,
- 4 But away was himsel.

**39A.5**

- 1 She had na pu'd a double rose,
- 2 A rose but only twa,
- 3 Till up then started young Tam Lin,
- 4 Says, Lady, thou's pu nae mae.

**39A.6**

- 1 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
- 2 And why breaks thou the wand?
- 3 Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
- 4 Withoutten my command?

**39A.7**

- 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.'

**39A.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.

**39A.9**

- 1 Four and twenty ladies fair
- 2 Were playing at the ba,
- 3 And out then cam the fair Janet,
- 4 And ance the flower among them a'.

**39A.10**

- 1 Four and twenty ladies fair
- 2 Were playing at the chess,
- 3 And out then cam the fair Janet,
- 4 As green as onie glass.

**39A.11**

- 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'.

**39A.12**

- 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.'

**39A.13**

- 1 Out then spak her father dear,
- 2 And he spak meek and mild;
- 3 'And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,
- 4 'I think thou gaes wi child.'

**39A.14**

- 1 'If that I gae wi child, father,
- 2 Mysel maun bear the blame;
- 3 There's neer a laird about your ha
- 4 Shall get the bairn's name.

**39A.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 steed 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 himsel.

**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 Amang 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 eer ye was in holy chapel,  
4 Or chirstendom 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 feard 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 maun bide.'

**39A.27**

1 'But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,  
2 Or how my true-love know,  
3 Amang sae mony unco knights  
4 The 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 glovd, lady,  
2 My left hand will be bare,  
3 Cockt up shall my bonnet be,  
4 And kaimd down shall my hair,  
5 And thae's the takens I gie thee,  
6 Nae 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 het gaud of airn;  
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 glead;  
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 bridles 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 And young Tam Lin did win;  
3 Syne covered 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' broom:  
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 betide her ill-far'd face,  
4 And an ill death may she die,  
5 For she's taen awa the boniest knight  
6 In a' my companie.

**39A.42**

1 'But had I kend, Tam Lin,' she says,  
2 'What now this night I see,  
3 I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
4 And put in twa een o' tree.'

**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 gaes 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 broded 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 himsell.

**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's pu 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 Withouten 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 ba,  
3 And out then came fair Janet,  
4 The flour amang them a'.

**39B.10**

1 Four and twenty ladies fair  
2 Were playing at the chess,  
3 Out then came fair Janet,  
4 As green as ony glass.

**39B.11**

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.12**

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.13**

1 Out then spak her father dear,  
2 He spak baith thick and milde;  
3 'And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,  
4 'I think ye gae wi childe.'

**39B.14**

1 'If that I gae wi child, father,  
2 Mysell bears a' the blame;  
3 There's not a laird about your ha  
4 Shall get the bairmie's name.

**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 hae.'

**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 away 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 himsel.

**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's pu nae mae.

**39B.19**

1 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
2 Out ovr yon groves sae green,  
3 And a' to kill your bonny babe,  
4 That we gat us between?

**39B.20**

1 'O tell me, tell me, Tom,' she says,  
2 'For's sake who died on tree,  
3 If eer ye were in holy chapel,  
4 Or chirstendom did see.'

**39B.21**

1 'Roxburgh 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.

**39B.22**

1 'Ance it fell upon a day,  
2 A cauld day and a snell,  
3 When we were frae the hunting come,  
4 That from my horse I fell.

**39B.23**

1 'The Queen of Fairies she came by,  
2 Took me wi her to dwell,  
3 Evn where she has a pleasant land  
4 For those that in it dwell,  
5 But at the end o seven years,  
6 They pay their teind to hell.

**39B.24**

1 'The night it is gude Halloween,  
2 The fairie folk do ride,  
3 And they that wad their true-love win,  
4 At Miles Cross they maun bide.'

**39B.25**

1 'But how shall I thee ken, Thomas,  
2 Or how shall I thee know,  
3 Amang a pack o uncouth knights  
4 The like I never saw?'

**39B.26**

1 'The first company that passes by,  
2 Say na, and let them gae;  
3 The next company that passes by,  
4 Say na, and do right sae;  
5 The third company that passes by,  
6 Then I'll be ane o thae.

**39B.27**

1 'Some ride upon a black, lady,  
2 And some ride on a brown,  
3 But I ride on a milk-white steed,  
4 And ay nearest the town:  
5 Because I was an earthly knight  
6 They gae me that renown.

**39B.28**

1 'My right hand will be glovd, lady,  
2 My left hand will be bare,  
3 And thae's the tokens I gie thee,  
4 Nae doubt I will be there.

**39B.29**

1 'Then hie thee to the milk-white steed,  
2 And pu me quickly down,  
3 Cast thy green kirtle ovr me,  
4 And keep me frae the rain.

**39B.30**

1 'They'll turn me in thy arms, lady,  
2 An adder and a snake;  
3 But hold me fast, let me na gae,  
4 To be your wardly mate.

**39B.31**

1 'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
2 A grey greyhound to girn;  
3 But hald me fast, let me na gae,  
4 The father o your bairn.

**39B.32**

1 'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
2 A red het gad o iron;  
3 Then haud me fast, and be na feard,  
4 I'll do to you nae harm.

**39B.33**

1 'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
2 A mother-naked man;  
3 Cast your green kirtle ovr me,  
4 To keep me frae the rain.

**39B.34**

1 'First dip me in a stand o milk,  
2 And then a stand o water;  
3 Haud me fast, let me na gae,  
4 I'll be your bairnie's father.'

**39B.35**

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 Miles Cross,  
6 As fast as she can hie.

**39B.36**

1 The first company that passd by,  
2 She said na, and let them gae;  
3 The next company that passed by,

**39B.36**

4 She said na, and did right sae;  
5 The third company that passed by,  
6 Then he was ane o thae.

**39B.37**

1 She hied her to the milk-white steed,  
2 And pu'd him quickly down;  
3 She cast her green kirtle ovr him,  
4 To keep him frae the rain;  
5 Then she did all was orderd her,  
6 And sae recoverd him.

**39B.38**

1 Then out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
2 Out o a bush o broom:  
3 'They that hae gotten young Tom Line  
4 Hae got a stately groom.'

**39B.39**

1 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
2 Out o a bush o rye:  
3 'Them that has gotten young Tom Line  
4 Has the best knight in my company.'

**39B.40**

1 'Had I kend, Thomas,' she says,  
2 'A lady wad hae borrowd thee,  
3 I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
4 Put in twa een o tree.'

**39B.41**

1 'Had I but kend, Thomas,' she says,  
2 'Before I came frae hame,  
3 I had taen out that heart o flesh,  
4 Put in a heart o stane.'

**39C.1**

1 . . . . .  
1 SHE'S prickt hersell and prind hersell,  
2 By the ae light o the moon,  
3 And she's awa to Kertonha,  
4 As fast as she can gang.

**39C.2**

1 'What gars ye pu the rose, Jennet?  
2 What gars ye break the tree?  
3 What gars you gang to Kertonha  
4 Without the leave of me?'

**39C.3**

1 'Yes, I will pu the rose, Thomas,  
2 And I will break the tree;  
3 For Kertonha should be my ain,  
4 Nor ask I leave of thee.'

**39C.4**

1 'Full pleasant is the fairy land,  
2 And happy there to dwell;  
3 I am a fairy, lyth and limb,  
4 Fair maiden, view me well.

**39C.5**

1 'O pleasant is the fairy land,  
2 How happy there to dwell!  
3 But ay at every seven years end  
4 We're a' dung down to hell.

**39C.6**

1 'The morn is good Halloween,  
2 And our court a' will ride;  
3 If ony maiden wins her man,  
4 Then she may be his bride.

**39C.7**

1 'But first ye'll let the black gae by,  
2 And then ye'll let the brown;  
3 Then I'll ride on a milk-white steed,  
4 You'll pu me to the ground.

**39C.8**

1 'And first, I'll grow into your arms  
2 An esk but and an edder;  
3 Had me fast, let me not gang,  
4 I'll be your bairn's father.

**39C.9**

1 'Next, I'll grow into your arms  
2 A toad but and an eel;  
3 Had me fast, let me not gang,  
4 If you do love me leel.

**39C.10**

1 'Last, I'll grow into your arms  
2 A dove but and a swan;  
3 Then, maiden fair, you'll let me go,  
4 I'll be a perfect man.'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**39D.1**

1 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.

**39D.2**

1 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.

**39D.3**

1 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.

**39D.4**

1 When she began to pull the flowers,  
2 She pulld both red and green;  
3 Then by did come, and by did go,  
4 Said, Fair maid, let aleene.

**39D.5**

1 '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?'

**39D.6**

1 '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.'

**39D.7**

1 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.

**39D.8**

1 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.'

**39D.9**

1 '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.

**39D.10**

1 '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.'

**39D.11**

1 'O tell me, Tomlin,' she said,  
2 'And tell it to me soon,  
3 Was you ever at good church-door,  
4 Or got you christendoom?'

**39D.12**

1 '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.

**39D.13**

1 '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.

**39D.14**

1 'O drowsy, drowsy as I was!  
2 Dead sleep upon me fell;  
3 The Queen of Fairies she was there,  
4 And took me to hersell.

**39D.15**

1 '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 ane o flesh and blood,  
6 I fear the next be mysell.

**39D.16**

1 'The morn at even is Halloween;  
2 Our fairy court will ride,  
3 Throw England and Scotland both,  
4 Throw al the world wide;  
5 And if ye would me borrow,  
6 At Rides Cross ye may bide.

**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 fa,  
3 And then you'll hear a rueful cry  
4 That Tomlin is awa.

**39D.22**

1 'Then I'll grow in your arms two  
2 Like to a savage wild;  
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  
2 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  
2 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 fa,  
3 And then she heard a rueful cry  
4 'Tomlin is now awa.'

**39D.29**

1 He grew into her arms two  
2 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  
2 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  
2 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 gone,  
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 ane,  
3 Till up and started young Tamlin,  
4 Says, Lady, let alane.

**39E.3**

1 She hadna pu'd a flower, a flower,  
2 A flower but only twa,  
3 Till up and started young Tamlene,  
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 mysell;  
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 And she that will her true-love win,  
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 you see the milk-white steed,  
4 You'll pull his rider down.

**39E.10**

1 'You'll pull him into thy arms,  
2 Let his bricht bridle fa,  
3 And he'll fa low into your arms  
4 Like stone in castle's wa.

**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 laidliest worm of Ind;  
3 But hold him fast, let him not go,  
4 And cry aye "Young Tamlin."  
5 ' , , , , ,

**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 bairn.

**39E.20**

1 They next shaped him into her arms  
2 Like the laidliest 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, Tamlene!  
3 For if I had kent what I ken this night,  
4 If I had kent it yestreen,  
5 I wad hae taen out thy heart o flesh,  
6 And put in a heart o stane.

**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 starts there Thomas  
4 Upon this Lady Margret'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 Halloweve,' 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 'And then into an ass;  
3 Come, hold me fast, and fear me not,  
4 The man that you love best.

**39F.12**

1 'They'll turn me to a flash of fire,  
2 And then to a naked man;  
3 Come, wrap you your mantle me about,  
4 And then you'll have me won.'

**39F.13**

1 She took her petticoats by the band,  
2 Her mantle owre her arm,  
3 And she's awa to Chester bridge,  
4 As fast as she could run.

**39F.14**

1 And first she did let pass the black,  
2 And then let pass the brown,  
3 But when she met the milk-white steed,  
4 She pulled the rider down.

**39F.15**

1 They turned him in her arms an eagle,  
2 And then into an ass;  
3 But she held him fast, and feared him not,  
4 The man that she loved best.

**39F.16**

1 They turned him into a flash of fire,  
2 And then into a naked man;  
3 But she wrapped her mantle him about,  
4 And then she had him won.

**39F.17**

1 'O wae be to ye, Lady Margaret,  
2 And an ill death may you die,  
3 For you've robbed me of the bravest knight  
4 That eer rode in our company.'

**39G.1**

1 TAKE warning, a' ye ladies fair,  
2 That wear gowd on your hair,  
3 Come never unto Charter's woods,  
4 For Tam-a-line he's there.

**39G.2**

1 Even about that knight's middle  
2 O' siller bells are nine;  
3 Nae ane comes to Charter wood,  
4 And a maid returns again.

**39G.3**

1 Lady Margaret sits in her bower door,  
2 Sewing at her silken seam;  
3 And she langd to gang to Charter woods,  
4 To pou the roses green.

**39G.4**

1 She hadna poud a rose, a rose,  
2 Nor broken a branch but ane,  
3 Till by it came him true Tam-a-line,  
4 Says, Ladye, lat alane.

**39G.5**

1 O why pou ye the rose, the rose?  
2 Or why brake ye the tree?  
3 Or why come ye to Charter woods,  
4 Without leave askd of me?

**39G.6**

1 'I will pou the rose, the rose,  
2 And I will brake the tree;  
3 Charter woods are a' my ain,  
4 I'll ask nae leave o thee.'

**39G.7**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 And laid her low on gude green wood,  
4 At her he spierd nae leave.

**39G.8**

1 When he had got his wills of her,  
2 His wills as he had taen,  
3 He's taen her by the middle sma,  
4 Set her to feet again.

**39G.9**

1 She turnd her right and round about,  
2 To spier her true-love's name,  
3 But naething heard she, nor naething saw,  
4 As a' the woods grew dim.

**39G.10**

1 Seven days she tarried there,  
2 Saw neither sun nor meen;  
3 At length, by a sma glimmering light,  
4 Came thro the wood her lane.

**39G.11**

1 When she came to her father's court,  
2 As fine as ony queen;  
3 But when eight months were past and gane,  
4 Got on the gown o' green.

**39G.12**

1 Then out it speaks an eldren knight,  
2 As he stood at the yett;  
3 'Our king's daughter, she gaes wi bairn,  
4 And we'll get a' the wyte.'

**39G.13**

1 'O had your tongue, ye eldren man,  
2 And bring me not to shame;  
3 Although that I do gang wi bairn,  
4 Yese naeways 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 on to Charter wood,  
4 As fast as she could gang.

**39G.17**

1 She hadna poud a rose, a rose,  
2 Nor braken 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 bairn  
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 bairn  
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 gang bound, love, for your sake,  
4 A 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 pedegree are you?'

**39G.24**

1 'O I hae 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 claithes,  
4 An ill, ill sained she me.

**39G.26**

1 'Ae fatal morning I went out,  
2 Dreading nae injury,  
3 And thinking lang, fell soun 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 companie.

**39G.28**

1 'O Elfin it's a bonny place,  
2 In it fain woud I dwell;  
3 But ay at ilka seven years' end  
4 They pay a tiend to hell,  
5 And I'm sae fou o flesh an blude,  
6 I'm sair feard for mysell.'

**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 borrow 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 full your hands o holy water,  
4 And cast your compass roun.

**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 had 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 bauld;  
3 Ye'll had 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 had 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 had 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 silken string;  
3 Ye'll had 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 had me fast, lat me not go,  
4 And wi you I'll gae hame.'

**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 kiest her compass roun.

**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.



**39G.46**

1 The niest an court that came her till  
2 Was footmen, grooms and squires;  
3 The niest an court that came her till  
4 Was knights, and he was there.

**39G.47**

1 True Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,  
2 A gowd star on his crown;  
3 Because he was an earthly man,  
4 Got that for a renown.

**39G.48**

1 And out at the steed's right nostril,  
2 He breathd a fiery flame;  
3 She loots her low, an sains hersell,  
4 And she was busy then.

**39G.49**

1 She's taen the horse then by the head,  
2 And loot the bridle fa;  
3 The Queen o Elfin she cried out,  
4 'True Tam-a-Line's awa.'

**39G.50**

1 'Stay still, true Tam-a-Line,' she says,  
2 'Till I pay you your fee.'  
3 'His father wants not lands nor rents,  
4 He'll ask nae fee frae thee.'

**39G.51**

1 'Gin I had kent yestreen, yestreen,  
2 What I ken weel the day,  
3 I shoud taen your fu fause heart,  
4 Gien you a heart o clay.'

**39G.52**

1 Then he appeared in her arms  
2 Like the wolf that neer woud tame;  
3 She held him fast, let him not go,  
4 Case they neer meet again.

**39G.53**

1 Then he appeared in her arms  
2 Like the fire burning bauld;  
3 She held him fast, let him not go,  
4 He was as iron cauld.

**39G.54**

1 And he appeared in her arms  
2 Like the adder an the snake;  
3 She held him fast, let him not go,  
4 He was her world's make.

**39G.55**

1 And he appeared in her arms  
2 Like to the deer sae wild;  
3 She held him fast, let him not go,  
4 He's father o her child.

**39G.56**

1 And he appeared in her arms  
2 Like to a silken string;  
3 She held him fast, let him not go,  
4 Till she saw fair morning.

**39G.57**

1 And he appeared in her arms  
2 Like to a naked man;  
3 She held him fast, let him not go,  
4 And wi her he's gane hame.

**39G.58**

1 These news hae reachd thro a' Scotland,  
2 And far ayont the Tay,  
3 That Lady Margaret, our king's daughter,  
4 That night had gaind her prey.

**39G.59**

1 She borrowed her love at mirk midnight,  
2 Bare her young son ere day,  
3 And though ye'd search the world wide,  
4 Ye'll nae find sic a may.

**39H.1**

1 I FORBID ye, maidens a',  
2 That wears gowd in your hair,  
3 To come or gang by Carterhaugh,  
4 For young Tam Lane is there.

**39H.2**

1 I forbid ye, maidens a',  
2 That wears gowd in your green,  
3 To come or gang by Carterhaugh,  
4 For fear of young Tam Lane.

**39H.3**

1 'Go saddle for me the black,' says Janet,  
2 'Go saddle for me the brown,  
3 And I'll away to Carterhaugh,  
4 And flower mysell the gown.'

**39H.4**

1 'Go saddle for me the brown,' says Janet,  
2 'Go saddle for me the black,  
3 And I'll away to Carterhaugh,  
4 And flower mysel a hat.'

**39H.5**

1 She had not pulld a flowr, a flowr,  
2 A flower but only three,  
3 Till up there startit young Tam Lane,  
4 Just at bird Janet's knee.

**39H.6**

1 'Why pullst thou the herb, Janet,  
2 And why breaks thou the tree?  
3 Why put you back the bonny babe  
4 That's between you and me?'

**39H.7**

1 'If my child was to an earthly man,  
2 As it is to a wild buck rae,  
3 I would wake him the length of the winter's  
4 night,  
5 And the lea lang simmer's day.'

**39H.8**

1 'The night is Halloween, Janet,  
2 When our gude neighbours will ride,  
3 And them that would their true-love won  
4 At Blackning Cross maun bide.

**39H.9**

1 'Many will the black ride by,  
2 And many will the brown,  
3 But I ride on a milk-white steed,  
4 And ride nearest the town:  
5 Because I was a christened knight  
6 They gie me that renown.'

**39H.10**

1 'Many will the black ride by,  
2 But far mae will the brown;  
3 But when ye see the milk-white steed,  
4 Grip fast and pull me down.'

**39H.11**

1 'Take me in yer arms, Janet,  
2 An ask, an adder lang;  
3 The grip ye get ye maun haud fast,  
4 I'll be father to your bairn.'

**39H.12**

1 'Take me in your arms, Janet,  
2 An adder and a snake;  
3 The grip ye get ye maun haud fast,  
4 I'll be your world's make.'

**39H.13**

1 Up bespak the Queen of Fairies,  
2 She spak baith loud and high:  
3 'Had I kend the day at noon  
4 Tam Lane had been won from me,

**39H.14**

1 'I wad hae taen out his heart o flesh,  
2 Put in a heart o tree,  
3 That a' the maids o Middle Middle Mist  
4 Should neer hae taen Tam Lane frae me.'

**39H.15**

1 Up bespake the Queen of Fairies,  
2 And she spak wi a loud yell:  
3 'Aye at every seven year's end  
4 We pay the kane to hell.  
5 And the koors they hae gane round about,  
6 And I fear it will be mysel.'

**39I.1**

1 'O I FORBID ye, maidens a',  
2 That wear gowd on your hair,  
3 To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
4 For young Tamlane is there.

**39I.2**

1 'There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh  
2 But maun leave him a wad,  
3 Either gowd rings, or green mantles,  
4 Or else their maidenheid.'

**39I.3**

1 'Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,  
2 Green mantles ye may spin,  
3 But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,  
4 Ye'll neer get that agen.'

**39I.4**

1 But up then spak her, fair Janet,  
2 The fairest o a' her kin:  
3 'I'll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,  
4 And ask nae leave o him.'

**39I.5**

1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
2 A little abune her knee,  
3 And she has braided her yellow hair  
4 A little abune her bree.

**39I.6**

1 And when she came to Carterhaugh,  
2 She gaed beside the well,  
3 And there she fand his steed standing,  
4 But away was himsell.

**39I.7**

1 She hadna pu'd a red red rose,  
2 A rose but barely three,  
3 Till up and starts a wee wee man,  
4 At lady Janet's knee.

**39I.8**

1 Says, Why pu ye the rose, Janet?  
2 What gars ye break the tree?  
3 Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,  
4 Withouten leave o me?

**39I.9**

1 Says, Carterhaugh it is mine ain,  
2 My daddie gave it me;  
3 I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
4 And ask nae leave o thee.

**39I.10**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 Among the leaves sae green,  
3 And what they did I cannot tell,  
4 The green leaves were between.

**39I.11**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 Among the roses red,  
3 And what they did I cannot say,  
4 She neer returnd a maid.

**39I.12**

1 When she cam to her father's ha,  
2 She looked pale and wan;  
3 They thought she'd dreed some sair sickness,  
4 Or been with some leman.

**39I.13**

1 She didna comb her yellow hair  
2 Nor make meikle o her head,  
3 And ilka thing that lady took  
4 Was like to be her deid.

**39I.14**

1 It's four and twenty ladies fair  
2 Were playing at the ba;  
3 Janet, the wightest of them anes,  
4 Was faintest o them a'.

**39I.15**

1 Four and twenty ladies fair  
2 Were playing at the chess;  
3 And out there came the fair Janet,  
4 As green as any grass.

**39I.16**

1 Out and spak an auld grey-headed knight,  
2 Lay oer the castle wa:  
3 'And ever, alas! for thee, Janet,  
4 But we'll be blamed a!'

**39I.17**

1 'Now haud your tongue, ye auld grey knight,  
2 And an ill deid may ye die!  
3 Father my bairn on whom I will,  
4 I'll father nane on thee.'

**39I.18**

1 Out then spak her father dear,  
2 And he spak meik and mild:  
3 'And ever, alas! my sweet Janet,  
4 I fear ye gae with child.'

**39I.19**

1 'And if I be with child, father,  
2 Mysell maun bear the blame;  
3 There's neer a knight about your ha  
4 Shall hae the bairmie's name.'

**39I.20**

1 'And if I be with child, father,  
2 'Twill prove a wondrous birth,  
3 For weel I swear I'm not wi bairn  
4 To any man on earth.'

**39I.21**

1 'If my love were an earthly knight,  
2 As he's an elfin grey,  
3 I wadna gie my ain true love  
4 For nae lord that ye hae.'

**39I.22**

1 She prinkd hersell and prinnd hersell,  
2 By the ae light of the moon,  
3 And she's away to Carterhaugh,  
4 To speak wi young Tamlane.

**39I.23**

1 And when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
2 She gaed beside the well,  
3 And there she saw the steed standing,  
4 But away was himsell.

**39I.24**

1 She hadna pu'd double rose,  
2 A rose but only twae,  
3 When up and started young Tamlane,  
4 Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

**39I.25**

1 Why pu ye the rose, Janet,  
2 Within this garden grene,  
3 And a' to kill the bonny babe  
4 That we got us between?

**39I.26**

1 'The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane,  
2 A word ye mauna lie;  
3 Gin eer ye was in haly chapel,  
4 Or sained in Christentie?'

**39I.27**

1 'The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,  
2 A word I winna lie;  
3 A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
4 As well as they did thee.

**39I.28**

1 'Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,  
2 Dunbar, Earl March, is thine;  
3 We loved when we were children small,  
4 Which yet you well may mind.

**39I.29**

1 'When I was a boy just turnd of nine,  
2 My uncle sent for me,  
3 To hunt and hauk, and ride with him,  
4 And keep him companie.

**39I.30**

1 'There came a wind out of the north,  
2 A sharp wind and a snell,  
3 And a deep sleep came over me,  
4 And frae my horse I fell.

**39I.31**

1 'The Queen of Fairies keppit me  
2 In yon green hill to dwell,  
3 And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb,  
4 Fair ladye, view me well.

**39I.32**

1 'Then would I never tire, Janet,  
2 In Elfish land to dwell,  
3 But aye, at every seven years,  
4 They pay the teind to hell;  
5 And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,  
6 I fear 'twill be mysell.

**39I.33**

1 'This night is Halloween, Janet,  
2 The morn is Hallowday,  
3 And gin ye dare your true love win,  
4 Ye hae nae time to stay.

**39I.34**

1 'The night it is good Halloween,  
2 When fairy folk will ride,  
3 And they that wad their true-love win,  
4 At Miles Cross they maun bide.'

**39I.35**

1 'But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?  
2 Or how shall I thee know,  
3 Amang so many unearthy knights,  
4 The like I never saw?'

**39I.36**

1 'The first company that passes by,  
2 Say na, and let them gae;  
3 The next company that passes by,  
4 Say na, and do right sae;  
5 The third company that passes by,  
6 Then I'll be ane o thae.

**39I.37**

1 'First let pass the black, Janet,  
2 And syne let pass the brown,  
3 But grip ye to the milk-white steed,  
4 And pu the rider down.

**39I.38**

1 'For I ride on the milk-white steed,  
2 And aye nearest the town;  
3 Because I was a christend knight,  
4 They gave me that renown.

**39I.39**

1 'My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
2 My left hand will be bare;  
3 And these the tokens I gie thee,  
4 Nae doubt I will be there.

**39I.40**

1 'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
2 An adder and a snake;  
3 But had me fast, let me not pass,  
4 Gin ye wad be my maik.

**39I.41**

1 'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
2 An adder and an ask;  
3 They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
4 A bale that burns fast.

**39I.42**

1 'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
2 A red-hot gad o airn;  
3 But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
4 For I'll do you no harm.

**39I.43**

1 'First dip me in a stand o milk,  
2 And then in a stand o water;  
3 But had me fast, let me not pass,  
4 I'll be your bairn's father.

**39I.44**

1 'And next they'll shape me in your arms  
2 A tod but and an eel;  
3 But had me fast, nor let me gang,  
4 As you do love me weel.

**39I.45**

1 'They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
2 A dove but and a swan,  
3 And last they'll shape me in your arms  
4 A mother-naked man;  
5 Cast your green mantle over me,  
6 I'll be myself again.'

**39I.46**

1 Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,  
2 And eiry was the way,  
3 As fair Janet, in her green mantle,  
4 To Miles Cross she did gae.

**39I.47**

1 About the dead hour o the night  
2 She heard the bridles ring,  
3 And Janet was as glad o that  
4 As any earthly thing.

**39I.48**

1 And first gaed by the black black steed,  
2 And then gaed by the brown;  
3 But fast she gript the milk-white steed,  
4 And pu'd the rider down.

**39I.49**

1 She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,  
2 And loot the bridle fa,  
3 And up there raise an erlish cry,  
4 'He's won amang us a'!'

**39I.50**

1 They shaped him in fair Janet's arms  
2 An esk but and an adder;  
3 She held him fast in every shape,  
4 To be her bairn's father.

**39I.51**

1 They shaped him in her arms at last  
2 A mother-naked man,  
3 She wrapt him in her green mantle,  
4 And sae her true love wan.

**39I.52**

1 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
2 Out o a bush o broom:  
3 'She that has borrowd young Tamlane  
4 Has gotten a stately groom.'

**39I.53**

1 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
2 Out o a bush o rye:  
3 'She's taen awa the bonniest knight  
4 In a' my cumpanie.

**39I.54**

1 'But had I kennd, Tamlane,' she says,  
2 'A lady wad borrowd thee  
3 I wad taen out thy twa grey een,  
4 Put in twa een o tree.

**39I.55**

1 'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,  
2 'Before ye came frae hame,  
3 I wad taen out your heart o flesh,  
4 Put in a heart o stane.

**39I.56**

1 'Had I but had the wit yestreen  
2 That I hae coft the day,  
3 I'd paid my kane seven times to hell  
4 Ere you'd been won away.'

**39[J.1]**

1 'The night, the night is Halloween,  
2 Tommorow's Hallowday,  
3 .....  
4 .....

**39[J.2]**

1 'The night, the night is Halloween,  
2 Our seely court maun ride,  
3 Thro England and thro Ireland both,  
4 And a' the world wide.  
5 .....

**39[J.3]**

1 'The firsten court that comes ye bye,  
2 You'll lout, and let them gae;  
3 The seconden court that comes you bye,  
4 You'll hail them reverently.

**39[J.4]**

1 'The thirden court that comes you by,  
2 Sae weel's ye will me ken,  
3 For some will be on a black, a black,  
4 And some will be on a brown,  
5 But I will be on a bluid-red steed,  
6 And will ride neist the queen.

**39[J.5]**

1 'The thirden court that comes you bye,  
2 Sae weel's ye will me ken,  
3 For I'll be on a bluid-red steed,  
4 Wi three stars on his crown.

**39[J.6]**

1 'Ye'll tak the horse head in yer hand,  
2 And grip the bridle fast;  
3 The Queen o Elfin will gie a cry,  
4 'True Tamas is stown awa!'

**39[J.7]**

1 'And I will grow in your twa hands  
2 And adder and an eel;  
3 But the grip ye get ye'll hold it fast,  
4 I'll be father to yer chiel.

**39[J.8]**

1 'I will wax in your twa hans  
2 As hot as any coal;  
3 But if you love me as you say,  
4 You'll think of me and thole.

**39[J.9]**

1 'O I will grow in your twa hands  
2 An adder and a snake;  
3 The grip ye get now hold it fast,  
4 And I'll be your world's mait.

**39[J.10]**

1 'O I'll gae in at your gown sleeve,  
2 And out at your gown hem,  
3 And I'll stand up before thee then  
4 A freely naked man.

**39[J.11]**

1 'O I'll gae in at your gown sleeve,  
2 And out at your gown hem,  
3 And I'll stand before you then,  
4 But claitthing I'll hae nane.

**39[J.12]**

1 'Ye'll do you down to Carden's Ha,  
2 And down to Carden's stream,  
3 And there you'll see our seely court,  
4 As they come riding hame.'

**39[J.13]**

1 'It's nae wonder, my daughter Janet,  
2 Ture Tammas ye thought on;  
3 An he were a woman as he's a man,  
4 My bedfellow he should be.'

**39[J2.1]**

1 The maid that sits in Katherine's Hall,  
2 Clad in her robes so black,  
3 She has to yon garden gone,  
4 For flowers to flower her hat.

**39[J2.2]**

1 She had not pulled the red, red rose,  
2 A double rose but three,  
3 When up there starts a gentleman,  
4 Just at this lady's knee.

**39[J2.3]**

1 Says, Who's this pulls the red, red rose?  
2 Breaks branches off the tree?  
3 Or who's this treads my garden-grass,  
4 Without the leave of me?

**39[J2.4]**

1 'Yes, I will pull the red, red rose,  
2 Break branches off the tree,  
3 This garden in Moorcartney wood,  
4 Without the leave o thee.'

**39[J2.5:**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand  
2 And gently laid her down,  
3 Just in below some shady trees  
4 Where the green leaves hung down.

**39[J2.6]**

1 'Come tell to me, kind sir,' she said,  
2 'What before you never told;  
3 Are you an earthly man?' said she,  
4 'A knight or a baron bold?'

**39[J2.7]**

1 'I'll tell to you, fair lady,' he said,  
2 'What before I neer did tell;  
3 I'm Earl Douglas's second son,  
4 With the queen of the fairies I dwell.

**39[J2.8]**

1 'When riding through yon forest-wood,  
2 And by yon grass-green well,  
3 A sudden sleep me overtook,  
4 And off my steed I fell.

**39[J2.9]**

1 Ther queen of the fairies, being there,  
2 Made me with her to dwell,  
3 And still once in the seven years  
4 We pay a teind to hell.

**39[J2.10]**

1 'And because I am an earthly man,  
2 Myself doth greatly fear,  
3 For the cleverest man in all our train  
4 To Pluto must go this year.

**39[J2.11]**

1 'This night is Halloween, lady,  
2 And the fairies they will ride;  
3 The maid that will her true-love win  
4 At Miles Cross she may bide.'

**39[J2.12]**

1 'But how shall I thee ken, though, sir?  
2 Or how shall I thee know,  
3 Amang a pack o hellish wraiths,  
4 Before I never saw?'

**39[J2.13]**

1 'Some rides upon a black horse, lady,  
2 And some upon a brown,  
3 But I myself on a milk-white steed,  
4 And I aye nearest the toun.

**39[J2.14]**

1 'My right hand shall be covered, lady,  
2 My left hand shall be bare,  
3 And that's a token good enough  
4 That you will find me there.

**39[J2.15]**

1 'Take the Bible in your right hand,  
2 With God for to be your guide,  
3 Take holy water in thy left hand,  
4 And throw it on every side.'

**39[J2.16]**

1 She's taen her mantle her about,  
2 A cane into her hand,  
3 And she has unto Miles Cross gone,  
4 As hard as she can gang.

**39[J2.17]**

1 First she has letten the black pass by,  
2 And then she has letten the brown,  
3 But she's taen a fast hold o the milk-white  
steed,  
4 And she's pulled Earl Thomas down.

**39[J2.18]**

1 The queen of the fairies being there,  
2 Sae loud she's letten a cry,  
3 'The maid that sits in Katherine's Hall  
4 This night has gotten her prey.

**39[J2.19]**

1 'But hadst thou waited, fair lady,  
2 Till about this time the morn,  
3 He would hae been as far from thee or me  
4 As the wind that blew when he was born.'

**39[J2.20]**

1 They turned him in this lady's arms  
2 Like the adder and the snake;  
3 She held him fast; why should she not?  
4 Though her poor heart was like to break.

**39[J2.21]**

1 They turned him in this lady's arms  
2 Like two red gads of airn;  
3 She held him fast; why should she not?  
4 She knew they could do her no harm.

**39[J2.22]**

1 They turned him in this lady's arms  
2 Like to all things that was vile;  
3 She held him fast; why should she not?  
4 The father of her child.

**39[J2.23]**

1 They turned him in this lady's arms  
2 Like to a naked knight;  
3 She's taen him hame to her ain bower,  
4 And clothed him in armour bright.

**39[K.1]**

1 Leady Margat stands in her boor-door,  
2 Clead in the robs of green;  
3 She longed to go to Charters Woods,  
4 To pull the flowers her lean.

**39[K.2]**

1 She had not puld a rose, a rose,  
2 O not a rose but one,  
3 Till up it starts True Thomas,  
4 Said, Leady, let alone.

**39[K.3]**

1 'Why pull ye the rose, Marget?  
2 Or why break ye the tree?  
3 Or why come ye to Charters Woods  
4 Without the leave of me?'

**39[K.4]**

1 'I will pull the rose,' she said,  
2 'And I will break the tree,  
3 For Charters Woods is all my own,  
4 And I'll ask no leave of the.'

**39[K.5]**

1 He's tean her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 And laid her lo at the foot of the tree,  
4 At her he askt no leave.

**39[K.6]**

1 It fell once upon a day  
2 They wer a pleaying at the ba,  
3 And every one was reed and whyte,  
4 Leady Marget's culler was all awa.

**39[K.7]**

1 Out it speaks an elder man,  
2 As he stood in the gate,  
3 'Our king's daughter she gos we bern,  
4 And we will get the wait.'

**39[K.8]**

1 'If I be we bern,' she said,  
2 'My own self beer the blame!  
3 There is not a man in my father's court  
4 Will get my bern's name.'

**39[K.9]**

1 'There grows a flower in Charters Woods,  
2 It grows on gravel greay,  
3 It ould destroy the boney young bern  
4 That ye got in your pley.'

**39[K.10]**

1 She's tean her mantle her about,  
2 Her green glove on her hand,  
3 And she's awa to Charters Woods,  
4 As fest as she could gang.

**39[K.11]**

1 She had no puld a pile, a pile,  
2 O not a pile but one,  
3 Up it startid True Thomas,  
4 Said, Leady, lat alean.

**39[K.12]**

1 Why pull ye the pile, Marget,  
2 That grows on gravel green,  
3 For to destroy the boney young bern  
4 That we got us between?'

**39[K.13]**

1 'If it were to an earthly man,  
2 As [it is] to an elphan knight,  
3 I ould walk for my true-love's sake  
4 All the long winter's night.'

**39[K.14]**

1 'When I was a boy of eleven years old,  
2 And much was made of me,  
3 I went out to my father's garden,  
4 Fell asleep at yon aple tree:  
5 The queen of Elphan [she] came by,  
6 And laid on her hands on me.

**39[K.15]**

1 'Elphan it's a boney place,  
2 In it fain wid I dwell;  
3 But ey at every seven years end  
4 We pay the teene to hell:  
5 I'm so full of flesh and blood  
6 I'm sear feart for mysel.

**39[K.16]**

1 'The morn's Hallow Even's night,  
2 When a' our courts do ride,  
3 Through England and through Ireland,  
4 Through a' the world wide:  
5 And she that would her true-love borrow  
6 At Miles Corse she may bide.

**39[K.17]**

1 'The first an court that ye come till,  
2 Ye let them a' pass by;  
3 The next an court that ye come till,  
4 Ye hile them reverendly.

**39[K.18]**

1 'The next an court the ye come till,  
2 An therein rides the queen,  
3 Me upon a milk-whyte steed,  
4 And a gold star in my croun;  
5 Because I am a erle's soon,  
6 I get that for my renoun.

**39[K.19]**

1 'Ye take me in your armes,  
2 Give me a right sear fa;  
3 The queen of Elphan she'l cry out,  
4 True Thomas is awa!

**39[K.20]**

1 'First I'll be in your armes  
2 The fire burning so bold;  
3 Ye hold me fast, let me no pass  
4 Till I be like iron cold.

**39[K.21]**

1 'Next I'll be in your armes  
2 The fire burning so wild;  
3 Ye hold me fast, let me no pass,  
4 I'm the father of your child.'

**39[K.22]**

1 The first court that came her till,  
2 She let them a' pass by;  
3 The nex an court that came her till,  
4 She helt them reverendly.

**39[K.23]**

1 The nex an court that came her till,  
2 And therein read the queen,  
3 True Thomas on a milk-whyte steed,  
4 A gold star in his croun;  
5 Because he was a earl's soon,  
6 He got that for his renoun.

**39[K.24]**

1 She's tean him in her armes,  
2 Geen him a right sore fa;  
3 The queen of Elphan she cried out,  
4 True Thomas is awa!

**39[K.25]**

1 He was into her armes  
2 The fire burning so bold;  
3 She held him fast, let him no pass  
4 Till he was like iron cold.

**39[K.26]**

1 He was into her armes  
2 The fire burning so wild;  
3 She held him fast, let him no pass,  
4 He was the father of her child.

**39[K.27]**

1 The queen of Elphan she cried out,  
2 An angry woman was she,  
3 'Let Leady Marget an her true-love be,  
4 She's bought him dearer than me.'

**39[L.1]**

1 I charge ye, a' ye ladies fair,  
2 That wear goud in your hair,  
3 To come an gang bye Carterhaugh,  
4 For young Tam Lien is there.  
5 ' . . . . .

**39[L.2]**

1 Then Janet kiltit her green cleadin  
2 A wee aboon her knee,  
3 An she's gane away to Carterhaugh,  
4 As fast as she can dree.

**39[L.3]**

1 When Janet cam to Carterhaugh,  
2 Tam Lien was at the wall,  
3 An there he left his steed stannin,  
4 But away he gaed his sell.

**39[L.4]**

1 She had na pu'd a red, red rose,  
2 A rose but only three,  
3 Till up then startit young Tam Lien,  
4 Just at young Jenet's knee.

**39[L.5]**

1 'What gars ye pu the rose, Janet,  
2 Briek branches frae the tree,  
3 An come an gang by Carterhaugh,  
4 An speir nae leave of me?'

**39[L.6]**

1 'What need I speir leave o thee, Tam?  
2 What need I speir leave o thee,  
3 When Carterhaugh is a' mine ain,  
4 My father gae it me?'  
5 ' . . . . .

**39[L.7]**

1 She's kiltit up her green cleadin  
2 A wee aboon her knee,  
3 An she's away to her ain bower-door,  
4 As fast as she can dree.  
5 ' . . . . .

**39[L.8]**

1 There war four-an-twentie fair ladies  
2 A' dancin in a chess,  
3 An some war blue an some war green,  
4 But Janet was like the gress.

**39[L.9]**

1 There war four-an-twentie fair ladies  
2 A' playin at the ba,  
3 An some war red an som wer white,  
4 But Jennet was like the snaw.

**39[M.1]**

1 My father was a noble knight,  
2 And was much gi'n to play,  
3 And I myself a bonny boy,  
4 And followed him away.

**39[M.2]**

1 He rowd me in his hunting-coat  
2 And layd me down to sleep,  
3 And by the queen of fairies came,  
4 And took me up to keep.

**39[M.3]**

1 She set me on a milk-whitie steed;  
2 'Twas o the elfin kind;  
3 His feet were shot wi beaten goud,  
4 And fleeter than the wind.

**39[M.4]**

1 Then we raid on and on'ard mair,  
2 Oer mountain, hill and lee,  
3 Till we came to a hie, hie wa,  
4 Upon a mountain's bree.

**39[M.5]**

1 The apples hung like stars of goud  
2 Out-our that wa sa fine;  
3 I put my hand to pu down ane,  
4 For want of food I thought to tine.

**39[M.6]**

1 'O had your hand, Tamas!' she said,  
2 'O let that evil fruit now be!  
3 It was that apple ye see there  
4 Beguil'd man and woman in your country.

**39[M.7]**

1 'O dinna ye see yon road, Tamas,  
2 Down by yon lillie lee?  
3 Blessd is the man who yon gate gaes,  
4 It leads him to the heavens hie.

**39[M.8]**

1 'And dinna ye see yon road, Tamas,  
2 Down by yon frosty fell?  
3 Curst is the man that yon gate gaes,  
4 For it leads to the gates of hell.

**39[M.9]**

1 'O dinna ye see yon castle, Tamas,  
2 That's biggit between the twa,  
3 And theekit wi the beaten goud?  
4 O that's the fairies' ha.

**39[M.10]**

1 'O when ye come to the ha, Tamas,  
2 See that a weel-learn'd boy ye be;  
3 They'll ask ye questions ane and a',  
4 But see ye answer nane but me.

**39[M.11]**

1 'If ye speak to ain but me, Tamas,  
2 A fairie ye maun ever bide;  
3 But if ye speak to nane but me, Tamas,  
4 Ye may come to be your country's pride.'

**39[M.12]**

1 And when he came to Fairie Ha,  
2 I wot a weel-learn'd boy was he;  
3 They askd him questions ane and a',  
4 But he answerd nane but his ladie.

**39[M.13]**

1 There was four-and-twenty gude knights'-sons  
2 In fairie land obliged to bide,  
3 And of a' the pages that were there  
4 Fair Tamas was his ladie's pride.

**39[M.14]**

1 There was four-and-twenty earthly boys,  
2 Wha all played at the ba,  
3 But Tamas was the bonniest boy,  
4 And playd the best among them a'.

**39[M.15]**

1 There was four-and-twenty earthly maids,  
2 Wha a' playd at the chess,  
3 Their colour rosy-red and white,  
4 Their gowns were green as grass.

**39[M.16]**

1 'And pleasant are our fairie sports,  
2 We flie o'er hill and dale;  
3 But at the end of seven years  
4 They pay the teen to hell.

**39[M.17]**

1 'And now's the time, at Hallowmess,  
2 Late on the morrow's even,  
3 And if ye miss me then, Janet,  
4 I'm lost for yearis seven.'

**39[N.1]**

1 'Gowd rings I can buy, Thomas,  
2 Green mantles I can spin,  
3 But gin ye take my maidenheid  
4 I'll neer get that again.'

**39[N.2]**

1 Out and spak the queen o' fairies,  
2 Out o' a shot o' wheat,  
3 'She that has gotten young Tamlane  
4 Has gotten my heart's delight.'

**40.1**

1 I HEARD a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
2 An a cow low down in yon glen;  
3 Lang, lang will my young son greet  
4 Or his mither bid him come ben.

**40.2**

1 I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
2 An a cow low down in yon fauld;  
3 Lang, lang will my young son greet  
4 Or his mither take him frae cauld.  
5 ' . . . . .

**40.3**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 Waken, Queen of Elfan,  
4 An hear your nourice moan.'

**40.4**

1 'O moan ye for your meat,  
2 Or moan ye for your fee,  
3 Or moan ye for the ither bounties  
4 That ladies are wont to gie?'

**40.5**

1 'I moan na for my meat,  
2 Nor moan I for my fee,  
3 Nor moan I for the ither bounties  
4 That ladies are wont to gie.

**40.6**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 But I moan for my young son  
4 I left in four night's auld.

**40.7**

1 'I moan na for my meat,  
2 Nor yet for my fee,  
3 But I mourn for Christen land,  
4 It's there I fain would be.'

**40.8**

1 'O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,  
2 'Till he stan at your knee,  
3 An ye's win hame to Christen land,  
4 Whar fain it's ye wad be.

**40.9**

1 'O keep my bairn, nourice,  
2 Till he gang by the hauld,  
3 An ye's win hame to your young son  
4 Ye left in four night's auld.'  
5 ' . . . . .

**40.10**

1 'O nourice lay your head  
2 Upo my knee:  
3 See ye na that narrow road  
4 Up by yon tree?'

**40.11**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 That's the road the righteous goes,  
4 And that's the road to heaven.

**40.12**

1 'An see na ye that braid road,  
2 Down by yon sunny fell?  
3 Yon's the road the wicked gae,  
4 An that's the road to hell.'  
5 ' . . . . .

**41A.1**

1 LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,  
2 Sewing at her silken seam;  
3 She heard a note in Elmond's wood,  
4 And wishd she there had been.

**41A.2**

1 She loot the seam fa frae her side,  
2 And the needle to her tae,  
3 And she is on to Elmond's wood  
4 As fast as she could gae.

**41A.3**

1 She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
2 Nor broken a branch but ane,  
3 Till by it came a young hind chiel,  
4 Says, Lady, lat alane.

**41A.4**

1 O why pu ye the nut, the nut,  
2 Or why brake ye the tree?  
3 For I am forester o' this wood:  
4 Ye shoud spier leave at me.

**41A.5**

1 'I'll ask leave at no living man,  
2 Nor yet will I at thee;  
3 My father is king oer a' this realm,  
4 This wood belongs to me.'

**41A.6**

1 She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
2 Nor broken a branch but three,  
3 Till by it came him Young Akin,  
4 And gard her lat them be.

**41A.7**

1 The highest tree in Elmond's wood,  
2 He's pu'd it by the reet,  
3 And he has built for her a bower,  
4 Near by a hallow seat.

**41A.8**

1 He's built a bower, made it secure  
2 We carbuncle and stane;  
3 Tho travellers were never sae nigh,  
4 Appearance it had nane.

**41A.9**

1 He's kept her there in Elmond's wood,  
2 For six lang years and one,  
3 Till six pretty sons to him she bear,  
4 And the seventh she's brought home.

**41A.10**

1 It fell ance upon a day,  
2 This guid lord went from home,  
3 And he is to the hunting gane,  
4 Took wi him his eldest son.

**41A.11**

1 And when they were on a guid way,  
2 Wi slowly pace did walk,  
3 The boy's heart being something wae,  
4 He thus began to talk:

**41A.12**

1 'A question I woud ask, father,  
2 Gin ye woudna angry be.'  
3 'Say on, say on, my bonny boy,  
4 Ye'se nae be quarrelld by me.'

**41A.13**

1 'I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,  
2 I never can see them dry;  
3 And I wonder what aileth my mither,  
4 To mourn continually.'

**41A.14**

1 'Your mither was a king's daughter,  
2 Sprung frae a high degree,  
3 And she might hae wed some worthy prince,  
4 Had she nae been stown by me.'

**41A.15**

1 'I was her father's cup-bearer,  
2 Just at that fatal time;  
3 I catchd her on a misty night,  
4 Whan summer was in prime.'

**41A.16**

1 'My luve to her was most sincere,  
2 Her luve was great for me,  
3 But when she hardships doth endure,  
4 Her folly she does see.'

**41A.17**

1 'I'll shoot the buntin o the bush,  
2 The linnet o the tree,  
3 And bring them to my dear mither,  
4 See if she'll merrier be.'

**41A.18**

1 It fell upo another day,  
2 This guid lord he thought lang,  
3 And he is to the hunting gane,  
4 Took wi him his dog and gun.'

**41A.19**

1 Wi bow and arrow by his side,  
2 He's aff, single, alane,  
3 And left his seven children to stay  
4 Wi their mither at hame.'

**41A.20**

1 'O I will tell to you, mither,  
2 Gin ye wadna angry be.'  
3 'Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,  
4 Ye'se nae be quarrelld by me.'

**41A.21**

1 'As we came frae the hynd-hunting,  
2 We heard fine music ring.'  
3 'My blessings on you, my bonny boy,  
4 I wish I'd been there my lane.'

**41A.22**

1 He's taen his mither by the hand,  
2 His six brithers also,  
3 And they are on thro Elmond's wood,  
4 As fast as they could go.'

**41A.23**

1 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
2 Wi the stratlins o their feet;  
3 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
4 Till at her father's yate.'

**41A.24**

1 'I hae nae money in my pocket,  
2 But royal rings hae three;  
3 I'll gie them you, my little young son,  
4 And ye'll walk there for me.'

**41A.25**

1 'Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,  
2 And he will lat you in;  
3 Ye'll gie the next to the butler-boy,  
4 And he will show you ben;'

**41A.26**

1 'Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel  
2 That plays before the king;  
3 He'll play success to the bonny boy  
4 Came thro the wood him lane.'

**41A.27**

1 He gae the first to the proud porter,  
2 And he opend an let him in;  
3 He gae the next to the butler-boy,  
4 And he has shown him ben;

**41A.28**

1 He gae the third to the minstrel  
2 That playd before the king;  
3 And he playd success to the bonny boy  
4 Came thro the wood him lane.'

**41A.29**

1 Now when he came before the king,  
2 Fell low down on his knee;  
3 The king he turned round about,  
4 And the saut tear blinded his ee.'

**41A.30**

1 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
2 Gang frae my companie;  
3 Ye look sae like my dear daughter,  
4 My heart will birst in three.'

**41A.31**

1 'If I look like your dear daughter,  
2 A wonder it is none;  
3 If I look like your dear daughter,  
4 I am her eldest son.'

**41A.32**

1 'Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,  
2 Where may my Margaret be?'  
3 'She's just now standing at your yates,  
4 And my six brithers her wi.'

**41A.33**

1 'O where are all my porter-boys  
2 That I pay meat and fee,  
3 To open my yates baith wide and braid?  
4 Let her come in to me.'

**41A.34**

1 When she came in before the king,  
2 Fell low down on her knee;  
3 'Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
4 This day ye'll dine wi me.'

**41A.35**

1 'Ae bit I canno eat, father,  
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,  
3 Till I see my mither and sister dear,  
4 For lang for them I think.'

**41A.36**

1 When she came before the queen,  
2 Fell low down on her knee;  
3 'Win up, win up, my daughter dear  
4 This day ye'se dine wi me.'

**41A.37**

1 'Ae bit I canno eat, mither,  
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,  
3 Until I see my dear sister,  
4 For lang for her I think.'

**41A.38**

1 When that these two sisters met,  
2 She haild her courteouslie;  
3 'Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,  
4 This day ye'se dine wi me.'

**41A.39**

1 'Ae bit I canno eat, sister,  
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,  
3 Until I see my dear husband,  
4 For lang for him I think.'

**41A.40**

1 'O where are all my rangers bold  
2 That I pay meat and fee,  
3 To search the forest far an wide,  
4 And bring Akin to me?'

**41A.41**

1 Out it speaks the little wee boy:  
2 Na, na, this maunna be;  
3 Without ye grant a free pardon,  
4 I hope ye'll nae him see.'

**41A.42**

1 'O here I grant a free pardon,  
2 Well seald by my own han;  
3 Ye may make search for Young Akin,  
4 As soon as ever you can.'

**41A.43**

1 They searchd the country wide and braid,  
2 The forests far and near,  
3 And found him into Elmond's wood,  
4 Tearing his yellow hair.'

**41A.44**

1 'Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
2 Win up, and boun wi me;  
3 We're messengers come from the court,  
4 The king wants you to see.'

**41A.45**

1 'O lat him take frae me my head,  
2 Or hang me on a tree;  
3 For since I've lost my dear lady,  
4 Life's no pleasure to me.'

**41A.46**

1 'Your head will nae be touchd, Akin,  
2 Nor hangd upon a tree;  
3 Your lady's in her father's court,  
4 And all he wants is thee.'

**41A.47**

1 When he came in before the king,  
2 Fell low down on his knee;  
3 'Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
4 This day ye'se dine wi me.'

**41A.48**

1 But as they were at dinner set,  
2 The boy asked a boun:  
3 'I wish we were in the good church,  
4 For to get christendoun.'

**41A.49**

1 'We hae lived in guid green wood  
2 This seven years and ane;  
3 But a' this time, since eer I mind,  
4 Was never a church within.'

**41A.50**

1 'Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,  
2 But granted it shall be;  
3 This day to guid church ye shall gang,  
4 And your mither shall gang you wi.'

**41A.51**

1 When unto the guid church she came,  
2 She at the door did stan;  
3 She was sae sair sunk down wi shame,  
4 She couldna come farer ben.'

**41A.52**

1 Then out it speaks the parish priest,  
2 And a sweet smile gae he;  
3 'Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,  
4 Present your babes to me.'

**41A.53**

1 Charles, Vincent, Sam and Dick,  
2 And likewise James and John;  
3 They calld the eldest Young Akin,  
4 Which was his father's name.'

**41A.54**

1 Then they staid in the royal court,  
2 And livd wi mirth and glee,  
3 And when her father was deceas'd,  
4 Heir of the crown was she.'

**41B.1**

1 MAY MARGRET stood in her bouer door,  
2 Kaiming down her yellow hair;  
3 She spied some nuts growin in the wud,  
4 And wishd that she was there.'

**41B.2**

1 She has plaited her yellow locks  
2 A little abune her bree,  
3 And she has kiltd her petticoats  
4 A little below her knee,  
5 And she's aff to Mulberry wud,  
6 As fast as she could gae.'

**41B.3**

1 She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,  
2 A nut but barely ane,  
3 Till up started the Hynde Etin,  
4 Says, Lady, let thae alane!

**41B.4**

1 'Mulberry wuds are a' my ain;  
2 My father gied them me,  
3 To sport and play when I thought lang;  
4 And they sall na be tane by thee.'

**41B.5**

1 And ae she pu'd the tither berrie,  
2 Na thinking o' the skaith,  
3 And said, To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,  
4 I wad be unco laith.'

**41B.6**

1 But he has tane her by the yellow locks,  
2 And tied her till a tree,  
3 And said, For slichting my commands,  
4 An ill death sall ye dree.'

**41B.7**

1 He pu'd a tree out o the wud,  
2 The biggest that was there,  
3 And he howkit a cave monie fathoms deep,  
4 And put May Margret there.'

- 41B.8**  
1 'Now rest ye there, ye saucie may;  
2 My wuds are free for thee;  
3 And gif I tak ye to mysell,  
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 cauld, cauld 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 out o 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.  
5 ''''''
- 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 gane.
- 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 weat,  
2 Alas! they are seldom dry;'  
3 'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
4 Tho she should brast and die.'
- 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 laverock in the lift,  
2 The buntlin on the tree,  
3 And ye'll tak them hame to your mother,  
4 And see if she'll comforted be.'  
5 ''''''
- 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 weat,  
2 Alas! they're seldom dry;'  
3 'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
4 Tho I would 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.'  
5 ''''''
- 41C.1**  
1 'O WELL like I to ride in a mist,  
2 And shoot 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 And 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 coosten a mist before them all,  
4 And away this lady has taen.
- 41C.4**  
1 He's taken the lady on him behind,  
2 Spared neither grass nor corn,  
3 Till they came to the wood o Amonshaw,  
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 Ance she took harp into her hand,  
2 And harped them a' asleep,  
3 Then she sat down at their couch-side,  
4 And bitterly 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 cave 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 I'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 COLVEN and his gay ladie,  
2 As they walked to yon garden green,  
3 A belt about her middle gimp,  
4 Which cost Clark Colven crowns fifteen:
- 42A.2**  
1 'O hearken weel now, my good lord,  
2 O hearken weel to what I say;  
3 When ye gang to the wall o Stream,  
4 O gang nae neer the well-fared may.'
- 42A.3**  
1 'O haud your tongue, my gay ladie,  
2 Tak nae sic care o me;  
3 For I nae saw a fair woman  
4 I like so well as thee.'
- 42A.4**  
1 He mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
2 And merry, merry rade he on,  
3 Till he came to the wall o Stream,  
4 And there he saw the mermaiden.
- 42A.5**  
1 'Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny may,  
2 And ay's ye wash your sark o silk: '  
3 'It's a' for you, ye gentle knight,  
4 My skin is whiter than the milk.'
- 42A.6**  
1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 He's taen her by the sleeve sae green,  
3 And he's forgotten his gay ladie,  
4 And away with the fair maiden.  
5 ''''''
- 42A.7**  
1 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
2 'And aye sae sair's I mean my head!'  
3 And merrily leugh the mermaiden,  
4 'O win on till you be dead.'
- 42A.8**  
1 'But out ye tak your little pen-knife,  
2 And frae my sark ye shear a gare;  
3 Row that about your lovely head,  
4 And the pain ye'll never feel nae mair.'
- 42A.9**  
1 Out he has taen his little pen-knife,  
2 And frae her sark he's shorn a gare,  
3 Rowed that about his lovely head,  
4 But the pain increased mair and mair.
- 42A.10**  
1 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
2 'An aye sae sair's I mean my head!'  
3 And merrily laughd the mermaiden,  
4 'It will ay be war till ye be dead.'
- 42A.11**  
1 Then out he drew his trusty blade,  
2 And thought wi it to be her dead,  
3 But she's become a fish again,  
4 And merrily sprang into the flood.
- 42A.12**  
1 He's mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
2 And dowy, dowy rade he home,  
3 And heavily, heavily lighted down  
4 When to his ladie's bower-door he came.
- 42A.13**  
1 'Oh, mither, mither, mak my bed,  
2 And, gentle ladie, lay me down;  
3 Oh, brither, brither, unbend my bow,  
4 'Twill never be bent by me again.'
- 42A.14**  
1 His mither she has made his bed,  
2 His gentle ladie laid him down,  
3 His brither he has unbent his bow,  
4 'Twas never bent by him again.
- 42B.1**  
1 CLERK 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.
- 42B.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.'
- 42B.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?'
- 42B.4**  
1 He's taen leave o his gay lady,  
2 Nought minding what his lady said,  
3 And he's rode by the wells of Slane,  
4 Where washing was a bonny maid.
- 42B.5**  
1 'Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,  
2 That wash sae clean your sark of silk;'  
3 'And weel fa you, fair gentleman,  
4 Your body whiter than the milk.'  
5 ''''''
- 42B.6**  
1 Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk Colvill,  
2 'O my head it pains me sair;'  
3 'Then take, then take, the maiden said,  
4 'And frae my sark you'll cut a gare.'
- 42B.7**  
1 Then she's gied him a little bane-knife,  
2 And frae her sark he cut a share;  
3 She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,  
4 But ay his head it aked mair.
- 42B.8**  
1 Then louder cry'd the Clerk Colvill,  
2 'O sairer, sairer akes my head;'  
3 'And sairer, sairer ever will,'  
4 The maiden crys, 'Till you be dead.'
- 42B.9**  
1 Out then he drew his shining blade,  
2 Thinking to stick her where she stood,  
3 But she was vanishd to a fish,  
4 And swam far off, a fair mermaid.

**42B.10**

1 'O mother, mother, braid 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 band that was about her neck  
4 Cost Colin pounds fifteen;  
5 The belt about her middle sae 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 yon gay ladie.'

**42C.3**

1 'Forbid me frae your ha, mother,  
2 Forbid me frae your bour,  
3 But forbid me not frae yon ladie;  
4 She's fair as ony 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 yon gay ladie.'

**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 when he cam to the Clyde's water  
2 He licted 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 I'll row ye in my arms twa,  
4 An a foot I sanna jee.'

**42C.8**

1 'O mother, mother, mak my bed,  
2 And, sister, lay me down,  
3 An brother, tak my bow an shoot,  
4 For my shooting is done.'

**42C.9**

1 He wasna weel laid in his bed,  
2 Nor yet weel fa'en asleep,  
3 When up an started the mermaid,  
4 Just at Clerk Colin's feet.

**42C.10**

1 'Will ye lie there an die, Clerk Colin,  
2 Will ye lie there an die?  
3 Or will ye gang to Clyde's water,  
4 To fish in flood wi me?'

**42C.11**

1 'I will lie here an die,' he said,  
2 'I will lie here an die;  
3 In spite o a' the deils in hell  
4 I will lie here an die.'

**43A.1**

1 there was a knight and a lady bright,  
2 Had a true tryste at the broom;  
3 The ane gaed early in the morning,  
4 The other in the afternoon.

**43A.2**

1 And ay she sat in her mother's bower door,  
2 And ay she made her mane:  
3 'O whether should I gang to the Broomfield  
Hill,  
4 Or should I stay at hame?'

**43A.3**

1 'For if I gang to the Broomfield Hill,  
2 My maidenhead is gone;  
3 And if I chance to stay at hame,  
4 My love will ca me mansworn.'

**43A.4**

1 Up then spake a witch-woman,  
2 Ay from the room aboon:  
3 'O ye may gang to the broomfield Hill,  
4 And yet come maiden hame.

**43A.5**

1 'For when ye gang to the Broomfield Hill,  
2 Ye'll find your love asleep,  
3 With a silver belt 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 broom flower on Hive Hill,  
2 And strewd 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 But na kin thing wald waken ye,  
4 Till she was past and gane.'

**43A.11**

1 'And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
2 That I did love sae dear,  
3 That wadna watch and waken me  
4 When there was maiden here.'

**43A.12**

1 'I clapped wi my wings, master,  
2 And aye my bells I rang,  
3 And aye cry'd, Waken, waken, master,  
4 Before the ladye gang.'

**43A.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.'

**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 maiden return agen.'

**43B.3**

1 She's pu'd the blooms aff the broom-bush,  
2 And strewd them on's white hass-bane:  
3 'This is a sign whereby you may know  
4 That a maiden was here, but she's gane.'

**43B.4**

1 'O where was you, my good gray steed,  
2 That I hae 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 dreary a sang  
2 As the bird sung on the brier,  
3 For my true love is far removd,  
4 And I'll neer see her mair.'

**43C.1**

1 THERE was a knight and lady bright  
2 Set trysts amo the broom,  
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-sworn.'

**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 broom,  
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 broach that is on your napkin,  
2 Put it on his breast bane,  
3 To let him know, when he 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 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' broom,  
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 broom,  
2 Strew'd it at's head and feet,  
3 And aye the thicker that she strewd,  
4 The sounder he did sleep.

**43C.14**

1 The broach that was on her napkin,  
2 She put on his breast bane,  
3 To let him know, when he did wake,  
4 His love was come and 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 dune,  
2 She went to a bush o broom,  
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 paid for sae dear,  
3 Ye didna waken me frae my sleep  
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.'

**43C.19**

1 'Where were ye, my berry-brown steed,  
2 That I paid for sae dear,  
3 That ye woudna waken me out o my sleep  
4 When my love was sae near?'

**43C.20**

1 'I patted wi my foot, master,  
2 Till a' my bridles rang,  
3 But still the mair that I did patt,  
4 Waken woud ye nane.'

**43C.21**

1 'O where were ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
2 That I paid for sae dear,  
3 That ye woudna waken me out o my sleep  
4 When ye sae my love near?'

**43C.22**

1 'I flapped wi my wings, master,  
2 Till a' my bells they rang,  
3 But still the mair that I did flap,  
4 Waken woud ye nane.'

**43C.23**

1 'O where were ye, my merry young men,  
2 That I pay meat and fee,  
3 Ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep  
4 When my love ye did see?'

**43C.24**

1 'Ye'll sleep mair on the night, master,  
2 And wake mair on the day;  
3 Gae sooner down to Broomfield Hills  
4 When ye've sic pranks to play.'

**43C.25**

1 'If I had seen any armed men  
2 Come riding over the hill—  
3 But I saw but a fair lady  
4 Come quietly you until.'

**43C.26**

1 'O wae mat worth you, my young men,  
2 That I pay meat and fee,  
3 That ye woudna waken me frae sleep  
4 When ye my love did see.'

**43C.27**

1 'O had I waked when she was nigh,  
2 And o her got my will,  
3 I shoudna cared upon the morn  
4 Tho sma birds o her were fill.'

**43C.28**

1 When she went out, right bitter wept,  
2 But singing came she hame;  
3 Says, I hae been at Broomfield Hills,  
4 And maid returnd again.'

**43D.1**

1 'I'LL wager, I'll wager,' says Lord John,  
2 'A hundred merks and ten,  
3 That ye winna gae to the bonnie broom-fields,  
4 And a maid return again.'

**43D.2**

1 'But I'll lay a wager wi you, Lord John,  
2 A' your merks oure again,  
3 That I'll gae alane to the bonnie broom-fields,  
4 And a maid return again.'

**43D.3**

1 Then Lord John mounted his grey steed,  
2 And his hound wi his bells sae bricht,  
3 And swiftly he rade to the bonny broomfields,  
4 Wi his hawks, like a lord or knight.'

**43D.4**

1 'Now rest, now rest, my bonnie grey steed,  
2 My lady will soon be here,  
3 And I'll lay my head aneath this rose sae red,  
4 And the bonnie burn sae near.'

**43D.5**

1 But sound, sound was the sleep he took,  
2 For he slept till it was noon,  
3 And his lady cam at day, left a taiken and away,  
4 Gaed as licht as a glint o the moon.'

**43D.6**

1 She strawed the roses on the ground,  
2 Threw her mantle on the brier,  
3 And the belt around her middle sae jimp,  
4 As a taiken that she'd been there.'

**43D.7**

1 The rustling leaves flew round his head,  
2 And rousd him frae his dream;  
3 He saw by the roses, and mantle sae green,  
4 That his love had been there and was gane.'

**43D.8**

1 'O whare was ye, my gude grey steed,  
2 That I coft ye sae dear,  
3 That ye didna waken your master,  
4 Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

**43D.9**

1 'I pautit wi my foot, master,  
2 Garrd a' my bridles rang,  
3 And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
4 For now is the hour and time.'

**43D.10**

1 'Then whare was ye, my bonnie grey hound,  
2 That I coft ye sae dear,  
3 That ye didna waken your master,  
4 Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

**43D.11**

1 'I pautit wi my foot, master,  
2 Garrd a' my bells to ring,  
3 And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
4 For now is the hour and time.'

**43D.12**

1 'But whare was ye, my hawks, my hawks,  
2 That I coft ye sae dear,  
3 That ye didna waken your master,  
4 Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

**43D.13**

1 'O wyte na me, now, my master dear,  
2 I garrd a' my young hawks sing,  
3 And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
4 For now is the hour and time.'

**43D.14**

1 'Then be it sae, my wager gane,  
2 'Twill skaith frae meikle ill,  
3 For gif I had found her in bonnie broomfields,  
4 O her heart's blude ye'd drunken your fill.'

**43E.1**

1 'I'LL wager, I'll wager wi you, fair maid,  
2 Five hunder punds and ten,  
3 That a maid winna gae to the bonnie green  
bower,  
4 An a maid return back agen.'

**43E.2**

1 'I'll wager, I'll wager wi you, kin' sir,  
2 Five hunder punds and ten,  
3 That a maid I'll gang to the bonnie green  
bower,  
4 An a maid return again.'

**43E.3**

1 But when she cam to the bonnie green bower,  
2 Her true-love was fast asleep;  
3 Sumtimes she kist his rosie, rosie lips,  
4 An his breath was wondrous sweet.'

**43E.4**

1 Sometimes she went to the crown o his head,  
2 Sometimes to the soles o his feet,  
3 Sometimes she kist his rosie, rosie lips,  
4 An his breath was wondrous sweet.'

**43E.5**

1 She's taen a ring frae her finger,  
2 Laid it upon his breast-bane;  
3 It was for a token that she had been there,  
4 That she had been there, but was gane.'

**43E.6**

1 'Where was you, where was ye, my merry men  
a',  
2 That I do luve sae dear,  
3 That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
4 When my true love was here?'

**43E.7**

1 'Where was ye, where was ye, my gay  
goshawk,  
2 That I do luve sae dear,  
3 That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
4 Whan my true love was here?'

**43E.8**

1 'Wi my wings I flaw, kin' sir,  
2 An wi my bill I sang,  
3 But ye woudna waken out o yer sleep  
4 Till your true love was gane.'

**43E.9**

1 'Where was ye, my bonnie grey steed,  
2 That I do luve sae dear,  
3 That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
4 When my true love was here?'

**43E.10**

1 'I stampit wi my fit, maister,  
2 And made my bridle ring,  
3 But ye wadna waken out o yer sleep,  
4 Till your true love was gane.'

**43F.1**

1 A NOBLE young squire that livd in the west,  
2 He courted a young lady gay,  
3 And as he was merry, he put forth a jest,  
4 A wager with her he would lay.'

**43F.2**

1 'A wager with me?' the young lady reply'd,  
2 'I pray, about what must it be?  
3 If I like the humour you shan't be deny'd;  
4 I love to be merry and free.'

**43F.3**

1 Quoth he, 'I will lay you an hundred pounds,  
2 A hundred pounds, aye, and ten,  
3 That a maid if you go to the merry broomfield,  
4 That a maid you return not again.'

**43F.4**

1 'I'll lay you that wager,' the lady she said,  
2 Then the money she flung down amain;  
3 'To the merry broomfield I'll go a pure maid,  
4 The same I'll return home again.'

**43F.5**

1 He coverd her bett in the midst of the hall  
2 With an hundred and ten jolly pounds,  
3 And then to his servant straightway he did call,  
4 For to bring forth his hawk and his hounds.'

**43F.6**

1 A ready obedience the servant did yield,  
2 And all was made ready oer night;  
3 Next morning he went to the merry broomfield,  
4 To meet with his love and delight.'

**43F.7**

1 Now when he came there, having waited a  
while,  
2 Among the green broom down he lies;  
3 The lady came to him, and coud not but smile,  
4 For sleep then had closed his eyes.'

**43F.8**

1 Upon his right hand a gold ring she secur'd,  
2 Down from her own finger so fair,  
3 That when he awaked he might be assur'd  
4 His lady and love had been there.'

**43F.9**

1 She left him a posie of pleasant perfume,  
2 Then stopt from the place where he lay;  
3 Then hid herself close in the besom of the  
broom,  
4 To hear what her true-love would say.'

**43F.10**

1 He wakend and found the gold ring on his hand,  
2 Then sorrow of heart he was in:  
3 'My love has been here, I do well understand,  
4 And this wager I now shall not win.'

**43F.11**

1 'O where was you, my goodly gawshawk,  
2 The which I have purchasd so dear?  
3 Why did you not waken me out of my sleep  
4 When the lady, my lover, was here?'

**43F.12**

1 'O with my bells did I ring, master,  
2 And eke with my feet did I run;  
3 And still did I cry, Pray awake, master,  
4 She's here now, and soon will be gone.'

**43F.13**

1 'O where was you, my gallant greyhound,  
2 Whose collar is flourishd with gold?  
3 Why hadst thou not wakend me out of my sleep  
4 When thou didst my lady behold?'

**43F.14**

1 'Dear master, I barked with my mouth when she  
came,  
2 And likewise my coller I shook,  
3 And told you that here was the beautiful dame,  
4 But no notice of me then you took.'

**43F.15**

1 'O where was thou, my serving-man,  
2 Whom I have cloathed so fine?  
3 If you had wak'd me when she was here,  
4 The wager then had been mine.'



## 43F.16

1 'In the night ye should have slept, master,  
2 And kept awake in the day;  
3 Had you not been sleeping when hither she  
came,  
4 Then a maid she had not gone away.'

## 43F.17

1 Then home he returnd, when the wager was  
lost,  
2 With sorrow of heart, I may say;  
3 The lady she laughd to find her love crost,—  
4 This was upon midsummer-day.

## 43F.18

1 'O squire, I laid in the bushes conceald,  
2 And heard you when you did complain;  
3 And thus I have been to the merry broomfield,  
4 And a maid returnd back again.

## 43F.19

1 'Be chearful, be chearful, and do not repine,  
2 For now 'tis as clear as the sun,  
3 The money, the money, the money is mine,  
4 The wager I fairly have won.'

## 44.1

1 THE lady stands in her bower door,  
2 As straight as willow wand;  
3 The blacksmith stood a little forebye,  
4 Wi hammer in his hand.

## 44.2

1 'Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,  
2 Into your robes o red;  
3 Before the morn at this same time,  
4 I'll gain your maidenhead.'

## 44.3

1 'Awa, awa, ye coal-black smith,  
2 Woud ye do me the wrang  
3 To think to gain my maidenhead,  
4 That I hae kept sae lang!'

## 44.4

1 Then she has hadden up her hand,  
2 And she sware by the mold,  
3 'I wudna be a blacksmith's wife  
4 For the full o a chest o gold.

## 44.5

1 'I'd rather I were dead and gone,  
2 And my body laid in grave,  
3 Ere a rusty stock o coal-black smith  
4 My maidenhead shoud have.'

## 44.6

1 But he has hadden up his hand,  
2 And he sware by the mass,  
3 'I'll cause ye be my light leman  
4 For the hauf o that and less.'

## 44.6b

1 O bide, lady, bide,  
2 And aye he bade her bide;  
3 The rusty smith your leman shall be,  
4 For a' your muckle pride.

## 44.7

1 Then she became a turtle dow,  
2 To fly up in the air,  
3 And he became another dow,  
4 And they flew pair and pair.

## 44.7b

1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C.

## 44.8

1 She turnd hersell into an eel,  
2 To swim into yon burn,  
3 And he became a speckled trout,  
4 To gie the eel a turn.

## 44.8b

1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C.

## 44.9

1 Then she became a duck, a duck,  
2 To puddle in a peel,  
3 And he became a rose-kaimd drake,  
4 To gie the duck a dreel.

## 44.9b

1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C.

## 44.10

1 She turnd hersell into a hare,  
2 To rin upon yon hill,  
3 And he became a gude grey-hound,  
4 And boldly he did fill.

## 44.10b

1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C.

## 44.11

1 Then she became a gay grey mare,  
2 And stood in yonder slack,  
3 And he became a gilt saddle,  
4 And sat upon her back.

## 44.11b

1 Was she wae, he held her sae,  
2 And still he bade her bide;  
3 The rusty smith her leman was,  
4 For a' her muckle pride.

## 44.12

1 Then she became a het girdle,  
2 And he became a cake,  
3 And a' the ways she turnd hersell,  
4 The blacksmith was her make.

## 44.12b

1 Was she wae, 'C.

## 44.13

1 She turnd hersell into a ship,  
2 To sail out ower the flood;  
3 He ca'ed a nail intill her tail,  
4 And syne the ship she stood.

## 44.13b

1 Was she wae, 'C.

## 44.14

1 Then she became a silken plaid,  
2 And stretchd upon a bed,  
3 And he became a green covering,  
4 And gaind her maidenhead.

## 44.14b

1 Was she wae, 'C.

## 45A.1

1 OFF an ancient story Ile tell you anon,  
2 Of a notable prince *that* was called *King Iohn*,  
3 In England was borne, with maine and with  
might;  
4 Hee did much wrong and mainteined litle right.

## 45A.2

1 This noble prince was vexed in veretye,  
2 For he was angry with the Bishopp of  
Canterbury;  
3 Ffor his house-keeping and his good cheere,  
4 The rode post for him, as you shall heare.

## 45A.3

1 They rode post for him verry hastilye;  
2 The *king* sayd the bishopp kept a better house  
then hee:  
3 A hundred men euen, as I [have heard] say,  
4 The bishopp kept in his house *euery* day,  
5 And fifty gold chaines, without any doubt,  
6 In veluett coates waited the bishopp about.

## 45A.4

1 The bishopp, he came to the court anon,  
2 Before his prince *that* was called *King Iohn*.  
3 As soone as the bishopp the *king* did see,  
4 'O,' *quoth* the *king*, 'Bishopp, thow art  
welcome to mee.  
5 There is noe man soe welcome to towne  
6 As thou *that* workes treason against my  
croune'

## 45A.5

1 'My leege,' *quoth* the bishopp, 'I wold it were  
knowne  
2 I spend, *your* grace, nothing but *that that*'s my  
owne;  
3 I trust *your* grace will doe me noe deare  
4 For spending my owne trew gotten geere.'

## 45A.6

1 'Yes,' *quoth* the *king*, 'Bishopp, thou must  
needs dye,  
2 Except thou can ansvere mee questions three;  
3 Thy head shalbe smitten quite from thy bodye,  
4 And all thy liuing remayne vnto mee.

## 45A.7

1 'First,' *quoth* the *king*, 'Tell me in this steade,  
2 With this crowne of gold heere vpon my head,  
3 Amongst my nobilitye, with ioy and much  
mirth,  
4 Lett me know *within* one pennye what I am  
worth.

## 45A.8

1 'Secondlye, tell me *without* any dowbt  
2 How soone I may goe the whole world about;  
3 And thirdly, tell mee or *euer* I stinte,  
4 What is the thing, bishopp, *that* I doe thinke.  
5 Twenty dayes pardon thoust haue trulye,  
6 And come againe and ansvere mee.'

## 45A.9

1 The bishopp bade the *king* god night att 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 Wherewith the bishopp was nothing gladd,  
2 But in his hart was heauy and sadd,  
3 And hyed him home to a house in the countrie,  
4 To ease some *part* of his melanchollye.

## 45A.11

1 His halfe-brother dwelt there, was feirce and  
fell,  
2 Noe better but a shepard to the bishoppe  
himself;  
3 The shepard came to the bishopp 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 bishopp, 'I ayle att this  
time;  
4 Will not thee auaille to know, brother mine.'

## 45A.13

1 'Brother,' *quoth* the shepeard, 'you haue heard  
itt,  
2 *That* a ffoole may teach a wisemane witt;  
3 Say me therefore whatsoever you will,  
4 And if I doe you noe good, Ile doe you noe ill.'

## 45A.14

1 *Quoth* the bishop: I haue beene att the court  
anon,  
2 Before my prince is called *King Iohn*,  
3 And there he hath charged mee  
4 Against his crowne with traitorye.

## 45A.15

1 If I cannot answer his misterye,  
2 Three questions hee hath *propounded* to mee,  
3 He will haue my land soe faire and free,  
4 And alsoe the head from my bodye.

## 45A.16

1 The first question was, to tell him in *that* stead,  
2 With the crowne of gold vpon his head,  
3 Amongst his nobilitye, with ioy and much  
mirth,  
4 To lett him know *within* one peny what hee is  
worth.

## 45A.17

1 And secondlye, to tell him *with-out* any doubt  
2 How soone he may goe the whole world about;  
3 And thirdlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,  
4 What is the thing *that* he does thinke.

## 45A.18

1 '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  
apparell,  
4 Ile ryde to the court and ansvere *your* quarrell.

## 45A.19

1 'Lend me *your* serving men, say me not nay,  
2 With all *your* best horssees *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 bishopp with speed *prepared* then  
2 To sett forth the shepard with horse and man;  
3 The shepard was liuely *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*, 'Bishopp thou art welcome  
to me.'  
5 The shepard was soe like the bishopp his  
brother,  
6 The *king* cold not know the one from the other.

**45A.22**

- 1 Quoth the king, Bishopp, thou art welcome to me
- 2 If thou can answer me my questions three.
- 3 Said the shepard, If it please *your* grace,
- 4 Show mee what the first quest<i>on was.

**45A.23**

- 1 'First,' quoth the king, 'Tell mee in this stead,
- 2 With the crowne of gold vpon my head,
- 3 Amongst my nobilitye, with ioy and much mirth,
- 4 Within one penny what I am worth.'

**45A.24**

- 1 Quoth the shepard, To make *your* grace noe offence,
- 2 I thinke you are worth nine and twenty pence;
- 3 For our *Lord* Iesus, *that* bought vs all,
- 4 For thirty pence was sold into thrall
- 5 Amongst the cursed Iewes, as I to you doe shoue;
- 6 But I know Christ was one peny 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 shepard, It is noe time *with your* grace to scorne,
- 2 But rise betime *with* the sun in the morne,
- 3 And follow his course till his vprising,
- 4 And then you may know *without* any leasing.

**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 round about, euen as I doe say,
- 6 If *with* the sun you can goe the next way.

**45A.28**

- 1 'And thirdlye tell me or euer I stint,
- 2 What is the thing, bishoppe, *that* I doe thinke.'
- 3 'That shall I doe,' quoth the shepard; 'For veretye,
- 4 You thinke I am the bishopp of Canterburye.'

**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 'Not soe,' quoth the shepard; 'The truth shalbe knowne,
- 4 I am his poore shepard; my brother is att 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 shepard, 'I pray you be still,
- 4 For Ile not bee bishop 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 giue thee cleere
- 2 A pattent of three hundred pound a yeere;
- 3 *That* I will giue thee franke and free;
- 4 Take thee *that*, shepard, for coming to me.

**45A.32**

- 1 'Free pardon Ile giue,' the kings grace said,
- 2 'To saue the bishopp, his land and his head;
- 3 With him nor thee Ile be nothing wrath;
- 4 Here is the *pardon* for him and thee both.'

**45A.33**

- 1 Then the shepard he had noe more to say,
- 2 But tooke the *pardon* and rode his way:
- 3 When he came to the bishopp's place,
- 4 The bishopp asket anon how all things was.

**45A.34**

- 1 'Brother,' quoth the shepard, '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 bishopes 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 . . . . .
- 2 . . . . .
- 3 'I will to thee noe longer croche nor creepe,
- 4 Nor Ile serue thee noe more to keepe thy sheepe.'

**45A.37**

- 1 Whereeuer wist you shepard 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 Whereeuer wist you shepard gett cleare
- 6 Three hundred and fifty pound a yeere?

**45A.38**

- 1 I neuer hard of his fellow before.
- 2 Nor I neuer shall: now I need to say noe more.
- 3 I neuer knew shepard *that* gott such a liuinge
- 4 But David, the shepard, *that* was a king.

**45B.1**

- 1 I'LL tell you a story, a story anon,
- 2 Of a noble prince, and his name was King John;
- 3 For he was a prince, and a prince of great might,
- 4 He held up great wrongs, he put down great right.

**45B.1r**

- 1 Derry down, down hey, derry down

**45B.2**

- 1 I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
- 2 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury,
- 3 And of his house-keeping and high renown,
- 4 Which made him resort to fair London town.

**45B.3**

- 1 'How now, father abbot? 'Tis told unto me
- 2 That thou keepest a far better house than I;
- 3 And for [thy] house-keeping and high renown,
- 4 I fear thou has treason against my crown.'

**45B.4**

- 1 'I hope, my liege, that you owe me no grudge
- 2 For spending of my true-gotten goods:'
- 3 'If thou dost not answer me questions three,
- 4 Thy head shall be taken from thy body.'

**45B.5**

- 1 'When 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 Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

**45B.6**

- 1 'And the next question you must not flout,
- 2 How long I shall be riding the world about;
- 3 And the third question thou must not shrink,
- 4 But tell to me truly what I do think.'

**45B.7**

- 1 'O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
- 2 For I cannot answer your grace as yet;
- 3 But if you will give me but three days space,
- 4 I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace.'

**45B.8**

- 1 'O three days space I will thee give,
- 2 For that is the longest day thou hast to live.
- 3 And if thou dost not answer these questions right,
- 4 Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite.'

**45B.9**

- 1 And as the shepherd was going to his fold,
- 2 He spy'd the old abbot come riding along:
- 3 'How now, master abbot? You'r welcome home;
- 4 What news have you brought from good King John?'

**45B.10**

- 1 'Sad news, sad news I have thee to give,
- 2 For I have but three days space for to live;
- 3 If I do not answer him questions three,
- 4 My head will be taken from my body.'

**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 worth of thee,
- 4 For I think thou are one penny worser than he.'

**45B.16**

- 1 'And the next question thou mayst 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'l 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 shepherd, 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 againt 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 mee walk alane, O kind sir, if you please;
- 3 The butler's bell it will be rung, and I'll be mist 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 baith lye in ae bed, but you's lye 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 man of fame;
- 3 Tho your father and a' his men were here, I would na stand in awe
- 4 To tak you to mine ain bed, and lay you neist the wa.

## 46A.5

- 1 'Oh my bonny, bonny lady, if you'll gie me your hand,
- 2 You shall hae drums and trumpets to sound at your command;
- 3 Wi fifty men to guard you, sae weel their swords can dra,
- 4 And wee's baith lye in ae bed, but you's lye neist the wa.'

## 46A.6

- 1 He's mounted her upon a steid, behind his gentleman,
- 2 And he himself did walk afoot, to had his lady on,
- 3 With his hand about her midle sae jimp, for fear that she should fa;
- 4 She man lye in his bed, but she'll not lye neist the wa.

## 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 never sa;'
- 4 'O dame bring ben a down-bed, for she's lye neist the wa.'

## 46A.8

- 1 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, ænd 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 g the ga,
- 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 canna hae a bane;
- 3 The dow it is a gentle bird that flies wanting the ga;
- 4 And ye man lye in my bed, between me and the wa.'

## 46A.11

- 1 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, ænd 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 twa by twa,
- 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 dew down first does fa?
- 4 Before I lye in your bed, but I'll lye neist the wa.'

## 46A.13

- 1 'Virgus is greener than the grass, heaven's higher than the tree;
- 2 The deil's war than a woman's wish, hell's deeper than the sea;
- 3 The cock sings first, on the Sugar Loaf the dew down first does fa;
- 4 And ye man lye in my bed, between me and the 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 twa by twa,
- 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 winter grow;
- 2 And likewise a silk mantle that never waft gaed thro;
- 3 A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, this night to join us twa,
- 4 Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist the wa.'

## 46A.16

- 1 'There is a plumb in my father's yeard that does in winter grow;
- 2 Likewise he has a silk mantle that never waft gaed thro;
- 3 A sparrow's horn, it may be found, there's ane in every tae,
- 4 There's ane upo the mouth of him, perhaps there may be twa.

## 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 out of it did fa;
- 4 And you man lye in my bed, between me and the wa.'

## 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 wud her lane,
- 2 And there she met Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the king.
- 3 He said unto his livery-man, Were't na agen the 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, æmang 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 misssd awa;
- 4 Sae I'll na lie 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 misssd awa;
- 4 Sae I'll na lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

## 46B.5

- 1 'O my name is Captain Wedderburn, my name I'll neer deny,
- 2 And I command ten thousand men, upo yon mountains high.
- 3 Tho your father and his men were here, of the m I'd stand na awe,
- 4 But should tak ye to my ain bed, and lay ye neist the wa.'

## 46B.6

- 1 Then he lap aff his milk-white steed, and set the lady on,
- 2 And a' the way he walkd on foot, he held her by the hand;
- 3 He held her by the middle jimp, for fear that she should fa;
- 4 Saying, I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay thee at the wa.

## 46B.7

- 1 He took her to his quartering-house, his landlady looked ben,
- 2 Saying, Monie a pretty ladie in Edinbruch I've seen;
- 3 But sic 'na pretty 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 'Whan the chicken's in the shell, I am sure it has na bane;
- 2 And whan 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 gaed never through;
- 3 A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, this night to join us twa,
- 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 never through;
- 3 A sparrow's horn ye soon may find, there's ane on evry claw,
- 4 And twa upo the gab o it, and ye shall get them a.

**46B.14**

- 1 'The priest he stands without the yett, just read  
y to come in;
- 2 Nae man can say he eer was born, nae man  
without he sin;
- 3 He was hail cut frae his mither's side, and frae  
the same let fa;
- 4 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se lie at th  
e wa.'

**46B.15**

- 1 'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray don't me  
perplex,
- 2 For I'll na lie in your bed till ye answer  
questions six:
- 3 Questions six ye maun answer me, and that is  
four and twa,
- 4 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

**46B.16**

- 1 'O what is greener than the gress, what's highe  
r than thae trees?
- 2 O what is worse than women's wish, what's  
deeper than the seas?
- 3 What bird craws first, what tree buds first, what  
first does on them fa?
- 4 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

**46B.17**

- 1 'Death is greener than the gress, heaven higher  
than thae trees;
- 2 The devil's waur than women's wish, hell's  
deeper than the seas;
- 3 The cock craws 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.'

**46B.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  
a blither twa,
- 4 And now she's Mrs. Wedderburn, and she lies  
at the wa.

**46C.1**

- 1 THE laird of Roslin's daughter walked thro the  
wood her lane,
- 2 And by came Captain Wedderburn, a servant to  
the Queen;
- 3 He said unto his serving man, Wer't not agayns  
t the law,
- 4 I would tak her to my ain house as lady o my  
ha.

**46C.2**

- 1 He said, My pretty ladye, I pray give me your  
hand;
- 2 You shall have drums and trumpets always at  
your command;
- 3 With fifty men to guard you, that well their  
swords can draw,
- 4 And I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay you next  
the wa.

**46C.3**

- 1 'I'm walking in my feyther's shaws:' quo he,  
My charming maid,
- 2 I am much better than I look, so be you not  
afraid;
- 3 For I serve the queen of a' Scotland, and a  
gentil dame is she;
- 4 So we'se be married ere the morn, gin ye can  
fancy me.

**46C.4**

- 1 . . . . .
- 2 . . . . .
- 3 'The sparrow shall toot on his horn, gif  
naething us befa,
- 4 And I'll mak you up a down-bed, and lay you  
next the wa.

**46C.5**

- 1 'Now hold away from me, kind sir, I pray you  
let me be;
- 2 I wot be lady of your ha till you answer  
questions three;
- 3 Questions three you must answer me, and that  
is one and twa,
- 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 withou  
t 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  
f 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  
nae bone;
- 3 The dove she is a gentil 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  
than the trees;
- 2 The devil's worse than woman's voice; hell's  
deeper than the seas;
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 . . . . .

**46C.10**

- 1 'One question still you must answer me, or you  
I 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 . . . . .

**47A.1**

- 1 'T'WAS on a night, an evening bright,
- 2 When the dew began to fa,
- 3 Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
- 4 Looking oer her castle wa.

**47A.2**

- 1 She looked east and she looked west,
- 2 To see what she could spy,
- 3 When a gallant knight came in her sight,
- 4 And to the gate drew nigh.

**47A.3**

- 1 'You seem to be no gentleman,
- 2 You wear your boots so wide;
- 3 But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
- 4 You wear the horn so syde.'

**47A.4**

- 1 'I am no cunning hunter,' he said,
- 2 'Nor neer intend to be;
- 3 But I am come to this castle
- 4 To seek the love of thee.
- 5 And if you do not grant me love,
- 6 This night for thee I'll die.'

**47A.5**

- 1 'If you should die for me, sir knight,
- 2 There's few for you will meane;
- 3 For mony a better has died for me,
- 4 Whose graves are growing green.

**47A.6**

- 1 ['But ye maun read my riddle,' she said,
- 2 'And answer my questions three;
- 3 And but ye read them right,' she said,
- 4 'Gae stretch ye out and die.']

**47A.7**

- 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?'

**47A.8**

- 1 'The primrose is the ae first flower
- 2 Springs either on moor or dale,
- 3 And the thristlecock is the bonniest bird
- 4 Sings on the evening gale.'

**47A.9**

- 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?']

**47A.10**

- 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?'

**47A.11**

- 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.

**47A.12**

- 1 'My father was lord of nine castles,
- 2 My mother lady of three;
- 3 My father was lord of nine castles,
- 4 And there's nane to heir but me.

**47A.13**

- 1 'And round about a' thae castles
- 2 You may baith plow and saw,
- 3 And on the fifteenth day of May
- 4 The meadows they will maw.'

**47A.14**

- 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.

**47A.15**

- 1 'And round about a' thae castles
- 2 You may baith plow and saw,
- 3 But on the fifteenth day of May
- 4 The meadows will not maw.

**47A.16**

- 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.'

**47A.17**

- 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.'

**47A.18**

- 1 'O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret,' he said,
- 2 'Again I hear you lie;
- 3 For ye've unwashen hands and ye've unwashe  
n feet,
- 4 To gae to clay wi me.

**47A.19**

- 1 'For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
- 2 And cauld clay is my sheets,
- 3 And when the stormy winds do blow,
- 4 My body lies and sleeps.'

**47B.1**

- 1 THERE was a knight, in a summer's night,
- 2 Appear in a lady's hall,
- 3 As she was walking up and down,
- 4 Looking oer her castle wall.

**47B.2**

- 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?'

**47B.3**

- 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 dee.'

## 47B.5

1 'If that ye dee 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 pity me, fair maid,  
2 O winna ye pity me?  
3 O winna ye pity a courteous knight,  
4 Whose love is laid on thee?'

## 47B.7

1 'Ye say ye are a courteous knight,  
2 But I think ye are nane;  
3 I think ye're but a millar bred,  
4 By the colour o your claithing.'

## 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 yourn 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 grows in mire or dale?  
3 Likewise, which is the sweetest bird  
4 Sings next the nightingale?  
5 Or what's the finest thing,' she says,  
6 'That king or queen can wile?'

## 47B.14

1 'The primrose is the fairest flower  
2 That grows in mire or dale;  
3 The mavis is the sweetest bird  
4 Next to the nightingale;  
5 And yellow gowd's the finest thing  
6 That king or queen can wale.'

## 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 Do swim the salt seas round?  
3 Or what's the seemliest sight you'll see  
4 Into a May morning?'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 47B.17

1 'Berry-brown ale and a birken speal,  
2 And wine in a horn green;  
3 A milk-white lace in a fair maid's dress  
4 Looks gay in a May morning.'

## 47B.18

1 'Mony's the questions I've askd at thee,  
2 And ye've answerd them a';  
3 Ye are mine, and I am thine,  
4 Amo the sheets sae sma.'

## 47B.19

1 'You may be my match, kind sir,  
2 You may be my match and more;  
3 There neer was ane came sic a length  
4 Wi my father's heir before.'

## 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 ayont 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 Dumfermline,  
2 And far beyond the sea,  
3 But day nor night nae rest coud get,  
4 All for the pride o thee.'

## 47B.26

1 'Leave aff your pride, jelly Janet,' he says,  
2 'Use it not only mair;  
3 Or when ye come where I have 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 have been,  
4 Ye'll wear it laigher down.'

## 47B.28

1 'When ye're in the gude church set,  
2 The gowd pins in your hair,  
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 is nae lady that sees your face  
4 But wishes your grave were green.'

## 47B.30

1 'You're straight and tall, handsome withall,  
2 But your pride owergoes your wit,  
3 But if ye do not your ways refrain,  
4 In Pirie's chair ye'll sit.'

## 47B.31

1 'In Pirie's chair you'll sit, I say,  
2 The lowest seat o hell;  
3 If ye do not amend your ways,  
4 It's there that ye must dwell.'

## 47B.32

1 Wi that he vanishd 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 You wear your hat so wide;  
3 You appear to be some false young man,  
4 You wear 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 thistle-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?'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 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 neer 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, jelly Janet,' he says,  
2 'For no, that cannot be;  
3 You've oer foul 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, jelly 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 yon church door,  
2 The red gold on your hair,  
3 More will look at your yellow locks  
4 Than look on the Lord's prayer.'

## 47C.20

1 'When you go in at yon church door,  
2 The red gold on your crown;  
3 When you come where I have been,  
4 You'll wear it laigher down.'

## 47C.21

1 The jolly hind squire, he went away  
2 In the twinkling of an eye,  
3 Left the lady sorrowful behind,  
4 With many bitter cry.

## 47D.1

1 THERE cam a knight to Archerdale,  
2 His steed was winder sma,  
3 An there he spied a lady bricht,  
4 Luikin owre her castle wa.

## 47D.2

1 'Ye dinna seem a gentle knight,  
2 Though on horseback ye do ride;  
3 Ye seem to be some sutor's son,  
4 Your butes they are sae wide.'

## 47D.3

1 'Ye dinna seem a lady gay,  
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 aboot his hie horse head,  
2 An awa he was boun to ride,  
3 But neatly 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 gaes in a speal?' she said,  
2 'What in a horn green?  
3 An what gaes on a lady's head,  
4 Whan it is washen clean?'

## 47D.7

1 'Ale gaes in a speal,' he said,  
2 'Wine in a horn green;  
3 An silk gaes on a lady's head,  
4 Whan it is washen clean.'

## 47D.8

1 Aboot 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 unco lied  
4 You'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 kirkyaird  
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 A' for the pride o thee.

## 47D.12

1 'Leave pride, Janet, leave pride, Janet,  
2 Leave pride an vanitie;  
3 If ye come the roads that I hae come,  
4 Sair warned will ye be.

## 47D.13

1 'Ye come in by yonder kirk  
2 Wi the goud preens in your sleeve;  
3 When you're bracht hame to yon kirkyaird,  
4 You'll gie them a' thier leave.

## 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 kirkyaird,  
4 You will them a' forbear.'

## 47D.15

1 He got her in her mither's bour,  
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 degree;  
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 vain as vain 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 frae morning 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 knight,  
4 An a white scarf he did wear.

## 47E.5

1 'O what's your will wi me, sir knight,  
2 O what's your will wi me?  
3 You're the likest to my ae brother  
4 That ever I did see.

## 47E.6

1 'You're the likest to my ae brother  
2 That ever I hae seen,  
3 But he's buried in Dunfermline kirk,  
4 A month an mair bygane.'

## 47E.7

1 'I'm the likest to your ae brother  
2 That ever ye did see,  
3 But I canna get rest into my grave,  
4 A' for the pride of thee.

## 47E.8

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.9

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 them a' forbear.

## 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' their 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 Shedding the saut saut tear.

## 48.1

1 AS I was cast in my first sleepe,  
2 A dreadfull draught in my mind I drew,  
3 Ffor I was dreamed of a yong man,  
4 Some men called him yonge Andrew.

## 48.2

1 The moone shone bright, and itt cast a ffayre  
light,  
2 Sayes shee, Welcome, my honey, my hart, and  
my sweete!  
3 For I hae loued thee this seuen long yeere,  
4 And our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete.

## 48.3

1 Then he tooke her in his armes two,  
2 And kissed her both cheeke and chin,  
3 And twice or thrise he pleased this may  
4 Before they tow did part in twinn.

## 48.4

1 Saies, Now, good sir, you hae had *your* will,  
2 You can demand no more of mee;  
3 Good sir, remember what you said before,  
4 And goe to the church and marry mee.

## 48.5

1 'Ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold;  
2 . . . . .  
3 Goe home and fett thy fathers redd gold,  
4 And I'le goe to the church and marry thee.

## 48.6

1 This ladye is gone to her ffathers hall,  
2 And well she knew where his red gold lay,  
3 And counted fforth five hundred pound,  
4 Besides all other iuells and chaines:

## 48.7

5 Itt was well counted vpon his knee;  
1 And brought itt all to younge Andrew,  
2 Then he tooke her by the lillye white hand,  
3 And led her vp to an hill soe hye.

## 48.8

1 Shee had vpon a gowne of blacke veluett,  
2 (A pittyffull sight after yee shall see:)  
3 'Put of thy clothes, bonny wenche,' he sayes,  
4 'For noe ffoote further thoust gang with mee.'

## 48.9

1 But then shee put of her gowne of veluett,  
2 With many a salt teare from her eye,  
3 And in a kirtle of ffine breaden silke  
4 Shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.

## 48.10

1 Sais, O put off thy kirtle of silke,  
2 Ffor some and all shall goe with mee;  
3 And to my owne lady I must itt beare,  
4 Who I must needs loue better then thee.

## 48.11

1 Then shee put of her kirtle of silke,  
2 With many a salt teare still ffrom her eye;  
3 In a peticoate of scarlett redd  
4 Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.

## 48.12

1 Saies, O put of thy peticoate,  
2 For some and all of itt shall goe with mee;  
3 And to my owne lady I will itt beare,  
4 Which dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrie

## 48.13

1 But then shee put of her peticoate,  
2 With many a salt teare still from her eye,  
3 And in a smocke of braue white silke  
4 She stood before young Andrews eye.

## 48.14

1 Saies, O put of thy smocke of silke,  
2 For some and all shall goe with mee;  
3 Vnto my owne ladye I will itt beare,  
4 That dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrie.

## 48.15

1 Sayes, O remember, young Andrew,  
2 Once of a woman you were borne;  
3 And ffor *that* birth *that* Marye bore,  
4 I pray you let my smocke be vpon!

## 48.16

1 'Yes, ffayre ladye, I know itt well,  
2 Once of a woman I was borne;  
3 Yett ffor 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 ffine;  
2 Shee hadd billaments worth a hundred pound;  
3 The hayre *that* was vpon this bony wench head  
4 Couered her bodye 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 Saies, Whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords  
point, ladye,  
4 Or thou wilt goe naked home againe?

## 48.19

1 'Liffe is sweet,' then, 'Sir,' said shee,  
2 'Therfore I pray you leaue mee with mine;  
3 Before I wold dye on *your* swords point,  
4 I had rather goe naked home againe.

## 48.20

1 'My ffather,' shee sayes, 'is a right good erle  
2 As any remains in his countrie;  
3 If euer he doe *your* body take,  
4 You'r sure to flouer a gallow tree.

## 48.21

1 'And I hae seuen brethren,' shee sayes,  
2 'And they are all hardy men and bold;  
3 Giff euer the doe *your* body take,  
4 You must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold.'

## 48.22

1 'If *your* ffather be a right good erle  
2 As any remains in his owne countrie,  
3 Tush! he shall neuer by body take,  
4 I'le gang soe ffast 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 body take,  
4 I'le gang soe ffast into the Scottish mold.'

## 48.24

1 Now this ladye is gone to her fathers hall,  
2 When euery body their rest did take;  
3 But the Erle *which* was her ffather  
4 Lay waken for his deere daughters sake.

## 48.25

1 'But who is *that*,' her ffather can say,  
2 'That soe priuilye knowes the pinn?'  
3 'It's Hellen, *your* owne deere daughter, ffather,  
4 I pray you rise and lett me in.'

## 48.26

1 .....  
2 'Noe, by my hood!' *quoth* her ffather then,  
3 'My [house] thoust neuer come *within*,  
4 Without I had my red gold againe.'

## 48.27

1 'Nay, *your* gold is gone, ffather!' said shee,  
2 .....  
3 'Then naked thou came into this world,  
4 And naked thou shalt returne againe.'

## 48.28

1 'Nay! God fforgaue his death, father,' shee  
saves,  
2 'And soe I hope you will doe mee;'  
3 'Away, away, thou cursed woman,  
4 I pray God an ill death thou may dye!'

## 48.29

1 Shee stood soe long quacking on the ground  
2 Till her hart itt burst in three;  
3 And then shee ffell dead downe in a swoond,  
4 And this was the end of this bonny ladye.

## 48.30

1 Ithe morning, when her ffather gott vpp,  
2 A pittyffull sight there he might see;  
3 His owne deere daughter was dead, without  
clothes,  
4 The teares they tricked fast ffrom his eye.

## 48.31

1 .....  
2 Sais, Fye of gold, and fbye of ffee!  
3 For I sett soe much by my red gold  
4 *That* now itt hath lost both my daughter and  
mee!'

## 48.32

1 .....  
2 But after this time he neere dought good day,  
3 But as flowers doth fade in the frost,  
4 Soe he did wast and wear away.

## 48.33

1 But let vs leaue talking of this ladye,  
2 And talke some more of young Andrew;  
3 Ffor ffalse 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 But there they cought him by such a braue wyle  
4 *That* hee must come to tell noe more tales.  
5 '.....'

## 48.35

1 .....  
2 Ffull soone a wolfe did of him smell,  
3 And shee came roaring like a beare,  
4 And gaping like a ffeend of hell.

## 48.36

1 Soe they ffought together like two lyons,  
2 And fire betweene them two glashet out;  
3 Thë raught eche other such a great rappe,  
4 *That* there young Andrew was slaine, well I  
wott.

## 48.37

1 But now young Andrew he is dead,  
2 But he was neuer buryed vnder mold,  
3 For ther as the wolfe devoured him,  
4 There lyes all this great erles gold.

## 49A.1

1 THERE were twa brethren in the north,  
2 They went to the school thegither;  
3 The one unto the other said,  
4 Will you try a warsle afore?

## 49A.2

1 They warsled up, they warsled down,  
2 Till Sir John fell to the ground,  
3 And there was a knife in Sir Willie's pouch,  
4 Gied him a deadlie wound.

## 49A.3

1 'Oh brither dear, take me on your back,  
2 Carry me to yon burn clear,  
3 And wash the blood from off my wound,  
4 And it will bleed nae mair.'

## 49A.4

1 He took him up upon his back,  
2 Carried him to yon burn clear,  
3 And washd the blood from off his wound,  
4 But aye it bled the mair.

## 49A.5

1 'Oh brither dear, take me on your back,  
2 Carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
3 And dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
4 And lay my body there.'

## 49A.6

1 He's taen him up upon his back,  
2 Carried him to yon kirk-yard,  
3 And dug a grave baith deep and wide,  
4 And laid his body there.

## 49A.7

1 'But what will I say to my father dear,  
2 Gin he chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'  
3 'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
4 To buy him a cask of wine.'

## 49A.8

1 'And what will I say to my mother dear,  
2 Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'  
3 'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
4 To buy her a new silk gown.'

## 49A.9

1 'And what will I say to my sister dear,  
2 Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'  
3 'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
4 To buy her a wedding ring.'

## 49A.10

1 'But what will I say to her you loe dear,  
2 Gin she cry, Why tarries my John?'  
3 'Oh tell her I lie in Kirk-land fair,  
4 And home again will never come.'

## 49B.1

1 THERE were two little boys going to the school,  
2 And twa little boys they be,  
3 They met three brothers playing at the ba,  
4 And ladies dancing hey.

## 49B.2

1 'It's whether will ye play at the ba, brither,  
2 Or else throw at the stone?'  
3 'I am too little, I am too young,  
4 O brother let me alone.'

## 49B.3

1 He pulled out a little penknife,  
2 That was baith sharp and sma,  
3 He gave his brother a deadly wound  
4 That was deep, long and sair.

## 49B.4

1 He took the holland sark off his back,  
2 He tore it frae breast to gare,  
3 He laid it to the bloody wound,  
4 That still bled mair and mair.

## 49B.5

1 'It's take me on your back, brother,' he says,  
2 'And carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
3 And make me there a very fine grave,  
4 That will be long and large.'

## 49B.6

1 'Lay my bible at my head,' he says,  
2 'My chaunter at my feet,  
3 My bow and arrows by my side,  
4 And soundly I will sleep.'

## 49B.7

1 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
2 'My father will ask for me;  
3 You may tell him I am in Sausaff town,  
4 Learning my lesson free.'

## 49B.8

1 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
2 'My mother will ask for me;  
3 You may tell her I am in Sausaf town,  
4 And I'll come home merrily.'

## 49B.9

1 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
2 'Lady Margaret will ask for me;  
3 You may tell her I'm dead and in grave laid,  
4 And buried in Sausaff toun.'

## 49B.10

1 She put the small pipes to her mouth,  
2 And she harped both far and near,  
3 Till she harped the small birds off the briers,  
4 And her true love out of the grave.

## 49B.11

1 'What's this? what's this, lady Margaret?' he  
says,  
2 'What's this you want of me?'  
3 'One sweet kiss of your ruby lips,  
4 That's all I want of thee.'

## 49B.12

1 'My lips they are so bitter,' he says,  
2 'My breath it is so strong,  
3 If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,  
4 Your days will not be long.'

## 49C.1

1 THERE were twa brithers at ae scule;  
2 As they were coming hame,  
3 Then said the ane until the other  
4 'John, will ye throw the stane?'

## 49C.2

1 'I will not throw the stane, brither,  
2 I will not play at the ba;  
3 But gin ye come to yonder wood  
4 I'll warsle you a fa.'

## 49C.3

1 The firsten fa young Johnie got,  
2 It brought him to the ground;  
3 The wee pen-knife in Willie's pocket  
4 Gied him a deadly wound.

## 49C.4

1 'Tak aff, tak aff, my holland sark,  
2 And rive it frae gore to gore,  
3 And stap it in my bleeding wounds,  
4 They'll aiblins bleed noe more.'

## 49C.5

1 He pouit aff his holland sark,  
2 And rave it frae gore to gore,  
3 And stap it in his bleeding wounds,  
4 But ay they bled the more.

## 49C.6

1 'O brither, tak me on your back,  
2 And bear me hence away,  
3 And carry me to Chester kirk,  
4 And lay me in the clay.'

## 49C.7

1 'What will I say to your father,  
2 This night when I return?'  
3 'Tell him I'm gane to Chester scule,  
4 And tell him no to murn.'

## 49C.8

1 'What will I say to your mother,  
2 This night when I gae hame?'  
3 'She wishd afore I cam awa  
4 That I might neer gae hame.'

## 49C.9

1 'What will I say to your true-love,  
2 This night when I gae hame?'  
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,  
4 For her dear sake alane.'

## 49C.10

1 He took him upon his back  
2 And bore him hence away,  
3 And carried him to Chester kirk,  
4 And laid him in the clay.

## 49C.11

1 He laid him in the cauld cauld clay,  
2 And he cuirt him wi a stane,  
3 And he's awa to his fathers ha,  
4 Sae dowilie alane.

## 49C.12

1 'You're welcome, dear son,' he said,  
2 'You're welcome hame to me;  
3 But what's come o your brither John,  
4 That gade awa wi thee?'

## 49C.13

1 'Oh he's awa to Chester scule,  
2 A scholar he'll return;  
3 He bade me tell his father dear  
4 About him no to murn.'

## 49C.14

1 'You're welcome hame, dear son,' she said,  
2 'You're welcome hame to me;  
3 But what's come o your brither John,  
4 That gade awa wi thee?'

**49C.15**

1 'He bade me tell his mother dear,  
2 This nicht when I cam hame,  
3 Ye wisht before he gade awa,  
4 That he might neer return.'

**49C.16**

1 Then next came up his true-love dear,  
2 And heavy was her moan;  
3 'You're welcome hame, dear Will,' she said,  
4 'But whare's your brither John?'

**49C.17**

1 'O lady, cease your trouble now,  
2 O cease your heavy moan;  
3 He's dead and in the cauld cauld clay,  
4 For your dear sake alone.'

**49C.18**

1 She ran distraught, she wept, she sicht,  
2 She wept the sma brids frae the tree,  
3 She wept the starns adoun frae the lift,  
4 She wept the fish out o the sea.

**49C.19**

1 'O cease your weeping, my ain true-love,  
2 Ye but disturb my rest;  
3 'Is that my ain true lover John,  
4 The man that I loe best?'

**49C.20**

1 "'Tis naething but my ghaist,' he said,  
2 'That's sent to comfort thee;  
3 O cease your weeping, my true-love,  
4 And 'twill gie peace to me.'

**49D.1**

1 'O WILL ye gae to the school, brother?  
2 Or will ye gae to the ba?  
3 Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin,  
4 To see whilk o's maun fa?'

**49D.2**

1 'It's I winna gae to the school, brother,  
2 Nor will I gae to the ba;  
3 But I will gae to the wood a-warslin,  
4 And it is you maun fa.'

**49D.3**

1 They warstled up, they warstled down,  
2 The lee-lang simmer's day;  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**49D.4**

1 'O lift me up upon your back,  
2 Tak me to yon wall fair;  
3 You'll wash my bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
4 And syne they'll bleed nae mair.

**49D.5**

1 'And ye'll tak aff my hollin sark,  
2 And riv't frae gair to gair;  
3 Ye'll stap it in my bluidy wounds,  
4 And syne they'll bleed nae mair.'

**49D.6**

1 He's liftit his brother upon his back,  
2 Taen him to yon wall fair;  
3 He's washed his bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
4 But ay they bled mair and mair.

**49D.7**

1 And he's taen aff his hollin sark,  
2 And riven't frae gair to gair;  
3 He's stappit it in his bluidy wounds,  
4 But ay they bled mair and mair.

**49D.8**

1 'Ye'll lift me up upon your back,  
2 Tak me to Kirkland fair;  
3 Ye'll mak my greaf baith braid and lang,  
4 And lay my body there.

**49D.9**

1 Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,  
2 My bent bow at my feet,  
3 My sword and buckler at my side,  
4 As I was wont to sleep.

**49D.10**

1 'Whan ye gae hame to your father,  
2 He'll speer for his son John:  
3 Say, ye left him into Kirkland fair,  
4 Learning the school alone.

**49D.11**

1 'When ye gae hame to my sister,  
2 She'll speer for her brother John:  
3 Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
4 The green grass growin aboon.

**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 speered 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 home to his true-love,  
2 She speerd 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 whaten bluid's that on your sword, Willie?  
2 Sweet Willie, tell to me;  
3 'O it is the bluid o 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 wept, that fair may mournd,  
2 That fair may mournd and pin'd:  
3 'When every lady looks for her love,  
4 I neer need look for mine.'

**49D.19**

1 'O whaten 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 'Whan will ye come hame again, Willie?  
2 Now, Willie, tell to me;  
3 'Whan the sun 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,  
5 Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,  
6 And there we'll warsel a fa?'

**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 there we'll warsel a fa.'

**49E.3**

1 They warsled up, they warsled down,  
2 Till John fell to the ground;  
3 A dirk fell out of William's pouch,  
4 And gave John a deadly wound.

**49E.4**

1 'O lift me upon your back,  
2 Take me to yon well fair,  
3 And wash my bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
4 And they'll neer bleed nae mair.'

**49E.5**

1 He's lifted his brother upon his back,  
2 Taen him to yon well fair;  
3 He's wash'd his bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
4 But they bleed ay mair and mair.

**49E.6**

1 'Tak ye aff my holland sark,  
2 And rive it gair by gair,  
3 And row it in my bluidy wounds,  
4 And they'll neer bleed nae mair.'

**49E.7**

1 He's taken aff his holland sark,  
2 And torn it gair by gair;  
3 He's rowit it in his bluidy wounds,  
4 But they bleed ay mair and mair.

**49E.8**

1 'Tak now aff my green cleiding,  
2 And row me saftly in,  
3 And tak me up to yon kirk-style,  
4 Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

**49E.9**

1 He's taken 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.

**49E.10**

1 'What will ye say to your father dear,  
2 When ye gae hame at een?'  
3 'I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk-style,  
4 Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

**49E.11**

1 'O no, O no, my brother dear,  
2 O you must not say so;  
3 But say that I'm gane to a foreign land,  
4 Whare nae man does me know.'

**49E.12**

1 When he sat in his father's chair,  
2 He grew baith pale and wan:  
3 'O what blude's that upon your brow?  
4 O dear son, tell to me;  
5 'It is the blude of my gray steed,  
6 He wadna ride wi me.'

**49E.13**

1 'O thy steed's blude was neer sae red,  
2 Nor eer sae dear to me:  
3 O what blude's this upon your cheek?  
4 O dear son, tell to me;  
5 'It is the blude of my greyhound,  
6 He wadna hunt for me.'

**49E.14**

1 'O thy hound's blude was neer sae red,  
2 Nor eer sae dear to me:  
3 O what blude's this upon your hand?  
4 O dear son, tell to me;  
5 'It is the blude of my gay goss-hawk,  
6 He wadna flee for me.'

**49E.15**

1 'O thy hawk's blude was neer sae red,  
2 Nor eer sae dear to me:  
3 O what blude's this upon your dirk?  
4 Dear Willie, tell to me;  
5 'It is the blude of my ae brother,  
6 O dule and wae is me!'

**49E.16**

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.17**

1 'O when will ye come hame again?  
2 Dear Willie, tell to me;  
3 'When sun and mune leap on yon hill,  
4 And that will never be.'

**49E.18**

1 She turnd hersel right round about,  
2 And her heart burst into three:  
3 'My ae best son is deid and gane,  
4 And my tother ane I'll neer see.'

**49F.1**

1 THERE were twa brothers in the east,  
2 Went to the school o Ayr;  
3 The one unto the other did say,  
4 Come let us wrestle here.

**49F.2**

1 They wrestled up and wrestled down,  
2 Till John fell to the ground;  
3 There being a knife in Willie's pocket,  
4 Gae John his deadly wound.

**49F.3**

1 'O is it for my gold, brother?  
2 Or for my white monie?  
3 Or is it for my lands sae braid,  
4 That ye hae killed me?'

**49F.4**

1 'It is not for your gold,' he said,  
2 'Nor for your white monie;  
3 It is by the hand o accident  
4 That I hae killed thee.'

**49F.5**

1 'Ye'll take the shirt that's on my back,  
2 Rive it frae gair to gair,  
3 And try to stop my bloody wounds,  
4 For they bleed wonderous sair.'



## 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 try to stop my bloody wounds,  
4 For they run wonderous sair.'

## 49F.8

1 He's taen him up upon his back,  
2 Carried him 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.10

1 'Ye'll put a head-stane at my head,  
2 Another at my feet,  
3 Likewise a sod on my breast-bane,  
4 The sooner I may sleep.

## 49F.11

1 'Whenever my father asks of thee,  
2 Saying, What's become of John?  
3 Ye'll tell frae me, I'm ower the sea,  
4 For a cargo of good wine.

## 49F.12

1 'And when my sweetheart 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.13

1 'And when my sister 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.14

1 'And when my mother asks of thee,  
2 Saying, William, where is John?  
3 Tell her I'm buried in green Fordland,  
4 The grass growing ower my tomb.'

## 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 sooner 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 blood  
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 good grey 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 good grey hawk,  
4 Because he woudna flee.'

## 49F.23

1 'O that is nae your grey hawk's blood,  
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 to me?'  
3 'When sun and moon gae three times round,  
4 And this will never be.'

## 49F.25

1 'Ohon, 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?  
5 Or will you come down to yonder, yonder town  
6 Where the maids are all playing ball, ball, ball,  
7 Where the maids are all playing ball?

## 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 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.'

## 49[H.1]

1 Two pretty boys lived in the North,  
2 The went to the school so rare;  
3 The one unto the other said,  
4 We'll try some battle of war.

## 49[H.2]

1 The worselaid up, the worselaid down,  
2 Till John lay on the ground;  
3 A pen-knife out of William's pocket  
4 Gave John a deadly wound.

## 49[H.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?'

## 49[H.4]

1 'It's neither for your gold,' he said,  
2 'Or for your rich monie,  
3 But it is for your land sa broad  
4 That I have killed thee.'

## 49[H.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.

## 49[H.6]

1 'You'll put a good stone ou my head,  
2 Another at me feet,  
3 A good green turf upon my breast,  
4 That the sounder I m<a>y sleep.

## 49[H.7]

1 'And if my father chance to ask  
2 What's come of your brother John,  
3 .....  
4 ; ; ; ; ;  
5

## 49[H.8]

1 'What blood is this upon your coat?  
2 I pray come tell to me;'  
3 'It is the blood of my grey hound,  
4 It would not run for me.'

## 49[H.9]

1 'The blood of your greyhound was near so red,  
2 I pray come tell to me;'  
3 'It is the blood of my black horse,  
4 It would not hunt for me.'

## 49[H.10]

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 brother John,  
4 Since better canna be.'

## 49[H.11]

1 He put his foot upon a ship,  
2 Saying, I am gane our the sea;  
3 'O when will you come back again,  
4 I pray come tell to me.'

## 49[H.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 And a brisk young squire was he.

## 50.3

1 'Give me your green manteel, fair maid,  
2 Give me your maidenhead;  
3 Gi' 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 Sometimes they call me John;  
3 But when I'm in my father's bower  
4 Jock Randal is my name.'

## 50.8

1 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,  
2 Sae loud's I hear ye lee!  
3 Ffor I'm Lord Randal's yae daughter,  
4 He has nae mair nor me.'



**52A.11**

1 She put her hand down by her side,  
2 And down into her spare,  
3 And she pou't out a wee pen-knife,  
4 And she wounded hersell fu sair.

**52A.12**

1 Hooly, hooly rase she up,  
2 And hooly 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 strae,  
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 ower 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 briest did fa!'

**52A.16**

1 Her mother she came tripping doun the stair,  
2 Her steps they were fu slow;  
3 'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
4 'Ye're lying far ower low.'

**52A.17**

1 'O late yestreen, as I cam 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 doun the stair,  
2 Her steps they were fu slow;  
3 'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
4 'Ye're lying far ower low.'

1 'O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
2 Doun by yon castil wa,  
3 O heavy, heavy was the stane  
4 That on my breast did fa!'

**52A.19**

1 Her brither he cam trippin doun the stair,  
2 His steps they were fu slow;  
3 He sank into his sister's arms,  
4 And they died as white as snaw.

**52B.1**

1 LADY MARGARET sits in her bow-window,  
2 Sewing her silken seam;  
3 .....  
4 .....

**52B.2**

1 She's drapt the thimble at her tae,  
2 And her scissars at her heel,  
3 And she's awa to the merry green-wood,  
4 To see the leaves grow green.

**52B.3**

1 She had scarsely bowed 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 .....  
2 .....  
3 'Oh I know the merry green wood's my ain,  
4 And I'll ask the leave of nane.'

**52B.6**

1 He gript her by the middle sae sma,  
2 He gently sat her doun,  
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 his auldest 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 drapping on the ground.

**52B.11**

1 She took the glove off her right hand,  
2 And slowly slipt it in the wound,  
3 And slowly has she risen up,  
4 And slowly slipped home.  
5 .....

**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.'  
5 .....

**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 neer heal.'  
5 .....

**52C.1**

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.

**52C.2**

1 She hadna pu'd a flower, a flower,  
2 Nor broken a branch but twa,  
3 Till by it came a gentle squire,  
4 Says, Lady, come awa.

**52C.3**

1 There's nane that comes to gude greenwood  
2 But pays to me a tein,  
3 And I maun hae your maidenhead,  
4 Or than your mantle green.

**52C.4**

1 'My mantle's o the finest silk,  
2 Anither I can spin;  
3 But gin you take my maidenhead,  
4 The like I'll never fin.'

**52C.5**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 There laid her low in gude greenwood,  
4 And at her spierd nae leave.

**52C.6**

1 When he had got his wills o her,  
2 His wills as he had taen,  
3 She said, If you rightly knew my birth,  
4 Ye'd better letten alane.

**52C.7**

1 'Is your father a lord o might?  
2 Or baron o high degree?  
3 Or what race are ye sprung frae,  
4 That I should lat ye be?'

**52C.8**

1 'O I am Castle Ha's daughter,  
2 O birth and high degree,  
3 And if he knows what ye hae done,  
4 He'll hang you on a tree.'

**52C.9**

1 'If ye be Castle Ha's daughter,  
2 This day I am undone;  
3 If ye be Castle Ha's daughter,  
4 I am his only son.'

**52C.10**

1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye jelly hind squire,  
2 Sae loud as I hear you lie,  
3 Castle Ha, he has but ae dear son,  
4 And he is far beyond the sea.'

**52C.11**

1 'O I am Castle Ha's dear son,  
2 A word I dinna lie;  
3 Yes, I am Castle Ha's dear son,  
4 And new come oer the sea.

**52C.12**

1 'Twas yesterday, that fatal day,  
2 That I did cross the faem;  
3 I wish my bonny ship had sunk,  
4 And I had neer come hame.'

**52C.13**

1 Then dowie, dowie, raise she up,  
2 And dowie came she hame,  
3 And stripped aff her silk mantle,  
4 And then to bed she's gane.

**52C.14**

1 Then in it came her mother dear,  
2 And she steps in the flear:  
3 'Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
4 What makes your lying here?'

**52C.15**

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.'

**52C.16**

1 'Hae I nae ha's, hae I nae bowers,  
2 Towers, or mony a town?  
3 Will not these cure your bonny foot,  
4 Gar you gae hale and soun?'

**52C.17**

1 '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 soun.'

**52C.18**

1 Then in it came her father dear,  
2 And he trips in the flear:  
3 'Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
4 What makes your lying here?'

**52C.19**

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.'

**52C.20**

1 'Hae I nae ha's, hae I nae bowers,  
2 And towers, and mony a town?  
3 Will not these cure your bonny foot,  
4 Gar you gang hale and soun?'

**52C.21**

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 soun.'

**52C.22**

1 Then in it came her sister Grace;  
2 As she steps in the flear,  
3 'Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
4 What makes your lying here?'

**52C.23**

1 'Win up, and see your ae brother,  
2 That's new come ower the sea;  
3 'Ohon, alas!' says fair Annie,  
4 'He spake ower soon wi me.'

**52C.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.2**

1 She hadna poud a flower o gude green-wood,  
2 O never a flower but ane,  
3 Till by he comes, an by he gangs,  
4 Says, Lady, lat alane.

**52D.3**

1 For I am forester o this wood,  
2 And I hae power to pine  
3 Your mantle or your maidenhead,  
4 Which o the twa ye'll twine.

**52D.4**

1 'My mantle is o gude green silk,  
2 Another I can card an spin;  
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 hae lat 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 hind 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 neer 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, Am I to blame!

**52D.11**

1 Ben it came her father dear,  
2 Stout stepping on the flear:  
3 'Win up, win up, my daughter Janet,  
4 And welcome your brother here.'

**52D.12**

1 Up she's taen her milk-white hand,  
2 Streakd by his yellow hair,  
3 Then turnd about her bonny face,  
4 And word spake never mair.

**53A.1**

1 IN London city was Bicham born,  
2 He longd 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 gard 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 coud neither hear nor see;  
3 He's shut him up in a prison strong,  
4 An he's handld 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 calld Young Bicham one word by.

**53A.5**

1 'O hae ye ony lands or rents,  
2 Or citys in your ain country,  
3 Coud free you out o prison strong,  
4 An coud mantain a lady free?'

**53A.6**

1 'O London city is my own,  
2 An other citys twa or three,  
3 Coud loose me out o prison strong,  
4 An coud mantain 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'n 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 you 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 longd fu sair her love to see;  
3 She's set her foot on good ship-board,  
4 An turnd her back on her ain country.

**53A.11**

1 She's saild up, so has she down,  
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 'Won up, won up, ye proud porter,  
4 An what makes a' this courtesy?'

**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 lan to me.'

**53A.18**

1 Then up it started Young Bicham,  
2 An sware so loud 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 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.22**

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.23**

1 He's take his bonny love by the han,  
2 And led her to yon fountain stane;  
3 He's changd her name frae Shusy Pye,  
4 An he's cald her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

**53B.1**

1 IN England was Young Brechin born,  
2 Of parents of a high degree;  
3 The selld him to the savage Moor,  
4 Where they abused him maist cruellie.

**53B.2**

1 Thro evry shoulder they bord a bore,  
2 And thro evry bore they pat a tree;  
3 They made him draw the carts o wine,  
4 Which horse and owsn 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 wat she's called Young Brichen by;  
3 'O sleepst thou, wakest thou, Brichen?' she  
4 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 towr sae hie,  
3 She's made him drink the wine sae reid,  
4 And sung to him like a mavosie.

**53B.9**

1 O these two lovers 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**

5 When seven years were past and gane,  
6 This young lady began to lang,  
7 And she's awa to Lundin gane,  
8 To see if Brechin's got safe to land.

**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?'  
5 'O yes, this is Lord Brechin's yett,  
6 And I wat this be his bridal een.'

**53B.12**

1 She's put her hand in her pocket,  
2 And thravin the porter guineas three;  
3 'Gang up the stair, young man,' she says,  
4 'And bid your master come down to me.'

**53B.13**

1 'Bid him bring a bite o his ae best bread,  
2 And a bottle o his ae best wine,  
3 And neer forget that lady fair  
4 That did him out o prison bring.'

**53B.14**

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.15**

1 'O I hae 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.16**

1 'On evry 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 earldom o land to me.

**53B.17**

1 'She bids you send o your ae best bread,  
2 And a bottle o your ae best wine,  
3 And neer forget the lady fair  
4 That out o prison did you bring.'

**53B.18**

1 He's taen the table wi his foot,  
2 And made the cups and cans to flee:  
3 'I'll wager a' the lands I hae  
4 That Susan Pye's come oer the sea.'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**53B.19**

1 Then up and spak the bride's mother:  
2 'And O an ill deid may ye die!  
3 If ye didna except the bonny bride,  
4 Ye might hae ay excepted me.'

**53B.20**

1 'O ye are fair, and fair, madam,  
2 And ay the fairer may ye be!  
3 But the fairest day that eer ye saw,  
4 Ye were neer sae fair as yon lady.'

**53B.21**

1 O when these lovers two did meet,  
2 The tear it blinded baith their ee;  
3 'Gie me my faith and troth,' she says,  
4 'For now fain hame wad I be.'

**53B.22**

1 'Tak hame your daughter, madam,' he says,  
2 'She's neer a bit the war o me;  
3 Except a kiss o her bonny lips,  
4 Of her body I am free;  
5 She came to me on a single horse,  
6 Now I'll send her hame in chariots three.'

**53B.23**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And he's led her to a yard o stane;  
3 He's changed her name frae Susan Pye,  
4 And calld her lusty Lady Jane.

**53C.1**

1 YOUNG Bekie was as brave a knight  
2 As ever saild the sea;  
3 An he's doen him to the court of France,  
4 To serve for meat and fee.

**53C.2**

1 He had nae been i the court of France  
2 A twelvemonth nor sae long,  
3 Til he fell in love with the king's daughter,  
4 An was thrown in prison strong.

**53C.3**

1 The king he had but ae daughter,  
2 Burd Isbel was her name;  
3 An she has to the prison-house gane,  
4 To hear the prisoner's mane.

**53C.4**

1 'O gin a lady woud borrow me,  
2 At her stirrup-foot I woud rin;  
3 Or gin a widow wad borrow me,  
4 I woud swear to be her son.

**53C.5**

1 'Or gin a virgin woud borrow me,  
2 I woud wed her wi a ring;  
3 I'd gi her ha's, I'd gie her bowers,  
4 The bonny towrs o Linne.'

**53C.6**

1 O barefoot, barefoot gaed she but,  
2 An barefoot came she ben;  
3 It was no for want o hose an shoone,  
4 Nor time to put them on.

**53C.7**

1 But a' for fear that her father dear  
2 Had heard her making din:  
3 She's stown the keys o the prison-house dor  
4 An latten the prisoner gang.

**53C.8**

1 O whan she saw him, Young Bekie,  
2 Her heart was wondrous sair!  
3 For the mice but an the bold rottons  
4 Had eaten his yallow hair.

**53C.9**

1 She's gien him a shaver for his beard,  
2 A comber till his hair,  
3 Five hunder pound in his pocket,  
4 To spen, an nae to spair.

**53C.10**

1 She's gien him a steed was good in need,  
2 An a saddle o royal bone,  
3 A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
4 An Hector called one.

**53C.11**

1 Atween this twa a vow was made,  
2 'Twas made full solemnly,  
3 That or three years was come an gane,  
4 Well married they should be.

**53C.12**

1 He had nae been in's ain country  
2 A twelvemonth till an end,  
3 Till he's forcd to marry a duke's daughter,  
4 Or than lose a' his land.

**53C.13**

1 'Ohon, alas!' says Young Bekie,  
2 'I know not what to dee;  
3 For I canno 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 Belly Blin,  
4 An stood at her bed-feet.

**53C.15**

1 'O waken, waken, Burd Isbel,  
2 How [can] you sleep so soun,  
3 Whan this is Bekie's wedding day,  
4 An the marriage gain on?

**53C.16**

1 'Ye do ye to your mither's bowr,  
2 Think neither sin nor shame;  
3 An ye tak twa o your mither's marys,  
4 To keep ye frae 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 yon sea-side,  
2 An down by yon sea-stran;  
3 Sae bonny will the Hollans boats  
4 Come rowin till your han.

**53C.19**

1 'Ye set your milk-white foot aboard,  
2 Cry, Hail ye, Domine!  
3 An I shal be the steerer o't,  
4 To row you oer the sea.'

**53C.20**

1 She's tane her till her mither's bowr,  
2 Thought neither sin nor shame,  
3 An she took twa o her mither's marys,  
4 To keep her frae thinking lang.

**53C.21**

1 She dressd 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 yon sea-side,  
2 An down by yon sea-stran;  
3 Sae bonny did the Hollan 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 Belly Blin was the steerer o't,  
4 To row her oer the sea.

**53C.24**

1 Whan 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 his 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 haild the king, an he haild the queen,  
4 An he haild 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 dressd in red scarlet,  
2 And twa in dainty green,  
3 An they hae girdles about their middles  
4 Woud buy an earldome.'

**53C.29**

1 Then out it spake the bierly bride,  
2 Was a' goud to the chin;  
3 'Gin she be braw without,' she says,  
4 'We's be as braw within.'

**53C.30**

1 Then up it starts him, Young Bekie,  
2 An the tears was in his ee:  
3 'I'll lay my life it's Burd Isbel,  
4 Come oer the sea to me.'

**53C.31**

1 O quickly ran he down the stair,  
2 An whan he saw 'twas shee,  
3 He kindly took her in his arms,  
4 And kissd her tenderly.

**53C.32**

1 'O hae ye forgotten, Young Bekie,  
2 The vow ye made to me,  
3 Whan I took you out o the prison strong,  
4 Whan ye was condemnd to die?

**53C.33**

1 'I gae you a steed was good in need,  
2 An a saddle o royal bone,  
3 A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
4 An Hector called one.'

**53C.34**

1 It was well kent what the lady said,  
2 That it wasnae a lee,  
3 For at ilka word the lady spake,  
4 The hound fell at her knee.

**53C.35**

1 'Tak hame, tak hame your daughter dear,  
2 A blessing gae her wi,  
3 For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,  
4 That's come oer the sea to me.'

**53C.36**

1 'Is this the custom o your house,  
2 Or the fashion o your lan,  
3 To marry a maid in a May mornin,  
4 An send her back at even?'

**53D.1**

1 YOUNG BEACHEN was born in fair London,  
2 And foreign lands he langed to see;  
3 He was taen by the savage Moor,  
4 An the used him most cruellie.

**53D.2**

1 Through his showlder they pat a bore,  
2 And through the bore the pat a tree;  
3 They made him trail their ousen carts,  
4 And they used him most cruellie.

**53D.3**

1 The savage Moor had ae daughter,  
2 I wat her name was Susan Pay;  
3 And she is to the prison house,  
4 To hear the prisoner's moan.

**53D.4**

1 He made na his moan to a stocke,  
2 He made na it to a stone,  
3 Bit it was to the Queen of Heaven  
4 That he made his moan.

**53D.5**

1 'Gin a lady wad borrow me,  
2 I at her foot wad run;  
3 An a widdow wad borrow me,  
4 I wad become her son.

**53D.6**

1 'But an a maid wad borrow me,  
2 I wad wed her wi a ring;  
3 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;  
3 'I never sang that sang, lady,  
4 But I wad sing to thee.

**53D.8**

1 'Gin a lady wad borrow me,  
2 I at her foot wad run;  
3 An a widdow wad borrow me,  
4 I wad become her son.

**53D.9**

1 'But an a maid wad borrow me,  
2 I wad wed her wi a ring;  
3 I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,  
4 An of the high towers of Line.'

**53D.10**

1 Saftly, [saftly] gaed she but,  
2 An saftly gaed she ben,  
3 It was na for want of hose nor shoon,  
4 Nor time to pet them on.

**53D.11**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 An she has staen the keys of the prison,  
4 An latten Young Beachen gang.

**53D.12**

1 She gae him a leaf of her white bread,  
2 An a bottle of her wine,  
3 She bad him mind on the lady's love  
4 That freed him out of pine.

**53D.13**

1 She gae him a steed was guid in need,  
2 A saddle of the bane,  
3 Five hundred pown in his pocket,  
4 Bad him gae speeding hame.

**53D.14**

1 An a leash of guid grayhounds,  
2 . . . . .  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**53D.15**

1 Whan seven lang years were come and gane,  
2 Shusie Pay thought lang,  
3 An she is on to fair London,  
4 As fast as she could gang.

**53D.16**

1 Whan she cam to Young Beachen's gate,  
2 . . . . .  
3 'Is Young Beachan at hame,  
4 Or is he in this countrie?'

**53D.17**

1 'He is at hame, is hear,' they said,  
2 . . . . .  
3 An sighan says her Susie Pay,  
4 Has he quite forgotten me?

**53D.18**

1 On every finger she had a ring,  
2 On the middle finger three;  
3 She gae the porter ane of them:  
4 'Get a word o your lord to me.'

**53D.19**

1 He gaed up the stair,  
2 Fell low down on his knee:  
3 'Win up, my proud porter,  
4 What is your will wi me?'

**53D.20**

1 'I hae been porter at yer gate  
2 This thirty year and three;  
3 The fairst lady is at yer gate  
4 Mine eyes did ever see.'

**53D.21**

1 Out spak the bride's mither,  
2 An a haghty woman was she:  
3 'If ye had na excepted the bonny bride,  
4 Ye might well ha excepted me.'

**53D.22**

1 'No disparagement to you, madam,  
2 Nor none unto her Grace;  
3 The sole of yonr lady's foot  
4 Is fairer than her face.'

**53D.23**

1 He's gaen the table wi his foot,  
2 And couped it wi his knee:  
3 'I wad my head and a' my land  
4 'Tis Susie Pay, come oer the sea.'

**53D.24**

1 The stair was thirty steps,  
2 I wat he made them three;  
3 He took her in his arms twa:  
4 'Susie Pay, ye'r welcome to me.'

**53D.25**

1 'Gie me a shive of your white bread,  
2 An a bottle of your wine;  
3 Dinna ye mind on the lady's love  
4 That freed ye out of pine?'

**53D.26**

1 He took her . . . . .  
2 Down to yon garden green,  
3 An changed her name fra Susie Pay,  
4 An called her bonny Lady Jean.

**53D.27**

1 'Yer daughter came here on high horse-back,  
2 She sal gae hame in coaches three,  
3 An I sall double her tocher our,  
4 She's nane the war o me.'

**53D.28**

1 'It's na the fashion o our countrie,  
2 Nor yet o yer nane,  
3 To wed a maid in the morning,  
4 An send her hame at een.'

**53D.29**

1 'It's na the fashion o my countrie,  
2 Nor is it of my nane,  
3 But I man mind on the lady's love  
4 That freed me out of pine.'

**53E.1**

1 IN London was Young Beichan born,  
2 He longed strange countries for to see,  
3 But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
4 Who handled him right cruellie.

**53E.2**

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

**53E.3**

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

**53E.4**

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

**53E.5**

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

**53E.6**

1 O so it fell upon a day  
2 She heard Young Beichan sadly sing:  
3 'My hounds they all go masterless,  
4 My hawks they flee from tree to tree,  
5 My younger brother will heir my land,  
6 Fair England again I'll never see!'

**53E.7**

1 All night long no rest she got,  
2 Young Beichan's song for thinking on;  
3 She's stown the keys from her father's head,  
4 And to the prison strong is gone.

**53E.8**

1 And she has opend the prison doors,  
2 I wot she opend two or three,  
3 Ere she could come Young Beichan at,  
4 He was locked up so curioslie.

**53E.9**

1 But when she came Young Beichan before,  
2 Sore wonderd he that may to see;  
3 He took her for some fair captive:  
4 'Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie?'

**53E.10**

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

**53E.11**

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

**53E.12**

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

**53E.13**

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

**53E.14**

1 And she has brib'd the proud warder  
2 Wi mickle gold and white monie,  
3 She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,  
4 And she has set Young Beichan free.

**53E.15**

1 She's gien him to eat the good spice-cake,  
2 She's gien him to drink the blood-red wine,  
3 She's bidden him sometimes think on her,  
4 That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

**53E.16**

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

**53E.17**

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

**53E.18**

1 But long ere seven years had an end,  
2 She longd full sore her love to see,  
3 For ever a voice within her breast  
4 Said, 'Beichan has broke his vow to thee:'  
5 So she's set her foot on good ship-board,  
6 And turnd her back on her own countrie.

**53E.19**

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

**53E.20**

1 'What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?  
2 What news hast thou to tell to me?'  
3 'Such news I hear, ladie,' he says,  
4 'The like was never in this countrie.'

**53E.21**

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

**53E.22**

1 She's put her hand in her pocket,  
2 Gien him the gold and white monie:  
3 'Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,  
4 For the good news thou tellst to me.'

**53E.23**

1 When she came to Young Beichan's gate,  
2 She tirlid softly at the pin;  
3 So ready was the proud porter  
4 To open and let this lady in.

**53E.24**

1 'Is this Young Beichan's hall,' she said,  
2 'O is that noble lord within?'  
3 'Yea, he's in the hall among them all,  
4 And this is the day o his weddin.'

**53E.25**

1 'And has he wed anither love?  
2 And has he clean forgotten me?'  
3 And sighin said that gay ladie,  
4 I wish I were in my own countrie!

**53E.26**

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

**53E.27**

1 When the porter came his lord before,  
2 He kneeled down low on his knee:  
3 'What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
4 Thou art so full of courtesie?'

**53E.28**

1 'I've been porter at your gates,  
2 It's thirty long years now and three;  
3 But there stands a lady at them now,  
4 The like o her did I never see.

**53E.29**

1 'For on every finger she has a ring,  
2 And on her mid-finger she has three,  
3 And as meickle gold aboon her brow  
4 As would buy an earldom to me.'

**53E.30**

1 It's out then spak the bride's mother,  
2 Aye and an angry woman was shee:  
3 'Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,  
4 And twa or three of our companie.'

**53E.31**

1 'O hold your tongue, thou bride's mother,  
2 Of all your folly let me be;  
3 She's ten times fairer nor the bride,  
4 And all that's in your companie.

**53E.32**

1 'She begs one sheave of your white bread,  
2 But and a cup of your red wine,  
3 And to remember the lady's love  
4 That last reliev'd you out of pine.'

**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 taen his bonny love in his arms,  
4 And kist and kist her tenderlie.

**53E.35**

1 'O hae ye taen anither bride?  
2 And hae ye quite forgotten me?  
3 And hae ye quite forgotten her  
4 That gave your life and libertie?'

**53E.36**

1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
2 To hide the tears stood in her ee:  
3 'Now fare thee well, Young Beichan,' she says,  
4 'I'll 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 ere it be noon.'

**53E.39**

1 O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride,  
2 Ye're neer a whit the worse for me,  
3 And whan ye return to your own countrie,  
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 Whare he coud neither hear nor see.

**53F.4**

1 The Prudent had a fair daughter,  
2 I wot they ca'd her Susy 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 whan she cam to the prison door,  
4 She kneeled low down on her knee.

**53F.6**

1 'O hae ye ony lands, Beichan,  
2 Or hae ye ony castles hie,  
3 Whar ye 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 Whar 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.

**53F.9**

1 O then she built a bonny ship,  
2 And she has set it on the main,  
3 And she has built a bonny ship,  
4 It's for to tak Lord Beichan hame.

**53F.10**

1 O she's gaen murning up and down,  
2 And she's gaen murrin to the sea,  
3 Then to her father she has gane in,  
4 Wha spak to her right angrily.

**53F.11**

1 'O do ye mourn for the goud, daughter,  
2 Or do ye mourn for the whyte monie?'  
3 Or do ye mourn for the English squire?  
4 I wat I will gar hang him hie.'

**53F.12**

1 'I neither mourn for the goud, father,  
2 Nor do I for the whyte monie,  
3 Nor do I for the English squire;  
4 And I care na tho ye hang him hie.

**53F.13**

1 'But I hae promised an errand to go,  
2 Seven lang miles ayont the sea,  
3 And blythe and merry I never will be  
4 Untill that errand you let me.'

**53F.14**

1 'That errand, daughter, you may gang,  
2 Seven long miles beyond the sea,  
3 Since blythe and merry you'll neer be  
4 Untill that errand I'll let thee.'

**53F.15**

1 O she has built a bonny ship,  
2 And she has set it in the sea,  
3 And she has built a bonny ship,  
4 It's all for to tak her a long journie.

**53F.16**

1 And she's sailed a' the summer day,  
2 I wat the wind blew wondrous fair;  
3 In sight of fair London she has come,  
4 And till Lord Beichan's yett she walked.

**53F.17**

1 Whan she cam till Lord Beichan's yett,  
2 She rappid loudly at the pin:  
3 'Is Beichan lord of this bonny place?  
4 I pray ye open and let me in.

**53F.18**

1 'And O is this Lord Beichan's yett,  
2 And is the noble lord within?'  
3 'O yes, it is Lord Beichan's yett,  
4 He's wi his bride and mony a ane.'

**53F.19**

1 'If you'll gang up to Lord Beichan,  
2 Tell him the words that I tell thee;  
3 It will put him in mind of Susy Pye,  
4 And the Holy Land, whare'er he be.

**53F.20**

1 'Tell him to send one bite of bread,  
2 It's and a glass of his gude red wine,  
3 Nor to forget the lady's love  
4 That loosed him out of prison strong.'

**53F.21**

1 'I ha'e been porter at your yett,  
2 I'm sure this therty lang years and three,  
3 But the fairest lady stands thereat  
4 That envir my twa eyes did see.

**53F.22**

1 'On ilka finger she has a ring,  
2 And on the foremost she has three;  
3 As muckle goud is on her head  
4 As wad buy an earldom of land to thee.

**53F.23**

1 'She bids you send a bite of bread,  
2 It's and a glass of your gude red wine,  
3 Nor to forget the lady's love  
4 That let you out of prison strong.'

**53F.24**

1 It's up and spak the bride's mother,  
2 A weight of goud hung at her chin:  
3 'There is no one so fair without  
4 But there are, I wat, as fair within.'

**53F.25**

1 It's up and spak the bride hersel,  
2 As she sat by the gude lord's knee:  
3 'Awa, awa, ye proud porter,  
4 This day ye might hae excepted me.'

**53F.26**

1 'Tak hence, tak hence your fair daughter,  
2 Tak hame your daughter fair frae me;  
3 For saving one kiss of her bonny lips,  
4 I'm sure of her body I am free.

**53F.27**

1 'Awa, awa, ye proud mither,  
2 It's tak your daughter fair frae me;  
3 For I brought her home with chariots six,  
4 And I'll send her back wi coaches three.'

**53F.28**

1 It's he's taen the table wi his fit,  
2 And syne he took it wi his knee;  
3 He gard the glasses and wine so red,  
4 He gard them all in finders flee.

**53F.29**

1 O he's gane down the steps of stairs,  
2 And a' the stately steps of stane,  
3 Until he cam to Susy Pye;  
4 I wat the tears blinded baith their eyne.

**53F.30**

1 He led her up the steps of stairs,  
2 And a' the stately steps of stane,  
3 And changed her name from Susy Pye,  
4 And ca'd her lusty Lady Jane.

**53F.31**

1 'O fye, gar cooks mak ready meat,  
2 O fye, gar cooks the pots supply,  
3 That it may be talked of in fair London,  
4 I've been twice married in ae day.'

**53G.1**

1 'O WHA'S aught a' yon flock o sheep,  
2 An wha's aught a' yon flock o kye?  
3 An wha's aught a' yon pretty castles,  
4 That you sae often do pass bye?'

**53G.2**

1 'They're a' Lord Beekin's sheep,  
2 They're a' Lord Beekin's kye;  
3 They're a' Lord Beekin's castles,  
4 That you sae often do pass bye.'

**53G.3**

1 He's tane [the] table wi his feet,  
2 Made cups an candlesticks to flee:  
3 'I'll lay my life 'tis Susy Pie,  
4 Come owr the seas to marry me.'

**53H.1**

1 YOUNG BEICHAN was in London born,  
2 He was a man of hie degree;  
3 He past thro monie kingdoms great,  
4 Until he cam unto Grand Turkie.

**53H.2**

1 He viewd the fashions of that land,  
2 Their way of worship viewed he,  
3 But unto onie of their stocks  
4 He wadna sae much as bow a knee:

**53H.3**

1 Which made him to be taken straight,  
2 And brought afore their hie jurie;  
3 The savage Moor did speak upright,  
4 And made him meikle ill to dree.

**53H.4**

1 In ilka shoulder they've bord a hole,  
2 And in ilka hole they've put a tree;  
3 They've made him to draw carts and wains,  
4 Till he was sick and like to dee.

**53H.5**

1 But Young Beichan was a Christian born,  
2 And still a Christian was he;  
3 Which made them put him in prison strang,  
4 And cauld and hunger sair to dree,  
5 And fed on nocht but bread and water,  
6 Until the day that he mot dee.

**53H.6**

1 In this prison there grew a tree,  
2 And it was unco stout and strang,  
3 Where he was chained by the middle,  
4 Until his life was almaist gane.

**53H.7**

1 The savage Moor had but ae dochter,  
2 And her name it was Susie Pye,  
3 And ilka day as she took the air,  
4 The prison door she passed bye.

**53H.8**

1 But it fell ance upon a day,  
2 As she was walking, she heard him sing;  
3 She listend 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 ladie 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 nicht she never closd her ee;  
3 And when the morning begowd 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;  
5 She saw young Beichan at the stake,  
6 Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

**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 ladie fair  
4 Wha out o prison wad set you free?'

**53H.14**

1 'It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,  
2 Wi monie castles fair to see,  
3 And I wad gie a' to that ladie gay,  
4 Wha out o prison wad set me free.'

**53H.15**

1 The keeper syne brak aff his chains,  
2 And set Lord Beichan at libertie;  
3 She filld 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 wed wi na ither woman,  
4 It's I will wed na man but you.'

**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 neer see you again.'

**53H.19**

1 Lord Beichan turnd him round about,  
2 And lowly, lowly loutit he:  
3 'Ere seven lang years come to an end,  
4 I'll tak you to mine ain countrie.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**53H.20**

1 Then when he cam to Glosgow town,  
2 A happy, happy man was he;  
3 The ladies a' around him thrangd,  
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 jewels free,  
3 And soon the pages around him thrangd,  
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 gay,  
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 nicht 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 builded 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 whan 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 tappd wi gold,  
3 Her sails were made o the satin fine,  
4 Maist beautiful for to behold.

**53H.30**

1 But whan the lady cam on shore,  
2 Attended wi her pages three,  
3 Her shoon were 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 Sae ready was the proud porter  
4 To let the wedding guests come in.

**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 of his best wine;  
3 And bid him mind the lady's love  
4 That ance did lowse him out o pyne.'

**53H.37**

1 Then in and cam the porter bold,  
2 I wat he gae three shouts and three:  
3 'The fairest lady stands at your yetts  
4 That ever my twa een did see.'

**53H.38**

1 Then up bespak the bride's mither,  
2 I wat an angry woman was she:  
3 'You micht hae excepted our bonnie bride,  
4 Tho she'd been three times as fair as she.'

**53H.39**

1 'My dame, your daughter's fair enough,  
2 And aye the fairer mot she be!  
3 But the fairest time that eer she was,  
4 She'll na compare wi this ladie.

**53H.40**

1 'She has a gowd ring on ilka finger,  
2 And on her mid-finger she has three;  
3 She has as meikle gowd upon her head  
4 As wad buy an earldom o land to thee.

**53H.41**

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.42**

1 Then up and started Lord Beichan,  
2 I wat he made the table flee:  
3 'I wad gie a' my yearlie rent  
4 'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea.'

**53H.43**

1 Syne up bespak the bride's mother,  
2 She was never heard to speak sae free:  
3 'Ye'll no forsake my ae dochter,  
4 Tho Susie Pye has crossd the sea?'

**53H.44**

1 'Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,  
2 For she is neer the waur o me;  
3 She cam to me on horseback riding,  
4 And she sall gang hame in chariot free.'

**53H.45**

1 He's tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,  
2 And led her thro his halls sae hie:  
3 'Ye're now Lord Beichan's lawful wife,  
4 And thrice ye're welcome unto me.'

**53H.46**

1 Lord Beichan prepard for another wedding,  
2 Wi baith 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.47**

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!'

**53I.1**

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.

**53I.2**

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.

**53I.3**

5 On every shoulder they made a bore,  
6 In every bore they put a tree,  
7 Then they made him the winepress tread,  
8 And all in spite of his fair bodie.

**53I.4**

1 They put him into a deep dungeon,  
2 Where he could neither hear nor see,  
3 And for seven years they kept him there,  
4 Till for hunger he was like to dee.

**53I.5**

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.

**53I.6**

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.

**53I.7**

1 'I have a hall in London town,  
2 With other buildings two or three,  
3 And I'll give them all to the ladie fair  
4 That from this dungeon shall set me free.'

**53I.8**

1 She stole the keys from her dad's head,  
2 And if she oped one door ay she opened three,  
3 Till she Young Bechin could find out,  
4 He was locked up so curioslie.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**53I.9**

1 'I've been a porter at your gate  
2 This thirty years now, ay and three;  
3 There stands a ladie at your gate,  
4 The like of her I neer did see.'

**53I.10**

1 'On every finger she has a ring,  
2 On the mid-finger she has three;  
3 She's as much gold about her brow  
4 As would an earldom buy to me.'  
5 ' , , , , , '



## 53L.11

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 An he's called her lovely Ladye Jean.

## 53J.1

1 SHE'S taen the keys frae her fadder's coffer,  
2 Tho he keeps them most sacredlie,  
3 And she has opend the prison strong,  
4 And set Young Beichan at libertie.

## 53J.2

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 'Gae up the countrie, my chile,' she says,  
4 'Till your fadder's wrath be turned from thee.'

## 53J.3

1 She's put her han intill 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.

## 53J.4

1 'Ye'll bid him bring a shower o his best love,  
2 But and a bottle o his wine,  
3 And do to me as I did to him in time past,  
4 And brought him out o muckle pine.'

## 53J.5

1 He's taen the table wi his foot,  
2 And he has keppt it wi his knee:  
3 'I'll wager my life and a' my lan,  
4 It's Susan Pie come ower the sea.

## 53J.6

1 'Rise up, rise up, my bonnie bride,  
2 Ye're neither better nor waur for me;  
3 Ye cam to me on a horse and saddle,  
4 But ye may gang back in a coach and three.'

## 53K.1

1 'There is a marriage in yonder hall,  
2 Has lasted thirty days and three;  
3 The bridegroom winna bed the bride,  
4 For the sake of one that's owre the sea.'

## 53K.2

1 'What news, what news, my brave young  
porter?  
2 What news, what news have ye for me?'  
3 'As beautiful a ladye stands at your gate  
4 As eer my two eyes yet did see.'

## 53K.3

1 'A slice of bread to her get ready,  
2 And a bottle of the best of wine;  
3 Not to forget that fair young ladye  
4 Who did release thee out of close confine.'

## 53K.4

1 Lord Bechin in a passion flew,  
2 And rent himself like a sword in three,  
3 Saying, 'I would give all my father's riches  
4 If my Sophia was 'cross the sea.'

## 53K.5

1 Up spoke the young bride's mother,  
2 Who never was heard to speak so free,  
3 Saying, 'I hope you'll not forget my only  
daughter,  
4 Though your Sophia be 'cross the sea.'

## 53K.6

1 'I own a bride I've wed your daughter,  
2 She's nothing else the worse of me;  
3 She came to me on a horse and saddle,  
4 She may go back in a coach and three.'

## 53L.1

1 LORD BATEMAN was a noble lord,  
2 A noble lord of high degree;  
3 He shipped himself all aboard of a ship,  
4 Some foreign country for to see.

## 53L.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 Until his life was quite weary.

## 53L.3

1 All in this prison there grew a tree,  
2 O there it grew so stout and strong!  
3 Where he was chained all by the middle,  
4 Until his life was almost gone.

## 53L.4

1 This Turk he had one only daughter,  
2 The fairest my two eyes eer see;  
3 She steel the keys of her father's prison,  
4 And swore Lord Bateman she would let go free.

## 53L.5

1 O she took him to her father's cellar,  
2 And gave to him the best of wine;  
3 And every health she drank unto him  
4 Was, 'I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.'

## 53L.6

1 'O have you got houses, have you 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?'

## 53L.7

1 'O 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 me go free.'

## 53L.8

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.'

## 53L.9

1 O she took him to her father's harbor,  
2 And gave to him a ship of fame,  
3 Saying, Farewell, farewell to you, Lord  
Bateman,  
4 I fear I never shall see you again.

## 53L.10

1 Now 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.

## 53L.11

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 'O come unto me pray quickly tell.'

## 53L.12

1 'O is this here Lord Bateman's castle,  
2 And is his lordship here within?'  
3 'O yes, O yes,' cries the proud young porter,  
4 'He's just now taking his young bride in.'

## 53L.13

1 'O bid him to send me a slice of bread,  
2 And a bottle of the very best wine,  
3 And not forgetting the fair young lady  
4 As did release him when close confine.'

## 53L.14

1 O away and away went this proud young porter,  
2 O away and away and away went he,  
3 Until he come to Lord Bateman's chamber,  
4 When he went down on his bended knee.

## 53L.15

1 'What news, what news, my proud young  
porter?  
2 What news, what news? Come tell to me.'  
3 'O there is the fairest young lady  
4 As ever my two eyes did see.'

## 53L.16

1 'She has 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 Northumberlee.

## 53L.17

1 'O she bids you to send her a slice of bread,  
2 And a bottle of the very best wine,  
3 And not forgetting the fair young lady  
4 As did release you when close confine.'

## 53L.18

1 Lord Bateman then in passion flew,  
2 And broke his sword in splinters three,  
3 Saying, I will give half of my father's land,  
4 If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.

## 53L.19

1 Then up and spoke this young bride's mother,  
2 Who never was heard to speak so free;  
3 Saying, You'll not forget my only daughter,  
4 If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.

## 53L.20

1 'O it's true I made a bride of your daughter,  
2 But she's neither the better nor the worse for  
me;  
3 She came to me with a horse and saddle,  
4 But she may go home in a coach and three.'

## 53L.21

1 Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,  
2 With both their hearts so full of glee,  
3 Saying, I will roam no more to foreign  
countries,  
4 Now that Sophia has crossed the sea.

## 53M.1

1 YOUNG BONWELL was a squire's ae son,  
2 And a squire's ae son was he;  
3 He went abroad to a foreign land,  
4 To serve for meat and fee.

## 53M.2

1 He hadna been in that country  
2 A twalmouth and a day,  
3 Till he was cast in prison strong,  
4 For the sake of a lovely may.

## 53M.3

1 'O if my father get word of this,  
2 At hame in his ain country,  
3 He'll send red gowd for my relief,  
4 And a bag o white money.

## 53M.4

1 'O gin an earl woud borrow me,  
2 At his bridle I woud rin;  
3 Or gin a widow woud borrow me,  
4 I'd swear to be her son.

## 53M.5

1 'Or gin a may woud borrow me,  
2 I'd wed her wi a ring,  
3 Infert her wi the ha's and bowers  
4 O the bonny towers o Linne.'

## 53M.6

1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 Dame Essels she thought lang,  
3 And she is to the jail-house door,  
4 To hear Young Bondwell's sang.

## 53M.7

1 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny Bondwell,  
2 The sang ye sang just now.'  
3 'I never sang the sang, lady,  
4 But I woud war't on you.

## 53M.8

1 'O gin my father get word o this,  
2 At hame in his ain country,  
3 He'll send red gowd for my relief,  
4 And a bag o white money.

## 53M.9

1 'O gin an earl woud borrow me,  
2 At his bridle I woud rin;  
3 Or gin a widow woud borrow me,  
4 I'd swear to be her son.

## 53M.10

1 'O gin a may woud borrow me,  
2 I woud wed her wi a ring,  
3 Infert her wi the ha's and bowers  
4 O the bonny towers o Linne.'

## 53M.11

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.12

1 She gae'm a steed was swift in need,  
2 A saddle o royal ben,  
3 A hunder pund o pennies round,  
4 Bade him gae roav an spend.

## 53M.13

1 A couple o hounds o ae litter,  
2 And Cain they ca'd the one;  
3 Twa gay gos-hawks she gae likeways,  
4 To keep him onthought lang.

## 53M.14

1 When mony days were past and gane,  
2 Dame Essels thought fell lang,  
3 And she is to her lonely bower,  
4 To shorten her wi a sang.

## 53M.15

1 The sang has such a melody,  
2 It lulld her fast asleep;  
3 Up starts a woman, clad in green,  
4 And stood at her bed-feet.

**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 o Linne.'

**53M.17**

1 'Ye'll dress yoursell 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 along 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 washd,  
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 'Want ye a small fish frae the flood,  
2 Or turtle frae the sea?  
3 Or is there man in a' my realm  
4 This day has offended thee?'

**53M.23**

1 'I want nae small fish frae the flood,  
2 Nor turtle frae the sea;  
3 But Young Bondwell, your ain prisoner,  
4 This day has offended me.'

**53M.24**

1 Her father turnd him 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 whisperd to hersel,  
4 'Father, ye've made a lie.'

**53M.26**

1 She dressd hersel 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 her about,  
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 saild 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 along 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 speedilie;  
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**

5 'I hae been porter at your yetts  
6 These thirty years and three,  
7 But fairer maids than's at them now  
8 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 therout,' she says,  
4 'Than we that are therein.'

**53M.40**

1 'There is a difference, my dame,' he said,  
2 'Tween that ladye's colour and yours;  
3 As much difference as you were a stock,  
4 She o the lily flowers.'

**53M.41**

1 Then out it speaks him Young Bondwell,  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 'Cast up the yetts baith wide an braid,  
4 These ladies I may see.'

**53M.42**

1 Quickly up stairs Dame Essel's gane,  
2 Her maidens next her wi;  
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 couldna flee?'

**53M.45**

1 I stole the keys o the jail-house door  
2 Frae under the bed they lay,  
3 And open up the jail-house door,  
4 Set you at liberty.'

**53M.46**

1 Gae you a steed was swift in need,  
2 A saddle o royal ben,  
3 A hunder pund o pennies round,  
4 Bade you gae rove an spend.'

**53M.47**

1 A couple o hounds o ae litter,  
2 Cain they ca'ed the ane,  
3 Twa gay gos-hawks as swift's eer flew,  
4 To keep you onthought lang.'

**53M.48**

1 But since this day ye've broke your vow,  
2 For which ye're sair to blame,  
3 And since nae mair I'll get o you,  
4 O Cain, will ye gae hame?'

**53M.49**

1 'O Cain! O Cain!' the lady cried,  
2 And Cain did her ken;  
3 They baith flappd round the lady's knee,  
4 Like a couple o armed men.'

**53M.50**

1 He's to his bride wi hat in hand,  
2 And haild her courtesouslie:  
3 'Sit down by me, my bonny Bondwell,  
4 What makes this courtesie?'

**53M.51**

1 'An asking, asking, fair lady,  
2 An asking ye'll grant me;  
3 'Ask on, ask on, my bonny Bondwell,  
4 What may your askings be?'

**53M.52**

1 'Five hundred pounds to you I'll gie,  
2 Of gowd an white monie,  
3 If ye'll wed John, my ain cousin;  
4 He looks as fair as me.'

**53M.53**

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.54**

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.'

**53N.1**

1 IN London was Young Bichen born,  
2 He longd strange lands to see;  
3 He set his foot on good ship-board,  
4 And he sailed over the sea.'

**53N.2**

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.'

**53N.3**

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.'

**53N.4**

1 He had not servd the savage Moor  
2 A week, nay scarcely but only three,  
3 Till he has casten him in prison strong,  
4 Till he with hunger was like to die.'

**53N.5**

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.'

**53N.6**

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 No more to see a strange land.'

**53N.7**

1 'O an 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.'

**53N.8**

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.'

**53N.9**

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?'

**53N.10**

1 'O 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.'

**53N.11**

1 'O will you promise, Young Bichen,' she says,  
2 'And keep your vow faithful to me,  
3 That at the end of seven years  
4 In fair England you'll marry me?'

**53N.12**

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 vows and oaths 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 he 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 wrath be turnd from thee.'

**53N.20**

1 Now will we leave young Susan Py  
2 A while in her own country,  
3 And will return to Young Bichen,  
4 Who is safe arrived in fair England.

**53N.21**

1 He had not been in fair England  
2 Above years scarcely three,  
3 Till he has courted another maid,  
4 And so forgot his Susan Py.

**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 sailed for fair England.

**53N.24**

1 On every finger she put a ring,  
2 On her mid-finger she put three;  
3 She filld her pockets with good red gold,  
4 And she has sailed oer 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 provd so false to me,  
3 I'll hie me to Young Bichen's gates,  
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 calld upon a waiting-man,  
2 A waiting-man who stood near by:  
3 'Convey me to Young Bichen's gates,  
4 And well rewarded shals thou be.'

**53N.29**

1 When she came to Young Bichen's gate  
2 She chapped 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 opend the gates;  
2 His eyes were dazzled to see  
3 A lady dressd in gold and jewels;  
4 No page nor waiting-man had she.

**53N.32**

1 'O pardon me, madam,' he cried,  
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 an angry woman was she:  
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 sae loud as I hear you lie;  
3 She has more gold on her body  
4 Than would buy the lands, the bride, and thee!'

**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 kept it with his right knee:  
3 'I'll wed my life and all my land  
4 That is Susan Py, come o'er the sea!'

**53N.43**

1 He has gone unto the stair-head,  
2 A step he took but barely three;  
3 He opend the gates most speedily,  
4 And Susan Py he there could see.

**53N.44**

1 'Is this the way, Young Bichen,' she says,  
2 'Is this the way you've guided me?  
3 I relieved you from prison strong,  
4 And ill have you rewarded me.'

**53N.45**

5 'O mind ye, Young Bichen,' she says,  
6 'The vows and oaths that ye made to me,  
7 When ye lay bound in prison strong,  
8 In a deep dungeon of misery?'

**53N.46**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And led her into the palace fine;  
3 There was not a lady in all the palace  
4 But Susan Py did all outshine.

**53N.47**

1 The day concluded with joy and mirth,  
2 On every side there might you see;  
3 There was great joy in all England  
4 For the wedding-day of Susan Py.

**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 good,  
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 berries and cherries,  
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 O then bespoke the babe,  
2 within his mother's womb:  
3 'Bow down then the tallest tree,  
4 for my mother to have some.'

**54A.7**

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.8**

1 O then bespake Joseph:  
2 'I have done Mary wrong;  
3 But cheer up, my dearest,  
4 and be not cast down.'

**54A.9**

1 Then Mary plucked a cherry,  
2 as red as the blood,  
3 Then Mary went home  
4 with her heavy load.

**54A.10**

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.11**

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.12**

1 'Upon Easter-day, mother,  
2 my uprising shall be;  
3 O the sun and the moon, mother,  
4 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.'

**54B.5**

1 And then replied Joseph,  
2 with words so unkind:  
3 'Let him gather thee cherries  
4 that got thee with child.'

**54B.6**

1 O then bespoke our Saviour,  
2 all in his mother's womb:  
3 'Bow down, good cherry-tree,  
4 to my mother's hand.'

**54B.7**

1 The uppermost sprig  
2 bowed down to Mary's knee:  
3 'Thus you may see, Joseph,  
4 these cherries are for me.'

**54B.8**

1 'O eat your cherries, Mary,  
2 O eat your cherries now;  
3 O eat your cherries, Mary,  
4 that grow upon the bough.'

**54B.9**

1 As Joseph was a walking,  
2 he heard an angel sing:  
3 'This night shall be born  
4 our heavenly king.'

**54B.10**

1 'He neither shall be born  
2 in housen nor in hall,  
3 Nor in the place of Paradise,  
4 but in an ox's stall.'

**54B.11**

1 'He neither shall be clothed  
2 in purple nor in pall,  
3 But all in fair linen,  
4 as were babies all.'

**54B.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.'

**54B.13**

1 'He neither shall be christened  
2 in white wine nor red,  
3 But with fair spring water,  
4 with which we were christened.'

**54B.14**

1 Then Mary took her young son,  
2 and set him on her knee:  
3 'I pray thee now, dear child,  
4 tell how this world shall be.'

**54B.15**

1 'O I shall be as dead, mother,  
2 as the stones in the wall;  
3 O the stones in the street, mother,  
4 shall mourn for me all.'

**54B.16**

1 'And upon a Wednesday  
2 my vow I will make,  
3 And upon Good Friday  
4 my death I will take.'

**54B.17**

1 'Upon Easter-day, mother,  
2 my rising shall be;  
3 O the sun and the moon  
4 shall uprise with me.'

**54B.18**

1 'The people shall rejoice,  
2 and the birds they shall sing,  
3 To see the uprising  
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 over 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 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 sprig then  
2 bowed 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 there 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 clothed  
2 in purple nor pall,  
3 But all in fair linen,  
4 as wear babies all.'

**54C.11**

1 'He shall not be rocked  
2 in silver nor gold,  
3 But in a wooden cradle,  
4 that rocks on the mould.'

**54C.12**

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.13**

1 Mary took her baby,  
2 she dressed him so sweet;  
3 She laid him in a manger,  
4 all there for to sleep.

**54C.14**

1 As she stood over him  
2 she heard angels sing,  
3 'Oh bless our dear Saviour,  
4 our heavenly king.'

**54D.1**

1 O JOSEPH was an old man,  
2 and an old man was he,  
3 And he married Mary,  
4 from the land of Galilee.

**54D.2**

1 Oft after he married her,  
2 how warm he were abroad,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**54D.3**

1 Then Mary and Joseph  
2 walkd down to the gardens cool;  
3 Then Mary spied a cherry,  
4 as red as any blood.

**54D.4**

1 'Brother Joseph, pluck the cherry,  
2 for I am with child.'  
3 'Let him pluck the cherry, Mary,  
4 as is father to the child.'

**54D.5**

1 Then our blessed Saviour spoke,  
2 from his mother's womb:  
3 'Mary shall have cherries,  
4 and Joseph shall have none.'

**54D.6**

1 From the high bough the cherry-tree  
2 bowd down to Mary's knee;  
3 Then Mary pluckt the cherry,  
4 by one, two, and three.

**54D.7**

1 They went a little further,  
2 and heard a great din:  
3 'God bless our sweet Saviour,  
4 our heaven's love in.'

**54D.8**

1 Our Saviour was not rocked  
2 in silver or in gold,  
3 But in a wooden cradle,  
4 like other babes all.

**54D.9**

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 Carnal 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 Conceivd 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 crow 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 crowed he,  
4 In the dish where he did stand.

**55.12**

1 'Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,  
2 She steppit 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 Lie still as lang's ye may,  
3 For your father rides on horseback high,  
4 Cares little for us twae.'

**63C.10**

1 It's whan she cam to the other side,  
2 She sat down on a stane;  
3 Says, Them that made me, help me now,  
4 For I am far frae hame.

**63C.11**

1 'How far is it frae your mither's bouer,  
2 Gude Lord John tell to me?'  
3 'It's thirty miles, Lady Margaret,  
4 It's thirty miles and three:  
5 And yese be wed to ane o her serving men,  
6 For yese get na mair o me.'

**63C.12**

1 Then up bespak the wylie parrot,  
2 As it sat on the tree,  
3 'Ye lee, ye lee, Lord John,' it said,  
4 'Sae loud as I hear ye lee.'

**63C.13**

1 'Ye say it's thirty miles frae your mither's  
bouer,  
2 Whan it's but barely three;  
3 And she'll neer be wed to a serving man,  
4 For she'll be your ain ladie.'

**63C.14**

1 ['O dinna ye see yon bonnie castle,  
2 Lies on yon sunny lea?  
3 And yese get ane o my mither's men,  
4 For yese get na mair o me.']

**63C.15**

1 ['We'll see I yon bonnie castle,  
2 Lies on yon sunny lea,  
3 But Ise neer hae nane o your mither's men,  
4 Tho I never gat mair o thee.']

**63C.16**

1 [Whan he cam to the porter's yett  
2 He tirl'd at the pin,  
3 And wha sae ready as the bauld porter  
4 To open and lat him in.]

**63C.17**

1 Monie a lord and fair ladie  
2 Met Lord John in the closs,  
3 But the bonniest face amang them a'  
4 Was hauding Lord John's horse.

**63C.18**

1 [Monie a lord and lady bricht  
2 Met Lord John on the green,  
3 But the bonniest boy amang them a'  
4 Was standing by, him leen.]

**63C.19**

1 Monie a lord and gay ladie  
2 Sat dining in the ha,  
3 But the bonniest face that was there  
4 Was waiting on them a'.

**63C.20**

1 O up bespak Lord John's sister,  
2 A sweet young maid was she:  
3 'My brither has brought a bonnie young page,  
4 His like I neer did see;  
5 But the red flits fast frae his cheek,  
6 And the tear stands in his ee.'

**63C.21**

1 But up bespak Lord John's mither,  
2 She spak wi meikle scorn:  
3 'He's liker a woman gret wi bairn,  
4 Than onie waiting-man.'

**63C.22**

1 'It's ye'll rise up, my bonnie boy,  
2 And gie my steed the hay:'  
3 'O that I will, my dear master,  
4 As fast as I can gae.'

**63C.23**

1 She took the hay aneath her arm,  
2 The corn intil her hand,  
3 But atween the stable-door and the staw,  
4 Lady Margret made a stand.

**63C.24**

1 [Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' men boun for bed,  
3 Lord John, mither, and sister gay  
4 In ae bour they were laid.]

**63C.25**

1 [Lord John had na weel gat aff his claise,  
2 Nor was he weel laid down,  
3 Till his mither heard a bairn greet,  
4 And a woman's heavy moan.]

**63C.26**

1 ['Win up, win up, Lord John,' she said,  
2 'Seek neither hose nor shoon;  
3 For I've heard a bairn loud greet,  
4 And a woman's heavy moan.']

**63C.27**

1 [Lord John raise, put on his claise,  
2 Sought neither hose nor shoon,  
3 Atween the ha and the stable-door  
4 He made na a step but ane.]

**63C.28**

1 'O open the door, Lady Margaret,  
2 O open and let me in;  
3 I want to see if my steed be fed,  
4 Or my grey-hounds fit to rin.'

**63C.29**

1 'I'll na open the door, Lord John,' she said,  
2 'I'll na open it to thee,  
3 Till ye grant to me my ae request,  
4 And a pair ane it's to me.'

**63C.30**

1 'Ye'll gie to me a bed in an outhouse,  
2 For my young son and me,  
3 And the meanest servant in a' the place,  
4 To wait on him and me.'

**63C.31**

1 [He's tane the door wi his fit,  
2 And he keppt it wi his knee,  
3 He made the door o double deals  
4 In splinders soon to flee.]

**63C.32**

1 ['An askin, an askin, grant me, Lord John,  
2 An askin ye'll grant me;  
3 The meanest maid about the place  
4 To bring a glass o water to me.']

**63C.33**

1 'I grant, I grant, Lady Margret,' he said,  
2 'A' that, and mair frae me,  
3 The very best bed in a' the place  
4 To your young son and thee,  
5 And my mither, and my sister dear,  
6 To wait on him and thee.'

**63C.34**

1 'And a' thae lands, and a' thae rents,  
2 They shall be his and thine;  
3 Our wedding and our kirking day,  
4 They sall be all in ane.'

**63C.35**

1 And he has tane Lady Margaret,  
2 And rowd her in the silk,  
3 And he has tane his ain young son,  
4 And washd him in the milk.

**63D.24**

1 . . . . .  
1 Lord John rose, put on his clothes,  
2 Sought neither stockens nor shoon,  
3 An between the ha and the stable  
4 He made not a step but one.

**63D.25**

1 'O open, open, to me, Burd Ellen,  
2 O open an let me in:'  
3 'O yes, O yes, will I, Lord John,  
4 But not till I can win;  
5 O yes, will I, Lord John,' she says,  
6 'But I'm lyin wi your young son.'

**63D.26**

1 He's taen the door wi his foot,  
2 An he keppt it wi his knee;  
3 He made the door of double deals  
4 In splinders soon to flee.

**63D.27**

1 'An askin ye'll grant me, Lord John,  
2 An askin ye'll grant me;  
3 May the meanest maid about the place  
4 Bring a glass o water to me?'

**63D.28**

1 'O hold your tongue, Burd Ellen,' he said,  
2 'Lat a' your askins be;  
3 For the best maid about the house  
4 Shall bring a glass o wine to thee.'

**63D.29**

1 'An the best bed about it a',  
2 For my young son an thee;  
3 My mother and my ae sister  
4 Sal bear you company.'

**63D.30**

1 'Your marriage an your kirkin day  
2 They sal be both in ane,  
3 An a' these ha's an bowers, Burd Ellen,  
4 They sal be yours an mine.'

**63E.1**

1 'I BEG you bide at hame, Margaret,  
2 An sew your silken seam;  
3 If ye waur in the wide Hielands,  
4 Ye wald be owre far frae hame.'

**63E.2**

1 'I winna bide a hame,' she said,  
2 'Nor sew my silken seam;  
3 For if I waur in the wide Hielands,  
4 I wald no be owre far frae hame.'

**63E.3**

1 'My steed sall drink the blude-red wine,  
2 An you the water wan;  
3 I'll mak you sigh, an say, alace,  
4 That ever I loed a man!'

**63E.4**

1 'Though your steed does drink the blude-red  
wine,  
2 An me the water wan,  
3 Yet will I sing, an merry be,  
4 That ever I loed a man.'

**63E.5**

1 'My hounds shall eat the bread o wheat,  
2 An you the bread o bran;  
3 I'll mak you sigh, an say, alace,  
4 That ever you loed Lord John!'

**63E.6**

1 'Though your hounds do eat the bread o wheat,  
2 An me the bread o bran,  
3 Yet will I sing, an merrie be,  
4 That ever I loed Lord John.'

**63E.7**

1 He turned about his high horse head,  
2 An awa he was boun to ride;  
3 She kilted up her green clieden,  
4 An after him she gaed.

**63E.8**

1 Whan they cam to that water  
2 Whilk a' man ca the Clyde,  
3 He turned about his high horse head,  
4 Said, Ladie, will you ride?

**63E.9**

1 'I learnt it in my mother's bour,  
2 I wish I had learnt it weel,  
3 That I could swim this wan water  
4 As weel as fish or eel.'

**63E.10**

1 Whan at the middle o that water,  
2 She sat doon on a stone;  
3 He turned about his high horse head,  
4 Says, Ladie, will ye loup on?

**63E.11**

1 'I learnt in my mother's bour,  
2 I wish I had learnt it better,  
3 That I culd swim this wan water  
4 As weel as eel or otter.'

**63E.12**

1 He has taen the narrow ford,  
2 An she has taen the wide;  
3 Lang, lang ere he was at the middle,  
4 She was sittin at the ither side.

**63E.13**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,  
4 Alace, I'm far frae hame!

**63E.14**

1 'Hoo many miles is't to your castle?  
2 Noo Lord John, tell to me;  
3 'Hoo many miles is't to my castle?  
4 It's thirty miles an three:'  
5 Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,  
6 It'll never be gane by me!

**63E.15**

1 But up it spak the wily bird,  
2 As it sat on the tree,  
3 'Rin on, rin on noo, Fair Margaret,  
4 It scarcely miles is three.'

**63E.16**

1 Whan they cam to the wide Hielands,  
2 An lited on the green,  
3 Every an spak Erse to anither,  
4 But Margaret she spak nane.

**63E.17**

1 Whan they waur at table set,  
2 An birlin at the best,  
3 Margaret set at a bye-table,  
4 An fain she wald hain rest.

**63E.18**

1 'Oh mither, mither, mak my bed  
2 Wi clean blankets an sheets,  
3 An lay my futeboy at my feet,  
4 The sounder I may sleep.'

**63E.19**

1 She has made Lord John his bed,  
2 Wi clean blankets an sheets,  
3 An laid his futeboy at his feet,  
4 But neer a wink culd he sleep.

**63E.20**

1 'Win up, win up noo, Fair Margaret,  
2 An see that my steed has meat;  
3 See that his corn is in his travisse,  
4 Nor lyin amang his feet.'

**63E.21**

1 Slowly, slowly rase she up,  
2 An slowly put she on,  
3 An slowly gaed she doon the stair,  
4 Aye makin a heavy moan.  
5 ' , , , , '

**63E.22**

1 'An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,  
2 I pray you grant it me;  
3 For the warst bed in a' your hoose,  
4 To your young son an me.'

**63E.23**

1 'Your asken is but sma, Margaret,  
2 Sune grantet it shall be;  
3 For the best bed in a' my hoose  
4 Is owre little for thee.'

**63E.24**

1 'An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,  
2 I pray you grant it me;  
3 For the warst ale in a' your hoose,  
4 That ye wald gie to me.'

**63E.25**

1 'Your asken is but sma, Margaret,  
2 Sune grantet it shall be;  
3 For the best wine in a' my hoose  
4 Is owre little for thee.'

**63E.26**

1 'But cheer up your heart noo, Fair Margaret,  
2 For, be it as it may,  
3 Your kirken an your fair weddin  
4 Sall baith be on one day.'

**63F.1**

1 LORD THOMAS stands in his stable-door,  
2 Seeing his steeds kaimd down;  
3 Lady Ellen sits at her bower-door,  
4 Sewing her silver seam.

**63F.2**

1 'O will ye stay at hame, Ellen,  
2 And sew your silver seam?  
3 Or will ye to the rank highlands?  
4 For my lands lay far frae hame.'

**63F.3**

1 'I winna stay at hame, Lord Thomas,  
2 And sew my silver seam;  
3 But I'll gae to the rank highlands,  
4 Tho your lands lay far frae hame.'  
5 ' , , , , '

**63F.4**

1 'An asking, an asking, Lord Thomas,  
2 I pray thee grant it me;  
3 How many miles into your fair tower,  
4 And house where you would be?'

**63F.5**

1 'Your asking fair, lady Ellen,' he says,  
2 'Shall now be granted thee;  
3 For to my castle where it stands  
4 Is thirty miles and three.'  
5 'O wae is me,' says Lady Ellen,  
6 'It will never be run by me.'

**63F.6**

1 But up and spak the wily pyot,  
2 That sat upon the tree:  
3 'Sae loud, sae loud, ye fause, fause knight,  
4 Sae loud as I hear you lie!

**63F.7**

1 'For to your dwelling-house,' it says,  
2 'Of miles it's scanty three.'  
3 'O weel is me,' says Lady Ellen;  
4 'It shall be run by me.'  
5 ' , , , , '

**63F.8**

1 'O mither, mither, mak my bed,  
2 And mak it braid and wide,  
3 And lay my little page at my feet,  
4 Whatever may betide.'

**63F.9**

1 'An asking, an asking, Lord Thomas,  
2 I pray thee grant it me;  
3 O grant me a cup of cold water,  
4 Between my young son and me.'

**63F.10**

1 'What you do ask, Lady Ellen,  
2 Shall soon be granted thee;  
3 The best bread and the best wine,  
4 Between my young son and thee.'

**63F.11**

1 'I ask again , my good Lord Thomas,  
2 I ask again of thee;  
3 The poorest cot-house in your land,  
4 Between my young son and me.'

**63F.12**

1 'Your asking now, dear Lady Ellen,  
2 I quickly grant to thee;  
3 The best bower about my tower,  
4 Between my young son and thee.'

**63G.1**

1 THE knight he stands in stable-door,  
2 Says he, I will go ride;  
3 The lady's kilted her gay cloathing,  
4 And ran low by his side.

**63G.2**

1 He has ridden, and she has run,  
2 Till they came to yon water wan;  
3 He has ridden, and she has run,  
4 Like to his waiting man.

**63G.3**

1 He has ridden, and she has run,  
2 Till they came on to Clyde;  
3 The knight he rode on high horseback,  
4 But the lady she bot wide.

**63G.4**

1 The first step that the lady stepped,  
2 She stept into the knee;  
3 The bairn that was between her sides  
4 There he gied spartles three.

**63G.5**

1 'Lie still, lie still, my bonny boy,  
2 Ye work your mother woe;  
3 Your father rides on high horseback,  
4 Cares little for us two.'

**63G.6**

1 The nextand step that lady stepped,  
2 She stept into the pap;  
3 The bairn that was between her sides  
4 There spartled and he lap.

**63G.7**

1 'Ly still, ly still, my bonny boy,  
2 You work your mother's woe;  
3 Your father rides on high horseback,  
4 Cares little for us two.'

**63G.8**

1 In the middle of that water  
2 There stands a yird-fast stone;  
3 He turnd his horse head back again,  
4 Said, Lady, loup ye on.

**63G.9**

1 She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
2 O never a mile but ane,  
3 Till she grew sick, and so weary  
4 She couldna ride nor gang.

**63G.10**

1 'Ride on, ride on, my gay lady,  
2 You see not what I see;  
3 For yonder is my father's castle,  
4 A little beyond the lee,  
5 And ye'll get ane of my father's men,  
6 But, lady, neer lippen on me.'

**63G.11**

1 There were four and twenty bonny ladies  
2 Led Willie frae bower to ha,  
3 But the bonniest lady among them a'  
4 Led his steed to the sta.

**63G.12**

1 When they were at the table set,  
2 And sitting at their dine,  
3 Out it spake his mother dear,  
4 And she spake aye in time.

**63G.13**

1 'Sometimes your boy's red, Willie,  
2 And other times he's wan;  
3 He looks like a woman wi bairn,  
4 But no ways like a man.'

**63G.14**

1 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
2 Go look your master's steed;  
3 See that his meat be at his head,  
4 And not among his feet.'

**63G.15**

1 O healy, healy raise she up,  
2 And healy gaed she down,  
3 And healy opend the stable-door,  
4 And as healy gaed she in,  
5 And even among that big horse feet  
6 She bear her dear young son.

**63G.16**

1 As Willie's mother was walking alone,  
2 Between the bower and ha,  
3 She thought she heard a bairn's greet  
4 And lady's moan in the sta.

**63G.17**

1 'Gude make ye safe, my ae son Willie,  
2 Gude keep ye safe frae harm;  
3 Ye might hae chosen a lighter foot-boy  
4 Than a women in travilling.'

**63G.18**

1 He hit the table wi his foot,  
2 He kept it wi his knee,  
3 Till silver cups and silver spoons  
4 Into the floor did flee.

**63G.19**

1 There was fifteen steps into that stair,  
2 I wat he made them a' but three;  
3 He's to the stable gane in haste,  
4 And a' to see his gay lady.

**63G.20**

1 'I am not come o sic low kin,  
2 Nor yet sic low degree,  
3 That you needed to banish me frae your sight,  
4 That ye left nae woman wi me.'

**63G.21**

1 'I wish I'd drunken the wan water  
2 When I did drink the wine,  
3 Or when I left my lady gay,  
4 And her at sic a time.

**63G.22**

1 'But up ye'll take my dear young son,  
2 And wash him wi the milk,  
3 And up ye'll take my lady gay  
4 And row her in the silk;  
5 For her kirking and her fair wedding  
6 Shall baith stand in ae day.'

**63H.1**

1 ' , , , , '  
1 'TURN back, turn back, O Burd Alone,  
2 For the water's both broad and long.'  
3 First she went into the shouldders,  
4 And sine unto the chin.

**63H.2**

1 'How far is it to your hall, Lord John?  
2 How far is it? I pray of thee.'  
3 'The nearest way unto my hall  
4 Is thirty miles and three.'

**63H.3**

1 'Turn back, turn back, O Burd Alone,  
2 Ye'll sink before ye win owre.'  
3 'I am too big with bairn,' she says,  
4 'To sink or I win owre.'

**63H.4**

1 'Turn back, turn back, O Burd Alone,  
2 Turn back, I pray of thee;  
3 For I've got a wife and seven bairns,  
4 I like far better than thee.'

**63H.5**

1 And then spak a wild parrot,  
2 Sat high upon the tree;  
3 'Gang on, gang on, O Burd Alone,  
4 [He likes nane better nor thee.]

**63H.6**

1 'For Lord John has neither wife nor bairns,  
2 He likes better than thee,  
3 And the nearest way to Lord John's hall  
4 Is only short miles three.'

**63H.7**

1 When she was come to Lord John's hall,  
2 Lords, knights and ladies braw  
3 Was there to welcome them hame;  
4 But the bravest in the ha,  
5 She waited at Lord John's back,  
6 Serving the tables a'.

**63H.8**

1 When she was laid into her bed,  
2 Amang the servants a' ilk ane,  
3 The mother heard a babie greet,  
4 And a lady make a heavy maen.

**63H.9**

1 'Rise up, rise up, Lord John,' she said,  
2 'Bind on thy hose and shoon;  
3 Thow might hae got some other lady  
4 Then a lady big wi bairn.'

**63H.10**

1 Lord John awa to the hay-loft,  
2 Where his lady lay;  
3 'O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,  
4 'O rise and let me in;  
5 It's I have got no loves without,  
6 But I've got one within.'

**63H.11**

1 'I ask three favours of you, Lord John,  
2 I ask three favours of thee;  
3 I ask a bottle of your sma, sma beer,  
4 For your old son and me.'

**63H.12**

1 'O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,  
2 'O rise and let me in;  
3 My wine and gin is at your command,  
4 And that of my old son.'

**63H.13**

1 'The next favour I ask of you, Lord John,  
2 The next favour I ask of thee,  
3 Is the meanest room in all your house,  
4 For your young son and me.'

**63H.14**

1 'The next favour I ask of you, Lord John,  
2 The next favour I ask of thee,  
3 Is the meanest maid in a' your house,  
4 To wait on your yong son and me.'

**63H.15**

1 'O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,  
2 'O rise and let me in;  
3 For thy bridal and thy banquet day  
4 Shall both be held in ane.'

**63L.1**

1 LORD JOHN stands in his stable-door,  
2 Just on his way to ride;  
3 Lady Ellen stands in her bower-door,  
4 Says, Bide, Lord John, abide!  
5 '.....'

**63L.2**

1 He did ride, and she did run,  
2 A lief-lang simmer's day,  
3 Until they came till a wan water,  
4 That a' man did ca Tay.

**63L.3**

1 The first step that she steppit in,  
2 She steppit tae the cweet;  
3 An sichan said that gay lady,  
4 I fear this water's deep!

**63L.4**

1 The next step that she steppit in,  
2 She steppit tae the knee;  
3 An sichan said that gay lady,  
4 This water's deep for me!

**63L.5**

1 Lord John hield down his high horse head,  
2 Said, Lady, will ye ride?  
3 'O no! O no! kind sir,' she said,  
4 'I'll rather choose tae wide.'

**63L.6**

1 The next step that she steppit in,  
2 She steppit tae the chin;  
3 An sichan said that gay lady,  
4 I'll wide nae farrer in.

**63L.7**

1 The firsten town that they cam till,  
2 She got a leash o hunts tae lead,  
3 .....  
4 .....  
5 '.....'

**63L.8**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 An a' was ready tae dine,  
3 .....  
4 .....  
5 '.....'

**63L.9**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 An a' were bound for bed,  
3 .....  
4 .....  
5 '.....'

**63J.1**

1 THE knight stands in his stable-door,  
2 Says he, I will gae ride;  
3 A lady stands in her bower-door,  
4 Says, I'll ride by your side.

**63J.2**

1 'Ye shall not follow me, Burd Helen,  
2 Except ye do this deed;  
3 That is, to saddle to me my horse,  
4 And bridle to me my steed,  
5 And every town that ye come to,  
6 A liesh o hounds to lead.'

**63J.3**

1 'I will saddle to you your horse,  
2 Sae will I bridle your steed;  
3 And every town that we come to,  
4 A liesh o hounds I'll lead.'

**63J.4**

1 Take warning a', ye maidens fair,  
2 That wear scarlet and brown;  
3 In virtue leave your lammass beds,  
4 To follow knights frae town.

**63J.5**

1 'My dogs shall eat the white bread, Helen,  
2 And you the dust and bran;  
3 And you will sigh, and say, alas!  
4 That eer our loves began.'

**63J.6**

1 'Your dogs may eat the gude white bread,  
2 And I the dust and bran;  
3 Yet will I sing, and say, well's me,  
4 That eer our loves began.'

**63J.7**

1 'My horse shall drink the gude red wine,  
2 And you the water wan;  
3 And then you'll sigh, and say, alas!  
4 That eer our loves began.'

**63J.8**

1 'Your horse may drink the gude red wine,  
2 And I the water wan;  
3 But yet I'll sing, and say, well's me,  
4 That eer our loves began.'

**63J.9**

1 Then Willie lap on his white steed,  
2 And straight awa did ride;  
3 Burd Helen, drest in men's array,  
4 She walked by his side.

**63J.10**

1 But he was neer sae lack a knight  
2 As ance woud bid her ride,  
3 And she was neer sae mean a may  
4 As ance woud bid him bide.

**63J.11**

1 Sweet Willie rade, Burd Helen ran,  
2 A livelang summer's tide,  
3 Until she came to wan water,  
4 For a' men ca's it Clyde.

**63J.12**

1 The first an step that she wade in,  
2 She wadit to the knee;  
3 'Ohon, alas!' said that fair maid,  
4 'This water's nae for me!'

**63J.13**

1 The next an step that she wade in,  
2 She wadit to the pap;  
3 The babe within her sides twa,  
4 Cauld water gart it quack.

**63J.14**

1 'Lie still, lie still, my bonny bairn,  
2 For a' this winna dee;  
3 Your father rides on high horseback,  
4 Minds neither you nor me.'

**63J.15**

1 In the midst of Clyde's water,  
2 There stands a yird-fast stone;  
3 There he leant him ower his saddle-bow,  
4 And set that lady on,  
5 And brought her to the other side,  
6 Then set her down again.

**63J.16**

1 'O see ye not yon goodly towers,  
2 And gowd towers stand sae hie?  
3 There is a lady in yonder bower  
4 Will sinder you and me.'

**63J.17**

1 'I wish nae ill to your lady,  
2 She neer wishd nane to me;  
3 But I wish the maid maist o your love  
4 That drees far mair for thee.'

**63J.18**

1 'I wish nae ill to your lady,  
2 She neer comes in my thought;  
3 But I wish the maid maist o your love  
4 That dearest hae you bought.'

**63J.19**

1 Four an twenty gay ladies  
2 Led Willie thro bower and ha;  
3 But the fairest lady amo them a'  
4 Led his horse to the sta.

**63J.20**

1 Four an twenty gay ladies  
2 Were a' at dinner set;  
3 Burd Helen sat at a by-table,  
4 A bit she coudna eat.

**63J.21**

1 Out it spake her Dow Isbel,  
2 A skilly dame was she:  
3 'O whare got ye this fine foot-page  
4 Ye've brought along wi thee?'

**63J.22**

1 'Sometimes his colour waxes red,  
2 Sometimes it waxes wan;  
3 He is liker a woman big wi bairn  
4 Nor be a waiting man.'

**63J.23**

1 'Win up, win up, my boy,' he says,  
2 'At my bidding to be,  
3 And gang and supper my gude steed,  
4 See he be litterd tee.'

**63J.24**

1 Then she is into stable gane,  
2 Shut tee the door wi a pin,  
3 And even amang Willie's horse feet  
4 Brought hame her bonny young son.

**63J.25**

1 When day was gane, and night was come,  
2 And a' man bound for bed,  
3 Sweet Willie and Dow Isbel  
4 In ae chamber were laid.

**63J.26**

1 They hadna been well lien down,  
2 Nor yet well faen asleep,  
3 Till up it wakens Sweet Willie,  
4 And stood at Dow Isbel's feet.

**63J.27**

1 'I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
2 I wish it may be for guid;  
3 Some rogue hae broke my stable-door,  
4 And stown awa my steed.'

**63J.28**

1 'Win up, win up now, Dow Isbel,  
2 At my bidding to be,  
3 And ye'll gae to my stable-door,  
4 See that be true or lie.'

**63J.29**

1 When she gaed to the stable-door,  
2 She heard a grievous groan;  
3 She thought she heard a bairn greet,  
4 But and a woman's moan.

**63J.30**

1 'When I was in my bigly bower,  
2 I wore but what I would;  
3 This night I'm lighter 'mang Willie's horse  
feet,  
4 I fear I'll die for cold.

**63J.31**

1 'When I was in my bigly bower,  
2 I wore gold to my tae;  
3 This night I'm lighter mang Willie's horse feet,  
4 And fear I'll die or day.

**63J.32**

1 'When I was in my bigly bower,  
2 I wore scarlet and green;  
3 This night I'm lighter mang Willie's horse feet,  
4 And fear I'll die my lane.'

**63J.33**

1 Dow Isbel now came tripping hame,  
2 As fast as gang could she;  
3 'I thought your page was not a man,  
4 Ye brought along wi thee.

**63J.34**

1 'As I gaed to your stable, Willie,  
2 I heard a grievous groan;  
3 I thought I heard a bairn greet,  
4 But and a woman's moan.

**63J.35**

1 'She said, when in her bigly bower,  
2 She wore but what she would;  
3 But this night is lighter mang your horse feet,  
4 And fears she'll die for cold.

**63J.36**

1 'She said, when in her bigly bower,  
2 She wore gold to her tae;  
3 But this night is lighter mang your horse feet,  
4 And fears she'll die or day.

**63J.37**

1 'Win up, win up, now Sweet Willie,  
2 At my bidding to be,  
3 And speak some comfort to the maid,  
4 That's dreed sae much for thee.'

**63J.38**

1 He is to the stable door gane,  
2 As fast as gang could he;  
3 'O open, O open, Burd Helen,' he says,  
4 'Ye'll open the door to me.'

**63J.39**

1 'That was never my mother's custom,  
2 And hope it's never be mine,  
3 A knight into her companie,  
4 When she drees a' her pine.'

**63J.40**

1 'O open the door, Burd Helen,' he says,  
2 'O open the door to me;  
3 For as my sword hangs by my gair,  
4 I'll gar it gang in three.'

**63J.41**

1 'How can I open, how shall I open,  
2 How can I open to thee,  
3 When lying amang your great steed's feet,  
4 Your young son on my knee?'

**63J.42**

1 He hit the door then wi his foot,  
2 Sae did he wi his knee,  
3 Till doors o deal, and locks o steel,  
4 In splinters gart he flee.

**63J.43**

1 'An asking, asking, Sweet Willie,  
2 An asking ye'll grant me;  
3 The warst in bower in a' your towers,  
4 For thy young son and me.'

**63J.44**

1 'Your asking's nae sae great, Burd Helen,  
2 But granted it shall be;  
3 The best in bower in a' my towers,  
4 For my young son and thee.'

**63J.45**

1 'An asking, asking, sweet Willie,  
2 An asking ye'll grant me;  
3 The warst an woman about your bowers,  
4 To wait on him and me.'

**63J.46**

1 'The best an woman about my bowers,  
2 To wait on him and thee,  
3 And that's my sister Dow Isbel,  
4 And a gude woman is she.

**63J.47**

1 'Ye will take up my little young son,  
2 And wash him wi the milk;  
3 And ye'll take up my gay lady,  
4 And row her in the silk.

**63J.48**

1 'Be favourable to my lady,  
2 Be favourable, if ye may;  
3 Her kirking and her fair wedding  
4 Shall baith stand on ae day.

**63J.49**

1 'There is not here a woman living  
2 But her shall be my bride,  
3 And all is for the fair speeches  
4 I got frae her at Clyde.'

**63[K.1]**

1 Willie was a harper guid,  
2 He was a harper fine;  
3 He harped the burds out of the tree,  
4 The fish out of the flood,  
5 The milk out of a woman's brist  
6 That bab had never nean.

**63[K.2]**

1 He harped out, an he harped in,  
2 Till he harped them a' aslep,  
3 Unless it was her Fair Elen,  
4 An she stood on her feett.

**63[K.3]**

1 Willie stod in stabile dor,  
2 He said he wad ride,  
3 .....  
4 .....

**63[K.4]**

1 'Na women mane gae we me, Hellen,  
2 Na women mane gaie we me  
3 Bat them that will saddle my hors,  
4 An bridell my steed,  
5 An elky toun that I come to  
6 A lish of hons mane lead.'

**63[K.5]**

1 'I will saddle yer hors, Willie,  
2 An I will bridel yer steed,  
3 An elky toun att we come tell  
4 A leash of honds will lead.'

**63[K.6]**

1 'The dogs sall eat the gued fite bread,  
2 An ye the douë pran,  
3 An ye sall bliss, an na curse,  
4 That ever ye lied a man.'

**63[K.7]**

1 'The dogs sall eat the whit bread,  
2 An me the douë pran,  
3 An I will bliss, an na curs,  
4 That ear I loved a man.'

**63[K.8]**

1 She has saddled his hors,  
2 An she has bridled his stead,  
3 An ealky toun att they came throu  
4 A lish of honds did lead.

**63[K.9]**

1 The dogs did eatt the whit bread,  
2 An her the douey pran,  
3 An she did bliss, an she did na curs,  
4 That ever she loyed a man.

**63[K.10]**

1 Fan they came to yon wan water  
2 That a' man caas Clayd,  
3 He louked over his left shoder,  
4 Says, Ellen, will ye ride?

**63[K.11]**

1 'I learned it in my medder's bour,  
2 I wiss I had learned it better,  
3 Fan I came to wane water  
4 To sume as dos the otter.'

**63[K.12]**

1 'I learned in my midder's bour,  
2 I watt I learned it well,  
3 Fan I came to wan water,  
4 To sume as dos the ell.'

**63[K.13]**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 Or the knight was in the middell of the water,  
4 The lady was in the eather side.

**63[K.14]**

1 She leaned her back to a stane,  
2 Gaa a call opon:  
3 'O my back is right sore,  
4 An I sae farr frae hame!

**63[K.15]**

1 'Hou monny mill ha ye to rid,  
2 An hou monny I to rine?'  
3 'Fifty mill ha I to rid,  
4 Fifty you to rine,  
5 An by that time I dou supos  
6 Ye will be a dead woman.'

**63[K.16]**

1 Out spak a bonny burd,  
2 Sate on yon tree,  
3 'Gaa on, fair Ellen,  
4 Ye ha scarcely milles three.'

**63[K.17]**

1 Four-an-tenty bony ladys  
2 Mett Willie in the closs,  
3 Bat the fairest lady among them a'  
4 Took Willie frae his horse.

**63[K.18]**

1 Four-an-tenty bonny ladys  
2 Lead Willie to the table,  
3 Bat the fairest lady among them a'  
4 Led his hors to the stable.

**63[K.19]**

1 She leaned betuen the gray folle an the waa,  
2 An gae a call opon;  
3 'O my back is fue sore,  
4 An I sae far fra home!

**63[K.20]**

1 'Fan I was in my father's bour,  
2 I ware goud to my hell;  
3 Bat nou I am among Willie's hors feet,  
4 An the call it will me kell.

**63[K.21]**

1 'Fan I was in my midder's bour  
2 I wear goud to my head;  
3 Bat nou I am among Willie's hors feet,  
4 And the calle will be my dead.'

**63[K.22]**

1 'Fatten a heavey horse-boy, my son Willie,  
2 Is this ye ha brought to me?  
3 Some times he grous read, read,  
4 An some times pail an wane;  
5 He louks just leak a woman we bairn,  
6 An no weis es leak a man.'

**63[K.23]**

1 'Gett up, my heavey hors-boy,  
2 Gie my hors corn an hay;  
3 'By my soth,' says her Fair Ellen,  
4 'Bat as fast as I may.'

**63[K.24]**

1 'I dreamed a dream san the straine,  
2 Gued read a' dreams to gued!  
3 I dreamed my stable-dor was opened  
4 An stoun was my best steed.  
5 Ye gae, my sister,  
6 An see if the dream be gued.'

**63[K.25]**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 She thought she hard a baby greet,  
4 Bat an a lady mone.

**63[K.26]**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 'I think I hard a baby greet,  
4 Bat an a lady mone.'

**63[K.27]**

1 'A askend, Wikllie,' she says,  
2 'An ye man grant it me;  
3 The warst room in a' yer house  
4 To your young son an me.'

**63[K.28]**

1 ['Ask on, Fair Ellen,  
2 Ye'r sure yer asken is free;]  
3 The best room in a' my house  
4 To yer young son an ye.'

**63[K.29]**

1 '[A] asken, Willie,' she sayes,  
2 'An ye will grant it me;  
3 The smallest bear in yer house  
4 To [yer] young son an me.'



**63[K.30]**

1 'Ask on, Fair Ellen,  
2 Ye'r sure your asken is free;  
3 The best bear in my house  
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 haa that, Fair Ellen,  
4 To you an yer young son.'

**63[K.32]**

1 '[A] askent, 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.

**63[K.34]**

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.1**

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.2**

1 Janet's awa to her father,  
2 As fast as she could hie:  
3 'O what's your will wi me, father?  
4 O what's your will wi me?'

**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;  
5 There's a French lord coming oer the sea,  
6 To wed and tak me hame.'

**64A.7**

1 'If we maun part this love, Janet,  
2 It causeth mickle 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 her days are dune.'

**64A.10**

1 Some drew to them their silken 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.  
7 . . . . .

**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 bower,  
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 lifted 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 comfort your fair lady;  
3 For where ye had but ae nourice,  
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 busk 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 busk this bonny bride,  
2 And put a gay mantle on;  
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 take the bride's maidens,  
4 And we'll go fill the ring.'

**64A.24**

1 O ben than cam the auld French lord,  
2 Saying, Bride, will ye dance with me?  
3 'Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,  
4 Your face I downa see.'

**64A.25**

1 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,  
2 He cam with ane advance:  
3 'O I'll go tak the bride's maidens,  
4 And we'll go tak a dance.'

**64A.26**

1 'I've seen ither days wi you, Willie,  
2 And so has mony mae,  
3 Ye would hae danced wi me mysel,  
4 Let a' my maidens gae.'

**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 turned her throw the dance,  
2 Throw the dance but thrice,  
3 When she fell down at Willie's feet,  
4 And up did never rise.

**64A.29**

1 Willie's taen the key of his coffer,  
2 And gien it to his man:  
3 'Gae hame, and tell my mother dear  
4 My horse he has me slain;  
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 you do love me weel, Willie,  
2 Ye'll shew to me truelie;  
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 trulie;  
3 He builded 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 you do love me weel, Willie,  
2 Ye'll shew to me trulie;  
3 Ye'll tak me to my mother's bower,  
4 Whare I was wont to be.'

**64B.5**

1 He did love her very weel,  
2 He shewed to her trulie;  
3 He took her to her mother's bower,  
4 Whare 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 you 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 into my arms,  
4 He'll die nor nouricing.'

**64B.9**

1 'Goe home, go home, my son,' she says,  
2 'And mak thy Jenny blythe;  
3 If ae nurse winna sere her son,  
4 It's I'll provide him five.'

**64B.10**

1 Fair Janet was nae weel lichter,  
2 Nor weel down on her side,  
3 Till ben and cam 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 wha 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 And lead the bridle soun,  
3 And when we come to Mary's Kirk,  
4 Ye'll set me hooly down.'

**64B.15**

1 Supper scarslie was owre,  
2 Nor musick weel fa'n to,  
3 Till ben and cam the bride's brethren,  
4 Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me:

**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, awa, ye southland dog,  
4 Your face I downa 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 eer 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 thrice,  
3 Till she fell in a deadly swoond,  
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 Linkum  
6 Shall ring for her the morn.'

**64B.21**

1 Out and spoke then Sweet William,  
2 And a sorry man was he:  
3 'Altho she has gien you the gecks,  
4 She will not bear the scorn;  
5 There's not a bell in merry Linkum  
6 But shall ring for her the morn.'

**64B.22**

1 There was not a bell in merry Linkum  
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 luvvers in yon dale,  
2 And they luvd ither weel;  
3 Frae evning late to morning aire  
4 Of loving luvd their fill.

**64C.2**

1 'Now, Willie, gif you luvve 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 saL 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 deckd, or rigged out,  
3 Came sick a pain in Annet's back  
4 That down she coud na lout.

**64C.5**

1 'Now, Willie, gif ye luvve me weel,  
2 As sae it seems to me,  
3 O haste, haste, bring me to my bowr,  
4 And my bowr-maidens three.'

**64C.6**

1 He's taen her in his arms twa,  
2 And kissd her, cheik and chin;  
3 He's brocht her to her ain sweet bowr,  
4 But nae bowr-maid was in.

**64C.7**

1 'Now leave my bowr, Willie,' she said,  
2 'Now leave me to my lane;  
3 When she was travelling.'

**64C.8**

1 He's stepped three steps down the stair,  
2 Upon the marble stane;  
3 Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,  
4 But and his lady's mane!

**64C.9**

1 'Now come, now come, Willie,' she said,  
2 'Tak your young son frae me,  
3 And hie him to your mother's bowr,  
4 With speed and privacie.'

**64C.10**

1 He's taen his young son in his arms,  
2 He's kissd him, cheik and chin;  
3 He's hied him to his mother's bowr,  
4 By th' ae light of the moon.

**64C.11**

1 And with him came the bold barone,  
2 And he spake up wi pride:  
3 'Gar seek, gar seek the bowr-maidens,  
4 Gar busk, gar busk the bryde.'

**64C.12**

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.13**

1 When she came to the burrow-town,  
2 They gied her a broch and ring,  
3 And when she came to . . . ,  
4 They had a fair wedding.

**64C.14**

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.15**

1 And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,  
2 And he spake up wi pryde:  
3 'Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,  
4 I will dance wi the bryde.'

**64C.16**

1 'Now had your tongue, my lord,' she said,  
2 'Wi dancing let me be;  
3 I am sae thin in flesh and blude,  
4 Sma dancing will serve me.'

**64C.17**

1 But she's taen Willie be the hand,  
2 The tear blinded her ee:  
3 'But I wad dance wi my true-luve,  
4 But bursts my heart in three.'

**64C.18**

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.'  
5 ' . . . . '

**64C.19**

1 'Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,  
2 Gar deal, gar deal the wyne;  
3 This day hath seen my true-love's death,  
4 This nicht shall witness myne.'

**64D.1**

1 'IT never was my mother's fashion,  
2 As little will't be mine,  
3 For to hae gay lords within my room  
4 When ladies are travailing.'

**64D.2**

1 Lord William was scarcely down the stair,  
2 A step but only ane,  
3 Till he heard his auld son gie a cry,  
4 And his lady a heavy maen.

**64D.3**

1 'Turn back, turn back, Lord William,' she says,  
2 'Take thy auld son in thy coat-neuk,  
3 And see and reach thy mother's bowers  
4 Twa hours before day comes.'

**64D.4**

1 He's awa wi his auld son in his coat-neuk,  
2 As fast as he can run,  
3 And there he's reached his mother's bowers,  
4 Twa hours before day came.

**64D.5**

1 'O rise, O rise, my mother dear,  
2 O rise and let me in,  
3 For I've my auld son in my coat-neuk,  
4 And he shivers at the chin.'

**64D.6**

1 'Ye're welcome hame to me, Lord William,  
2 And so is thy auld son;  
3 It's where ye had but ae nourice,  
4 Thy auld son he'll hae four.'

**64D.7**

1 His lady was scarcely in her bed,  
2 Nor well faln owre asleep,  
3 When four and twenty knights and lords  
4 Came for the bride at last.

**64D.8**

1 They dressed her up, they dressed her down,  
2 They dressed her wondrous fine,  
3 And just before her ain bedside  
4 She lost her colour clean.

**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 And oh but he spak bauld:  
3 'She is the likest that bore a child  
4 That eer my eyes did see.'

**64D.11**

1 Up then spak her auld, auld father,  
2 And oh he spoke in time:  
3 'She neer bore a child since her birth  
4 Except it was yestreen.'

**64D.12**

1 Out then spoke a northern 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.13**

1 Out then spoke a southland lord:  
2 'It's bride, will ye dance wi me?'  
3 'Oh no, oh no, you southland 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**

5 Oh yes, I'll dance, dear Willie,' she said,  
1 Out then spoke her ain Willy,  
2 And oh he spoke fu fine:  
3 'O bride, O bride, will ye dance wi me,'  
4 . . . . .

**64D.16**

1 'Oh yes, oh yes, Willie,' she said,  
2 'It's I will dance with thee;  
3 Oh yes, I'll dance, dear Willie,' she said,  
4 'Tho my back it gaes 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?'  
5 ' . . . . '

**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 cleeding be;  
3 Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,  
4 And I will gie it to thee.

**64E.7**

1 'Whether will you hae it of the berry brown,  
2 Or of the holland green;  
3 Or will you hae it of the crimson red,  
4 Most lovely to be seen?'

**64E.8**

1 'I will not hae't of the berry brown,  
2 Nor yet o the holly green;  
3 But I will hae't of the crimson red,  
4 Most lovely to be seen.'

**64E.9**

1 'Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,  
2 What man you'll ride behind.'  
3 'O wha sae fitting as Sweet Willie?  
4 He'll fit my saddle fine.'

**64E.10**

1 O they rode on, and they rode on,  
2 Till they cam to Merrytown green;  
3 But Sweet Willie and Fair Janet  
4 Cam aye hoolie ahin.

**64E.11**

1 O when they cam to Merrytown,  
2 And lighted on the green,  
3 Monie a bluidy aith was sworn  
4 That our bride was wi bairn.

**64E.12**

1 Out and spake the bonny bride,  
2 And she swore by her fingers ten:  
3 'If eer I was wi bairn in my life,  
4 I was lighter sin yestreen.'

**64E.13**

1 Up and raise he the bridegroom,  
2 Says, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
3 'Dance on, dance on, bridegroom,' she says,  
4 'For I'll dance nane wi thee.'

**64E.14**

1 Up and raise her father then,  
2 Says, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
3 'Dance on, my father,' she replied,  
4 'I pray thee let me be.'

**64E.15**

1 Then up and raise he Sweet Willie,  
2 And he had meikle pride:  
3 'I'll lay my gloves in the bride's han,  
4 And I'll dance for the bride.'

**64E.16**

1 'O no, O no, O Sweet Willie,  
2 O no, that shall na be;  
3 For I will dance wi thee, Willie,  
4 Tho my back should fa in three.'

**64E.17**

1 She had na run a reel, a reel,  
2 A reel but barely three,  
3 Till pale and wan grew Fair Janet,  
4 And her head took Willie's knee.

**64E.18**

1 Out and spake then the bridegroom,  
2 And he spake wi great scorn:  
3 'There's not a bell in Merrytown kirk  
4 Shall ring for her the morn.'

**64E.19**

1 Out and spak he Sweet Willie,  
2 And his heart was almost gane:  
3 'Tis a the bells in Merrytown kirk  
4 Shall ring for her the morn.'

**64E.20**

1 Willie was buried in Mary's kirk,  
2 etc., etc., etc.

**64F.1**

1 HEY, love Willie, and how, love Willie,  
2 And Willie my love shall be;  
3 They're thinking to sinder our lang love, Willie;  
4 It's mair than man can dee.

**64F.2**

1 'Ye'll mount me quickly on a steed,  
2 A milk-white steed or gray,  
3 And carry me on to gude greenwood,  
4 Before that it be day.'

**64F.3**

1 He mounted her upon a steed,  
2 He chose a steed o gray;  
3 He had her on to gude greenwood,  
4 Before that it was day.

**64F.4**

1 'O will ye gang to the cards, Meggie?  
2 Or will ye gang wi me?  
3 Or will ye hae a bower-woman,  
4 To stay ere it be day?'

**64F.5**

1 'I winna gang to the cards,' she said,  
2 'Nor will I gae wi thee,  
3 Nor will I hae a bower-woman,  
4 To spoil my modestie.'

**64F.6**

1 'Ye'll gie me a lady at my back,  
2 An a lady me befor,  
3 An a midwife at my twa sides,  
4 Till your young son be born.'

**64F.7**

1 'Ye'll do me up, and further up,  
2 To the top o yon greenwood tree;  
3 For every pain myself shall hae,  
4 The same pain ye maun drie.'

**64F.8**

1 The first pain that did strike Sweet Willie,  
2 It was into the side;  
3 Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,  
4 These pains are ill to bide!

**64F.9**

1 The nextan pain that strake Sweet Willie,  
2 It was into the back;  
3 Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,  
4 These pains are women's wreck!

**64F.10**

1 The nextan pain that strake Sweet Willie,  
2 It was into the head;  
3 Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,  
4 I fear my lady's dead!

**64F.11**

1 Then he's gane on, and further on,  
2 At the foot o yon greenwood tree;  
3 There he got his lady lighter,  
4 Wi his young son on her knee.

**64F.12**

1 Then he's taen up his little young son,  
2 And kissd him, cheek and chin,  
3 And he is on to his mother,  
4 As fast as he could gang.

**64F.13**

1 'Ye will take in my son, mother,  
2 Gie him to nurses nine;  
3 Three to wauk, and three to sleep,  
4 And three to fanf between.'

**64F.14**

1 Then he has left his mother's house,  
2 And frae her he has gane,  
3 And he is back to his lady,  
4 And safely brought her hame.

**64F.15**

1 Then in it came her father dear,  
2 Was belted in a brand:  
3 'It's nae time for brides to lye in bed,  
4 When the bridegroom's send's in town.'

**64F.16**

1 'There are four-and-twenty noble lords  
2 A' lighted on the green;  
3 The fairest knight amang them a',  
4 He must be your bridegroom.'

**64F.17**

1 'O wha will shoe my foot, my foot?  
2 And wha will glove my hand?  
3 And wha will prin my sma middle,  
4 Wi the short prin and the lang?'

**64F.18**

1 Now out it speaks him Sweet Willie,  
2 Who knew her troubles best:  
3 'It is my duty for to serve,  
4 As I'm come here as guest.'

**64F.19**

1 'Now I will shoe your foot, Maisry,  
2 And I will glove your hand,  
3 And I will prin your sma middle,  
4 Wi the sma prin and the lang.'

**64F.20**

1 'Wha will saddle my steed,' she says,  
2 'And gar my bridle ring?  
3 And wha will hae me to gude church-door,  
4 This day I'm ill abound?'

**64F.21**

1 'I will saddle your steed, Maisry,  
2 And gar your bridle ring,  
3 And I'll hae you to gude church-door,  
4 And safely set you down.'

**64F.22**

1 'O healy, healy take me up,  
2 And healy set me down,  
3 And set my back until a wa,  
4 My foot to yird-fast stane.'

**64F.23**

1 He healy took her frae her horse,  
2 And healy set her down,  
3 And set her back until a wa,  
4 Her foot to yird-fast stane.

**64F.24**

1 When they had eaten and well drunken,  
2 And a' had thorn'd fine,  
3 The bride's father he took the cup,  
4 For to serve out the wine.

**64F.25**

1 Out it speaks the bridegroom's brother,  
2 An ill death mat he die!  
3 'I fear our bride she's born a bairn,  
4 Or else has it a dee.'

**64F.26**

1 She's taen out a Bible braid,  
2 And deeply has she sworn;  
3 'If I hae born a bairn,' she says,  
4 'Sin yesterday at morn,

**64F.27**

1 'Or if I've born a bairn,' she says,  
2 'Sin yesterday at noon,  
3 There's nae a lady amang you a'  
4 That woud been here sae soon.'

**64F.28**

1 Then out it spake the bridegroom's man,  
2 Mischance come ower his heel!  
3 'Win up, win up, now bride,' he says,  
4 'And dance a shamefu reel.'

**64F.29**

1 Then out it speaks the bride herself,  
2 And a sorry heart had she:  
3 'Is there nae ane amang you a'  
4 Will dance this dance for me?'

**64F.30**

1 Then out it speaks him Sweet Willie,  
2 And he spake aye thro pride:  
3 'O draw my boots for me, bridegroom,  
4 Or I dance for your bride.'

**64F.31**

1 Then out it spake the bride herself:  
2 O na, this maunna be;  
3 For I will dance this dance mysell,  
4 Tho my back shoud gang in three.

**64F.32**

1 She hadna well gane thro the reel,  
2 Nor yet well on the green,  
3 Till she fell down at Willie's feet  
4 As cauld as ony stane.

**64F.33**

1 He's taen her in his arms twa,  
2 And haed her up the stair;  
3 Then up it came her jolly bridegroom,  
4 Says, What's your business there?

**64F.34**

1 Then Willie lifted up his foot,  
2 And dang him down the stair,  
3 And brake three ribs o the bridegroom's side,  
4 And a word he spake nae mair.

**64F.35**

1 Nae meen was made for that lady,  
2 When she was lying dead;  
3 But a' was for him Sweet Willie,  
4 On the fields for he ran mad.

**64G.1**

1 'WILL you marry the southland lord,  
2 A queen of fair England to be?  
3 Or will you burn for Sweet Willie,  
4 The morn upon yon lea?'

**64G.2**

1 'I will marry the southland lord,  
2 Father, sen it is your will;  
3 But I'd rather it were my burial-day,  
4 For my grave I'm going till.

**64G.3**

1 'O go, O go now, my bower-wife,  
2 O go now hastilie,  
3 O go now to Sweet Willie's bower,  
4 And bid him cum speak to me.'  
5 ' ' ' ' '

**64G.4**

1 And he is to his mother's bower,  
2 As fast as he could rin:  
3 'Open, open, my mother dear,  
4 Open, and let me in.

**64G.5**

1 'For the rain rains on my yellow hair,  
2 The dew stands on my chin,  
3 And I have something in my lap,  
4 And I wad fain be in.'

**64G.6**

1 'O go, O go now, Sweet Willie,  
2 And make your lady blithe,  
3 For wherever you had ae nourice,  
4 Your young son shall hae five.'

**64G.7**

1 Out spak Annet's mother dear,  
2 An she spak a word o' pride;  
3 Says, Whare is a' our bride's maidens,  
4 They're no busking the bride?

**64G.8**

1 'O haud your tongue, my mother dear,  
2 Your speaking let it be,  
3 For I'm sae fair and full o' flesh  
4 Little busking will serve me.'

**64G.9**

1 Out an spak the bride's maidens,  
2 They spak a word o' pride;  
3 Says, Whare is a' the fine cleiding?  
4 It's we maun busk the bride.

**64G.10**

1 'Deal hooly wi my head, maidens,  
2 Deal hooly wi my hair;  
3 For it was washen late yestreen,  
4 And it is wonder sair.'  
5 ' ' ' ' '

**64G.11**

1 And Willie swore a great, great oath,  
2 And he swore by the thorn,  
3 That she was as free o' a child that night  
4 As the night that she was born.

**64G.12**

1 'Ye hae gien me the gowk, Annet,  
2 But I'll gie you the scorn;  
3 For there's no a bell in a' the town  
4 Shall ring for you the morn.'

**64G.13**

1 Out and spak then Sweet Willie:  
2 Sae loud's I hear you lie!  
3 There's no a bell in a' the town  
4 But shall ring for Annet and me.  
5 ' ' ' ' '

**65A.1**

1 THE young lords o' the north country  
2 Have all a wooing gone,  
3 To win the love of Lady Maisry,  
4 But o' them she woud hae none.

**65A.2**

1 O they hae courted Lady Maisry  
2 Wi a' kin kind of things;  
3 An they hae sought her Lady Maisry  
4 Wi broches an wi' rings.

**65A.3**

1 An they ha sought her Lady Maisry  
2 Frae father and frae mother;  
3 An they ha sought her Lady Maisry  
4 Frae sister an frae brother.

**65A.4**

1 An they ha followd her Lady Maisry  
2 Thro chamber an thro ha;  
3 But a' that they coud say to her,  
4 Her answer still was Na.

**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 coud 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 ail 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 gangs she.'

**65A.9**

1 'Gin this be true you tell to me,  
2 My mailison light on thee!  
3 But gin it be a lie you tell,  
4 You sal be hangit hie.'

**65A.10**

1 He's done him to his sister's bowr,  
2 Wi meikle doole an care;  
3 An there he saw her Lady Maisry,  
4 Kembing her yallow 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 An 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 babe be born;  
3 But the never a day nor hour langer,  
4 Tho my life should be forlorn.'

**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 wile 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?'

**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 Oer a' the world wide.

**65A.20**

1 'Aft have 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 chap or ca,  
3 But set his bent bow till his breast,  
4 An lightly lap the wa;  
5 An, or the porter was at the gate,  
6 The boy was i the ha.

**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 Or he was 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**

5 O whan he lighted at the gate,  
6 She heard his bridle ring;  
7 'Mend up the fire, my false brother,  
8 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 hard as they are boun,  
3 I would have turnd me frae the glead,  
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 of a' your kin;  
3 An the last bonfire that I come to,  
4 Mysel I will cast in.'

**65B.1**

1 IN came her sister,  
2 Stepping on the floor;  
3 Says, It's telling me, my sister Janet,  
4 That you're become a whore.

**65B.2**

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.3**

1 In came her brother,  
2 Stepping on the floor;  
3 Says, It's telling me, my sister Janet,  
4 That you're become a whore.'

**65B.4**

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.5**

1 In came her mother,  
2 Stepping on the floor:  
3 'They are telling me, my daughter,  
4 That you're so soon become a whore.'

**65B.6**

1 'A whore, mother, a whore, mother?  
2 A whore I'll never be;  
3 I'm only with child to an English lord,  
4 Who promised to marry me.'

**65B.7**

1 In came her father,  
2 Stepping on the floor;  
3 Says, They tell me, my daughter Janet,  
4 That you are become a whore.'

**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 promisid to marry me.'

**65B.9**

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.

**65B.10**

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.'

**65B.11**

1 'Where will I get a boy,' she said,  
2 'Will gain gold for his fee,  
3 That would run unto fair England  
4 For thy good lord to thee.'

**65B.12**

1 'O I have here a boy,' she said,  
2 'Will gain gold to his fee,  
3 For he will run to fair England  
4 For thy good lord to thee.'

**65B.13**

1 Now when he found a bridge broken,  
2 He bent his bow and swam,  
3 And when he got where grass did grow,  
4 He slacked it and ran.

**65B.14**

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 And lightly leapt the wall;  
5 And ere the porter could open the gate,  
6 The boy was in the hall,

**65B.15**

1 In presence of that noble lord,  
2 And fell down on his knee:  
3 'What is it, my boy,' he cried,  
4 'Have you brought unto me?'

**65B.16**

1 'Is my building broke into?  
2 Or is my towers won?  
3 Or is my true-love delivered  
4 Of daughter or of son?'

**65B.17**

1 'Your building is not broke,' he cried,  
2 'Nor is your towers won,  
3 Nor is your true-love delivered  
4 Of daughter nor of son;  
5 But if you do not come in haste,  
6 Be sure she will be gone.

**65B.18**

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.'

**65B.19**

1 'Go saddle to me the black,' he cried,  
2 'And do it very soon;  
3 Get unto me the swiftest horse  
4 That ever rade from the town.'

**65B.20**

1 The first horse that he rade upon,  
2 For he was raven black,  
3 He bore him far, and very far,  
4 But failed in a slack.

**65B.21**

1 The next horse that he rode upon,  
2 He was a bonny brown;  
3 He bore him far, and very far,  
4 But did at last fall down.

**65B.22**

1 The next horse that he rode upon,  
2 He as the milk was white;  
3 Fair fall the mare that foaled that foal.  
4 Took him to Janet's sight!

**65B.23**

1 And boots and spurs, all as he was,  
2 Into the fire he lap,  
3 Got one kiss of her comely mouth,  
4 While her body gave a crack.

**65B.24**

1 'O who has been so bold,' he says,  
2 'This bonfire to set on?  
3 Or who has been so bold,' he says,  
4 'Her body for to burn?'

**65B.25**

1 'O here are we,' her brother said,  
2 'This bonfire who set on;  
3 And we have been so bold,' he said,  
4 'Her body for to burn.'

**65B.26**

1 'O I'll cause burn for you, Janet,  
2 Your father and your mother;  
3 And I'll cause die for you, Janet,  
4 Your sister and your brother.

**65B.27**

1 'And I'll cause mony back be bare,  
2 And mony shed be thin,  
3 And mony wife be made a widow,  
4 And mony ane want their son.'

**65C.1**

1 BEN came to her father dear,  
2 Stepping upon the floor;  
3 Says, It's told me, my daughter Janet,  
4 That you're now become a whore.

**65C.2**

1 'A whore, father, a whore, father?  
2 That's what I'll never be,  
3 Tho I am with bairn to an English lord,  
4 That first did marry me.'

**65C.3**

1 Soon after spoke her bower-woman,  
2 And sorely did she cry:  
3 'Oh woe is me, my lady fair,  
4 That ever I saw this day!'

**65C.4**

1 'For your father's to the fire, Janet,  
2 Your brother's to the whin,  
3 Even to kindle a bold bonfire,

**65C.5**

1 'Where will I get a bonnie boy,  
2 Will win gold to his fee,  
3 That will run on to fair England  
4 For my good lord to me?'

**65C.6**

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.'

**65C.7**

1 And when he fand the bridges broke,  
2 He bent his bow and swam,  
3 But when he fand the grass growing,  
4 He slacked it and ran.

**65C.8**

1 And when he came to that lord's gate,  
2 Stopt not to knock nor call,  
3 But set his bent bow to his breast,  
4 And lightly lap the wall.

**65C.9**

1 And ere the porter was at the gate  
2 The boy was in the hall,  
3 And in that noble lord's presence  
4 He on his knee did fall.

**65C.10**

1 'O is my biggins broken?' he said,  
2 'Or is my towers won?  
3 Or is my lady lighter yet,  
4 Of daughter of or son?'

**65C.11**

1 'Your biggins are not broken,' he said,  
2 'Nor is your towers won,  
3 Nor is your lady lighter yet,  
4 Of daughter of or son;  
5 But if you stay a little time  
6 Her life it will be gone.

**65C.12**

1 'For her father's gone to the fire,  
2 Her brother to the whin,  
3 Even to kindle a bold bonfire,  
4 To burn her body in.'

**65C.13**

1 'Go saddle for me in haste,' he cried,  
2 'A brace of horses soon;  
3 Go saddle for me the swiftest steeds  
4 That ever rode to a town.'

**65C.14**

1 The first steed that he rade on,  
2 For he was as jet black,  
3 He rode him far, and very far,  
4 But he fell down in a slack.

**65C.15**

1 The next steed that he rode on,  
2 For he was a berry brown;  
3 He bore him far, and very far,  
4 But at the last fell down.

**65C.16**

1 The next steed that he rode on,  
2 He was as milk so white;  
3 Fair fall the mare that foaled the foal  
4 Took him to Janet's lyke!

**65C.17**

1 But boots and spurs, all as he was,  
2 Into the fire he lap,  
3 Took ae kiss of her comely mouth,  
4 While her body gave a crack.

**65C.18**

1 'O who has been so bold,' he said,  
2 'This bonfire to set on?  
3 Or who has been so bold,' he cried,  
4 'My true-love for to burn?'

**65C.19**

1 Her father cried, I've been so bold  
2 This bonfire to put on;  
3 Her brother cried, We've been so bold  
4 Her body for to burn.

**65C.20**

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.

**65C.21**

1 'Oh I shall make many bed empty,  
2 And many shed be thin,  
3 And many a wife to be a widow,  
4 And many one want their son.

**65C.22**

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.'

**65D.1**

1 LADY MARGERY was her mother's ain  
daughter,  
2 And her father's only heir,  
3 And she's away to Strawberry Castle,  
4 To learn some unco lair.

**65D.2**

1 She hadna been in Strawberry Castle  
2 A year but only three,  
3 Till she has proved as big with child,  
4 As big as woman could be.

**65D.3**

1 Word has to her father gone,  
2 As he pat on his shoon,  
3 That Lady Margery goes wi child,  
4 Unto some English loon.

**65D.4**

1 Word has to her mother gane,  
2 As she pat on her gown,  
3 That Lady Margery goes wi child,  
4 Unto some English loon.

**65D.5**

1 The father he likes her ill,  
2 The mother she likes her waur,  
3 But her father he wished her in a fire strang,  
4 To burn for ever mair.

**65D.6**

1 'Will ye hae this auld man, Lady Margery,  
2 To be yeer warldly make?  
3 Or will ye burn in fire strang,  
4 For your true lover's sake?'

**65D.7**

1 'I wanna hae that old, old man  
2 To be my warldly make,  
3 But I will burn in fire strang,  
4 For my true lover's sake.'

**65D.8**

1 'O who will put of the pot?  
2 O who will put of the pan?  
3 And who will build a bale-fire,  
4 To burn her body in.'

**65D.9**

1 The brother took of the pot,  
2 The sister took of the pan,  
3 And her mother builded a bold bale-fire,  
4 To burn her body in.

**65D.10**

1 'O where will I get a bony boy  
2 That will run my errand soon?  
3 That will run to Strawberry Castle,  
4 And tell my love to come soon?'

**65D.11**

1 But then started up a little boy,  
2 Near to that lady's kin:  
3 'Often have I gane your errands, madam,  
4 But now it is time to rin.'

**65D.12**

1 O when he came to Strawberry Castle,  
2 He tirl'd at the pin;  
3 There was nane sae ready as that lord himsell  
4 To let the young body in.

**65D.13**

1 'O is my towers broken?  
2 Or is my castle wone?  
3 Or is my lady Margery lighter  
4 Of a daughter or a son?'

**65D.14**

1 'Your towers are not broken,  
2 Nor is your castle wone;  
3 But the fairest lady of a' the land  
4 For thee this day does burn.'

**65D.15**

1 'Go saddle for me the black, black horse,  
2 Go saddle to me the brown;  
3 Go saddle to me as swift a steed  
4 As ever man rade on.'

**65D.16**

1 They saddled to him the black horse,  
2 They saddled to him the brown;  
3 They've saddled to him as swift a steed  
4 As ever man rade on.

**65D.17**

1 He put his foot into the stirrup,  
2 He bounded for to ride;  
3 The silver buttons lap of his breast,  
4 And his nose began to bleed.

**65D.18**

1 He bursted fifteen gude stout steeds,  
2 And four o them were dappled gray,  
3 And the little foot-page ran aye before,  
4 Crying, Mend it, an ye may!

**65D.19**

1 When he came to the bale-fire,  
2 He lighted wi a glent,  
3 Wi black boots and clean spurs,  
4 And through the fire he went.

**65D.20**

1 He laid ae arm about her neck,  
2 And the other beneath her chin;  
3 He thought to get a kiss o her,  
4 But her middle it gade in twain.

**65D.21**

1 'But who has been so false,' he said,  
2 'And who has been sae cruel,  
3 To carry the timber from my ain wood  
4 To burn my dearest jewel?'

**65D.22**

1 'But I'll burn for ye, Lady Margery,  
2 Yeer father and yeer mother;  
3 And I'll burn for ye, Lady Margery,  
4 Yeer sister and yeer brother.

**65D.23**

1 'I'll do for ye, Lady Margery,  
2 What never was done for nane;  
3 I'll make many lady lemanless,  
4 And many a clothing thin.

**65D.24**

1 'And I'll burn for yeer sake, Lady Margery,  
2 The town that yeer burnt in,  
3 And [make] many a baby fatherless,  
4 That's naething o the blame.'

**65E.1**

1 LADY MARJORY was her mother's only  
daughter,  
2 Her father's only heir, O  
3 And she is awa to Strawberry Castle,  
4 To get some unco lair. O

**65E.2**

1 She had na been in Strawberry Castle  
2 A twelve month and a day,  
3 Till Lady Marjory she gaes wi child,  
4 As big as she can gae.

**65E.3**

1 Word is to her father gone,  
2 Before he got on his shoon,  
3 That Lady Marjory she gaes wi child,  
4 And it is to an Irish groom.

**65E.4**

1 But word is to her mother gane,  
2 Before that she gat on her gown,  
3 That Lady Marjory she goes wi child,  
4 To a lord of high renown.

**65E.5**

1 'O wha will put on the pot?' they said,  
2 'Or wha will put on the pan?'  
3 Or wha will put on a bauld, bauld fire,  
4 To burn Lady Marjorie in?'

**65E.6**

1 Her father he put on the pot,  
2 Her sister put on the pan,  
3 And her brother he put on a bauld, bauld fire,  
4 To burn Lady Marjorie in;  
5 And her mother she sat in a golden chair,  
6 To see her daughter burn.

**65E.7**

1 'But where will I get a pretty little boy,  
2 That will win hose and shoon,  
3 That will go quickly to Strawberry Castle  
4 And bid my lord come down?'

**65E.8**

1 'O here am I a pretty boy,  
2 That'll win hose and shoon,  
3 That will rin quickly to Strawberry Castle,  
4 And bid thy lord come down.'

**65E.9**

1 O when he came to broken brigs,  
2 He bent his bow and swam,  
3 And when he came to good dry land,  
4 He let down his foot and ran.

**65E.10**

1 When he came to Strawberry Castle,  
2 He tirl'd at the pin;  
3 None was so ready as the gay lord himsell  
4 To open and let him in.

**65E.11**

1 'O is there any of my towers burnt?  
2 Or any of my castles broken?  
3 Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed,  
4 Of a daughter or a son?'

**65E.12**

1 'O there is nane of thy towers burnt,  
2 Nor nane of thy castles broken,  
3 But Lady Marjorie is condemned to die,  
4 To be burnt in a fire of oaken.'

**65E.13**

1 'O 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 eer carried a man from town.'

**65E.14**

1 He left the black into the slap,  
2 The brown into the brae,  
3 But fair fa that bonny apple-gray  
4 That carried this gay lord away!

**65E.15**

1 He took a little horn out of his pocket,  
2 And he blew't both loud and shrill,  
3 And the little life that was in her,  
4 She hearkend to it full weel.

**65E.16**

1 'Beet on, beet on, my brother dear,  
2 I value you not one straw,  
3 For yonder comes my own true-love,  
4 I hear his horn blaw.

**65E.17**

1 'Beet on, beet on, my father dear,  
2 I value you not a pin,  
3 For yonder comes my own true-love,  
4 I hear his bridle ring.'

**65E.18**

1 But when he came into the place,  
2 He lap unto the wa;  
3 He thought to get a kiss o her bonny lips,  
4 But her body fell in twa.

**65E.19**

1 'Oh vow, oh vow, oh vow,' he said,  
2 'Oh vow but ye've been cruel!  
3 Ye've taken the timber out of my own wood  
4 And burnt my ain dear jewel.

**65E.20**

1 'Now for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,  
2 I'll burn both father and mother;  
3 And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,  
4 I'll burn both sister and brother.

**65E.21**

1 'And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,  
2 I'll burn both kith and kin;  
3 But I will remember the pretty little boy  
4 That did thy errand rin.'

**65F.1**

1 FAIR MARJORY'S gaen into the school,  
2 Between six and seven,  
3 An she's come back richt big wi bairn,  
4 Between twalve and eleven.

**65F.2**

1 It's out then sprung her mither dear,  
2 Stood stately on the flure:  
3 'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,  
4 But ye're sune becum a hure.'

**65F.3**

1 'I'm not a hure, mither,' she said,  
2 'Nor ever intend to be;  
3 But I'm wi child to a gentleman,  
4 An he swears he'll marry me.'

**65F.4**

1 [It's out then sprung her father dear,  
2 Stood stately on the flure:  
3 'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,  
4 But ye're sune becum a hure.'

**65F.5**

1 'I'm not a hure, father,' she said,  
2 'Nor ever intend to be;  
3 But I'm wi child to a gentleman,  
4 An he swears he will marry me.'

**65F.6**

1 It's out then sprung her brother dear,  
2 Stood stately on the flure:  
3 'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,  
4 But ye're sune becum a hure.'

**65F.7**

1 'I'm not a hure, brother,' she said,  
2 'Nor ever intend to be;  
3 But I'm wi child to a gentleman,  
4 An he swears he will marry me.'

**65F.8**

1 It's out then sprung her sister dear,  
2 Stood stately on the flure:  
3 'Ye're welcum back, young Marjory,  
4 But ye're sune becum a hure.'

**65F.9**

1 'I'm not a hure, sister,' she said,  
2 'Nor ever intend to be;  
3 Ye're but a young woman, sister,  
4 An ye shuld speak sparinnie.'

**65F.10**

1 Her father's to the grene-wude gaen,  
2 Her brither's to the brume;  
3 An her mither sits in her gowden chair,  
4 To see her dochter burn.  
5 '\*\*\*\*\*'

**65F.11**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 The sister she culd do naething,  
4 And she sat down to greet.

**65F.12**

1 'Oh whare will I get a bony boy,  
2 That will win hose and shoon,  
3 That wull rin to Strawberry Castle for me,  
4 And bid my true-love come?'

**65F.13**

1 It's out than spak a bonny boy,  
2 That stude richt at her knee:  
3 'It's I wull rin your errand, ladie,  
4 Wi the saut tear i my ee.'

**65F.14**

1 It's whan he cam to broken brigg,  
2 He bent his bow an swam,  
3 An whan he cam whare green grass grew,  
4 Set doon his feet an ran.

**65F.15**

1 An whan he cam to Strawberry Castle,  
2 He tirl'd at the pin,  
3 An aye sae ready as the porter was  
4 To rise and let him in.  
5 '\*\*\*\*\*'

**65F.16**

1 'Gae saddle to me the black,' he says,  
2 'Gae saddle to me the broun;  
3 Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed  
4 That eer set fute on grun.'

**65F.17**

1 It's first he burst the bonny black,  
2 An syne the bonny broun,  
3 But the dapple-gray rade still away,  
4 Till he cam to the toun.

**65F.18**

1 An aye he rade, an aye he rade,  
2 An aye away he flew,  
3 Till the siller buttons flew off his coat;  
4 He took out his horn an blew.

**65F.19**

1 An aye he blew, an aye he blew,  
2 He blew baith loud an shrill,  
3 An the little life that Marjory had,  
4 She heard his horn blaw weel.

**65F.20**

1 'Beik on, beik on, cruel mither,' she said,  
2 'For I value you not a straw;  
3 For if ever I heard my love in my life,  
4 He's comin here awa.'  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**65F.21**

1 When he cam unto the flames  
2 He jump in, butes and a';  
3 He thoct to hae kissd her red rosy lips,  
4 But her body broke in twa.  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**65F.22**

1 I'll burn for thy sake, Marjory,  
2 The toun that thou lies in;  
3 An I'll mak the baby fatherless,  
4 For I'll throw mysel therein.

**65G.1**

1 ' , , , , ,'  
1 'MY father was the first good man  
2 Who tied me to a stake;  
3 My mother was the first good woman  
4 Who did the fire make.

**65G.2**

1 'My brother was the next good man  
2 Who did the fire fetch;  
3 My sister was the next good woman  
4 Who lighted it with a match.

**65G.3**

1 'They blew the fire, they kindled the fire,  
2 Till it did reach my knee:  
3 "O mother, mother, quench the fire!  
4 The smoke will smother me."

**65G.4**

1 'O had I but my little foot-page,  
2 My errand he would run;  
3 He would run unto gay London,  
4 And bid my lord come home.'

**65G.5**

1 Then there stood by her sister's child,  
2 Her own dear sister's son:  
3 'O many an errand I've run for thee,  
4 And but this one I'll run.'

**65G.6**

1 He ran, where the bridge was broken down  
2 He bent his bow and swam;  
3 He swam till he came to the good green turf,  
4 He up on his feet and ran.

**65G.7**

1 He ran till he came at his uncle's hall;  
2 His uncle sat at his meat:  
3 'Good mete, good mete, good uncle, I pray,  
4 O if you knew what I'd got to say,  
5 How little would you eat!'

**65G.8**

1 'O is my castle broken down,  
2 Or is my tower won?  
3 Or is my gay lady brought o bed,  
4 Of a daughter or a son?'

**65G.9**

1 'Your castle is not broken down,  
2 Your tower it is not won;  
3 Your gay lady is not brought to bed,  
4 Of a daughter or a son.

**65G.10**

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 staid too long.

**65H.1**

1 THERE stands a stane in wan water,  
2 It's lang 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 And to her father's ha,  
3 That Lady Maisry is big wi bairn—  
4 And her true-love's far awa.

**65H.3**

1 When her brother got word of this,  
2 Then fiercely looked he:  
3 'Betide me life, betide me death,  
4 At Maisry's bower I'll se be.

**65H.4**

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 toun.'

**65H.5**

1 When he came to Maisry's bower,  
2 He turnd 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 God make you safe and free!  
3 'Gude morrow, gude morrow, my brother dear,  
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 fitted thee,  
3 That thus you've lovd an Englishman,  
4 And has affronted me?'

**65H.12**

1 She turnd her right and round about,  
2 The tear blinded her ee:  
3 'What is the wrang 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 'I'll se cause a man put up the fire,  
2 Anither ca 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 taen her, Lady Maisry,  
2 And fast he has her bound;  
3 And he causd the fiercest o his men  
4 Drag her frae town to town.

**65H.17**

1 Then he has causd ane of his men  
2 Hew down baith thistle and thorn;  
3 She carried the peats in her petticoat-lap,  
4 Her ainsell for to burn.

**65H.18**

1 Then ane pat up this big bauld fire,  
2 Anither 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 my 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 any o my biggins 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 your biggins 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 Anither 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 toun.'

- 65H.29**  
1 Ere he was three miles near the town,  
2 She heard his horse-foot patt:  
3 'Mend up the fire, my fause brother,  
4 It scarce comes to my pap.'
- 65H.30**  
1 Ere he was twa miles near the town,  
2 She heard his bridle ring:  
3 'Mend up the fire, my fause brother,  
4 It scarce comes to my chin.
- 65H.31**  
1 'But look about, my fause brother,  
2 Ye see not what I see;  
3 I see them coming here, or lang  
4 Will mend the fire for thee.'
- 65H.32**  
1 Then up it comes him little Prince James,  
2 And fiercely looked he:  
3 'T'se make my love's words very true  
4 She said concerning me.
- 65H.33**  
1 'O wha has been sae bauld,' he said,  
2 'As put this bonfire on?  
3 And wha has been sae bauld,' he said,  
4 'As put that lady in?'
- 65H.34**  
1 Then out it spake her brother then,  
2 He spoke right furiously;  
3 Says, I'm the man that put her in:  
4 Wha dare hinder me?
- 65H.35**  
1 'If my hands had been loose,' she said,  
2 'As they are fastly bound,  
3 I woud hae looted me to the ground,  
4 Gien you up your bonny young son.'
- 65H.36**  
1 'I will burn, for my love's sake,  
2 Her father and her mother;  
3 And I will burn, for my love's sake,  
4 Her sister and her brother.
- 65H.37**  
1 'And I will burn, for my love's sake,  
2 The whole o a' her kin;  
3 And I will burn, for my love's sake,  
4 Thro Linkum and thro Lin.
- 65H.38**  
1 'And mony a bed will I make toom,  
2 And bower will I make thin;  
3 And mony a babe shall thole the fire,  
4 For I may enter in.'
- 65H.39**  
1 Great meen was made for Lady Maisry,  
2 On that hill whare she was slain;  
3 But mair was for her ain true-love,  
4 On the fields for he ran brain.
- 65I.1**  
1 THERE lived a lady in Scotland,
- 65I.1r**  
1 Hey my love and ho my joy
- 65I.1**  
2 There lived a lady in Scotland,
- 65I.1r**  
2 Who dearly loved me
- 65I.1**  
3 There lived a lady in Scotland,  
4 An she's fa'n in love wi an Englishman,
- 65I.1r**  
3 And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in  
Dundee
- 65I.2**  
1 The father unto the daughter came,
- 65I.2r**  
1 Who dearly loved me
- 65I.2**  
2 Saying, Will you forsake that Englishman?
- 65I.3**  
1 'If you will not that Englishman forsake,
- 65I.3r**  
1 Who dearly loved me
- 65I.3**  
2 O I will burn you at a stake.'
- 65I.4**  
1 I will not that Englishman forsake,
- 65I.4r**  
1 Who dearly loved me
- 65I.4**  
2 Tho you should burn me at a stake.
- 65I.5**  
1 'O where will I get a pretty little boy,
- 65I.5r**  
1 Who dearly loves me
- 65I.5**  
2 Who will carry tidings to my joy?'
- 65I.6**  
1 'Here am I, a pretty little boy,
- 65I.6r**  
1 Who dearly loves thee
- 65I.6**  
2 Who will carry tidings to thy joy.'
- 65I.7**  
1 'Give to him this right-hand glove,
- 65I.7r**  
1 Who dearly loves me
- 65I.7**  
2 Tell him to get another love.
- 65I.7r**  
2 For, etc.
- 65I.8**  
1 'Give to him this little penknife,
- 65I.8r**  
1 Who dearly loves me
- 65I.8**  
2 Tell him to get another wife.
- 65I.8r**  
2 For, etc.
- 65I.9**  
1 'Give to him this gay gold ring;
- 65I.9r**  
1 Who dearly loves me
- 65I.9**  
2 Tell him I'm going to my burning.'
- 65I.9r**  
2 An, etc.
- 65I.10**  
1 The brother did the stake make,
- 65I.10r**  
1 Who dearly loved me
- 65I.10**  
2 The father did the fire set.
- 65I.10r**  
2 An bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.
- 65[J.1]**  
1 Lady Margery was the king's ae daughter,  
2 But an the prince's heir; O  
3 She's away to Strawberry Castle,  
4 To learn some English lair. O
- 65[J.2]**  
1 She had not been in Strawberry Castle  
2 A twelvemonth and a day  
3 Till she's even as big wi child  
4 As ever a lady could gae.
- 65[J.3]**  
1 Her father's to the cutting o the birks,  
2 Her mother to the broom,  
3 And a' for to get a bundle o sticks  
4 To burn that fair lady in.
- 65[J.4]**  
1 'O hold your hand now, father dear,  
2 O hold a little while,  
3 For if my true-love be yet alive  
4 I'll hear his bridle ring.
- 65[J.5]**  
1 'Where will I get a bonny boy,  
2 That will win hoes and shoon,  
3 That will run to Strawberry Castle  
4 And tell my love to come?'
- 65[J.6]**  
1 She's called on her waiting-maid  
2 To bring out bread and wine:  
3 'Now eat and drink, my bonny boy,  
4 Ye'll neer eat mair o mine.'
- 65[J.7]**  
1 Away that bonny boy he's gaen,  
2 As fast as he could rin;  
3 When he cam where grass grew green  
4 Set down his feet and ran.
- 65[J.8]**  
1 And when he cam where brigs were broken  
2 He bent his bow and swam;  
3 .....  
4 .....
- 65[J.9]**  
1 When he came to Strawberry Castle,  
2 He lighted on the green;  
3 Who was so ready as the noble lord  
4 To rise and let the boy in!
- 65[J.10]**  
1 'What news? what new, my pretty page?  
2 What tydings do ye bring?  
3 Is my lady lighter yet  
4 Of a daughter or a son?'
- 65[J.11]**  
1 'Bad news, bad news, my noble lord,  
2 Bad tydings have I brung;  
3 The fairest lady in a' Scotland  
4 This day for you does burn.'
- 65[J.12]**  
1 He has mounted a stately steed  
2 And he was bound to ride;  
3 The silver buttons flew off his coat  
4 And his nose began to bleed.
- 65[J.13]**  
1 The second steed that lord mounted  
2 Stumbled at a stone;  
3 'Alass! alass!' he cried with grief,  
4 'My lady will be gone.'
- 65[J.14]**  
1 When he came from Strawberry Castle  
2 He lighted boots and a';  
3 He thought to have gotten a kiss from her,  
4 But her body fell in twa.
- 65[J.15]**  
1 For the sake o Lady Margery  
2 He's cursed her father and mother,  
3 For the sake o Lady Margery  
4 He's cursed her sister and brother.
- 65[J.16]**  
1 And for the sake o Lady Margery  
2 He's cursed all her kin;  
3 He cried, Scotland is the ae warst place  
4 That ever my fit was in!
- 65[K.1]**  
1 Marjorie was fer father's dear,  
2 Her mother's only heir,  
3 An she's away to Strawberry Castle,  
4 To learn some unco lear.
- 65[K.2]**  
1 She had na been i Strawberry Castle  
2 A year but barely three  
3 Till Marjorie turnd big wi child,  
4 As big as big could be.  
5 . . . . .
- 65[K.3]**  
1 'Will ye hae that old, old man  
2 To be yer daily mate,  
3 Or will ye burn in fire strong  
4 For your true lover's sake?'
- 65[K.4]**  
1 'I winna marry that old, old man  
2 To be my daily mate;  
3 I'll rather burn i fire strong  
4 For my true lover's sake.  
5 . . . . .
- 65[K.5]**  
1 'O where will I get a bonnie boy  
2 That will win hose an shoon  
3 An will gae rin to Strawberry Castle,  
4 To gar my good lord come soon?'
- 65[K.6]**  
1 'Here am I, a bonnie boy  
2 That will win hose an shoon,  
3 An I'll gae rin to Strawberry Castle,  
4 And gar your lord come soon.'
- 65[K.7]**  
1 'Should ye come to a brocken brig,  
2 Than bend your bow an swim;  
3 An whan ye com to garse growin  
4 Set down yer feet an rin.'
- 65[K.8]**  
1 When eer he came to brigs broken,  
2 He bent his bow an swam,  
3 And whan he cam to grass growin  
4 He set down his feet an ran.
- 65[K.7]**  
1 When eer he cam to Strawberry Castle  
2 He tirlt at the pin;  
3 There was nane sae ready as that young lord  
4 To open an let him in.



**65[K.8]**

1 'Is there ony o my brigs broken?  
2 Or ony o my castle win?  
3 Or is my lady brought to bed  
4 Of a daughter or a son?'

**65[K.9]**

1 'There's nane o a' yer brigs broken,  
2 Ther's nane of your castles win;  
3 But the fairest lady in a' your land  
4 This day for you will burn.'

**65[K.10]**

1 'Gar saddle me the black, black horse,  
2 Gar saddle me the brown,  
3 Gar saddle me the swiftest stead  
4 That eer carried ma to town.'

**65[K.11]**

1 He's burstit the black unto the slack,  
2 The grey unto the brae,  
3 An ay the page that ran afore  
4 Cried, Ride, sir, an ye may.

**65[K.12]**

1 Her father kindlet the bale-fire,  
2 Her brother set the stake,  
3 Her mother sat an saw her burn,  
4 An never cired Alack!

**65[K.13]**

1 'Beet on, beet [on], my cruel father,  
2 For you I cound nae friend;  
3 But for fifteen well mete mile  
4 I'll hear my love's bridle ring.'

**65[K.14]**

1 When he cam to the bonnie Dundee,  
2 He lightit wi a glent;  
3 Wi jet-black boots an glittrin spurs  
4 Through that bale-fire he went.

**65[K.15]**

1 He thought his love wad hae datit him,  
2 But she was dead an gane;  
3 He was na sae wae for the lady  
4 As he was for her yong son.

**65[K.16]**

1 'But I'll gar burn for you, Marjorie,  
2 Yer father an yer mother,  
3 An I'll gar burn for you, Marjorie,  
4 Your sister an your brother.

**65[K.17]**

1 'An I will burn for you, Marjorie,  
2 The town that ye'r brunt in,  
3 An monie ane's be fatherless  
4 That has but little sin.'

**66A.1**

1 LORD INGRAM and Chiel Wyet  
2 Was baith born in one bower;  
3 Laid baith their hearts on one lady,  
4 The less was their honour.

**66A.2**

1 Chiel Wyet and Lord Ingram  
2 Was baith born in one hall;  
3 Laid baith their hearts on one lady,  
4 The worse did them befall.

**66A.3**

1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
2 From father and from mother;  
3 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
4 From sister and from brother.

**66A.4**

1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
2 With leave of a' her kin;  
3 And every one gave full consent,  
4 But she said no to him.

**66A.5**

1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
2 Into her father's ha;  
3 Chiel Wyet wood her Lady Maisery  
4 Amang the sheets so sma.

**66A.6**

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.

**66A.7**

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.

**66A.8**

1 'I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,  
2 The white fish for to sell,  
3 Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,  
4 To wear the silk so well.

**66A.9**

1 'I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,  
2 With him to beg my bread,  
3 Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,  
4 To wear the gold so red.

**66A.10**

1 'Where will I get a bonny boy,  
2 Will win gold to his fee,  
3 And will run unto Chiel Wyet's,  
4 With this letter from me?'

**66A.11**

1 'O here I am, the boy,' says one,  
2 'Will win gold to my fee,  
3 And carry away any letter  
4 To Chiel Wyet from thee.'

**66A.12**

1 And when he found the bridges broke,  
2 He bent his bow and swam;  
3 And when he found the grass growing,  
4 He hastened and he ran.

**66A.13**

1 And when he came to Chiel Wyet's castle,  
2 He did not knock nor call,  
3 But set his bent bow to his breast,  
4 And lightly leaped the wall;  
5 And ere the porter opend the gate,  
6 The boy was in the hall.

**66A.14**

1 The first line he looked on,  
2 A grieved man was he;  
3 The next line he looked on,  
4 A tear blinded his ee:  
5 Says, I wonder what ails my one brother  
6 He'll not let my love be!

**66A.15**

1 'But I'll send to my brother's bridal—  
2 The bacon shall be mine—  
3 Full four and twenty buck and roe,  
4 And ten tun of the wine;  
5 And bid my love be blythe and glad,  
6 And I will follow syne.'

**66A.16**

1 There was not a groom about that castle  
2 But got a gown of green,  
3 And all was blythe, and all was glad,  
4 But Lady Maisery she was neen.

**66A.17**

1 There was no cook about that kitchen  
2 But got a gown of gray,  
3 And all was blythe, and all was glad,  
4 But Lady Maisery was wae.

**66A.18**

1 Between Mary Kirk and that castle  
2 Was all spread ower with garl,  
3 To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens  
4 From tramping on the marl.

**66A.19**

1 From Mary Kirk and that castle  
2 Was spread a cloth of gold,  
3 To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens  
4 From treading on the mold.

**66A.20**

1 When mass was sung, and bells was rung,  
2 And all men bound for bed,  
3 Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisery  
4 In one bed they were laid.

**66A.21**

1 When they were laid into their bed—  
2 It was baith soft and warm—  
3 He laid his hand over her side,  
4 Says, I think you are with bairn.

**66A.22**

1 'I told you once, so did I twice,  
2 When ye came me to woo,  
3 That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,  
4 One night lay in my bower.

**66A.23**

1 'I told you twice, I told you thrice,  
2 Ere ye came me to wed,  
3 That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,  
4 One night lay in my bed.'

**66A.24**

1 'O will you father your bairn on me,  
2 And on no other man?  
3 And I'll give him to his dowry  
4 Full fifty ploughs of land.'

**66A.25**

1 'I will not father my bairn on you,  
2 Nor on no wrongeous man,  
3 Though ye would give him to his dowry  
4 Five thousand ploughs of land.'

**66A.26**

1 Then up did start him Chiel Wyet,  
2 Shed by his yellow hair,  
3 And gave Lord Ingram to the heart  
4 A deep wound and a sair.

**66A.27**

1 Then up did start him Lord Ingram,  
2 Shed by his yellow hair,  
3 And gave Chiel Wyet to the heart  
4 A deep wound and a sair.

**66A.28**

1 There was no pity for that two lords,  
2 Where they were lying slain;  
3 But all was for her Lady Maisery,  
4 In that bower she gaed brain.

**66A.29**

1 There was no pity for that two lords,  
2 When they were lying dead;  
3 But all was for her Lady Maisery,  
4 In that bower she went mad.

**66A.30**

1 Said, Get to me a cloak of cloth,  
2 A staff of good hard tree;  
3 If I have been an evil woman,  
4 I shall beg till I dee.

**66A.31**

1 'For a bit I'll beg for Chiel Wyet,  
2 For Lord Ingram I'll beg three;  
3 All for the good and honorable marriage  
4 At Mary Kirk he gave me.'

**66B.1**

1 LORD INGRAM and Gil Vielt  
2 Were baith born in ae ha;  
3 They laid their love on ae lady,  
4 An fate they could na fa.

**66B.2**

1 Lord Ingram and Gil Vielt  
2 Were baith laid in ae wae;  
3 They laid their love on ae lady,  
4 The greater was their shame.

**66B.3**

1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Masery  
2 Frae father and frae mither;  
3 Gill Vielt wood her Lady Masery  
4 Frae sister and frae brither.

**66B.4**

1 Lord Ingram courted her Lady Masery  
2 Among the company a';  
3 Gill Vielt he wood her Lady Masery  
4 Among the sheets so sma.

**66B.5**

1 'Get up, my daughter dear,  
2 Put on your bridal gown;  
3 This day's your bridal day  
4 Wi Lord Ingram.'

**66B.6**

1 'How can I get up,  
2 An put on my bridal gown,  
3 Or how marry the ae brither,  
4 An the tither's babe in my womb?'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**66B.7**

1 'O laugh you at mysell, brither,  
2 Or at my companie?  
3 Or laugh ye at my bonnie bride,  
4 She wad na laugh at thee?'

**66B.8**

1 'I laugh na at yoursell, brither,  
2 Nor at your companie;  
3 Nor laugh I at your burlie bride,  
4 She wad na laugh at me.

**66B.9**

1 'But there's a brotch on a breast-bane,  
2 A garlan on ane's hair;  
3 Gin ye kend what war under that,  
4 Ye wad neer love woman mair.

**66B.10**

1 'There is a brotch on a breast-bane,  
2 An roses on ane's sheen;  
3 Gin ye kend what war under that,  
4 Your love wad soon be deen.'

**66B.11**

1 Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' man boun to bed,  
3 Lord Ingram and Lady Masery  
4 In ae chammer were laid.

**66B.12**

1 He put his hand out oure his bonnie bride,  
2 The babe 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 atween them twa;  
3 .....  
4 .....

**66B.16**

1 Gill Vielt took out a long brand,  
2 And stroakd it oer 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 Vielt,  
2 An ill died mat ye die!  
3 For I had the cup in my hand  
4 To hae drunken her oer to thee.'

**66B.18**

1 '[For] ae mile [I wad gae] for Gil Vielt,  
2 For Lord Ingram I wad hae gaen three;  
3 An a' for that in good kirk-door  
4 Fair wedding he gave me.'

**66B.19**

1 Gil Vielt took a long brand,  
2 An stroakd it on a stro,  
3 An through and thro his own bodie  
4 He made it come and go.

**66B.20**

1 There was nae mean made for that godd lords,  
2 In bowr whar they lay slain,  
3 But a' was for that lady,  
4 In bowr whar she gaed brain.

**66B.21**

1 There was nae mean made for that lady,  
2 In bowr whar she lay dead,  
3 But a' was for the bonnie babe  
4 That lay blabbering in her bleed.

**66C.1**

1 LADY MAISDRY was a lady fair,  
2 She maid her mither's bed;  
3 Auld Ingram was an aged knight,  
4 And hee sought her to wed.

**66C.2**

1 "'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,  
2 For to seek me to spouse;  
3 For Lord Wayets, your sister's son,  
4 Has been into my bowrs.

**66C.3**

1 "'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,  
2 For to seek me to wed;  
3 For Lord Wayets, your sister's son,  
4 Has been into my bed.'

**66C.4**

1 "'Tis he has bought to this lady  
2 The robes of the brown;  
3 'And ever alas,' says this lady,  
4 'The robs will pit mee down!'

**66C.5**

1 And he has bought to this lady  
2 The robs of the red;  
3 'And ever alas,' says this lady,  
4 'The robs will be my dead!'

**66C.6**

1 And he has bought to this lady  
2 The chrystal and the lammer,  
3 Sae has hee bought to her mither  
4 The curches of the cammer.

**66C.7**

1 Every ane o her se'n brethren  
2 They had a hawk in hand,  
3 And every lady i the place  
4 They got a goud garland.

**66C.8**

1 Every cuk in that kitchen  
2 They gat a noble claiht;  
3 A' was blyth at Auld Ingram's cuming,  
4 But Lady Maisdrey was wraith.

**66C.9**

1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
2 Wad fain wun hos and shoon,  
3 That wud rin on to my Wayets,  
4 And quickly cume 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 cume again.'

**66C.11**

1 'Ye'l bid him, and ye'l pray him baith,  
2 Gif ony prayer can dee,  
3 To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,  
4 My weary wadding to see.'

**66C.12**

1 Lord Wayets lay our his castle wa,  
2 Beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And he beheld a bonny boy  
4 Cume rinnen to the town.

**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 fauldis brunt?  
2 Or is her towrs wun?  
3 Or is my Maisdrey lighter yet  
4 A dear dochter or sun?'

**66C.15**

1 'Your ladie's faulds they are not brunt,  
2 Nor yet are her towrs wun,  
3 Neither is Maisdrey lighter yet  
4 A dear dochter or sun.

**66C.16**

1 'But she bids ye and she prays ye baith,  
2 Gif 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 Sae did he wi his tae;  
3 The silver cup that sat upon't  
4 I the fire he gard it flee:  
5 'O what na a lord in a' Scotland  
6 Dare marry my Maisdrey?'

**66C.18**

1 'O 'tis but a feeble thought  
2 To tell the tane and not the tither;  
3 O 'tis but a feeble thought  
4 To tell 'tis your mither's brither.'

**66C.19**

1 "'Tis I wull send to that wadding,  
2 And I wul follow syne,  
3 The fitches o the fallow deer  
4 An the gammons o the swine,  
5 An the nine hides o the noble cow;  
6 'Twas slain in season time.

**66C.20**

1 "'Tis I wul send to that wadding  
2 Ten ton of the red wyne;  
3 Much more I'll send to that wadding,  
4 An I wul follow syne.'

**66C.21**

1 When he came in unto the ha,  
2 Lady Maisdrey she did ween,  
3 And twenty times he kist her mou  
4 Before Auld Ingram's een.

**66C.22**

1 Nor to the kirk she wud ne gae,  
2 Nor til't she wudn ride,  
3 Till four and twunty men she gat her before,  
4 An twunty on ilka side,  
5 An four and twunty milk-white dows  
6 To flee aboon her head.

**66C.23**

1 A loud laughter gae Lord Wayets  
2 Mang the mids o his men:  
3 'Marry the lady wham they weel,  
4 A maiden she is name.'

**66C.24**

1 'O laugh ye at my men, Wayets?  
2 Or di ye laugh at me?  
3 Or laugh ye at the beerly bride,  
4 That's gane to marry me?'

**66C.25**

1 'I laugh na at your men, uncle,  
2 Nor yet dive I at thee,  
3 Bit I laugh at my lands sae braid,  
4 Sae weel's I do them see.'

**66C.26**

1 Whan ene was cume, and ene-bells rung,  
2 An a' man gane to bed,  
3 The bride bit and the silly bridegroom  
4 In chambers they were laid.

**66C.27**

1 Was na it a fell thing for to see,  
2 Twa heads lye on a coad,  
3 Lady Maisdrey like the moten goud,  
4 Auld Ingram like a toad?'

**66C.28**

1 He turnd his face unto the stock,  
2 And sound he fell asleep;  
3 She turnd her fair face unto the wa,  
4 An sa't tears she did weep.

**66C.29**

1 It fell about the mark midnight,  
2 Auld Ingram began to turn him;  
3 He pat his hands on's lady's sides,  
4 An waly, sair was she murrin.

**66C.30**

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.31**

1 'Didn I tell ye that, Auld Ingram,  
2 Or ye saught me to wed,  
3 That Lord Wayets, your sister's son,  
4 Had been into my bed?'

**66C.32**

1 'O father that bairn on me, Maisdrey,  
2 O father it on me,  
3 An ye sall hae a rigland shire  
4 Your mornin's gift to bee.'

**66C.33**

1 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,  
2 'That ever the like me befa,  
3 To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,  
4 Lord Wayets in my father's ha!

**66C.34**

1 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,  
2 'That ever the like me betide,  
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 luvcs on one ladye,  
4 And frae her they could na fa.

**66D.2**

1 Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisery,  
2 He courted her frae ha to bower;  
3 And even sae did Childe Viat,  
4 Amang the summer flowers.

**66D.3**

1 Lord Ingram courted Ladye Maisery,  
2 He courted her frae bower to ha;  
3 And even sae did Childe Viat,  
4 Among the sheets sae sma.

**66D.4**

1 Sir Ingram bought her Ladye Maisery  
2 The steed that paid him well;  
3 She wads he were ayont the sea,  
4 Gin she had her true love.



- 67A.1**  
 1 GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,  
 2 And a harper he was good;  
 3 He harped in the kings chamber,  
 4 Where cuppe and candle stodee,  
 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 . . . .
- 67A.3**  
 1 Saide, Strike on, strike on, Glasgerrion,  
 2 Of thy striking doe not blinne;  
 3 There's neuer a stroke comes ouer thin harpe  
 4 But it glads my hart within.
- 67A.4**  
 1 'Faire might you fall, lady!' *quoth* hee;  
 2 'Who taught you now to speake?  
 3 I haue loued you, lady, seuen yeere;  
 4 My hart I durst neere breake.'
- 67A.5**  
 1 'But come to my bower, my Glasgerrion,  
 2 When all men are att rest;  
 3 As I am a ladie true of my *promise*,  
 4 Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.'
- 67A.6**  
 1 But hom then came Glasgerrion,  
 2 A glad man, Lord, was hee:  
 3 'And come thou hither, Iacke, my boy,  
 4 Come hither vnto mee.
- 67A.7**  
 1 'For the *kings* daughter of Normandye,  
 2 Her loue is granted mee,  
 3 And beffore the cocke haue crowen,  
 4 Att her chamber must I bee.'
- 67A.8**  
 1 'But come you hither *master*,' *quoth* hee,  
 2 'Lay *your* head downe on this stone;  
 3 For I will waken you, *master* deere,  
 4 Afore it be time to gone.'
- 67A.9**  
 1 But vpp then rose *that* lither ladd,  
 2 And did on hose and shoone;  
 3 A collar he cast vpon his necke,  
 4 Hee seemed a gentleman.
- 67A.10**  
 1 And when he came to *that* ladies chamber,  
 2 He thrild vpon a pinn;  
 3 The lady was true of her *promise*,  
 4 Rose vp and lett him in.
- 67A.11**  
 1 He did not take the lady gay  
 2 To boulder nor to bedd,  
 3 But down vpon her chamber-flore  
 4 Full soone he hath her layd.
- 67A.12**  
 1 He did not kisse *that* lady gay  
 2 When he came nor when he youd;  
 3 And sore mistrusted that lady gay  
 4 He was of some churlës blood.
- 67A.13**  
 1 But home then came *that* lither ladd,  
 2 And did of his hose and shoone,  
 3 And cast *that* collar from about his necke;  
 4 He was but a churlës sonne:  
 5 'Awaken,' *quoth* hee, 'My *master* deere,  
 6 I hold it time to be gone.
- 67A.14**  
 1 'For I haue sadled *your* horsse, *master*,  
 2 Well bridled I haue *your* steed;  
 3 Haue not I serued a good breakfast,  
 4 When time comes I haue need.'
- 67A.15**  
 1 But vp then rose good Glasgerrion,  
 2 And did on both hose and shoone,  
 3 And cast a collar about his necke;  
 4 He was a *king*'es sonne.
- 67A.16**  
 1 And when he came to *that* ladies chamber,  
 2 He thrild vpon a pinn;  
 3 The lady was more then true of *promise*,  
 4 Rose vp and let him in.
- 67A.17**  
 1 Saies, Whether haue you left *with* me  
 2 *Your* bractlett or *your* gloue?  
 3 Or are you returned backe againe  
 4 To know more of my loue?'
- 67A.18**  
 1 Glasgerrion swore a full great othe,  
 2 By oake and ashe and thorne,  
 3 'Lady, I was neuer in *your* chamber  
 4 Sith the time that I was borne.'
- 67A.19**  
 1 'O then it was *your* litle foote-page  
 2 Falsly hath beguiled me:'  
 3 And then shee pulld forth a litle pen-kniffe,  
 4 *That* hangy by her knee,  
 5 Says, There shall neuer noe churlës blood  
 6 Spring within my body.
- 67A.20**  
 1 But home then went Glasgerrion,  
 2 A woe man, good [Lord], was hee;  
 3 Says, Come hither, thou Iacke, my boy,  
 4 Come thou hither to me.
- 67A.21**  
 1 Ffor if I had killed a man to-night,  
 2 Iacke, I wold tell it thee;  
 3 But if I haue not killed a man to-night,  
 4 Iacke, thou hast killed three!
- 67A.22**  
 1 And he puld out his bright browne sword,  
 2 And dried it on his sleeue,  
 3 And he smote off that lither ladds head,  
 4 And asked noe man noe leaue.
- 67A.23**  
 1 He sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
 2 Her pumill till a stone;  
 3 Thorrow *that* falsense of *that* lither ladd  
 4 These three liues werne all gone.
- 67B.1**  
 1 GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,  
 2 He harped to the king;  
 3 And Glenkindie was ance the best harper  
 4 That ever harpd on a string.
- 67B.2**  
 1 He'd harpit a fish out o saut water,  
 2 Or water out o a stane,  
 3 Or milk out o a maiden's breast,  
 4 That bairn had never nane.
- 67B.3**  
 1 He's taen his harp intill his hand,  
 2 He harpit and he sang,  
 3 And ay as he harpit to the king,  
 4 To haud him unthought lang.
- 67B.4**  
 1 'I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,  
 2 A robe o the royal pa,  
 3 Gin ye will harp i the winter's night  
 4 Afore my nobles a'.  
 5 ' . . . .
- 67B.5**  
 1 He's taen his harp intill his hand,  
 2 He's harpit them a' asleep,  
 3 Except it was the young countess,  
 4 That love did waukin keep.
- 67B.6**  
 1 And first he has harpit a grave tune,  
 2 And syne he has harpit a gay,  
 3 And mony a sich atween hands  
 4 I wat the lady gae.
- 67B.7**  
 1 Says, When day is dawen, and cocks hae  
 2 crawen,  
 3 And wappit their wings sae wide,  
 4 It's ye may come to my bower-door,  
 5 And streak you by my side.
- 67B.8**  
 1 But look that ye tell na Gib, your man,  
 2 For naething that ye dee;  
 3 For, an ye tell him Gib, your man,  
 4 He'll beguile baith you and me.
- 67B.9**  
 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.10**  
 1 'O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,  
 2 Gin I a man had slain?'  
 3 'O that ye micht, my gude master,  
 4 Altho ye had slain ten.'
- 67B.11**  
 1 'Then tak ye tent now, Gib, my man,  
 2 My bidden for to dee;  
 3 And but an ye wauken me in time,  
 4 Ye sall be hangit hie.
- 67B.12**  
 1 'Whan day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,  
 2 And wappit their wings sae wide,  
 3 I'm bidden gang till yon lady's bower,  
 4 And streak me by her side.'
- 67B.13**  
 1 'Gae hame to your bed, my good master;  
 2 Ye've waukit, I fear, oer lang;  
 3 For I'll wauken you in as good time  
 4 As ony cock i the land.'
- 67B.14**  
 1 He's taen his harp intill his hand,  
 2 He harpit and he sang,  
 3 Until he harpit his master asleep,  
 4 Syne fast awa did gang.
- 67B.15**  
 1 And he is till that lady's bower,  
 2 As fast as he could rin;  
 3 When he cam till that lady's bower,  
 4 He chappit at the chin.
- 67B.16**  
 1 'O wha 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.17**  
 1 She kent he was nae gentle knight  
 2 That she had latten in,  
 3 For neither when he gaed nor cam,  
 4 Kist he her cheek or chin.
- 67B.18**  
 1 He neither kist her when he cam,  
 2 Nor clappit her when he gaed,  
 3 And in and at her bower window,  
 4 The moon shone like the glead.
- 67B.19**  
 1 'O ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,  
 2 And riven is your sheen,  
 3 And reaveld is your yellow hair,  
 4 That I saw late yestreen.'
- 67B.20**  
 1 'The stockings they are Gib, my man's,  
 2 They came first to my hand,  
 3 And this is Gib, my man's shoon,  
 4 At my bed-feet they stand;  
 5 I've reaveld a' my yellow hair  
 6 Coming against the wind.'
- 67B.21**  
 1 He's taen the harp intill his hand,  
 2 He harpit and he sang,  
 3 Until he cam to his master,  
 4 As fast as he could gang.
- 67B.22**  
 1 'Won up, won up, my good master,  
 2 I fear ye sleep oer lang;  
 3 There's nae a cock in a' the land  
 4 But was wappit his wings and crawn.'
- 67B.23**  
 1 Glenkindie's tane his harp in hand,  
 2 He harpit and he sang,  
 3 And he has reachd the lady's bower  
 4 Afore that eer he blan.
- 67B.24**  
 1 When he cam to the lady's bower,  
 2 He chappit at the chin:  
 3 'O wha is that at my bower-door,  
 4 That opens na and comes in?'  
 5 'It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,  
 6 And in I canna win.'  
 7 ' . . . .
- 67B.25**  
 1 'Forbid it, forbid it,' says that lady,  
 2 'That ever sic shame betide,  
 3 That I should first be a wild loon's lass,  
 4 And than a young knight's bride.'

**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 handg him hie,  
 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 cald 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 of a dry loan,  
 5 And milk out o the maiden's breast  
 6 That bairn had never neen.

**67C.2**

1 He harpit i the king's palace,  
 2 He harpit them a' asleep,  
 3 Unless it were Burd Bell alone,  
 4 And she stud 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 'Deed might [ye], my good master,  
 4 Altho ye had slain ten.'

**67C.6**

1 'I've faun in love wi a gay ladie,  
 2 She's daughter to the Queen,  
 3 And I maun be at her bower-door  
 4 Before the cock's crowing.'

**67C.7**

1 He's taen out his master's steed,  
 2 And fast awa rode he,  
 3 Until he cam to Burd Bell's door,  
 4 Where gold glanced never so hie.

**67C.8**

1 When he came to Burd Bell's door,  
 2 He tirlt at the pin,  
 3 And up she rose, away she goes,  
 4 To let Glenkinnie in.

**67C.9**

1 . . . . .  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 That I combed out yestreen.  
 5 ' ' ' ' ' .

**67C.10**

1 She looked out at a shot-window,  
 2 Atween her and the meen:  
 3 'There is twa lovers beguiled the night,  
 4 And I fear I am ane.'

**67C.11**

1 'Ye shall na hae to say, Glenkindie,  
 2 When you sit at the wine,  
 3 That once you loved a queen's daughter,  
 4 And she was your footman's quean.'  
 5 ' ' ' ' ' .

**68A.1**

1 O 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 sols of my love's feet  
 2 Is whiter then thy face.'  
 3 'But nevertheless na, Young Hunting,  
 4 Ye'l stay wi me all night.'

**68A.3**

1 She has birld in him Young Hunting  
 2 The good ale and the beer,  
 3 Till he was as fou drunken  
 4 As any wild-wood steer.

**68A.4**

1 She has birld 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 Up she has tain him Young Hunting,  
 2 And she has had him to her bed,  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .

**68A.6**

1 And she has minded her on a little penknife,  
 2 That hangs low down by her gare,  
 3 And she has gin him Young Hunting  
 4 A deep wound and a sare.

**68A.7**

1 Out an spake the bonny bird,  
 2 That flew abon her head:  
 3 'Lady, keep well thy green clothing  
 4 Fra that good lord's blood.'

**68A.8**

1 'O better I'll keep my green clothing  
 2 Fra that good lord's blood  
 3 Nor thou can keep thy flattering tounge,  
 4 That flatters in thy head.'

**68A.9**

1 'Light down, light down, my bonny bird,  
 2 Light down upon my hand,  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .

**68A.10**

1 'O siller, O siller shall be thy hire,  
 2 An goud shall be thy fee,  
 3 An every month into the year,  
 4 Thy cage shall changed be.'

**68A.11**

1 'I winna light down, I shanna light down,  
 2 I winna light on thy hand;  
 3 For soon, soon wad ye do to me  
 4 As ye done to Young Hunting.'

**68A.12**

1 She has booted an spird him Young Hunting  
 2 As he had been gan to ride,  
 3 A hunting-horn about his neck,  
 4 An the sharp sourd by his side.

**68A.13**

1 And she has had him to yon wan water,  
 2 For a' man calls it Clyde,  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .

**68A.14**

1 The deepest pot intill it all  
 2 She has puten Young Hunting in;  
 3 A green truff upon his breast,  
 4 To hold that good lord down.

**68A.15**

1 It fell once upon a day  
 2 The king was going to ride,  
 3 And he sent for him Young Hunting,  
 4 To ride on his right side.

**68A.16**

1 She has turnd her right and round about,  
 2 She sware now by the corn,  
 3 'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,  
 4 Sen yesterday at morn.'

**68A.17**

1 She has turnd her right and round about,  
 2 She swear now by the moon,  
 3 'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,  
 4 Sen yesterday at noon.'

**68A.18**

1 'It fears me sair in Clyde Water  
 2 That he is drownd therein.'  
 3 O thay ha sent for the king's duckers,  
 4 To duck for Young Hunting.'

**68A.19**

1 They ducked in at the tae water-bank,  
 2 Thay ducked out at the tither:  
 3 'We'll duck no more for Young Hunting,  
 4 All tho he wear our brother.'

**68A.20**

1 Out an spake the bonny bird,  
 2 That flew abon their heads,  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .

**68A.21**

1 'O he's na drownd in Clyde Water,  
 2 He is slain and put therein;  
 3 The lady that lives in yon castil  
 4 Slew him and put him in.'

**68A.22**

1 'Leave aff your ducking on the day,  
 2 And duck upon the night;  
 3 Whear ever that sakeless knight lys slain,  
 4 The candels will shine bright.'

**68A.23**

1 Thay left off their ducking o the day,  
 2 And ducked upon the night,  
 3 And where that sakeless knight lay slain,  
 4 The candels shone full bright.

**68A.24**

1 'The deepest pot intill it a'  
 2 Thay got Young Hunting in;  
 3 A green turff upon his breast,  
 4 To hold that good lord down.'

**68A.25**

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 bonfire  
 4 To burn that lady in.  
 5 'Put na the wye on me,' she says,  
 6 'It was her May Catheren.'

**68A.26**

1 Whan thay had tane her May Catheren,  
 2 In the bonfire set her in;  
 3 It wad na take upon her cheeks,  
 4 Nor take upon her chin,  
 5 Nor yet upon her yallow hair,  
 6 To healle the deadly sin.

**68A.27**

1 Out they hae tain her May Catheren,  
 2 And they hay put that lady in;  
 3 O it took upon her cheek, her cheek,  
 4 An it took upon her chin,  
 5 An it took on her fair body,  
 6 She burnt like hoky-gren.

**68B.1**

1 YOUNG REDIN'S til the huntin gane,  
 2 Wi thirty lords and three;  
 3 And he has til his true-love gane,  
 4 As fast as he could hie.

**68B.2**

1 'Ye're welcome here, my Young Redin,  
 2 For coal and candle-light;  
 3 And sae are ye, my Young Redin,  
 4 To bide wi me the nicht.'

**68B.3**

1 'I thank ye for your licht, ladie,  
 2 Sae do I for your coal;  
 3 But there's thrice as fair a ladie as thee  
 4 Meets me at Brandie's Well.'

**68B.4**

1 Whan they war at their supper set,  
 2 And merrily drinking wine,  
 3 This ladie has tane a sair sickness,  
 4 And til her bed has gane.

**68B.5**

1 Young Redin he has followed her,  
 2 And a dowie man was he;  
 3 He fund his true-love in her bouer,  
 4 And the tear was in her ee.

**68B.6**

1 Whan he was in her arms laid,  
 2 And gieing her kisses sweet,  
 3 Then out she's tane a little penknife,  
 4 And woundid him sae deep.

**68B.7**

1 'O lang, lang is the winter nicht,  
 2 And slawly daws the day;  
 3 There is a slain knight in my bouer,  
 4 And I wish he war away.'

- 68B.8**  
 1 Then up bespak her bouer-woman,  
 2 And she spak ae wi spite:  
 3 'An there be a slain knicht in your bouer,  
 4 It's yoursell that has the wyte.'
- 68B.9**  
 1 'O heal this deed on me, Meggy,  
 2 O heal this deed on me;  
 3 The silks that war shapen for me gen Pasche,  
 4 They shall be sewed for thee.'
- 68B.10**  
 1 'O I hae heald on my mistress  
 2 A twalmonth and a day,  
 3 And I hae heald on my mistress  
 4 Mair than I can say.'  
 5 ' . . . . .'
- 68B.11**  
 1 They've booted him, and they've spurred him,  
 2 As he was wont to ride,  
 3 A huntin-horn round his neck,  
 4 And a sharp sword by his side;  
 5 In the deepest place o Clyde's Water,  
 6 It's there they've made his bed.
- 68B.12**  
 1 Sine up bespak the wylie parrot,  
 2 As he sat on the tree:  
 3 'And hae ye killd him Young Redin,  
 4 Wha neer had love but thee?'
- 68B.13**  
 1 'Come down, come down, ye wylie parrot,  
 2 Come down into my hand;  
 3 Your cage sall be o the beaten gowd,  
 4 Whan now it's but the wand.'
- 68B.14**  
 1 'I winna come down, I canna come down,  
 2 I winna come down to thee;  
 3 For as ye've dune to Young Redin,  
 4 Ye'll do the like to me;  
 5 Ye'll thraw my head aff my hause-bane,  
 6 And throw me in the sea.'
- 68B.15**  
 1 O there cam seekin Young Redin  
 2 Mony a lord and knicht,  
 3 And there cam seekin Young Redin  
 4 Mony a ladie bricht.
- 68B.16**  
 1 And they've til his true-love gane,  
 2 Thinking he was wi her;  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .
- 68B.17**  
 1 'I hae na seen him Young Redin  
 2 Sin yesterday at noon;  
 3 He turnd his stately steed about,  
 4 And hied him throw the toun.
- 68B.18**  
 1 'But ye'll seek Clyde's Water up and doun,  
 2 Ye'll seek it out and in;  
 3 I hae na seen him Young Redin  
 4 Sin yesterday at noon.'
- 68B.19**  
 1 Then up bespak Young Redin's mither,  
 2 And a dowie woman was scho:  
 3 'There's na a place in Clyde's Water  
 4 But my son wad gae throw.'
- 68B.20**  
 1 They've sought Clyde's Water up and doun,  
 2 They've sought it out and in,  
 3 And the deepest place in Clyde's Water  
 4 They've fund Young Redin in.
- 68B.21**  
 1 O white, white war his wounds washen,  
 2 As white as a linen clout;  
 3 But as the traitor she cam near,  
 4 His wounds they gushit out.
- 68B.22**  
 1 'It's surely been my bouer-woman,  
 2 O ill may her betide!  
 3 I neer wad slain him Young Redin,  
 4 And thrown him in the Clyde.'
- 68B.23**  
 1 Then they've made a big bane-fire,  
 2 The bouer-woman to brin;  
 3 It tuke not on her cheek, her cheek,  
 4 It tuke not on her chin,  
 5 But it tuke on the cruel hands  
 6 That pat Young Redin in.
- 68B.24**  
 1 Then They've tane out the bouer-woman,  
 2 And pat the ladie in;  
 3 It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,  
 4 It tuke na on her chin,  
 5 But it tuke on the fause, fause arms  
 6 That Young Redin lay in.
- 68C.1**  
 1 The ladie stude in her bour-door,  
 2 In her bour-door as she stude,  
 3 She thocht she heard a bridle ring,  
 4 That did her bodie gude.
- 68C.2**  
 1 She thocht it had been her father dear,  
 2 Come ridin owre the sand;  
 3 But it was her true-love Riedan,  
 4 Come hiean to her hand.
- 68C.3**  
 1 'You're welcome, you're welcome, Young  
 Riedan,' she said,  
 2 'To coal an cannel-licht;  
 3 You're welcome, you're welcome, Young  
 Riedan,  
 4 To sleep in my bour this nicht.'
- 68C.4**  
 1 'I thank you for your coal, madame,  
 2 An for your cannel tae;  
 3 There's a fairer maid at Clyde's Water,  
 4 I love better than you.'
- 68C.5**  
 1 'A fairer maid than me, Riedan?  
 2 A fairer maid than me?  
 3 A fairer maid than ten o me  
 4 You shurely neer did see.'
- 68C.6**  
 1 He leant him owre his saddle-bow,  
 2 To gie her a kiss sae sweet;  
 3 She keppit him on a little penknife,  
 4 An gae him a wound sae deep.
- 68C.7**  
 1 'O hide! oh hide! my bourswoman,  
 2 Oh hide this deed on me!  
 3 An the silks that waur shappit for me at Yule  
 4 At Pasch sall be sewed for thee.'
- 68C.8**  
 1 They saidled Young Riedan, they bridled  
 Young Riedan,  
 2 The way he was wont to ride;  
 3 Wi a huntin-horn about his neck,  
 4 An a sharp sword by his side.
- 68C.9**  
 1 An they are on to Clyde's Water,  
 2 An they rade it up an doon,  
 3 An the deepest linn in a' Clyde's Water  
 4 They flang him Young Riedan [in].
- 68C.10**  
 1 'Lie you there, you Young Riedan,  
 2 Your bed it is fu wan;  
 3 The [maid] you hae at Clyde's Water,  
 4 For you she will think lang.'
- 68C.11**  
 1 Up it spak the wily bird,  
 2 As it sat on the tree:  
 3 'Oh wae betide you, ill woman,  
 4 An an ill death may you dee!  
 5 For he had neer anither love,  
 6 Anither love but thee.'
- 68C.12**  
 1 'Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,  
 2 An pickle wheat aff my glue;  
 3 An your cage sall be o the beaten gowd,  
 4 Whan it's of the willow tree.'
- 68C.13**  
 1 'I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,  
 2 To siccan a traitor as thee:  
 3 For as you did to Young Riedan,  
 4 Sae wald you do to mee.'
- 68C.14**  
 1 Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,  
 2 An pickle wheat aff my hand;  
 3 An your cage sall be o the beaten gowd,  
 4 Whan it's o the willow wand.'
- 68C.15**  
 1 'I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,  
 2 To siccan a traitor as thee;  
 3 You wald thraw my head aff my hase-bane,  
 4 An fling it in the sea.'
- 68C.16**  
 1 It fell upon a Lammas-tide  
 2 The king's court cam ridin bye:  
 3 'Oh whare is it him Young Riedan?  
 4 It's fain I wald him see.'
- 68C.17**  
 1 'Oh I hae no seen Young Riedan  
 2 Sin three lang weeks the morn;  
 3 It bodes me sair, and dries me mair,  
 4 Clyde's Water's him forlorn.'
- 68C.18**  
 1 Up it spak the wily bird,  
 2 As it sat on the tree;  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .
- 68C.19**  
 1 'Leave aff, leave aff your day-seekin,  
 2 An ye maun seek by nicht;  
 3 Aboon the place Young Riedan lies,  
 4 The cannels burn bricht.'
- 68C.20**  
 1 They gae up their day-seekin,  
 2 An they did seek by nicht;  
 3 An owre the place Young Riedan lay,  
 4 The cannels burnt bricht.
- 68C.21**  
 1 The firsten grip his mother got  
 2 Was o his yellow hair;  
 3 An was na that a dowie grip,  
 4 To get her ae son there!
- 68C.22**  
 1 The nexten grip his mother got  
 2 Was o his milk-white hand;  
 3 An wasna that a dowie grip,  
 4 To bring sae far to land!
- 68C.23**  
 1 White, white waur his wounds washen,  
 2 As white as ony lawn;  
 3 But sune's the traitor stude afore,  
 4 Then oot the red blude sprang.  
 5 ' . . . . .'
- 68C.24**  
 1 Fire wadna tak on her bourswoman,  
 2 Niether on cheek nor chin;  
 3 But it took fast on thae twa hands  
 4 That flang young Riedan in.
- 68C.25**  
 1 'Come oot, come oot, my bourswoman,  
 2 Come oot, lat me win in;  
 3 For as I did the deed mysell,  
 4 Sae man I drie the pine.'
- 68D.1**  
 1 EARL RICHARD has a hunting gone,  
 2 As fast as he can ride;  
 3 He's a hunting-horn about his neck,  
 4 And a broadsword by his side.
- 68D.2**  
 1 'Licht down, licht down, Earl Richard,' she  
 says,  
 2 'O licht down and come in,  
 3 And thou'll get cheer and charcoal clear,  
 4 And torches for to burn.'
- 68D.3**  
 1 'I winna licht, I canna licht,  
 2 I winna licht at all;  
 3 A fairer lady then ten of thee  
 4 Meets me at Richard's Wall.'
- 68D.4**  
 1 He louted owre his saddle-bow,  
 2 And for to kiss her sweet,  
 3 But little thocht o that penknife  
 4 Wherewith she wound him deep.
- 68D.5**  
 1 'Why wounds thou me so deep, lady?  
 2 Why stabs thou me so sore?  
 3 There's not a lord like Earl Richard  
 4 Could love false woman more.'
- 68D.6**  
 1 She called upon her waiting-maid,  
 2 Long before it was day:  
 3 'I have a dead man in my bower,  
 4 I wish he were away.'
- 68D.7**  
 1 'Keep ye your bower, my lily-flower,  
 2 Keep it free of all men's blood;  
 3 'Oh I will keep it een as weel  
 4 As you or any maid.'

**68D.8**

1 'But siller will be thy wage,' she says,  
2 'And gold will be thy fee,  
3 And I mysell will gang along  
4 And bear thee companye.'

**68D.9**

1 They bootied him, and spurred him,  
2 As he was wont to ride,  
3 And they're awa to Lorn's Water,  
4 To Lorn's Water so wide.

**68D.10**

1 They turned down his yellow hair,  
2 Turn'd up his milk-white feet:  
3 'Lye thou there, Earl Richard,' she said,  
4 'Till the blood seep from thy bane;  
5 That fairer maid than ten of me  
6 Will look lang or thou come hame.'

**68D.11**

1 As they were coming hame again,  
2 Upon the road so hie,  
3 There they spy'd a small pyet,  
4 Was sitting on a tree.

**68D.12**

1 'Where has thou been, fair lady?' it says,  
2 'Whare has thou been so soon?'  
3 Or what did thou wi Earl Richard,  
4 Was late wi thee yestreen?'

**68D.13**

1 'Come down, come down, my wee pyet;  
2 An thou'll come to my knee,  
3 I have a cage of beaten gold,  
4 And I'll bestow't on thee.'

**68D.14**

1 'Keep thou thy cage of beaten gold,  
2 And I will keep my tree;  
3 For as thou did wi Earl Richard,  
4 So wad thou do wi me;  
5 Thou wad thraw the wee head aff my bouk,  
6 And drown me in the sea.'

**68D.15**

1 'Come down, come down, my wee pyet;  
2 An thou'll come to my hand,  
3 I have a cage of beaten gold,  
4 And thou's be put therein.'

**68D.16**

1 'Keep thou thy cage o beaten gold,  
2 And I will keep my tree;  
3 For as thou did wi Earl Richard,  
4 So would thou do wi me.'

**68D.17**

1 'Oh an I had my bow bendit,  
2 And set unto my knee,  
3 I wad shoot this wee pyet  
4 Sits gabbling on the tree.'

**68D.18**

1 'Before thou get thy bow bendit,  
2 And set unto thy knee,  
3 I'll be at Earl Richard's father,  
4 Telling ill tales on thee.'

**68D.19**

1 As they were coming hame again,  
2 Upon the road so bricht,  
3 There they saw Earl Richard's father,  
4 Coming marching in their sicht.

**68D.20**

1 'Whare has thou been, fair lady?' he says,  
2 'Whare has thou been back sae sune?'  
3 O what did thou wi my auld son,  
4 Was late wi thee yestreen?'

**68D.21**

1 She did swear by stars o licht,  
2 And grass-green growing corn,  
3 That she had not seen Earl Richard's face  
4 Since Saturday at morn;  
5 'But in Lorn's Water, indeed,' she says,  
6 'I fear his days are done.'

**68D.22**

1 'There was not a ford in Lorn's Water  
2 But he could ride it weel;  
3 And what did thou wi my auld son,  
4 That went with thee afied?'

**68E.1**

1 LORD WILLIAM was the bravest knight  
2 That dwalt in fair Scotland,  
3 And, though renowned in France and Spain,  
4 Fell by a ladie's hand.

**68E.2**

1 As she was walking maid alone,  
2 Down by yon shady wood,  
3 She heard a smit o bridle reins,  
4 She wishd might be for good.

**68E.3**

1 'Come to my arms, my dear Willie,  
2 You're welcome hame to me;  
3 To best o chear and charcoal red,  
4 And candle burnin free.'

**68E.4**

1 'I winna light, I darena light,  
2 Nor come to your arms at a';  
3 A fairer maid than ten o you  
4 I'll meet at Castle-law.'

**68E.5**

1 'A fairer maid than me, Willie?  
2 A fairer maid than me?  
3 A fairer maid than ten o me  
4 Your eyes did never see.'

**68E.6**

1 He louted owr his saddle-lap  
2 To kiss here ere they part,  
3 And wi a little keen bodkin,  
4 She pierced him to the heart.

**68E.7**

1 'Ride on, ride on, Lord William now,  
2 As fast as ye can dree;  
3 Your bonny lass at Castle-law  
4 Will weary you to see.'

**68E.8**

1 Out up then spake a bonny bird,  
2 Sat high upon a tree:  
3 'How could you kill that noble lord?  
4 He came to marry thee.'

**68E.9**

1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,  
2 And eat bread aff my hand;  
3 Your cage shall be of wiry goud,  
4 Whar now it's but the wand.'

**68E.10**

1 'Keep ye your cage o goud, lady,  
2 And I will keep my tree;  
3 As ye hae done to Lord William,  
4 Sae wad ye do to me.'

**68E.11**

1 She set her foot on her door-step,  
2 A bonny marble stane,  
3 And carried him to her chamber,  
4 Oer him to make her mane.

**68E.12**

1 And she has kept that good lord's corpse  
2 Three quarters of a year,  
3 Until that word began to spread;  
4 Then she began to fear.

**68E.13**

1 Then she cryed on her waiting-maid,  
2 Ay ready at her ca:  
3 'There is a knight into my bower,  
4 'Tis time he were awa.'

**68E.14**

1 The ane has taen him by the head,  
2 The ither by the feet,  
3 And thrown him in the wan water,  
4 That ran baith wide and deep.

**68E.15**

1 'Look back, look back, now, lady fair,  
2 On him that loed ye weel;  
3 A better man than that blue corpse  
4 Neer drew a sword of steel.'

**68F.1**

1 EARL RICHARD is a hunting gone,  
2 As fast as he can ride,  
3 His hunting-horn hung about his neck,  
4 And a small sword by his side.

**68F.2**

1 When he came to my lady's gate  
2 He tirl'd at the pin,  
3 And wha was sae ready as the lady hersell  
4 To open and let him in.

**68F.3**

1 'O light, O light, Earl Richard,' she says,  
2 'O light and stay a' night;  
3 You shall have cheer wi charcoal clear,  
4 And candles burning bright.'

**68F.4**

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.'

**68F.5**

1 He stooped 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.

**68F.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.'

**68F.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.'

**68F.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.

**68F.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.'

**68F.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.'

**68F.11**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,  
2 And pay your maids their fee;  
3 As ye have done to Earl Richard,  
4 Sae wud ye do to me.'

**68F.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 Amang the leaves sae green.'

**68G.1**

1 SHE has call'd to her her bower-maidens,  
2 She has call'd them one by one:  
3 'There is a dead man in my bower,  
4 I wish that he was gone.'

**68G.2**

1 They have bootied him, and spurred him,  
2 As he was wont to ride,  
3 A hunting-horn around his waist,  
4 A sharp sword by his side.

**68G.3**

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.4**

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 bour  
4 Kept me frae my nicht's sleep.'

**68G.7**

1 And she sware 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,

- 68H.1**  
3 And ever I live my life to brook,  
4 I'se pay thee well thy fee.'
- 68H.2**  
1 'It's we'll beet him, and we'll spur him,  
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,  
3 Put a huntin-horn about his neck,  
4 And a small sword by his side.'
- 68H.3**  
1 'And we'll carry him to Clyde's Water,  
2 And there we'll fling him in,  
3 That we may have it to be said  
4 In Clyde's Water he drown'd.'
- 68H.4**  
1 O they bet him, and they spurrd him,  
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,  
3 Pat a huntin-horn about his neck,  
4 But the sword on his wrang side.'
- 68H.5**  
1 And they hae carried him to Clyde's Water,  
2 And there they flang him in,  
3 That they might have it to be said  
4 In Clyde's Water he drowned.  
5 , , , , ,
- 68H.6**  
1 'It's we'll sen for the king's doukers,  
2 And douk it up and doun;  
3 It's we'll sen for the king's doukers,  
4 And douk it out and in.'
- 68H.7**  
1 Out it spak a little wee birdie,  
2 As it sat on yon burn-brae:  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .
- 68H.8**  
1 'Ye may lay by your day doukers,  
2 And turn you to the night,  
3 And where the innocent blood lies slain,  
4 The candles will burn fou bricht.'
- 68H.9**  
1 O they hae brunt that gay ladie,  
2 And blawn her in the air,  
3 And nothing o that bower-man would burn  
4 But the hands that buskd him rare.'
- 68I.1**  
1 , , , , ,  
1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,  
2 Sit low upon my hand,  
3 And thy cage shall be o the beaten gowd,  
4 And not of hazel wand.'
- 68I.2**  
1 'O woe, O woe be to thee, lady,  
2 And an ill death may thou die!  
3 For the way thou guided good Lord John,  
4 Soon, soon would thou guide me.'
- 68I.3**  
1 'Go bend to me my bow,' she said,  
2 'And set it to my ee,  
3 And I will gar that bonnie bird  
4 Come quickly down to me.'
- 68I.4**  
1 'Before thou bend thy bow, lady,  
2 And set it to thy ee,  
3 O I will be at yon far forest,  
4 Telling ill tales on thee.'  
5 , , , , ,
- 68J.1**  
1 'O lady, rock never your young son young  
2 One hour langer for me;  
3 For I have a sweetheart in Garloch Wells  
4 I love far better than thee.'
- 68J.2**  
1 'The very sole o that ladye's foot  
2 Than thy face is far mair white:'  
3 'But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,  
4 Ye will bide in my bower a' night?'
- 68J.3**  
1 She birl'd him wi the ale and wine,  
2 As they sat down to sup:  
3 A living man he laid him down,  
4 But I wot he neer rose up.'
- 68J.4**  
1 Then up and spake the popinjay,  
2 That flew aboun her head:  
3 'Lady, keep weel your green cleiding  
4 Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid.'
- 68J.5**  
1 'O better I'll keep my green cleiding  
2 Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid,  
3 Than thou canst keep thy clattering toung,  
4 That rattles in thy head.'
- 68J.6**  
1 She has calld upon her bower-maidens,  
2 She has calld them ane by ane:  
3 'There lies a deid man in my bowr,  
4 I wish that he were gane.'
- 68J.7**  
1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,  
2 As he was wont to ride,  
3 A hunting-horn tied round his waist,  
4 A sharp sword by his side;  
5 And they hae had him to the wan water,  
6 For a' men call it Clyde.'
- 68J.8**  
1 Then up and spake the popinjay,  
2 That sat upon the tree:  
3 'What hae ye down wi Erl Richard?  
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'
- 68J.9**  
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,  
2 And sit upon my hand;  
3 And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,  
4 Where thou hast but the wand.'
- 68J.10**  
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
2 Nae cage o gowd for me;  
3 As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,  
4 Sae wad ye do to me.'
- 68J.11**  
1 She hadna crossd a rigg o land,  
2 A rigg but barely ane,  
3 When she met wi his auld father,  
4 Came riding all alane.'
- 68J.12**  
1 'Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,  
2 Where hae ye been sae late?  
3 We hae been seeking Erl Richard,  
4 But him we canna get.'
- 68J.13**  
1 'Erl Richard kens a' the fords in Clyde,  
2 He'll ride them ane by ane;  
3 And though the night was neer sae mirk,  
4 Erl Richard will be hame.'
- 68J.14**  
1 O it fell anes upon a day  
2 The king was boun to ride,  
3 And he has mist him Erl Richard,  
4 Should hae ridden on his right side.'
- 68J.15**  
1 The ladye turnd her round about,  
2 Wi mickle mournfu din:  
3 'It fears me sair o Clyde water,  
4 That he is drown'd therein.'
- 68J.16**  
1 'Gar douk, gar douk,' the king he cried,  
2 'Gar douk for gold and fee;  
3 O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,  
4 Or wha will douk for me?'
- 68J.17**  
1 They douked in at ae weil-heid,  
2 And out aye at the other:  
3 'We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,  
4 Altho he were our brother.'
- 68J.18**  
1 It fell that in that ladye's castle  
2 The king was boun to bed,  
3 And up and spake the popinjay,  
4 That flew abune his head.'
- 68J.19**  
1 'Leave aff your douking on the day,  
2 And douk upon the night;  
3 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,  
4 The candles will burn bright.'
- 68J.20**  
1 'O there's a bird within this bower,  
2 That sings baith sad and sweet;  
3 O there's a bird within your bower  
4 Keeps me frae my night's sleep.'
- 68J.21**  
1 They left the douking on the day,  
2 And douked upon the night,  
3 And where that sackless knight lay slain,  
4 The candles burn'd bright.'
- 68J.22**  
1 The deepest pot in a' the linn  
2 They fand Erl Richard in;  
3 A green turf tyed across his breast,  
4 To keep that gude lord down.'
- 68J.23**  
1 Then up and spake the king himsell,  
2 When he saw the deadly wound,  
3 'O wha has slain my right-hand man,  
4 That held my hawk and hound?'
- 68J.24**  
1 Then up and spake the popinjay,  
2 Says, 'What needs a' this din?  
3 It was his light lemman took his life,  
4 And hid'd him in the linn.'
- 68J.25**  
1 She swore her by the grass sae grene,  
2 Sae did she by the corn,  
3 She had na seen him Erl Richard  
4 Since Moninday at morn.'
- 68J.26**  
1 'Put na the wyte on me,' she said,  
2 'It was my may, Catherine:'  
3 Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,  
4 To burn that maiden in.'
- 68J.27**  
1 It wadna take upon her cheik,  
2 Nor yet upon her chin,  
3 Nor yet upon her yellow hair,  
4 To cleanse the deadly sin.'
- 68J.28**  
1 The maiden touch'd the clay-cauld corpse,  
2 A drap it never bled;  
3 The ladye laid her hand on him,  
4 And soon the ground was red.'
- 68J.29**  
1 Out they hae ta'en her May Catherine,  
2 And put her mistress in;  
3 The flame tuik fast upon her cheik,  
4 Tuik fast upon her chin,  
5 Tuik fast upon her fair bodye,  
6 She burn'd like hollins grene.'
- 68K.1**  
1 LADY MAISRY forth from her bower came,  
2 And stood on her tower-head;  
3 She thought she heard a bridle ring,  
4 The sound did her heart guide.'
- 68K.2**  
1 She thought it was her first true-love,  
2 Whom she loved ance in time;  
3 But it was her new love, Hunting,  
4 Come frae the hunting o the hyn.'
- 68K.3**  
1 'Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,  
2 God make you safe and free;  
3 I'm come to take my last farewell,  
4 And pay my last visit to thee.'
- 68K.4**  
1 'O stay, O stay then, Young Hunting,  
2 O stay with me this night;  
3 Ye shall hae cheer, an charcoal clear,  
4 And candles burning bright.'
- 68K.5**  
1 'Have no more cheer, you lady fair,  
2 An hour langer for me;  
3 I have a lady in Garmouth town  
4 I love better than thee.'
- 68K.6**  
1 'O if your love be changed, my love,  
2 Since better canno be,  
3 Nevertheless, for auld lang syne,  
4 Ye'll stay this night wi me.'
- 68K.7**  
1 'Silver, silver shall be your wage,  
2 And gowd shall be your fee,  
3 And nine times nine into the year  
4 Your weed shall changed be.'
- 68K.8**  
1 'Will ye gae to the cards or dice,  
2 Or to a tavern fine?  
3 Or will ye gae to a table forebye,  
4 And birl baith beer and wine?'
- 68K.9**  
1 'I winna gang to the cards nor dice,  
2 Nor to a tavern fine;  
3 But I will gang to a table forebye,  
4 And birl baith beer and wine.'



**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 ony 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 'Heal well, heal well, you Lady Katharine,  
2 Heal well this deed on me,  
3 The robes that were shapen for my bodie,  
4 They shall be sewed for thee.'

**68K.14**

1 'Tho I woud 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 They booted him, and spurred him,  
2 As he'd been gaun to ride,  
3 A hunting-horn about his neck,  
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 wan water,  
4 Where a' man ca's it Clyde.

**68K.17**

1 And the deepest pot in Clyde's water,  
2 And there they flang him in,  
3 And put a turf on his breast-bane,  
4 To had Young Hunting down.

**68K.18**

1 O out it speaks a little wee bird,  
2 As she sat on the brier:  
3 'Gae hame, gae hame, ye Lady Maisry,  
4 And pay your maiden's hire.'

**68K.19**

1 'O I will pay my maiden's hire,  
2 And hire I'll gie to thee;  
3 If ye'll conceal this fatal deed,  
4 Ye's hae gowd for your fee.'

**68K.20**

1 Then out it speaks a bonny bird,  
2 That flew aboon their head:  
3 'Keep well, keep well your green claithing  
4 Frae ae drap o his bluid.'

**68K.21**

1 'O I'll keep well my green claithing  
2 Frae ae drop o his bluid,  
3 Better than I'll do your flattering tongue,  
4 That flutters in your head.

**68K.22**

1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,  
2 Light down upon my hand;  
3 For ae gowd feather that's in your wing,  
4 I woud gie a' my land.'

**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 And he calld for him Young Hunting,  
4 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 'It fears me sair,' said that young babe,  
4 'He's in bower wi yon ladie.'

**68K.26**

1 Then they hae calld her Lady Katharine,  
2 And she sware by the thorn  
3 That she saw not him Young Hunting  
4 Sin yesterday at morn.

**68K.27**

1 Then they hae calld her Lady Maisry,  
2 And she sware by the moon  
3 That she saw not him Young Hunting  
4 Sin yesterday at noon.

**68K.28**

1 'He was playing him 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 outhro the other:  
3 'We'll dive nae mair,' said these young men,  
4 'Suppose he were our brother.'

**68K.30**

1 Then out it spake a little bird,  
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 A hunting-horn tied round his neck,  
4 A sharp sword by his side

**68K.34**

1 'The deepest pot o Clyde's Water,  
2 There they flang him in,  
3 Laid a turf on his breast-bane,  
4 To had Young Hunting down.'

**68K.35**

1 Now they left aff their day diving,  
2 And they dived on the night;  
3 The pot that Young Hunting lay in,  
4 The candles were burning bright.

**68K.36**

1 The king he calld his hewers all,  
2 To hew down wood and thorn,  
3 For to put up a strong bale-fire,  
4 These ladies for to burn.

**68K.37**

1 And they hae taen her Lady Katharine,  
2 And they hae pitten her in;  
3 But it wadna light upon her cheek,  
4 Nor woud it on her chin,  
5 But sang the points o her yellow hair,  
6 For healing the deadly sin.

**68K.38**

1 Then they hae taen her Lady Maisry,  
2 And they hae put her in:  
3 First it lighted on her cheek,  
4 And syne upon her chin,  
5 And sang the points o her yellow hair,  
6 And she burnt like keckle-pin.

**69A.1**

1 CLARK SANDERS and May Margret  
2 Walkt ower yon graveld green,  
3 And sad and heavy was the love,  
4 I wat, it fell this twa between.

**69A.2**

1 'A bed, a bed,' Clark Sanders said,  
2 'A bed, a bed for you and I,'  
3 'Eye no, fye no,' the lady said,  
4 'Until the day we married be.'

**69A.3**

1 'For in it will come my seven brothers,  
2 And a' their torches burning bright;  
3 They'll say, We hae but ae sister,  
4 And here her lying wi a knight.'

**69A.4**

1 'Ye'l take the sourde fray my scabbord,  
2 And lowly, lowly lift the gin,  
3 And you may say, your oth to save,  
4 You never let Clark Sanders in.

**69A.5**

1 'Ye'le take a napken in your hand,  
2 And ye'l ty up baith your een,  
3 An ye may say, your oth to save,  
4 That ye saw na Sandy sen late yestreen.

**69A.6**

1 'Ye'le take me in your armes twa,  
2 Ye'le carrey me ben into your bed,  
3 And ye may say, your oth to save,  
4 In your bower-floor I never tread.'

**69A.7**

1 She has taen the sourde fray his scabbord,  
2 And lowly, lowly lifted the gin;  
3 She was to swear, her oth to save,  
4 She never let Clerk Sanders in.

**69A.8**

1 She has tain a napkin in her hand,  
2 And she ty'd up baith her een;  
3 She was to swear, her oth to save,  
4 She saw na him sene late yestreen.

**69A.9**

1 She has taen him in her armes twa,  
2 And carried him ben into her bed;  
3 She was to swear, her oth to save,  
4 He never in her bower-floor tread.

**69A.10**

1 In and came her seven brothers,  
2 And all their torches burning bright;  
3 Says thay, We hae but ae sister,  
4 And see there her lying wi a knight.

**69A.11**

1 Out and speaks the first of them,  
2 'A wat they hay been lovers dear;'  
3 Out and speaks the next of them,  
4 'They hay been in love this many a year.'

**69A.12**

1 Out an speaks the third of them,  
2 'It wear great sin this twa to twain;'  
3 Out an speaks the fourth of them,  
4 'It wear a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

**69A.13**

1 Out an speaks the fifth of them,  
2 'A wat they'll near be twaind by me;'  
3 Out an speaks the sixth of them,  
4 'We'l tak our leave an gae our way.'

**69A.14**

1 Out an speaks the seventh of them,  
2 'Altho there wear no a man but me,  
3 . . . . .  
4 I bear the brand, I'le gar him die.'

**69A.15**

1 Out he has taen a bright long brand,  
2 And he has striped it throw the straw,  
3 And throw and throw Clarke Sanders' body  
4 A wat he has gard cold iron gae.

**69A.16**

1 Sanders he started, an Margret she lapt,  
2 Intill his arms where she lay,  
3 And well and wellsom was the night,  
4 A wat it was between these twa.

**69A.17**

1 And they lay still, and slept sound,  
2 Untill the day began to daw;  
3 And kindly till him she did say  
4 'It's time, trew-love, ye wear awa.'

**69A.18**

1 They lay still, and slept sound,  
2 Untill the sun began to shine;  
3 She lookt between her and the wa,  
4 And dull and heavy was his een.

**69A.19**

1 She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,  
2 A wat it had fallen this twa between;  
3 But it was the blood of his fair body,  
4 A wat his life days wair na lang.

**69A.20**

1 'O Sanders, I'le do for your sake  
2 What other ladys would na thoule;  
3 When seven years is come and gone,  
4 There's near a shoe go on my sole.

**69A.21**

1 'O Sanders, I'le do for your sake  
2 What other ladies would think mare;  
3 When seven years is come and gone,  
4 Ther's nere a comb go in my hair.

**69A.22**

1 'O Sanders, I'll do for your sake  
2 What other ladies would think lack;  
3 When seven years is come an gone,  
4 I'll wear nought but dowy black.'

**69A.23**

1 The bells gaed clinking throw the townie,  
2 To carry the dead corps to the clay,  
3 An sighing says her May Margret,  
4 'A wat I bide a doulfou day.'

**69A.24**

1 In an come her father dear,  
2 Stout steping on the floor;  
3 .....  
4 .....

**69A.25**

1 'Hold your tounge, my daughter dear,  
2 Let all your mourning a bee;  
3 I'll carry the dead corps to the clay,  
4 An I'll come back an comfort thee.'

**69A.26**

1 'Comfort well your seven sons,  
2 For comforted will I never bee;  
3 For it was neither lord nor loune  
4 That was in bower last night wi mee.'

**69B.1**

1 CLERK SAUNDERS and a gay lady  
2 Was walking in yonder green,  
3 And heavy, heavy was the love  
4 That fell this twa lovers between.

**69B.2**

1 'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,  
2 'And ay a bed for you and me;'  
3 'Never a ane,' said the gay lady,  
4 'Till ance we twa married be.'

**69B.3**

1 'There would come a' my seven brethern,  
2 And a' their torches burning bright,  
3 And say, We hae but ae sister,  
4 And behad, she's lying wi you the night.'

**69B.4**

1 'You'll take a napkain in your hand,  
2 And then you will tie up your een;  
3 Then you may swear, and safe your aith,  
4 You sawna Sandy sin yestreen.'

**69B.5**

1 'You'll take me up upo your back,  
2 And then you'll carry me to your bed;  
3 Then you may swear, and save your aith,  
4 Your board [-floor] Sandy never tred.'

**69B.6**

1 She's taen him upo her back,  
2 And she's carried him unto her bed,  
3 That she might swear, and safe her aith,  
4 Her board-floor Sandy never tread.

**69B.7**

1 She's taen a napkin in her hand,  
2 And lo she did tie up her een,  
3 That she might swear, and safe her aith,  
4 She sawna Sandy syne yestreen.

**69B.8**

1 They were na weel into the room,  
2 Nor yet laid weel into the bed,  
3 .....  
4 .....

**69B.9**

1 When in came a' her seven brethern,  
2 And a' their torches burning bright;  
3 Says they, We hae but ae sister,  
4 And behold, she's lying wi you this night.

**69B.10**

1 'I,' bespake the first o them,  
2 A wat an ill death mat he die!  
3 'I bear a brand into my hand  
4 Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'

**69B.11**

1 'I,' bespake the second of them,  
2 A wat a good death mat he die!  
3 'We will gae back, let him alane,  
4 His father has nae mair but he.'

**69B.12**

1 'I,' bespake the third o them,  
2 A wat an ill death mat he die!  
3 'I bear the brand into my hand  
4 Shall quickly help to gar him die.'

**69B.13**

1 'I,' bespake the fourth o them,  
2 A wat an ill death mat he die!  
3 'I bear the brand into my hand  
4 Shall never help to gar him die.'

**69B.14**

1 'I,' bespake the fifth o them,  
2 A wat a good death mat he die!  
3 'Altho his father hae nae mair,  
4 I'll quickly help to gar him die.'

**69B.15**

1 'I,' bespake the sixth o them,  
2 A wat a good death mat he die!  
3 'He's a worthy earl's son,  
4 I'll never help to gar him die.'

**69B.16**

1 'I,' bespake the seventh of them,  
2 A wat an ill death mat he die!  
3 'I bear the brand into my hand  
4 Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'

**69B.17**

1 They baith lay still, and slept sound,  
2 Untill the sun began to sheen;  
3 She drew the curtains a wee bit,  
4 And dull and drowsie was his een.

**69B.18**

1 'This night,' said she, 'The sleepest man  
2 That ever my twa eyes did see  
3 Hay lye by me, and sweat the sheets;  
4 A wite they're a great shame to see.'

**69B.19**

1 She rowd the claihs a' to the foot,  
2 And then she spied his deadly wounds:  
3 'O wae be to my seven brethern,  
4 A wat an ill death mat they die!'

**69B.20**

1 'I'm sure it was neither rogue nor loun  
2 I had into my bed wi me;  
3 'Twas Clerk Saunders, that good earl's son,  
4 That pledgd his faith to marry me.'

**69C.1**

1 IT was a sad and a rainy nicht  
2 As ever rained frae toun to toun;  
3 Clerk Saunders and his lady gay  
4 They were in the fields sae broun.

**69C.2**

1 'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders cried,  
2 'A bed, a bed, let me lie doun;  
3 For I am sae weet and sae wearie  
4 That I canna gae nor ride frae toun.'

**69C.3**

1 'A bed, a bed,' his lady cried,  
2 'A bed, a bed, ye'll neer get nane;  
3 .....  
4 .....

**69C.4**

1 'For I hae seven bauld brethern,  
2 Bauld are they, and very rude;  
3 And if they find ye in bouer wi me,  
4 They winna care to spill your blude.'

**69C.5**

1 'Ye'll tak a lang claihs in your hand,  
2 Ye'll haud it up afore your een,  
3 That ye may swear, and save your aith,  
4 That ye saw na Sandy sin yestreen.'

**69C.6**

1 'And ye'll tak me in your arms twa,  
2 Ye'll carry me into your bed,  
3 That ye may swear, and save your aith,  
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'

**69C.7**

1 She's taen a lang claihs in her hand,  
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,  
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,  
4 That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen.'

**69C.8**

1 She has taen him in her arms twa,  
2 And carried him into her bed,  
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,  
4 That on her bour-floor he never gaed.'

**69C.9**

1 Then in there cam her firsten brother,  
2 Bauldly he cam steppin in:  
3 'Come here, come here, see what I see!  
4 We hae only but ae sister alive,  
5 And a knave is in bour her wi.'

**69C.10**

1 Then in and cam her second brother,  
2 Says, Twa lovers are ill to twin;  
3 And in and cam her thirdeen brother,  
4 'O brother dear, I say the same.'

**69C.11**

1 Then in and cam her fourthen brother,  
2 'It's a sin to kill a sleepin man;'  
3 And in and cam her fifthen brother,  
4 'O brother dear, I say the same.'

**69C.12**

1 Then in and cam her sixthen brother,  
2 'I wat he's neer be steerd by me;'  
3 But in and cam her seventhen brother,  
4 'I bear the hand that sall gar him dee.'

**69C.13**

1 Then out he drew a nut-brown sword,  
2 I wat he stript it to the stroe,  
3 And thro and thro Clerk Saunder's body  
4 I wat he garrd cauld iron go.

**69C.14**

1 Then they lay there in ither'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.'

**69C.15**

1 'Ye are the sleepest young man,' she said,  
2 'That ever my twa een did see;  
3 Ye've lain a' nicht into my arms,  
4 I'm sure it is a shame to be.'

**69C.16**

1 She turnd the blankets to the foot,  
2 And turnd the sheets unto the wa,  
3 And there she saw his bluidy wound,  
4 .....

**69C.17**

1 'O wae be to my seventhen brother,  
2 I wat an ill death mat he dee!  
3 He's killd Clerk Saunders, an earl's son,  
4 I wat he's killd him unto me.'

**69C.18**

1 Then in and cam her father dear,  
2 Cannie cam he steppin in;  
3 Says, Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,  
4 What need you mak sic heavy meane?'

**69C.19**

1 'We'll carry Clerk Saunders to his grave,  
2 And syne come back and comfort thee;'  
3 'O comfort weel your seven sons, father,  
4 For man sall never comfort me;  
5 Ye'll marrie me wi the Queen o Heaven,  
6 For man sall never enjoy me.'

**69D.1**

1 .....  
1 'O I have seven bold brethern,  
2 And they are all valiant men,  
3 If they knew a man that would tread my bower  
4 His life should not go along wi him.'

**69D.2**

1 'Then take me up into your arms,  
2 And lay me low down on your bed,  
3 That ye may swear, and keep your oath clear,  
4 That your bower-room I did na tread.'

**69D.3**

1 'Tie a handkerchief round your face,  
2 And you must tye it wondrous keen,  
3 That you may swear, and keep your oath clear,  
4 Ye saw na me since late yestreen.'

**69D.4**

1 But they were scarsley gone to bed,  
2 Nor scarce fa'n owre asleep,  
3 Till up and started her seven brethern,  
4 Just at Lord Saunder's feet.

**69D.5**

1 Out bespoke the first brither,  
2 'Oh but love be wondrous keen!'  
3 Out bespoke the second brither,  
4 'It's ill done to kill a sleeping man.'

**69D.6**

1 Out bespoke the third brither,  
2 'We had better gae and let him be;'  
3 Out bespoke the fourth brither,  
4 'He'll no be killd this night for me;'

**69D.7**

1 Out bespoke the fifth brother,  
2 'This night Lord Saunders he shall die;  
3 Tho there were not a man in all Scotland,  
4 This night Lord Saunders he shall die.'

**69D.8**

1 He took out a rusty rapier,  
2 And he drew it three times thro the strae;  
3 Between Lord Saunders' short rib and his side  
4 He gard the rusty rapier gae.

**69D.9**

1 'Awake, awake, Lord Saunders,' she said,  
2 'Awake, awake, for sin and shame!  
3 For the day is light, and the sun shines bricht,  
4 'And I am afraid we will be taen.

**69D.10**

1 'Awake, awake, Lord Saunders,' she said,  
2 'Awake, awake, for sin and shame!  
3 For the sheets they are asweat,' she said,  
4 'And I am afraid we will be taen.

**69D.11**

1 'I dreamed a dreary dream last night,  
2 I wish it may be for our good,  
3 That I was cutting my yellow hair,  
4 And dipping it in the wells o blood.'

**69D.12**

1 Aye she waukened at this dead man,  
2 Aye she put on him to and fro;  
3 Oh aye she waukend at this dead man,  
4 But of his death she did not know.  
5 ' . . . . .

**69D.13**

1 'It's I will do for my love's sake  
2 What many ladies would think lang;  
3 Seven years shall come and go  
4 Before a glove go on my hand.

**69D.14**

1 'And I will do for my love's sake  
2 What many ladies would not do;  
3 Seven years shall come and go  
4 Before I wear stocking or shoe.

**69D.15**

1 'Ther'll neer a shirt go on my back,  
2 There'll neer a kame go in my hair,  
3 There'll never coal nor candle-light  
4 Shine in my bower nae mair.'

**69E.1**

1 AN ensign and a lady gay,  
2 As they were walking on a green,  
3 The ensign said to the lady gay,  
4 Will you tak me to your bower at een?

**69E.2**

1 'I have seven bluidy brithers,  
2 Och and to you they have nae good will;  
3 And if they catch you in my bower,  
4 They'll value not your bluid to spill.'

**69E.3**

1 'O you may take me on your back,  
2 And carry me to your chamber-bed,  
3 That I may swear, and avow richt clear,  
4 That your flowery bower I did never tread.

**69E.4**

1 'O take a napkin from your pocket,  
2 And with it blindfold my een,  
3 That I may swear, and avow richt clear,  
4 That your flowery bower I have never seen.'

**69E.5**

1 O she's taen him upon her back,  
2 And carried him to her chamber-bed,  
3 That he might swear, and avow it clear,  
4 That her flowery [bower] he did never tread.

**69E.6**

1 O she's taen a napkin from her pocket,  
2 And with it blinded baith his een,  
3 That he might swear, and avow it clear,  
4 That her flowery bower he had never seen.

**69E.7**

1 They were not well into their bed,  
2 Nor were they scarsely fallen asleep,  
3 Till in there came her seven bluidy brithers,  
4 And placed themselves at the ensign's feet.

**69E.8**

1 Said the first one to the second,  
2 'Och it is long since this love began;'  
3 Said the second unto the third,  
4 'It's a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

**69E.9**

1 Said the third one to the fourth,  
2 'I will go to yon tavern hie;'  
3 Said [the] fourth one to the fifth,  
4 'O if you will go, so will I.'

**69E.10**

1 Said the fifth to the sixth,  
2 'Och it's long since this love began;'  
3 Said the sixth to the seventh,  
4 'It's a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

**69E.11**

1 Out then spoke the seventh bluidy brither,  
2 Aye and an angry man was he:  
3 'Altho there was no more men alive,  
4 The ensign's butcher I will be.'

**69E.12**

1 He's taen out his rusty broad-sword,  
2 And ran it three times along his throat,  
3 And thro and thro the ensign's body  
4 The tempered steel it went thro and thro.

**69E.13**

1 'O I have dreamed a dream,' she said,  
2 'And such a dream cannot be good;  
3 I dreamed my bower was full of swine,  
4 And the ensign's clothes all dipped in blood.'

**69E.14**

1 'I have dreamed another dream,  
2 And such a dream are never good;  
3 That I was combing down my yellow hair,  
4 And dipping it in the ensign's blood.'

**69E.15**

1 'O hold your tongue, my sister dear,  
2 And of your weeping let a be;  
3 For I will get you a better match  
4 Than eer the ensign, what was he?'

**69E.16**

1 'So woe be to you, my seven bluidy brithers,  
2 Aye and an ill death may you die!  
3 For you durst not fight him in battle-field,  
4 But you killed him sleeping in bed wi me.'

**69E.17**

1 'I'll do more for my love's sake  
2 That other lovers would not incline;  
3 Seven years shall come and go  
4 Before I wash this face of mine.'

**69E.18**

1 'I will do for my love's sake  
2 What other lovers would not repair;  
3 Seven years shall come and go  
4 Before I comb down my yellow hair.'

**69E.19**

1 'I'll do more for my love's sake,  
2 What other lovers will not do;  
3 Seven years shall come and go  
4 Before I cast off stocking and shoe.'

**69E.20**

1 'I will do for my love's sake  
2 What other lovers they will be slack;  
3 Seven years shall come and go  
4 Before I cast off my robes of black.'

**69E.21**

1 'Go make to me a high, high tower,  
2 Be sure you make it stout and strong,  
3 And on the top put an honour's gate,  
4 That my love's ghost may go out and in.'

**69F.1**

1 CLERK SAUNDERS was an earl's son,  
2 He livd upon sea-sand;  
3 May Margaret was a king's daughter,  
4 She livd in upper land.

**69F.2**

1 Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,  
2 Weel learned at the scheel;  
3 May Margaret was a king's daughter,  
4 They baith loed ither weel.

**69F.3**

1 He's throw the dark, and throw the mark,  
2 And throw the leaves o green,  
3 Till he came to May Margaret's door,  
4 And tirlid at the pin.

**69F.4**

1 'O sleep ye, wake ye, May Margaret,  
2 Or are ye the bower within?'  
3 O wha is that at my bower-door,  
4 Sae weel my name does ken?'  
5 'It's I, Clerk Saunders, your true-love,  
6 You'll open and lat me in.'

**69F.5**

1 'O will ye to the cards, Margaret,  
2 Or to the table to dine?  
3 Or to the bed, that's weel down spread,  
4 And sleep when we get time?'

**69F.6**

1 'I'll no go to the cards,' she says,  
2 'Nor to the table to dine;  
3 But I'll go to a bed, that's weel down spread,  
4 And sleep when we get time.'

**69F.7**

1 They were not weel lyen down,  
2 And no weel fa'en asleep,  
3 When up and stood May Margaret's brethren,  
4 Just up at their bed-feet.

**69F.8**

1 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
2 And dinna to us len,  
3 O wha is aught yon noble steed,  
4 That stands your stable in?'

**69F.9**

1 'The steed is mine, and it may be thine,  
2 To ride whan ye ride in hie;  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**69F.10**

1 'But awa, awa, my bald brethren,  
2 Awa, and mak nae din;  
3 For I am as sick a lady the nicht  
4 As eer lay a bower within.'

**69F.11**

1 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
2 And dinna to us len,  
3 O wha is aught yon noble hawk,  
4 That stands your kitchen in?'

**69F.12**

1 'The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,  
2 To hawk whan ye hawk in hie;  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**69F.13**

1 'But awa, awa, my bald brethren,  
2 Awa, and mak nae din;  
3 For I'm ane o the sickest ladies this nicht  
4 That eer lay a bower within.'

**69F.14**

1 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
2 And dinna to us len,  
3 O wha is that, May Margaret,  
4 You and the wa between?'

**69F.15**

1 'O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,  
2 'As sick as sick can be;  
3 O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,  
4 'And she's thrice as sick as me.'

**69F.16**

1 'We have been east, and we've been west,  
2 And low beneath the moon;  
3 But a' the bower-women eer we saw  
4 Hadna goud buckles in their shoon.'

**69F.17**

1 Then up and spak her eldest brither,  
2 Ay in ill time spak he:  
3 'It is Clerk Saunders, your true-love,  
4 And never mat I the  
5 But for this scorn that he has done  
6 This moment he sall die.'

**69F.18**

1 But up and spak her youngest brother,  
2 Ay in good time spak he:  
3 'O but they are a gudlie pair!  
4 True lovers an ye be,  
5 The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
6 Sall never sinder ye.'

**69F.19**

1 Syne up and spak her nexten brother,  
2 And the tear stood in his ee:  
3 'You've loed her lang, and loed her weel,  
4 And pity it wad be  
5 The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
6 Shoud ever sinder ye.'

**69F.20**

1 But up and spak her fifthen brother:  
2 'Sleep on your sleep for me;  
3 But we baith sall never sleep again,  
4 For the tane o us sall die.'

**69F.21**

1 And up and spak her thirden brother,  
2 Ay in ill time spak he:  
3 'Curse on his love and comeliness!  
4 Dishonour as ye be,  
5 The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
6 Sall quickly sinder ye.'

**69F.22**

1 The eldest brother has drawn his sword,  
2 The second has drawn anither,  
3 Between Clerk Saunders' hause and collarbane  
4 The cald iron met thegither.

**69F.23**

1 'O wae be to you, my fause brethren,  
2 And an ill death mat ye die!  
3 Ye mith slain Clerk Saunders in open field,  
4 And no in bed wi me.'

**69G.1**

1 CLERK SANDY and a lady gay  
2 Where walking in the garden green,  
3 And great and heavy was the love  
4 That hae befa'en these twa between.

**69G.2**

1 'A bed, a bed,' said Clerk Sandy,  
2 'A bed, my love, for you and me;'  
3 'O never a foot,' said the lady gay,  
4 'Till ance that we twa married be.'

**69G.3**

1 'My seven brithers will come in,  
2 And a' their torches burning bright;  
3 They'll say, We hae but ae sister,  
4 And here she's lying wi a knight.'

**69G.4**

1 'Ye'll take my brand I bear in hand,  
2 And wi the same ye'll lift the gin;  
3 Then ye may swear, and save your oath,  
4 That ye neer let Clerk Sandy in.'

**69G.5**

1 'Ye'll take that kurchie on your head,  
2 And wi the same tie up your een;  
3 And ye will swear, and save your oath,  
4 Ye saw not Sandy sin yestreen.'

**69G.6**

1 'Ye'll lift me in your arms twa,  
2 And carry me unto your bed;  
3 Then ye may swear, and save your oath,  
4 Clerk Sandy in your bower neer tread.'

**69G.7**

1 She's taen the brand he bare in hand,  
2 And wi the same lifted the gin;  
3 It was to swear, and save her oath,  
4 She never loot Clerk Sandy in.

**69G.8**

1 She's taen the kurchie frae her head,  
2 And wi the same tied up her een;  
3 It was to swear, and save her oath,  
4 She saw not Sandy sin yestreen.'

**69G.9**

1 She's taen him in her arms twa,  
2 And she's carried him to her bed;  
3 It was to swear, and save her oath,  
4 Clerk Sandie in her bower neer tread.'

**69G.10**

1 They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,  
2 Like other lovers when they meet,  
3 Till in a quarter's space and less  
4 These two lovers fell sound asleep.

**69G.11**

1 Then in it came her seven brothers,  
2 And a' their torches burning bright;  
3 They said, We hae but ae sister,  
4 And here she's lying wi a knight.'

**69G.12**

1 O out it speaks the first o them,  
2 'We will awa and lat them be;'  
3 Then out it speaks the second o them,  
4 'His father has nae mair but he.'

**69G.13**

1 Out it speaks the third o them,  
2 For he was standing on the birk:  
3 'Nae sweeter coud twa lovers lye,  
4 Tho they'd been married in a kirk.'

**69G.14**

1 Then out it speaks the fourth o them,  
2 Mair fair and lovely is his buke:  
3 'Our sister dear we cannot blame,  
4 Altho in him she pleasure took.'

**69G.15**

1 Then out it speaks the fifth o them,  
2 'It were a sin to do them ill;'  
3 Then out it spake the sixth o them,  
4 'It's hard a sleeping man to kill.'

**69G.16**

1 But out it speaks the seventh o them,  
2 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 hae lifted his body up,  
2 They hae searched it round and round,  
3 And even anent his bonny heart  
4 Discovered the deadly wound.

**69G.22**

1 She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,  
2 And wrung her hands most bitterlie:  
3 'This is my fause brothers, I fear,  
4 This night hae used this crueltie.'

**69G.23**

1 'But I will do for my love's sake  
2 Woud nae be done by ladies rare;  
3 For seven years shall hae an end  
4 Or eer a kame gang in my hair.'

**69G.24**

1 'O I will do for my love's sake  
2 What other ladies woud think lack;  
3 For seven years shall hae an end  
4 Or eer I wear but dowie black.'

**69G.25**

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.26**

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.27**

1 Says, Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 And ye'll lat a' your mourning be;  
3 I'll wed you to a higher match  
4 Or eer his father's son coud be.

**69G.28**

1 'Wed well, wed well your seven sons;  
2 I wish ill wedded they may be,  
3 Sin they hae killd him Clerk Sandy!  
4 For wedded shall I never be.'

**69G.29**

1 His corpse was laid in the cauld clay,  
2 The bells went tinkling thro the town;  
3 'Alas! alas!' said the lady gay,  
4 'That eer I heard that waefu soun!'

**69G.30**

1 When she had sitten intill her bower  
2 A twalmonth lang and weary day,  
3 Even below her bower-window  
4 She heard a ghaist to knock an cry.

**69G.31**

1 She says, Ye're thief or bauld robber,  
2 Or biggin come to burn or brake;  
3 Or are you ony masterfu man,  
4 That is come seeking ony make?'

**69G.32**

1 'I am not thief nor bauld robber,  
2 Nor bigging come to burn nor brake;  
3 Nor am I ony masterfu man,  
4 That is come seeking ony make;  
5 But I'm Clerk Sandy, your first love,  
6 And wants wi you again to speak.'

**69G.33**

1 'Gin ye're Clerk Sandy, my first love,  
2 And wants wi me to speak again,  
3 Tell me some o' the love tokens  
4 That you and I had last between.'

**69G.34**

1 'O mind not ye, ye gay lady,  
2 Sin last I was in bower wi thee,  
3 That in it came your seven brethren,  
4 The youngest gart me sairly dree?'  
5 Then sighd and said the gay lady,  
6 'Sae true a tale as ye tell me.'

**69G.35**

1 Sae painfully she clam the wa,  
2 She clam the wa up after him;  
3 'Twas not for want of stockings nor sheen,  
4 But hadna time to put them on;  
5 And in the midst o gude greenwood,  
6 'Twas there she lost the sight o him.'

**69G.36**

1 The lady sat, and mourning there,  
2 Until she coudna weep nae mair;  
3 At length the cloks and wanton flies  
4 They biggit in her yellow hair.

**69G.37**

1 'O had your peace, my dearest dear,  
2 For I am come to mak you wise;  
3 Or this night nine nights come and gang,  
4 We baith shall be in Paradise.'

**70A.1**

1 WILLIE was a widow's son,  
2 And he wore a milk-white weed, O  
3 And weel could Willie read and write,  
4 Far better ride on steed. O

**70A.2**

1 Lady Margerie was the first lady  
2 That drank to him the wine,  
3 And aye as the healths gade round and round,  
4 'Laddy, your love is mine.'

**70A.3**

1 Lady Margerie was the first ladye  
2 That drank to him the beer,  
3 And aye as the healths gade round and round,  
4 'Laddy, you're welcome here.'

**70A.4**

1 'You must come into my bower  
2 When the evening bells do ring,  
3 And you must come into my bower  
4 When the evening mass doth sing.'

**70A.5**

1 He's taen four and twenty braid arrows,  
2 And laced them in a whang,  
3 And he's awa to Lady Margerie's bower,  
4 As fast as he can gang.

**70A.6**

1 He set ae foot on the wall,  
2 And the other on a stane,  
3 And he's killed a' the king's life-guards,  
4 And he's killed them every man.

**70A.7**

1 'Oh open, open, Lady Margerie,  
2 Open and let me in;  
3 The weet weets a' my yellow hair,  
4 And the dew draps on my chin.'

**70A.8**

1 With her feet as white as sleet  
2 She strode her bower within,  
3 And with her fingers long and small  
4 She's looten Sweet Willie in.

**70A.9**

1 She's louten down unto her foot  
2 To loose Sweet Willie's shoon;  
3 The buckles were sa stiff they wudna lowse,  
4 The blood had frozen in.

**70A.10**

1 'O Willie, Willie, I fear that thou  
2 Has bred me dule and sorrow;  
3 The deed that thou has dune this nicht  
4 Will kythe upon the morrow.'

**70A.11**

1 In then came her father dear,  
2 And a broad sword by his gare,  
3 And he's gien Willie, the widow's son,  
4 A deep wound and a sair.

**70A.12**

1 'Lye yont, lye yont, Willie,' she says,  
2 'Your sweat weets a' my side;  
3 Lye yont, lie yont, Willie,' she says,  
4 'For your sweat I downa bide.'

**70A.13**

1 She turned her back unto the wa,  
2 Her face unto the room,  
3 And there she saw her auld father,  
4 Walking up and down.

**70A.14**

1 'Woe be to you, father,' she said,  
2 'And an ill deed may you die!  
3 For ye've killd Willie, the widow's son  
4 And he would have married me.'

**70A.15**

1 She turned her back unto the room,  
2 Her face unto the wa,  
3 And with a deep and heavy sich  
4 Her heart it brak in twa.

**70B.1**

1 SWEET WILLIE was a widow's son,  
2 And milk-white was his weed;  
3 It sets him weel to bridle a horse,  
4 And better to saddle a steed, my dear,  
5 And better to saddle a steed.

**70B.2**

1 But he is on to Mairsy's bower-door,  
2 And tirl'd at the pin:  
3 'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Mairsy,  
4 Ye'll open, let me come in.'

**70B.3**

1 'O who is this at my bower-door,  
2 Sae well that knows my name?'  
3 'It is your ain true-love, Willie,  
4 If ye love me, lat me in.'

**70B.4**

1 Then huly, huly raise she up,  
2 For fear o making din,  
3 Then in her arms lang and bent,  
4 She caught sweet Willie in.

**70B.5**

1 She leand her low down to her toe,  
2 To loose her true-love's sheen,  
3 But cauld, cauld were the draps o bleed  
4 Fell fae his trusty brand.

**70B.6**

1 'What frightfu sight is that, my love?  
2 A frightfu sight to see!  
3 What bluid is this on your sharp brand?  
4 O may ye not tell me?'

**70B.7**

1 'As I came thro the woods this night,  
2 The wolf maist worried me;  
3 O shoud I slain the wolf, Mairsy?  
4 Or shoud the wolf slain me?'

**70B.8**

1 They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,  
2 As lovers when they meet,  
3 Till up it starts her auld father,  
4 Out o his drowsy sleep.

**70B.9**

1 'O what's become o my house-cock,  
2 Sae crouse at aue did craw?  
3 I wonder as much at my bold watch,  
4 That's nae shooting ower the wa.'

**70B.10**

1 'My gude house-cock, my only son,  
2 Heir ower my land sae free,  
3 If ony ruffian hae him slain,  
4 High hanged shall he be.'

**70B.11**

1 Then he's on to Mairsy's bower-door,  
2 And tirl'd at the pin:  
3 'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, daughter Mairsy,  
4 Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

**70B.12**

1 Between the curtains and the wa  
2 She rowd her true-love then,  
3 And huly went she to the door,  
4 And let her father in.

**70B.13**

1 'What's become o your maries, Mairsy,  
2 Your bower it looks sae teem?  
3 What's become o your green claithing,  
4 Your beds they are sae thin?'

**70B.14**

1 'Gude forgie you, father,' she said,  
2 'I wish ye be't for sin;  
3 Sae aft as ye hae dreaded me,  
4 But never found me wrang.'

**70B.15**

1 He turnd him right and round about,  
2 As he'd been gaun awa;  
3 But sae nimble as he slippet in  
4 Behind a screen sae sma.

**70B.16**

1 Mairsy, thinking a' dangers past,  
2 She to her love did say,  
3 'Come, love, and take your silent rest;  
4 My auld father's awa.'

**70B.17**

1 Then baith lockd in each other's arms,  
2 They fell full fast asleep,  
3 When up it starts her auld father,  
4 And stood at their bed-feet.

**70B.18**

1 'I think I hae the villain now  
2 That my dear son did slay;  
3 But I shall be revengd on him  
4 Before I see the day.'

**70B.19**

1 Then he's drawn out a trusty brand,  
2 And stroakd it oer a stray,  
3 And thro and thro Sweet Willie's middle  
4 He's gart cauld iron gae.

**70B.20**

1 Then up it wakend Lady Mairsy,  
2 Out o her drowsy sleep,  
3 And when she saw her true-love slain,  
4 She straight began to weep.

**70B.21**

1 'O gude forgie you now, father,' she said,  
2 'I wish ye be't for sin;  
3 For I never lovd a love but aue,  
4 In my arms ye've him slain.'

**70B.22**

1 'This night he's slain my gude bold watch,  
2 Thirty stout men and twa;  
3 Likewise he's slain your ae brother,  
4 To me was worth them a'.

**70B.23**

1 'If he has slain my ae brither,  
2 Himsell had a' the blame,  
3 For mony a day he plots contriv'd,  
4 To hae Sweet Willie slain.

**70B.24**

1 'And tho he's slain your gude bold watch,  
2 He might hae been forgien;  
3 They came on him in armour bright,  
4 When he was but alane.'

**70B.25**

1 Nae meen was made for this young knight,  
2 In bower where he lay slain,  
3 But a' was for sweet Mairsy bright,  
4 In fields where she ran brain.

**71.1**

1 'THERE are sixteen lang miles, I'm sure,  
2 Between my love and me;  
3 There are eight o them in gude dry land,  
4 And other eight by sea.

**71.2**

1 'Betide me life, betide me death,  
2 My love I'll gang and see;  
3 Altho her friends they do me hate,  
4 Her love is great for me.

**71.3**

1 'If my coat I'll make a boat,  
2 And o my sark a sail,  
3 And o my cane a gude tapmast,  
4 Dry land till I come till.'

**71.4**

1 Then o his coat he's made a boat,  
2 And o his sark a sail;  
3 And o his cane a gude tapmast,  
4 Dry land till he came till.

**71.5**

1 He is on to Annie's bower-door,  
2 And tirl'd at the pin:  
3 'O sleep ye, wake ye, my love, Annie,  
4 Ye'll rise, lat me come in.'

**71.6**

1 'O who is this at my bower-door,  
2 Sae well that kens my name?'  
3 'It is your true-love, Sweet Willie,  
4 For you I've crossd the faem.'

**71.7**

1 'I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
2 By father and by mother;  
3 At kirk or market where we meet,  
4 We darna own each other.

**71.8**

1 'And I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
2 By my bauld brothers three;  
3 At kirk or market where we meet,  
4 I darna speak to thee.'

**71.9**

1 'Ye take your red fan in your hand,  
2 Your white fan ower your een,  
3 And ye may swear, and save your oath,  
4 Ye sawna me come in.

**71.10**

1 'Ye take me in your arms twa,  
2 And carry me to your bed;  
3 And ye may swear, and save your oath,  
4 Your bower I never tread.'

**71.11**

1 She's taen her red fan in her hand,  
2 The white fan ower her een;  
3 It was to swear, and save her oath,  
4 She sawna him come in.

**71.12**

1 She's taen him in her arms twa,  
2 And carried him to her bed;  
3 It was to swear, and save her oath,  
4 Her bower he never tread.

**71.13**

1 They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,  
2 As lovers do when they meet,  
3 Till up it waukens her mother,  
4 Out o her drowsy sleep.

**71.14**

1 'Win up, win up, my three bauld sons,  
2 Win up and make ye boun;  
3 Your sister's lover's in her bower,  
4 And he's but new come in.'

**71.15**

1 Then up it raise her three bauld sons,  
2 And girt to them their brand,  
3 And they are to their sister's bower,  
4 As fast as they coug gang.

**71.16**

1 When they came to their sister's bower,  
2 They sought it up and down;  
3 But there was neither man nor boy  
4 In her bower to be foun.

**71.17**

5 Then out it speaks the first o them:  
6 'We'll gang and lat her be;  
7 For there is neither man nor boy  
8 Intill her companie.'

**71.18**

1 Then out it speaks the second son:  
2 'Our travel's a' in vain;  
3 But mother dear, nor father dear,  
4 Shall break our rest again.'

**71.19**

1 Then out it speaks the third o them,  
2 An ill death mat he die!  
3 'We'll lurk amang the bent sae brown,  
4 That Willie we may see.'

**71.20**

1 He stood behind his love's curtains,  
2 His goud rings showd him light;  
3 And by this ye may a' weell guess  
4 He was a renowned knight.

**71.21**

1 He's done him to his love's stable,  
2 Took out his berry-brown steed;  
3 His love stood in her bower-door,  
4 Her heart was like to bleed.

- 71.22**  
 1 'O mourn ye for my coming, love?  
 2 Or for my short staying?  
 3 Or mourn ye for our safe sindring,  
 4 Case we never meet again?'
- 71.23**  
 1 'I mourn nae for your here coming,  
 2 Nor for your staying lang;  
 3 Nor mourn I for our safe sindring,  
 4 I hope we'll meet again.'
- 71.24**  
 1 'I wish ye may won safe away,  
 2 And safely frae 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 berry-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 'Bide still, bide still, ye cowardly youth,  
 4 What makes your haste away?'
- 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 My hands hall gar ye die.'
- 71.30**  
 1 'Tho I've been in your sister's bower,  
 2 I have nae fear o thee;  
 3 I'll stand my ground, and fiercely fight,  
 4 Aud shall gain victorie.'
- 71.31**  
 1 'Now I entreat you for to stay,  
 2 Unto us gie a wad;  
 3 If ye our words do not obey,  
 4 I'se gar your body bleed.'
- 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 Till I win frae your hand.'
- 71.33**  
 1 Then two o them stept in behind,  
 2 All in a furious meed;  
 3 The third o them came him before,  
 4 And seizd his berry-brown steed.'
- 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 And left them sprawling there.'
- 71.35**  
 1 Then word has gane to her mother,  
 2 In bed where she slept soun,  
 3 That Willie had killd her three bauld sons,  
 4 Amang the bent sae brown.'
- 71.36**  
 1 Then she has cut the locks that hung  
 2 Sae low down by her ee,  
 3 Sae has she kiltit her green claithing  
 4 A little aboon her knee.'
- 71.37**  
 1 And she has on to the king's court,  
 2 As fast as gang coud she;  
 3 When Fair Annie got word o that,  
 4 Was there as soon as she.'
- 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 'What is your will wi me?'
- 71.39**  
 1 'My wills they are not sma, my liege,  
 2 The truth I'll tell to thee;  
 3 There is ane o your courtly knights  
 4 Last night hae robbed me.'
- 71.40**  
 1 'And has he broke your bigly bowers?  
 2 Or has he stole your fee?  
 3 There is nae knight into my court  
 4 Last night has been frae me;'
- 71.41**  
 1 'Unless 'twas Willie o Lauderdale,  
 2 Forbid that it be he!'  
 3 'And by my sooth,' says the auld woman,  
 4 'That very man is he.'
- 71.42**  
 1 'For he has broke my bigly bowers,  
 2 And he has stole my fee,  
 3 And made my daughter Ann a whore,  
 4 And an ill woman is she.'
- 71.43**  
 1 'That was not all he did to me,  
 2 Ere he went frae the town;  
 3 My sons sae true he fiercely slew,  
 4 Amang the bent sae brown.'
- 71.44**  
 1 Then out it spake her daughter Ann,  
 2 She stood by the king's knee:  
 3 'Ye lie, ye lie, my mother dear,  
 4 Sae loud's I hear you lie.'
- 71.45**  
 1 'He has not broke your bigly bowers,  
 2 Nor has he stole your fee,  
 3 Nor made your daughter Ann a whore;  
 4 A good woman I'll be.'
- 71.46**  
 1 'Altho he slew your three bauld sons,  
 2 He weel might be forgien;  
 3 They were well clad in armour bright,  
 4 Whan my love was him lane.'
- 71.47**  
 1 'Well spoke, well spoke,' the king replied,  
 2 'This tauking pleases me;  
 3 For ae kiss o your lovely mouth,  
 4 I'll set your true-love free.'
- 71.48**  
 1 She's taen the king in her arms,  
 2 And kissd him cheek and chin;  
 3 He then set her behind her love,  
 4 And they went singing hame.'
- 72A.1**  
 1 O I will sing to you a sang,  
 2 But oh my heart is sair!  
 3 The clerk's twa sons in Owsenford  
 4 Has to learn some unco lair.'
- 72A.2**  
 1 They hadna been in fair Parish  
 2 A twelvemonth an a day,  
 3 Till the clerk's twa sons o Owsenford  
 4 Wi the mayor's twa dautrers lay.'
- 72A.3**  
 1 O word's gaen to the mighty mayor,  
 2 As he saild on the sea,  
 3 That the clerk's twa sons o Owsenford  
 4 Wi his twa daughters lay.'
- 72A.4**  
 1 'If they hae lain wi my twa daughters,  
 2 Meg an Marjorie,  
 3 The morn, or I taste meat or drink,  
 4 They shall be hangit hie.'
- 72A.5**  
 1 O word's gaen to the clerk himself,  
 2 As he sat drinkin wine,  
 3 That his twa sons in fair Parish  
 4 Were bound in prison strong.'
- 72A.6**  
 1 Then up and spak the clerk's ladye,  
 2 And she spak powrfully:  
 3 'O tak with ye a purse of gold,  
 4 Or take with ye three,  
 5 And if ye canna get William,  
 6 Bring Andrew hame to me.'
- 72A.7**  
 1 'O lye ye here for owsen, dear sons,  
 2 Or lie ye here for kye?  
 3 Or what is it that ye lie for,  
 4 Sae sair bound as ye lie?'
- 72A.8**  
 1 'We lie not here for owsen, dear father,  
 2 Nor yet lie here for kye,  
 3 But it's for a little o dear bought love  
 4 Sae sair bound as we lie.'
- 72A.9**  
 1 O he's gane to the mighty mayor,  
 2 And he spoke powerfully:  
 3 'Will ye grant me my twa sons' lives,  
 4 Either for gold or fee?  
 5 Or will ye be sae gude a man  
 6 As grant them baith to me?'
- 72A.10**  
 1 'I'll no grant ye yere twa sons' lives,  
 2 Neither for gold or fee,  
 3 Nor will I be sae gude a man  
 4 As gie them back to thee;  
 5 Before the morn at twelve o'clock  
 6 Ye'll see them hangit hie.'
- 72A.11**  
 1 Up an spak his twa daughters,  
 2 An they spak powrfully:  
 3 'Will ye grant us our twa loves' lives,  
 4 Either for gold or fee?  
 5 Or will ye be sae gude a man  
 6 As grant them baith to me.'
- 72A.12**  
 1 'I'll no grant ye yere twa loves' lives,  
 2 Neither for gold or fee,  
 3 Nor will I be sae gude a man  
 4 As grant their lives to thee;  
 5 Before the morn at twelve o'clock  
 6 Ye'll see them hangit hie.'
- 72A.13**  
 1 O he's taen out these proper youths,  
 2 And handg them on a tree,  
 3 And he's bidden the clerk o Owsenford  
 4 Gang hame to his ladie.'
- 72A.14**  
 1 His lady sits on yon castle-wa,  
 2 Beholding dale an doun,  
 3 An there she saw her ain gude lord  
 4 Come walkin to the town.'
- 72A.15**  
 1 'Ye're welcome, welcome, my ain gude lord,  
 2 Ye're welcome hame to me;  
 3 But where away are my twa sons?  
 4 Ye should hae brought them wi ye.'
- 72A.16**  
 1 'It's I've putten them to a deeper lair,  
 2 An to a higher schule;  
 3 Yere ain twa sons ill no be here  
 4 Till the hallow days o Yule.'
- 72A.17**  
 1 'O sorrow, sorrow come mak my bed,  
 2 An dool come lay me doon!  
 3 For I'll neither eat nor drink,  
 4 Nor set a fit on ground.'
- 72B.1**  
 1 DE weel, de weel, my twa young sons,  
 2 An learn weel at the squee!  
 3 Tak no up wi young women-kin,  
 4 An learn to act the feel.'
- 72B.2**  
 1 But they had na been in Blomsbury  
 2 A twalmon and a day,  
 3 Till the twa pretty clerks o Owsenfoord  
 4 Wi the mayr's dauchters did lay.'
- 72B.3**  
 1 Word has gaen till the auld base mayr,  
 2 As he sat at his wine,  
 3 That the twa pretty clerks o Owsenford  
 4 Wi his daughters had lien.'
- 72B.4**  
 1 Then out bespak the auld base mayr,  
 2 An an angry man was he:  
 3 'Tomorrow, before I eat meat or drink,  
 4 I'll see them hangit hie.'
- 72B.5**  
 1 But word has gaen to Owsenfoord  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 Before the letter was read,



**72D.3**

1 They had not been in fair Berwick  
2 A twelve month and a day,  
3 Till the clerk's two sons of Oxenfoord  
4 With the mayor's two daughters lay.

**72D.4**

1 This word came to the mighty mayor,  
2 As he hunted the rae,  
3 That the clerks two sons of Oxenfoord  
4 With his two daughters lay.

**72D.5**

1 'If they have lain with my daughters,  
2 The heirs of all my land,  
3 I make a vow, and will keep it true,  
4 To hang them with my hand.'

**72D.6**

1 When he was certain of the fact,  
2 An angry man was he,  
3 And he has taken these two brothers,  
4 And hanged them on the tree.

**72D.7**

1 Word it has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,  
2 Ere it was many day,  
3 That his two sons sometime ago  
4 With the mayor's two daughters lay.

**72D.8**

1 'O saddle a horse to me,' he cried,  
2 'O do it quick and soon,  
3 That I may ride to fair Berwick,  
4 And see what can be done.'

**72D.9**

1 But when he came to fair Berwick  
2 A grieved man was he,  
3 When that he saw his two bonnie sons  
4 Both hanging on the tree.

**72D.10**

1 'O woe is me,' the clerk cried out,  
2 'This dismal sight to see,  
3 All the whole comfort of my life  
4 Dead hanging on the tree!'

**72D.11**

1 He turned his horse's head about,  
2 Making a piteous moan,  
3 And all the way to Oxenfoord  
4 Did sad and grievously groan.

**72D.12**

1 His wife did hastily cry out,  
2 'You only do I see;  
3 What have you done with my two sons,  
4 You should have brought to me?'

**72D.13**

1 'I put them to some higher lair,  
2 And to a deeper scule;  
3 You will not see your bonnie sons  
4 Till the haly days of Yule.

**72D.14**

1 'And I will spend my days in grief,  
2 Will never laugh nor sing;  
3 There's never a man in Oxenfoord  
4 Shall hear my bridle ring.'

**73A.1**

1 LORD THOMAS and Fair Annet  
2 Sate a' day on a hill;  
3 Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,  
4 They had not talkt their fill.

**73A.2**

1 Lord Thomas said a word in jest,  
2 Fair Annet took it ill:  
3 'A, I will nevir wed a wife  
4 Against my ain friends' will.'

**73A.3**

1 'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,  
2 A wife wull neir wed yee.'  
3 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
4 And knelt upon his knee.

**73A.4**

1 'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,  
2 'A gude rede gie to mee;  
3 O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,  
4 And let Fair Annet bee?'

**73A.5**

1 'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
2 Fair Annet she has gat nane;  
3 And the little beauty Fair Annet haes  
4 O it wull soon be gane.'

**73A.6**

1 And he has till his brother gane:  
2 'Now, brother, rede ye mee;  
3 A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
4 And let Fair Annet bee?'

**73A.7**

1 'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,  
2 The nut-browne bride has kye;  
3 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
4 And cast Fair Annet bye.'  
5 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
6 And cast Fair Annet bye.'

**73A.8**

1 'Her oxen may dye i the house, billie,  
2 And her kye into the byre,  
3 And I sall hae nothing to mysell  
4 Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'

**73A.9**

1 And he has till his sister gane:  
2 'Now, sister, rede ye mee;  
3 O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
4 And set Fair Annet free?'

**73A.10**

1 'I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,  
2 And let the browne bride alane;  
3 Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,  
4 What is this we brought hame!'

**73A.11**

1 'No, I will tak my mither's counsel,  
2 And marrie me owt o hand;  
3 And I will tak the nut-browne bride,  
4 Fair Annet may leive the land.'

**73A.12**

1 Up then rose Fair Annet's father,  
2 Twa hours or it wer day,  
3 And he is gane into the bower  
4 Wherein Fair Annet lay.

**73A.13**

1 'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says,  
2 'Put on your silken sheene;  
3 Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,  
4 And see that rich weddeen.'

**73A.14**

1 'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,  
2 And dress to me my hair;  
1 'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,  
2 And dress to me my hair;  
3 Whaireir yee laid a plait before,  
4 See yee lay ten times mair.

**73A.15**

1 'My maids, gae to my dressing-room,  
2 And dress to me my smock;  
3 The one half is o the holland fine,  
4 The other o needle-work.'

**73A.16**

1 The horse Fair Annet rade upon,  
2 He amblit like the wind;  
3 Wi siller he was shod before,  
4 Wi burning gowd behind.

**73A.17**

1 Four and twanty siller bells  
2 Wer a' tyed till his mane,  
3 And yae tift o the norland wind,  
4 They tinkled ane by ane.

**73A.18**

1 Four and twanty gay gude knights  
2 Rade by Fair Annet's side,  
3 And four and twanty fair ladies,  
4 As gin she had bin a bride.

**73A.19**

1 And whan she cam to Marie's kirke,  
2 She sat on Marie's stean:  
3 The cleading that Fair Annet had on  
4 It skinkled in their een.

**73A.20**

1 And whan she cam into the kirke,  
2 She shimmerd like the sun;  
3 The belt that was about her waist  
4 Was a' wi pearles bedone.

**73A.21**

1 She sat her by the nut-browne bride,  
2 And her een they wer sae clear,  
3 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,  
4 Whan Fair Annet drew near.

**73A.22**

1 He had a rose into his hand,  
2 He gae it kisses three,  
3 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,  
4 Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.

**73A.23**

1 Up than spak the nut-browne bride,  
2 She spak wi meikle spite:  
3 'And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
4 That does mak yee sae white?'

**73A.24**

1 'O I did get the rose-water  
2 Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
3 For I did get that very rose-water  
4 Into my mither's wame.'

**73A.25**

1 The bride she drew a long bodkin  
2 Frae out her gay head-gear,  
3 And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,  
4 That word spak nevir mair.

**73A.26**

1 Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale,  
2 And marvelit what mote bee;  
3 But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,  
4 A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

**73A.27**

1 He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,  
2 That was sae sharp and meet,  
3 And drave it into the nut-browne bride,  
4 That fell deid at his feit.

**73A.28**

1 'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,  
2 'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd;  
3 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,  
4 And fell deid by her side.

**73A.29**

1 Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,  
2 Fair Annet within the quiere,  
3 And o the tane thair grew a birk,  
4 The other a bonny briere.

**73A.30**

1 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
2 As they wad faine be neare;  
3 And by this ye may ken right weil  
4 They were twa lovers deare.

**73B.1**

1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie  
2 Sat a' day on yon hill;  
3 Though they had sat til the leventh o June,  
4 They wad na got their fill.

**73B.2**

1 But Willie spak a word amiss,  
2 Fair Annie took it ill:  
3 'I'll neer marry a tocherless lass  
4 Agen my ain friends' will.'

**73B.3**

1 Then on she lap, and awa she gat,  
2 As fast as she could hie:  
3 'Fare ye weel now, Sweet Willie,  
4 It's fare ye weel a wee.'

**73B.4**

1 Then he is gane to his father's ha,  
2 And tirlt at the pin;  
3 Then up and rase his father proud,  
4 And loot Sweet Willie in.

**73B.5**

1 'Come riddle us, riddle us, father dear,  
2 Yea both of us into ane;  
3 Whether sall I marry Fair Annie,  
4 Or bring the brown bride hame?'

**73B.6**

1 'The brown bride she has houses and land,  
2 And Annie she has nane;  
3 Sae on my blessing, my auld son,  
4 Bring ye Brown Bride hame.'

**73B.7**

1 Then he is to his mither's bouer,  
2 And tirlt at the pin;  
3 Then up and rose his mother dear  
4 To let Sweet Willie in.

**73B.8**

1 'Come riddle us, riddle us, mother dear,  
2 Yea baith o us into ane;  
3 Whether sall I marry Fair Annie,  
4 Or bring the brown bride hame?'



**73B.9**

1 'The brown bride she has gowd and gear,  
2 Fair Annie she has nane;  
3 And for my blessing, my auld son,  
4 Bring ye Brown Bride hame.'

**73B.10**

1 Then he is to his sister's bouer,  
2 And tirl'd at the pin;  
3 And wha sae ready as his 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 sall 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 nane;  
3 But for my love, my brither dear,  
4 Bring hame the fair woman.

**73B.13**

1 'Your horse may dee 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 bouer,  
2 And tirl'd 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 thee,  
5 For I'm come to bid 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 shoud been bride mysel.'

**73B.17**

1 Then she is to her father gane,  
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 sall I gang to Willie's wedding,  
4 Or sall I stay at hame?'

**73B.19**

1 'Whare ane will be your frien, Annie,  
2 Twenty will be your fae;  
3 'But prove it gude, or prove it bad,  
4 To Willie's wedding I'll gae.'

**73B.20**

1 'I'll na put on the grisly black,  
2 Nor yet the dowie green,  
3 But I'll put on a scarlet robe  
4 To sheen like onie queen.'

**73B.21**

1 She's orderd the smiths to the smithy,  
2 To shoe her a riding steed;  
3 She has orderd the tailors to her bouer,  
4 To dress her a riding weed.

**73B.22**

1 She has calld her maries to her bour,  
2 To lay gowd on her hair:  
3 'Whare e'er ye put ae plait before,  
4 See ye lay ten times mair.'

**73B.23**

1 The steed Fair Annie rade upon,  
2 He bounded like the wind;  
3 Wi silver he was shod before,  
4 Wi burning gowd behind.

**73B.24**

1 And four and twenty siller bells  
2 War tiëd til his mane;  
3 Wi ae blast o the norland wind  
4 They tinkled ane by ane.

**73B.25**

1 And whan she cam unto the place,  
2 And lichted on the green,  
3 Ilka ane that did her see  
4 Thought that she was a queen.

**73B.26**

1 'Is this your bride, Sweet Willie?' she said,  
2 'I think she's wondrous wan;  
3 Ye might have had as fair a bride  
4 As eer the sun sheend on.'

**73B.27**

1 'O haud your tongue, Fair Annie,' he said,  
2 'Wi your talk let me abee;  
3 For better I loe your little finger  
4 Than the brown bride's haill bodie.'

**73B.28**

1 Then out and spak the nut-brown bride,  
2 And she spak out of spite:  
3 'O whare gat ye the water, Annie,  
4 That washd your face sae white?'

**73B.29**

1 'O I gat een the water,' quo she,  
2 'Whare ye will neer get nane;  
3 It's I gat een the water,' quo she,  
4 'Aneath yon marble stane.'

**73B.30**

1 Then out and spake the nut-brown bride,  
2 And she spak yet again:  
3 'O whare gat ye the claith, Annie,  
4 That dried your face sae clean?'

**73B.31**

1 'O I gat een the claith,' quo she,  
2 'Whare ye will neer get nane;  
3 It's I gat een the claith,' quo she,  
4 'Aneath yon bouer o bane.'

**73B.32**

1 The brown bride had a little penknife,  
2 Which she kept secret there;  
3 She stabbd Fair Annie to the heart,  
4 A deep wound and a sair.

**73B.33**

1 It's out and spak he Sweet Willie,  
2 And he spak yet again:  
3 'O what's the matter wi thee, Annie,  
4 That ye do look sae wan?'

**73B.34**

1 'Oh are ye blind, Willie?' she said,  
2 'Or do ye no weel see?  
3 I think ye might see my heart's blude,  
4 Come rinnin by my knee.'

**73B.35**

1 Then Willie took a little sword,  
2 Which he kept secret there,  
3 And strak the brown bride to the heart,  
4 A word she neer spak mair.

**73B.36**

1 And after that a' this was dune,  
2 He drew it through the strae,  
3 And through his ain fair bodie  
4 He caud the cauld iron gae.

**73B.37**

1 The last words that Sweet Willie spak,  
2 His heart was almaist gane;  
3 'May never a young man like me  
4 Have sic a sad wedding.'

**73B.38**

1 'For gear will come, and gear will gang,  
2 And gear's ae but a lend,  
3 And monie a ane for world's gear  
4 A silly brown bride brings hame.'  
5 And monie a ane for world's gear  
6 A silly brown bride brings hame.'

**73B.39**

1 Sweet Willie was buried in Mary's kirk,  
2 And Annie in Mary's quire,  
3 And out o the ane there grew a birk,  
4 And out o the ither a brier.

**73B.40**

1 And ae they grew, and ae they threw,  
2 Until the twa did meet,  
3 That ilka ane nicht plainly see  
4 They were true lovers sweet.

**73C.1**

1 'COME read my rede, O mother dear,  
2 Come riddle it all in one;  
3 O whether will I take Fair Annie,  
4 Or bring the brown bride home?'

**73C.2**

1 'The brown, brown bride has kye and ewes,  
2 Fair Annie she has none;  
3 She has nothing but a bonny, bonny face,  
4 And that'll soon be gone.'

**73C.3**

1 'Where will I get 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?'

**73C.4**

1 'Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
2 That'll rin your errands soon,  
3 That will rin to Fair Annie's bower,  
4 And bid her to your wedding.'

**73C.5**

1 'Forbid her to put on her silks so black,  
2 Or yet her silks so brown;  
3 But she must put on her suddled silks,  
4 That she wears up and down.'

**73C.6**

1 'Forbid her to put on her silks so green,  
2 Or yet her sils so gray;  
3 But she must put on her suddled silks,  
4 That she wears every day.'

**73C.7**

1 When he gade to Fair Annie's bower,  
2 He tirl'd at the pin;  
3 So ready was Fair Annie hersell  
4 To open and let him in.

**73C.8**

1 'What news, what news, my little boy?  
2 What news hast thou to me?'  
3 'You must prepare for Lord Thomas' wedding,  
4 And that's bad news for thee.'

**73C.9**

1 'Good news, good news,' Fair Annie says,  
2 'Good news is it for me,  
3 For me to be bride and him bridegroom,  
4 And that's good news for me.'

**73C.10**

1 'He forbids thee to put on thy silks so black,  
2 Or yet thy silks so brown;  
3 But thou must put on thy suddled silks,  
4 That thou wears up and down.'

**73C.11**

1 'He forbids you to put on thy silks so green,  
2 Or yet thy silks so gray;  
3 But thou must on thy suddled silks,  
4 That thou wears every day.'

**73C.12**

1 'There are smiths into my smiddy-bour  
2 That'll dress to me a steed,  
3 There are tailors in my tailor-house  
4 That'll dress to me a weed.'

**73C.13**

1 'There are maidens in my maiden-bower  
2 That'll lay gold in my hair,  
3 And where eer there were ane link before,  
4 It shall be nine times mair.'

**73C.14**

1 Then Annie got herself attired,  
2 In all things very fine,  
3 With red ribbons, and silks so fair,  
4 That owre her shoulders shine.

**73C.15**

1 When she came to Lord Thomas' yett,  
2 She shined amang them a',  
3 And the buttons on Lord Thomas' coat  
4 Brusted and brak in twa.

**73C.16**

1 'Brown, brown is your steed,' she says,  
2 'But browner is your bride;  
3 But gallant is that handkerchy  
4 That hideth her din hide.'

**73C.17**

1 'O hold thy peace, Fair Annie,' he says,  
2 'Speak not of that to me,  
3 For happy is that bonny, bonny lad  
4 That leads his life with thee.'

**73C.18**

1 Then out bespoke the brown, brown bride,  
2 And she spoke out with spite:  
3 'O whare gets thou that water-cherry,  
4 That washes thee so white?'

**73C.19**

1 'I got in my father's garden,  
2 Below an olive tree,  
3 And although thou war to seek long seven years  
4 That water thou'll never see.'

**73C.20**

1 'Tho thou hast got Lord Thomas' hand  
2 That water thou'll neer see;  
3 For thou's sunbrunt from thy mother's womb,  
4 And thou'll never be like me.'  
5 ' . . . '

**73D.1**

1 LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrester,  
2 And a chaser of the king's deer;  
3 Fair Ellinor was a fair woman,  
4 And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

**73D.2**

1 'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' he said,  
2 'And riddle us both as one,  
3 Whether I shall marry Fair Ellinor,  
4 And let the brown girl alone.'

**73D.3**

1 'The brown girl she has got houses and lands,  
2 And Fair Ellinor she has got none;  
3 Therefore I charge you on my blessing  
4 To bring me the brown girl home.'

**73D.4**

1 And as it befell on a high holidaye,  
2 As many did more beside,  
3 Lord Thomas he went to Fair Ellinor,  
4 That should have been his bride.

**73D.5**

1 But when he came to Fair Ellinor's bower,  
2 He knocked there at the ring;  
3 But who was so ready as Fair Ellinor  
4 For to let Lord Thomas in.

**73D.6**

1 'What news, what news, Lord Thomas,' she  
said,  
2 'What news hast thou brought unto me?'  
3 'I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
4 And that is bad news to thee.'

**73D.7**

1 'Oh God forbid, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
2 'That such a thing should be done;  
3 I thought to have been thy bride my own self,  
4 And you to have been the brid's-groom.'

**73D.8**

1 'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' she sayd,  
2 'And riddle it all in one;  
3 Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding,  
4 Or whether I shall tarry at home.'

**73D.9**

1 'There's many that are your friends, daughter,  
2 And many that are your fo;  
3 Therefore I charge you on my blessing,  
4 To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.'

**73D.10**

1 'There's many that are my friends, mother,  
2 If a thousand more were my foe,  
3 Betide my life, betide my death,  
4 To Lord Thomas's wedding I'le go.'

**73D.11**

1 She clothed herself in gallant attyre,  
2 And her merry men all in green,  
3 And as they rid thorough everye towne,  
4 They took her to have been a queene.

**73D.12**

1 But when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,  
2 She knocked there at the ring;  
3 But who was so ready as Lord Thomas  
4 To lett Fair Ellinor in.

**73D.13**

1 'Is this your bride?' Fair Ellin she sayd,  
2 'Methinks she looks wondrous browne;  
3 Thou mightest have had as fair a woman  
4 As ever trod on the ground.'

**73D.14**

1 'Despise her not, Fair Ellin,' he sayd,  
2 'Despise her not now unto mee;  
3 For better I love thy little finger  
4 Than all her whole body.'

**73D.15**

1 This browne bride had a little penknife,  
2 That was both long and sharp,  
3 And betwixt the short ribs and the long  
4 Prickt Fair Ellinor to the heart.

**73D.16**

1 'Oh Christ now save thee,' Lord Thomas he  
said,  
2 'Methinks thou lookst wondrous wan;  
3 Thou wast usd for to look with as fresh a colour  
4 As ever the sun shin'd on.'

**73D.17**

1 'Oh art thou blind, Lord Thomas?' she sayd,  
2 'Or canst thou not very well see?  
3 Oh dost thou not see my own heart's blood  
4 Runs trickling down my knee?'

**73D.18**

1 Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,  
2 As he walked about the hall;  
3 He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders,  
4 And he threw it against the wall.

**73D.19**

1 He set the hilt against the ground,  
2 And the point against his heart;  
3 There was never three lovers that ever met  
4 More sooner they did depart.

**73E.1**

1 Sweet Willie and Fair Annie  
2 Sat a' day on a hill,  
3 And though they had sitten seven year,  
4 They neer wad had their fill.

**73E.2**

1 Sweet Willie said a word in haste,  
2 And Annie took it ill:  
3 'I winna wed a tocherless maid,  
4 Against my parents' will.'

**73E.3**

1 'Ye're come o the rich, Willie,  
2 And I'm come o the poor;  
3 I'm oer laigh to be your bride,  
4 And I winna be your whore.'

**73E.4**

1 O Annie she's gane till her bower,  
2 And Willie down the den,  
3 And he's come till his mither's bower,  
4 By the lei light o the moon.

**73E.5**

1 'O sleep ye, wake ye, mither?' he says,  
2 'Or are ye the bower within?'  
3 'I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft;  
4 What want ye wi me, son?'

**73E.6**

1 'Whare hae ye been a' nicht, Willie?  
2 O wow, ye've tarried lang!  
3 'I have been courtin Fair Annie,  
4 And she is frae me gane.'

**73E.7**

1 'There is twa maidens in a bower;  
2 Which o them sall I bring hame?  
3 The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,  
4 And Fair Annie has nane.'

**73E.8**

1 'It's an ye wed the nut-brown maid,  
2 I'll heap gold wi my hand;  
3 But an ye wed her Fair Annie,  
4 I'll straik it wi a wand.'

**73E.9**

1 'The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,  
2 And Fair Annie has nane;  
3 And Willie, for my benison,  
4 The nut-brown maid bring hame.'

**73E.10**

1 'O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,  
2 And I sall bring her hame;  
3 But peace nor rest between us twa,  
4 Till death sinder's again.'

**73E.11**

1 'But, alas, alas!' says Sweet Willie,  
2 'O fair is Annie's face!'  
3 'But what's the matter, my son Willie?  
4 She has nae ither grace.'

**73E.12**

1 'Alas, alas!' says Sweet Willie,  
2 'But white is Annie's hand!'  
3 'But what's the matter, my son Willie?  
4 She hasna a fur o land.'

**73E.13**

1 'Sheep will die in cots, mither,  
2 And owsen die in byre;  
3 And what's this world's wealth to me,  
4 An I get na my heart's desire?'

**73E.14**

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.15**

1 'Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin,  
2 The morn at twal at noon;  
3 Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin,  
4 The heir o Duplin town.'

**73E.16**

1 'She manna put on the black, the black,  
2 Nor yet the dowie brown,  
3 But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae  
white,  
4 And her bonny locks hangin down.'

**73E.17**

1 He is on to Annie's bower,  
2 And tirl'd at the pin,  
3 And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel  
4 To open and let him in.

**73E.18**

1 'Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin,  
2 The morn at twal at noon;  
3 Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin,  
4 The heir of Duplin town.'

**73E.19**

1 'Ye manna put on the black, the black,  
2 Nor yet the dowie brown,  
3 But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae  
white,  
4 And your bonny locks hangin down.'

**73E.20**

1 'It's I will come to Willie's weddin,  
2 The morn at twal at noon;  
3 It's I will come to Willie's weddin,  
4 But I rather the mass had been mine.'

**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 silver bell,  
3 And there came a wind out frae the south,  
4 Which made them a' to knell.

**73E.24**

1 And whan she came to Mary-kirk,  
2 And sat down in the deas,  
3 The light that came frae Fair Annie  
4 Enlhtend a' the place.

**73E.25**

1 But up and stands the nut-brown bride,  
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 might 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 you sae white?'  
3 'I got it in my mither's wambe,  
4 Whare ye'll neer get the like.'

**73E.28**

1 'For ye've been washd 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.'

**73E.30**

- 1 'Tak up and wear your rose, Willie,
- 2 And wear't wi mickle care;
- 3 For the woman sall never bear a son
- 4 That will make my heart sae sair.'

**73E.31**

- 1 Whan night was come, and day was gane,
- 2 And a' man boun to bed,
- 3 Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride
- 4 In their chamber were laid.

**73E.32**

- 1 They werena weel lyen down,
- 2 And scarcely fa'n asleep,
- 3 Whan up and stands she Fair Annie,
- 4 Just up at Willie's feet.

**73E.33**

- 1 'Weel brook ye o your brown, brown bride,
- 2 Between ye and the wa;
- 3 And sae will I o my winding sheet,
- 4 That suits me best ava.

**73E.34**

- 1 'Weel brook ye o your brown, brown bride,
- 2 Between ye and the stock;
- 3 And sae will I o my black, black kist,
- 4 That has neither key nor lock.'

**73E.35**

- 1 Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,
- 2 Drew till him his hose and shoon,
- 3 And he is on to Annie's bower,
- 4 By the lei light o the moon.

**73E.36**

- 1 The firsten bower that he came till,
- 2 There was right dowie wark;
- 3 Her mithr and her three sisters
- 4 Were makin to Annie a sark.

**73E.37**

- 1 The nexten bower that he came till,
- 2 There was right dowie cheir;
- 3 Her father and her seven brethren
- 4 Were makin to Annie a bier.

**73E.38**

- 1 The lasten bower that he came till,
- 2 . . . . .
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 And Fair Annie streekit there.

**73E.39**

- 1 He's lifted up the coverlet,
- 2 . . . . .
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 . . . . .

**73E.40**

- 1 'It's I will kiss your bonny cheek,
- 2 And I will kiss your chin,
- 3 And I will kiss your clay-cald lip,
- 4 But I'll never kiss woman again.

**73E.41**

- 1 'The day ye deal at Annie's burial
- 2 The bread but and the wine;
- 3 Before the morn at twall o'clock,
- 4 They'll deal the same at mine.'

**73E.42**

- 1 The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
- 2 The tither in Mary's quire,
- 3 And out o the tane there grew a birk,
- 4 And out o the tither a brier.

**73E.43**

- 1 And ay they grew, and ay the drew,
- 2 Untill they twa did meet,
- 3 And every ane that past them by
- 4 Said, Thae's been lovers sweet!

**73F.1**

- 1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie,
- 2 As they sat on yon hill,
- 3 If they hed sat frae morn till even,
- 4 They hed no talked their fill.
- 5 ' . . . . .

**73F.2**

- 1 Willie's dune him hame again,
- 2 As fast as gang could he:
- 3 'An askin, an askin, my mother,
- 4 And I pray ye'll grant it me.

**73F.3**

- 1 'Oh will I merry the nut-brown maid,
- 2 Wi her oxen and her kye?
- 3 Or will I merry my Fair Annie,
- 4 That hes my heart for aye?'

**73F.4**

- 1 'Oh if ye merry your Fair Annie,
- 2 Your mithr's malison you'll wun;
- 3 But if ye merry the nut-brown may,
- 4 Ye will get her blessing.'

**73F.5**

- 1 'Oh voe's me, mother,' Willie said,
- 2 'For Annie's bonny face!'
- 3 'Little metter o that, my son Willie,
- 4 When Annie hesna grace.'

**73F.6**

- 1 'Oh voe's me, mithr,' Willie said,
- 2 'For Annie's bonny han!'
- 3 'And what's the metter, son Willie,
- 4 When Annie hesna lan?'

**73F.7**

- 1 'But ye will merry the nut-brown may,
- 2 Wi her oxen and her kye;
- 3 But ye will merry the nut-brown may,
- 4 For she hes my hert for aye.'

**73F.8**

- 1 Out and spak his sister Jane,
- 2 Where she sat be the fire:
- 3 'What's the metter, brother Willie?
- 4 Tack ye your heart's desire.'

**73F.9**

- 1 'The oxen may die into the pleuch,
- 2 The cow drown i the myre;
- 3 And what's the metter, brother Willie?
- 4 Tak ye your heart's desire.'

**73F.10**

- 1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
- 2 That will wun hose and shune,
- 3 That will run on to Anny's bower,
- 4 And come right sune again?'

**73F.11**

- 1 'Ye'll bid her come to Willie's weddin,
- 2 The morn is the day;
- 3 Ye'll bid her come to Willie's weddin,
- 4 And no make no delay.'

**73F.12**

- 1 'Ye'll forbid her to put on the black, the black,
- 2 Or yet the dowie brown;
- 3 But the white silk and the reed skarlet,
- 4 That will shine frae town to town.'

**73F.13**

- 1 He is on to Anie's bower,
- 2 And tirl'd at the pin,
- 3 And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel
- 4 To let the ladie in.

**73F.14**

- 1 'Ye'r bidden to come to Willie's weddin,
- 2 The morn is the day;
- 3 Ye'r bidden come to Willie's weddin,
- 4 And no mack no delay.'

**73F.15**

- 1 'Ye'r forbidden to put on the black, the black,
- 2 Or yet the dowie brown;
- 3 But the white silk and the red scarlet,
- 4 That will shine frae town to town.'

**73F.16**

- 1 'Ye'r forbidden to put on the black, the black,
- 2 Or yet the dowie gray;
- 3 But the white silk and the red scarlet,
- 4 That will shine frae brae to brae.'

**73F.17**

- 1 'It's I will come to Willie's weddin,
- 2 Gif the morn be the day;
- 3 It's I will come to Willie's weddin,
- 4 And no mack no delay.'

**73F.18**

- 1 Annie's steed was silver shod,
- 2 And golden graithed behin;
- 3 At every teet o her horse mane
- 4 A silver bell did ring.

**73F.19**

- 1 When Annie was in her saddle set,
- 2 She glanced like the moon;
- 3 There was as much gould abov her brow
- 4 Would buy an earldom.

**73F.20**

- 1 When Annie was on her sadel set,
- 2 She glanced like the fire;
- 3 There was as much gould above her brow
- 4 Was worth a yearl's hire.

**73F.21**

- 1 Annie gaed in the heigh, heigh hill,
- 2 And Willie the dowie glen;
- 3 Annie alane shone brighter
- 4 Than Willie and a' his men.

**73F.22**

- 1 'Oh wha is that, my ane Willie,
- 2 That glances in your ee?'
- 3 'Oh it is Annie, my first fore love,
- 4 Come till see you and me.'

**73F.23**

- 1 'Oh far got ye that water, Annie,
- 2 That washes ye so wan?'
- 3 'Oh I got it aneth yon marble stane,
- 4 Where ye will nere get nane.'

**73F.24**

- 1 'Ye've been brunt sare anent the sun,
- 2 And rocket i the reek;
- 3 And tho ye wad wash till doom's day,
- 4 Ye wad never be so white.'

**73F.25**

- 1 'If this be Annie, your first fore love,
- 2 Come our weddin to see,
- 3 She has by far owr brent a brow
- 4 To lat ye bide by me.'

**73F.26**

- 1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
- 2 And a' men bun to bed,
- 3 Sweet Willie and his nut-brown bride
- 4 In ae chamber were laid.

**73F.27**

- 1 The hedna weel layn down, layn down,
- 2 But nor hed fallen asleep,
- 3 When up and started Fair Annie,
- 4 And stud at Willie's feet.

**73F.28**

- 1 'Vo be to you, nut-brown bride,
- 2 Wi yer oxen and your sheep!
- 3 It is Annie, my first fore love,
- 4 And I fear sair she is dead.

**73F.29**

- 1 'Vo be te you, nut-brown bride,
- 2 An ill death you betide!
- 3 For you've parted me and my first fore love,
- 4 And I fear death is her guide.

**73F.30**

- 1 'You'll saddle to me the black, the black,
- 2 You'll saddle to me the brown,
- 3 Till I ride on to Annie's bower
- 4 And see how she is bune.'

**73F.31**

- 1 When he came to Fair Annie's bower,
- 2 And lighted and gaed in,
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 . . . . .

**73F.32**

- 1 Her father was at her heed, her heed,
- 2 Her mother at her feet,
- 3 Her sister she was at her side,
- 4 Puttin on her winding sheet.

**73F.33**

- 1 'It's kiss will I yer cheek, Annie,
- 2 And kiss will I your chin,
- 3 And I will kiss your wan, wan lips,
- 4 Tho there be no breath within.

**73F.34**

- 1 'Ye birl, ye birl at my luve's wake
- 2 The white bread and the wine,
- 3 And o the morn at this same time
- 4 Ye'll brile the same at mine.'

**73F.35**

- 1 They birl'd, they birl'd at Annies wake
- 2 The white bread and the wine,
- 3 And ere the morn at that same time
- 4 At his they birl'd the same.

**73F.36**

- 1 The one was buried at Mary's kirk,
- 2 The other at Mary's quire,
- 3 And throw the one there sprang a birk,
- 4 And throw the other a brier.

**73F.37**

- 1 And ay at every year's ane
- 2 They grew them near and near,
- 3 And every one that passed them by
- 4 Said, They be lovers dear.

- 73G.1**  
1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annē,  
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 Annē took it ill:  
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 his bower,  
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 mother 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 ousen, Willie,  
2 The nut-brown may has key;  
3 An ye will winn my blessing, Willie,  
4 And latt 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 An ye man grant it me.’
- 73G.8**  
1 ‘Ask on, my ae son Willie,  
2 Ye’r 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 ‘The ox-leg will brack in the plough,  
4 And the cow will drown in the mire.
- 73G.10**  
1 ‘An Willie will ha naething  
2 But the dam to sitt by the fire;  
3 Fair Annie will sit in her beagly bower,  
4 An winn a earl’s hire.’
- 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 The morn it is to be.’
- 73G.13**  
1 ‘O I will come to yer marriage,  
2 The morn, gin I can win.’  
3 .....  
4 .....
- 73G.14**  
1 Annie did her to her father dear,  
2 Fell down on her knee:  
3 ‘An askin, my father,  
4 And ye man grant it me;  
5 Lat me to Sweet Willie’s marriage,  
6 The morn it is to be.’
- 73G.15**  
1 ‘Yer horse sall be siller shod afore,  
2 An guid red goud ahin,  
3 An bells in his mane,  
4 To ring against the win.’
- 73G.16**  
1 She did her to her mother dear,  
2 Fell down on her knee:  
3 ‘Will ye lat me to Willie’s marriage?  
4 The morn it is to be;  
5 ‘I’ll lat ye to Willie’s marriage,  
6 An we the morn see.’
- 73G.17**  
1 Whan Annie was in her saddle set  
2 She flam’d against the fire;  
3 The girdle about her sma middle  
4 Wad a won an earl’s hire.
- 73G.18**  
1 Whan they came to Mary kirk,  
2 And on to Mary quire,  
3 ‘O far gat ye that watter, Ann,  
4 That washes ye sae clear?’
- 73G.19**  
1 ‘I got it in my father’s garden,  
2 Aneth a marbell stane;  
3 .....  
4 .....
- 73G.20**  
1 ‘O whar gat ye that water, Annie,  
2 That washes ye sae fite?’  
3 ‘I gat it in my mother’s womb,  
4 Whar ye<’s] never get the like.
- 73G.21**  
1 ‘For ye ha been christned wi moss-water,  
2 An roked in the reak,  
3 An ser brunt in yer mither’s womb,  
4 For I think ye’ll neer be fite.’
- 73G.22**  
1 The nut-brown bride pat her hand in  
2 . . . at Annie<’s] left ear,  
3 And gin her . . .  
4 A deep wound and a sare.
- 73G.23**  
1 Than . . Annie ged on her horse back,  
2 An fast away did ride,  
3 But lang or cock’s crowing,  
4 Fair Annie was dead.
- 73G.24**  
1 Whan bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
2 An a’ man bou to bed,  
3 Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride  
4 In a chamber were laid.
- 73G.25**  
1 But up and wakend him Sweet Willie  
2 Out of his dreary dream:  
3 ‘I dreamed a dream this night,  
4 God read a’ dream to guid!’
- 73G.26**  
1 ‘That Fair Annies bowr was full of gentlemen,  
2 An herself was dead;  
3 But I will on to Fair Annie,  
4 An si’ t if it be guid.’
- 73G.27**  
1 Seven lang mile or he came near,  
2 He heard a dolefull chear,  
3 Her father and her seven brithern,  
4 Walking at her bier;  
5 The half of it guid red goud,  
6 The other silver clear.
- 73G.28**  
1 ‘Ye deal at my love’s leak  
2 The white bread an the wine;  
3 But on the morn at this time  
4 Ye’s dee the like at mine.’
- 73G.29**  
1 The ane was buried at Mary kirk,  
2 The ither at Mary quire;  
3 Out of the ane grew a birk,  
4 Out of the ither a briar.
- 73G.30**  
1 An aye the langer that they grew,  
2 They came the ither near,  
3 An by that ye might a well kent  
4 They were twa lovers dear.
- 73H.1**  
1 FAIR ANNIE and Sweet Willie,  
2 As they talked on yon hill,  
3 Though they had talked a lang summer day,  
4 They wad na hae talked their fill.
- 73H.2**  
1 ‘If you would be a good woman, Annie,  
2 An low leave a’ your pride,  
3 In spite of a’ my friends, Annie,  
4 I wad mak you my bride.’
- 73H.3**  
1 ‘Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,  
2 An thin, thin lie mine;  
3 An little wad a’ your friends think  
4 O sic a kin as mine.
- 73H.4**  
1 ‘Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,  
2 Down by the coving-tree;  
3 An little wad a’ your friends think  
4 O sic a bride as me.
- 73H.5**  
1 ‘O Fair Annie, O Fair Annie,  
2 This nicht ye’ve said me no;  
3 But lang or ever this day month  
4 I’ll make your heart as sore.’
- 73H.6**  
1 It’s Willie he went home that night,  
2 An a sick man lay he down;  
3 An ben came Willie’s auld mither,  
4 An for nae gude she came.  
5 ‘‘‘‘‘
- 73H.7**  
1 ‘It’s if ye marry Fair Annie,  
2 My malison ye’s hae;  
3 But if ye marry the nut-brown may,  
4 My blessin an ye’s hae.’
- 73H.8**  
1 ‘Mother, for your malison,  
2 An mother, for your wis,  
3 It’s I will marry the nut-brown may,  
4 .....  
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- 73H.9**  
1 .....  
2 .....  
3 It’s up an spak his sister,  
4 .....  
5 .....  
6 .....  
7 .....  
8 .....  
9 .....  
10 .....
- 73H.10**  
1 ‘The owsen may hang in the pleugh,  
2 The kye drown in the myre,  
3 An he’ll hae naething but a dirty drab  
4 To sit down by the fire.’  
5 ‘‘‘‘‘
- 73H.11**  
1 ‘Where will I get a bonny boy,  
2 That will win hose and shoon,  
3 That will rin on to Annie’s bower,  
4 An haste him back again?’
- 73H.12**  
1 ‘It’s I have run your errands, Willie,  
2 An happy hae I been;  
3 It’s I will rin your errands, Willie,  
4 Wi the saut tears in my een.’
- 73H.13**  
1 ‘When ye come to Annie’s bower,  
2 She will be at her dine;  
3 And bid her come to Willie’s weddin,  
4 On Monday in good time.
- 73H.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.
- 73H.15**  
1 ‘Tell her to get a tailor to her bower,  
2 To shape for her a weed,  
3 And a smith to her smithy,  
4 To shoe for her a steed.
- 73H.16**  
1 ‘To be shod wi silver clear afore,  
2 An gold graithed behind,  
3 An every foot the foal sets down,  
4 The gold lie on the ground.’
- 73H.17**  
1 It’s when he came to Annie’s bower,  
2 It’s she was at her dine;  
3 ‘Ye’re bidden come to Willie’s weddin,  
4 On Monday in good time.
- 73H.18**  
1 ‘You’re neither to put on the dowie black,  
2 Nor yet the mournfu brown,  
3 But the gowd sae reid, an the silver white,  
4 An yere hair well combed down.
- 73H.19**  
1 ‘You’re to get a tailor to your bower,  
2 To shape for you a weed,  
3 And likewise a smith to your smithy,  
4 To shoe for you a steed.
- 73H.20**  
1 ‘To be shod with silver clear afore,  
2 An gold graithed behind,  
3 An every foot the foal sets down,  
4 The gold lie on the ground.’



**73[L.30]**

1 Annie's luppen on her steed  
2 An she has ridden hame,  
3 Than Annie's luppen of her steed  
4 An her bed she has taen.

**73[L.31]**

1 When mass was sung, an bells war rung,  
2 An a' man bound to bed,  
3 An Willie an his nit-brown bride  
4 I their chamber war laid.

**73[L.32]**

1 They war na weel laid in their bed,  
2 Nor yet weel faen asleep,  
3 Till up an startit Fair Annie,  
4 Just up at Willie's feet.

**73[L.33]**

1 'How like ye yer bed, Willie?  
2 An how like ye yer sheets?  
3 An how like ye yer nut-brown bride,  
4 Lies in yer arms an sleeps?'

**73[L.34]**

1 'Weel enough I like my bed, Annie,  
2 Weel enough I like my sheets;  
3 But wae be to the nit-brown bride  
4 Lies in my arms an sleeps!'

**73[L.35]**

1 Willie's ca'd on his merry men a'  
2 To rise an pit on their shoon;  
3 'An we'll awae to Annie's bower,  
4 Wi the ae light o the moon.'

**73[L.36]**

1 An whan he cam to Annie's bower,  
2 He tirlt at the pin;  
3 Nane was sae ready as her father  
4 To rise an let him in.

**73[L.37]**

1 There was her father a<n] her se'en brethren  
2 A makin to her a bier,  
3 Wi ae stamp o the meltin goud,  
4 Another o siller clear.

**73[L.38]**

1 When he cam to the chamber-door  
2 Where that the dead lay in,  
3 There was her mother an six sisters  
4 A makin to her a sheet,  
5 Wi ae drap o . . . .  
6 Another o silk sae white.

**73[L.39]**

1 'Stand by, stand by now, ladies a',  
2 Let me look on the dead;  
3 The last time that I kiss<t] her lips  
4 They war mair bonny red.'

**73[L.40]**

1 'Stand by, stand by now, Willie,' they said,  
2 'An let ye her alane;  
3 Gin ye had done as ye soud done,  
4 She wad na there ha lien.'

**73[L.41]**

1 'Gar deal, gar deal at Annie's burrial  
2 The wheat bread an the wine,  
3 For or the morn at ten o'clock  
4 Ye's deal'd as fast at mine.'

**74A.1**

1 As it fell out on a long summer's day,  
2 Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
3 They sat together that long summer's day,  
4 And could not talk their fill.

**74A.2**

1 'I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
2 Nor you see none by me;  
3 Before tomorrow eight a'clock  
4 A rich wedding shall you see.'

**74A.3**

1 Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
2 A combing of her hair,  
3 And there she spy'd Sweet William and his  
bride,  
4 As they were riding near.

**74A.4**

1 Down she layd her ivory comb,  
2 And up she bound her hair;  
3 She went her way forth of her bower,  
4 But never more did come there.

**74A.5**

1 When day was gone, and night was come,  
2 And all men fast asleep,  
3 Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,  
4 And stood at William's feet.

**74A.6**

1 'God give you joy, you two true lovers,  
2 In bride-bed fast asleep;  
3 Loe I am going to my green grass grave,  
4 And am in my winding-sheet.'

**74A.7**

1 When day was come, and night was gone,  
2 And all men wak'd from sleep,  
3 Sweet William to his lady said,  
4 My dear, I have cause to weep.

**74A.8**

1 'I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;  
2 Such dreams are never good;  
3 I dreamd my bower was full of red swine,  
4 And my bride-bed full of blood.'

**74A.9**

1 'Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured lord,  
2 They never do prove good,  
3 To dream thy bower was full of swine,  
4 And [thy] bride-bed full of blood.'

**74A.10**

1 He called up his merry men all,  
2 By one, by two, and by three,  
3 Saying, I'll awae to Fair Margaret's bower,  
4 By the leave of my lady.

**74A.11**

1 And when he came to Fair Margaret's bower,  
2 He knocked at the ring;  
3 So ready was her seven brethren  
4 To let Sweet William in.

**74A.12**

1 He turned up the covering-sheet:  
2 'Pray let me see the dead;  
3 Methinks she does look pale and wan,  
4 She has lost her cherry red.

**74A.13**

1 'I'll do more for thee, Margaret,  
2 Than any of thy kin;  
3 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
4 Tho a smile I cannot win.'

**74A.14**

1 With that bespeak her seven brethren,  
2 Making most pitious moan:  
3 'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,  
4 And let our sister alone.'

**74A.15**

1 'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
2 I do but what is right;  
3 For I made no vow to your sister dear,  
4 By day or yet by night.

**74A.16**

1 'Pray tell me then how much you'll deal  
2 Of your white bread and your wine;  
3 So much as is dealt at her funeral today  
4 Tomorrow shall be dealt at mine.'

**74A.17**

1 Fair Margaret dy'd today, today,  
2 Sweet William he dy'd the morrow;  
3 Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,  
4 Sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

**74A.18**

1 Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,  
2 Sweet William in the higher;  
3 Out of her breast there sprung a rose,  
4 And out of his a brier.

**74A.19**

1 They grew as high as the church-top,  
2 Till they could grow no higher,  
3 And then they grew in a true lover's knot,  
4 Which made all people admire.

**74A.20**

1 There came the clerk of the parish,  
2 As you this truth shall hear,  
3 And by misfortune cut them down,  
4 Or they had now been there.

**74B.1**

1 SWEET WILLIAM would a wooing ride,  
2 His steed was lovely brown;  
3 A fairer creature than Lady Margaret  
4 Sweet William could find none.

**74B.2**

1 Sweet William came to Lady Margaret's bower,  
2 And knocked at the ring,  
3 And who so ready as Lady Margaret  
4 To rise and to let him in.

**74B.3**

1 Down then came her father dear,  
2 Clothed all in blue:  
3 'I pray, Sweet William, tell to me  
4 What love's between my daughter and you?'

**74B.4**

1 'I know none by her,' he said,  
2 'And she knows none by me;  
3 Before tomorrow at this time  
4 Another bride you shall see.'

**74B.5**

1 Lady Margaret at her bower-window,  
2 Combing of her hair,  
3 She saw Sweet William and his brown bride  
4 Unto the church repair.

**74B.6**

1 Down she cast her iv'ry comb,  
2 And up she tossd her hair,  
3 She went out from her bower alive,  
4 But never so more came there.

**74B.7**

1 When day was gone, and night was come,  
2 All people were asleep,  
3 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
4 And stood at William's feet.

**74B.8**

1 'How d'ye like your bed, Sweet William?  
2 How d'ye like your sheet?  
3 And how d'ye like that brown lady,  
4 That lies in your arms asleep?'

**74B.9**

1 'Well I like my bed, Lady Margaret,  
2 And well I like my sheet;  
3 But better I like that fair lady  
4 That stands at my bed's feet.'

**74B.10**

1 When night was gone, and day was come,  
2 All people were awake,  
3 The lady waket out of her sleep,  
4 And thus to her lord she spake.

**74B.11**

1 'I dreamd a dream, my wedded lord,  
2 That seldom comes to good;  
3 I dreamd that our bowr was lin'd with white  
swine,  
4 And our brid-chamber of blood.'

**74B.12**

1 He called up his merry men all,  
2 By one, by two, by three,  
3 'We will go to Lady Margaret's bower,  
4 With the leave of my wedded lady.'

**74B.13**

1 When he came to Lady Margaret's bower,  
2 He knocked at the ring,  
3 And who were so ready as her brethren  
4 To rise and let him in.

**74B.14**

1 'Oh is she in the parlor,' he said,  
2 'Or is she in the hall?  
3 Or is she in the long chamber,  
4 Amongst her merry maids all?'

**74B.15**

1 'She's not in the parlor,' they said,  
2 'Nor is she in the hall;  
3 But she is in the long chamber,  
4 Laid out against the wall.'

**74B.16**

1 'Open the winding sheet,' he cry'd,  
2 'That I may kiss the dead;  
3 That I may kiss her pale and wan  
4 Whose lips used to look so red.'

**74B.17**

1 Lady Margaret [died] on the over night,  
2 Sweet William died on the morrow;  
3 Lady Margaret die for pure, pure love,  
4 Sweet William died for sorrow.

**74B.18**

1 On Margaret's grave there grew a rose,  
2 On Sweet William's grew a briar;  
3 They grew till they joint in a true lover's knot,  
4 And then they died both together.



- 75E.1**  
1 'NOW fare ye well, Lady Oonzabel,  
2 For I must needs be gone,  
3 To visit the king of fair Scotland,  
4 Oh I must be up and ride.'
- 75E.2**  
1 So he called unto him his little foot-page,  
2 To saddle his milk-white steed;
- 75E.2r**  
1 Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down,
- 75E.2**  
3 How I wish my Lord Lovel good speed!
- 75E.3**  
1 He had not been in fair Scotland,  
2 Not passing half a year,  
3 When a lover-like thought came into his head,  
4 Lady Oonzabel he would go see her.
- 75E.4**  
1 So he called unto him his little foot-page,  
2 To saddle his milk-white steed;
- 75E.4r**  
1 Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down,
- 75E.4**  
3 How I wish my Lord Lovel good speed.
- 75E.5**  
1 He had not been in fair England,  
2 Not passing half a day,  
3 When the bells of the high chappel did ring,  
4 And they made a loud sassaray.
- 75E.6**  
1 He asked of an old gentleman  
2 Who was sitting there all alone,  
3 Why the bells of the high chappel did ring,  
4 And the ladies were making a moan.
- 75E.7**  
1 'Oh, the king's fair daughter is dead,' said he;  
2 'Her name's Lady Oonzabel;  
3 And she died for the love of a courteous young knight,  
4 And his name it is Lord Lovel.'  
5 ' . . . '
- 75E.8**  
1 He caused the tier to be set down,  
2 The winding sheet undone,  
3 And drawing forth his rapier bright,  
4 Through his own true heart did it run.
- 75E.9**  
1 Lady Oonzabel lies in the high chappel,  
2 Lord Lovel he lies in the quier;  
3 And out of the one there grew up a white rose,  
4 And out of the other a briar.
- 75E.10**  
1 And they grew, and they grew, to the high chappel top;  
2 They could not well grow any higher;  
3 And they twined into a true lover's knot,  
4 So in death they are joined together.
- 75F.1**  
1 AS LORD LOVEL was at the stable-door,  
2 Mounting his milk-white steed,  
3 Who came by but poor Nancy Bell,  
4 And she wished Lovel good speed.
- 75F.2**  
1 'O where are ye going, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
2 'How long to tarry from me?'  
3 'Before six months are past and gone,  
4 Again I'll return to thee.'
- 75F.3**  
1 He had not been a twelvemonth away,  
2 A twelvemonth and a day,  
3 Till Nancy Bell grew sick and sad,  
4 She pined and withered away.
- 75F.4**  
1 The very first town that he came to,  
2 He heard the death-bell knell;  
3 The very next town that he came to,  
4 They said it was Nancy Bell.
- 75F.5**  
1 He orderd the coffin to be broke open,  
2 The sheet to be turned down,  
3 And then he kissd her cold pale lips,  
4 Till the tears ran tricklin down.
- 75F.6**  
1 The one was buried in St. John's church,  
2 The other in the choir;  
3 From Nancy Bell sprang a bonny red rose,  
4 From Lord Lovel a bonny briar.
- 75F.7**  
1 They grew, and they grew, to the height o 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.
- 75G.1**  
1 LORD REVEL he stands in his stable-door,  
2 He was dressing a milk-white steed;  
3 A lady she stands in her bour-door,  
4 A dressin with haste an speed.
- 75G.2**  
1 'O where are you goin, Lord Revel,' she said,  
2 'Where are you going from me?'  
3 'It's I am going to Lonnon town,  
4 That fair city for to see.'
- 75G.3**  
1 'When will you be back, Lord Revel?' she said,  
2 'When will you be back to me?'  
3 'I will be back in the space of three years,  
4 To wed you, my gey ladie.'
- 75G.4**  
1 'That's too long a time for me,' she said,  
2 'That's too long a time for me;  
3 For I'll be dead long time ere that,  
4 For want of your sweet companie.'
- 75G.5**  
1 He had not been in Lonnon town  
2 A month but barely three,  
3 When word was brought that Isabell  
4 Was sick, an like to dee.
- 75G.6**  
1 He had not been in Lonnon town  
2 A year but barely ane,  
3 When word was brought from Lonnon town  
4 That Isabell was gane.
- 75G.7**  
1 He rode an he rode along the high way,  
2 Till he came to Edenborrow toon:  
3 Is there any fair lady dead,' said he,  
4 'That the bells gie such a tone?'
- 75G.8**  
1 'Oh yes, there's a ladie, a very fine ladie,  
2 Her name it is Isabell;  
3 She died for the sake of a young Scottish knight,  
4 His name it is Lord Revel.'
- 75G.9**  
1 'Deal well, deal well at Isabell's burial  
2 The biscuit and the beer,  
3 An gainst the morrow at this same time  
4 You'll aye deal mair and mair.
- 75G.10**  
1 'Deal well, deal well at Isabell's burial  
2 The white bread and the wine,  
3 An gainst the morn at this same time  
4 You'll deal the same at mine.'
- 75G.11**  
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell's burial  
2 The biscuit an the beer,  
3 And gainst the morn at that same time  
4 They dealt them mair an mair.
- 75G.12**  
1 They dealt weel, dealt weel at Isabell's burial  
2 The white bread an the wine,  
3 An gainst the morn at that same time  
4 They dealt the same again.
- 75H.1**  
1 LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate,  
2 Combing his milk-white steed,  
3 When up came Lady Nancy Belle,  
4 To wish her lover good speed, speed,  
5 To wish her lover good speed.
- 75H.2**  
1 'Where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
2 'Oh where are you going?' said she;  
3 'I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,  
4 Strange countries for to see.'
- 75H.3**  
1 'When will you be back, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
2 'Oh when will you come back?' said she;  
3 'In a year or two, or three, at the most,  
4 I'll return to my fair Nancy.'
- 75H.4**  
1 But he had not been gone a year and a day,  
2 Strange countries for to see,  
3 When languishing thoughts came into his head,  
4 Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.
- 75H.5**  
1 So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,  
2 Till he came to London town,  
3 And there he heard St Pancras bells,  
4 And the people all mourning round.
- 75H.6**  
1 'Oh what is the matter?' Lord Lovel he said,  
2 'Oh what is the matter?' said he;  
3 'A lord's lady is dead,' a woman replied,  
4 'And some call her Lady Nancy.'
- 75H.7**  
1 So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,  
2 And the shroud he turned down,  
3 And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,  
4 Till the tears came trickling down.
- 75H.8**  
1 Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, today,  
2 Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;  
3 Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,  
4 Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
- 75H.9**  
1 Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras church,  
2 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;  
3 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
4 And out of her lover's a briar.
- 75H.10**  
1 They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple too,  
2 And then they could grow no higher;  
3 So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,  
4 For all lovers true to admire.
- 75I.1**  
1 There came a ghost to Helen's bower,  
2 Wi monny a sigh and groan:  
3 'O make yourself ready, at Wednesday at een,  
4 Fair Helen, you must be gone.'
- 75I.2**  
1 'O gay Death, O gallant Death,  
2 Will you spare my life sae lang  
3 Untill I send to merry Primrose,  
4 Bid my dear lord come hame?'
- 75I.3**  
1 'O gay Helen, O galant Helen,  
2 I winna spare you sae lang;  
3 But make yourself ready, again Wednesday at een,  
4 Fair Helen, you must be gane.'
- 75I.4**  
1 'O where will I get a bonny boy,  
2 That would win hose and shoon,  
3 That will rin fast to merry Primrose,  
4 Bid my dear lord come soon?'
- 75I.5**  
1 O up and speak a little boy,  
2 That would win hose and shoon:  
3 'Aft have I gane your errants, lady,  
4 But by my suth I'll rin.'
- 75I.6**  
1 When he came to broken briggs  
2 He bent his bow and swam,  
3 And when he came to grass growing  
4 He cast off his shoon and ran.
- 75I.7**  
1 When he came to merry Primrose,  
2 His lord he was at meat:  
3 'O my lord, kend ye what I ken,  
4 Right little wad ye eat.'
- 75I.8**  
1 'Is there onny of my castles broken down,  
2 Or onny of my towers won?  
3 Or is Fair Helen brought to bed  
4 Of a daughter or a son?'
- 75I.9**  
1 'There's nane of [your] castles broken down,  
2 Nor nane of your towers won,  
3 Nor is Fair Helen brought to bed  
4 Of a doghter or a son.'



**75L.10**

1 'Gar saddle me the black, black steed,  
2 Gar saddle me the brown;  
3 Gar saddle me the swiftest horse  
4 Eer carried man to town.'

**75L.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.

**75L.12**

1 He hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
2 A mile but barelins ten,  
3 When he met four and twenty gallant knights,  
4 carrying a dead coffin.

**75L.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 screeded the winding-sheet.

**75L.14**

1 O first he kist her rosy cheek,  
2 And then he kist her chin,  
3 And then he kist her coral lips,  
4 But there's nae life in within.

**75L.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 at mine.'

**75L.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 briar.

**75L.17**

1 The tops of them grew far sundry,  
2 But the roots of them grew neer,  
3 And ye may easy ken by that  
4 They were twa lovers dear.

**75[J.1]**

1 Lord Lovel was standing at his stable-door,  
2 Kaiming down his milk-white steed,  
3 When by came Lady Anzibel,  
4 Was wishing Lord Lovel good speed, good speed,  
5 Was wishing Lord Lovel good speed.

**75[J.2]**

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.'

**75[J.3]**

1 'How long will you stay, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
2 'How long will you stay?' says she:  
3 'O three short years will soon go by,  
4 And then I'll come back to thee.'

**76A.1**

1 FAIR ISABELL of Rochroyall,  
2 She dreamed where she lay,  
3 She dreamd a dream of her love Gregory,  
4 A little before the day.

**76A.2**

1 O huly, huly rose she up,  
2 And huly she put on,  
3 And huly, huly she put on  
4 The silks of crimson.

**76A.3**

1 'Gar saddle me the black,' she says,  
2 'Gar saddle me the brown;  
3 Gar saddle me the swiftest steed  
4 That ever rode the toun.

**76A.4**

1 'Gar shoe him with the beat silver,  
2 And grind him with the gold;  
3 Gar put two bells on every side,  
4 Till I come to some hold.'

**76A.5**

1 She had not rode a mile, a mile,  
2 A mile but barely three,  
3 Till that she spyed a companie  
4 Come rakeing oere the lee.

**76A.6**

1 'O whether is this the first young may,  
2 That lighted and gaed in;  
3 Or is this the second young may,  
4 That neer the sun shined on?

**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 shone 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 woud 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 tirlt 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 Rochroyall,  
2 As I trow not you be,  
3 You will 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 trusty 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 bony foot?  
2 Or who will glove my hand?  
3 Or who will bind my middle jimp  
4 With the broad lilly band?'

**76A.19**

1 'Or who will comb my bony 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 bony foot,  
2 And I's gar glove thy hand,  
3 And I's gar bind thy middle jimp  
4 With the broad lilly band.'

**76A.21**

1 'And I's gar comb thy bony 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 'I'll 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 dreamd a dream now since yestreen,  
2 That I never dreamd before;  
3 I dreamd that the lass of the Rochroyall  
4 Was knocking at the door.'

**76A.24**

1 'Ly still, ly still, my ë 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 ane 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 saddle me the black,' he says,  
2 'Gar saddle me the brown;  
3 Gar saddle 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 bells on every side,  
4 Till I come to some hold.'

**76A.28**

1 They sadled 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 shoed 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 spyed 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, her cheek,  
2 And then he kist her chin;  
3 And then he kist her rosy lips,  
4 But there was no breath within.

**76A.33**

1 'Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake  
2 The spiced bread and the wine;  
3 For ere the morn at this time  
4 So shall you deall for mine.

**76A.34**

1 'Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake  
2 The pennys that are so small;  
3 For ere the morn at this time,  
4 So shall you deall 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 bryar;  
5 So thus you may well know by that  
6 They were two lovers dear.

**76B.1**

1 'O WHA will shoe thy bonny feet?  
2 Or wha will glove thy hand?  
3 Or wha will lace thy middle jimp,  
4 With a lang, lang London whang?'

**76B.2**

1 'And wha will kame thy bonny head,  
2 With a tabean brirben kame?  
3 And wha will be my bairn's father,  
4 Till Love Gregory come hame?'

**76B.3**

1 'Thy father'll shoe his bonny feet,  
2 Thy mither'll glove his hand;  
3 Thy brither will lace his middle jimp,  
4 With a lang, lang London whang.'

**76B.4**

1 'Mysel will kame his bonny head,  
2 With a tabean brirben kame;  
3 And the Lord will be the bairn's father,  
4 Till Love Gregory come hame.'

- 76B.5**  
 1 Then she's gart build a bonny ship,  
 2 It's a' core'd 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 where'er he be.
- 76B.7**  
 1 She hadna saild a league but twa,  
 2 O scantly 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 hersell,  
 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' core'd oer with tin;  
 3 When thou hast saild it round about,  
 4 Love Gregory is within.'
- 76B.11**  
 1 When she had saild it round about,  
 2 She tirl'd at the pin:  
 3 'O open, open, Love Gregory,  
 4 Open, and let me in!  
 5 For I am the lass of Lochroyan,  
 6 Banisht frae a' my kin.'
- 76B.12**  
 1 'If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,  
 2 As I know no thou be,  
 3 Tell me some of the true tokens  
 4 That past between me and thee.'
- 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 And mine was true and trusty baith,  
 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 mair o the true tokens  
 4 Past between me and thee.'
- 76B.16**  
 1 'And has na thou na mind, Love Gregory,  
 2 As we sat on yon hill,  
 3 Thou twin'd me of my [maidenhead,]  
 4 Right sair against my will?'
- 76B.17**  
 1 'Now open, open, Love Gregory,  
 2 Open, and let me in!  
 3 For the rain rains on my gude cleading,  
 4 And the dew stands on my chin.'
- 76B.18**  
 1 Then she has turnd her round about:  
 2 'Well, since that it be sae,  
 3 Let never woman that has born a son  
 4 Hae a heart sae full of wae.'
- 76B.19**  
 1 'Take down, take down that mast o gould,  
 2 Set up a mast of tree;  
 3 For it dinna become a forsaken lady  
 4 To sail so royallie.'
- 76B.20**  
 1 'I dreamt a dream this night, mother,  
 2 I wish it may prove true,  
 3 That the bonny lass of Lochroyan  
 4 Was at the gate just now.'
- 76B.21**  
 1 'Lie still, lie still, my only son,  
 2 And sound sleep mayst thou get,  
 3 For it's but an hour o little mair  
 4 Since she was at the gate.'
- 76B.22**  
 1 Awa, awa, ye wicket woman,  
 2 And an ill dead may ye die!  
 3 Ye might have ither letten her 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 Set down, and let me see  
 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 gair,  
 3 And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet,  
 4 A lang claith-yard and mair.
- 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 He has given himself a deadly wound,  
 4 And word spake never mair.'
- 76C.1**  
 1 . . . . .  
 1 SHE sailed west, she sailed east,  
 2 She sailed mony a mile,  
 3 Until she cam to Lord Gregor's yett,  
 4 And she tirl'd at the pin.'
- 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 marys 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 marys three;  
 3 But I am the bonny lass of Ruchlawhill,  
 4 Seeking Lord Gregory.'
- 76C.5**  
 1 'Awa, awa, ye fause thief,  
 2 I will not open to thee  
 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 birl'd 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 fause 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 sare.'
- 76C.9**  
 1 Then up the old mother she got,  
 2 And wakened Lord Gregory:  
 3 'Awa, awa, ye fause gudeson,  
 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 whan the bonny ship was out o sight,  
 2 He clapped his hands and ran,  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .
- 76C.13**  
 1 The first kirktoon he cam to,  
 2 He heard the death-bell ring,  
 3 The second kirktoon 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.'
- 76D.1**  
 1 'O WHA will shoe my fu fair foot?  
 2 An wha will glove my han?  
 3 An wha will lace my middle gimp  
 4 Wi the new made London ban?'
- 76D.2**  
 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?'
- 76D.3**  
 1 Her father shoed her fu fair foot,  
 2 Her mother glovd her han;  
 3 Her sister lac'd her middle gimp  
 4 Wi the new made London ban.'
- 76D.4**  
 1 Her brother kemb'd 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.'
- 76D.5**  
 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.'
- 76D.6**  
 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 turnd her back to the lan.'
- 76D.7**  
 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.'
- 76D.8**  
 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 began to weep.'
- 76D.9**  
 1 Long stood she at her true-love's door,  
 2 An lang tirl'd at the pin;  
 3 At length up gat his fa'se mither,  
 4 Says, Wha's that woud be in?'
- 76D.10**  
 1 'O it is Anny of Roch-royal,  
 2 Your love, come oer the sea,  
 3 But an your young son in her arms;  
 4 So open the door to me.'

## 76D.11

1 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,  
2 You've na come here for gude,  
3 You're but a witch, or wile warlock,  
4 Or mermaid o the flude.'

## 76D.12

1 'I'm na a witch, or wile warlock,  
2 Nor mermaid,' said she;  
3 'I'm but Fair Anny o Roch-royal;  
4 O open the door to me.'

## 76D.13

1 'O gin ye be Anny o Roch-royal,  
2 As [I] trust not ye be,  
3 What taiken can ye gie that ever  
4 I kept your company?'

## 76D.14

1 'O dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,  
2 'Whan we sat at the wine,  
3 How we changed the napkins frae our necks,  
4 It's na sae lang sin syne?'

## 76D.15

1 'An yours was good, an good enough,  
2 But nae sae good as mine;  
3 For yours was o the cumberk clear,  
4 But mine was silk sae fine.'

## 76D.16

1 'An dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,  
2 'As we twa sat at dine,  
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,  
4 But ay the best was mine?'

## 76D.17

1 'For yours was good, an good enough,  
2 Yet nae sae good as mine;  
3 For yours was of the good red gold,  
4 But mine o the diamonds fine.'

## 76D.18

1 'Sae open the door now, Love Gregor,  
2 An open it wi speed,  
3 Or your young son that is in my arms  
4 For cauld will soon be dead.'

## 76D.19

1 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,  
2 Gae frae my door for shame;  
3 For I hae gotten another fair love,  
4 Sae ye may hie you hame.'

## 76D.20

1 'O hae you gotten another fair love,  
2 For a' the oaths you swear?  
3 Then fair you well now, fa'se Gregor,  
4 For me you's never see mair.'

## 76D.21

1 O heely, heely gi'd she back,  
2 As the day began to peep;  
3 She set her foot on good ship-board,  
4 An sair, sair did she weep.

## 76D.22

1 Love Gregor started frae his sleep,  
2 An to his mither did say,  
3 I dreamd a dream this night, mither,  
4 That maks my heart right wae.

## 76D.23

1 'I dreamd that Anny of Roch-royal,  
2 The flow'r o a' her kin,  
3 Was standin mournin at my door,  
4 But nane would lat her in.'

## 76D.24

1 'O there was a woman stood at the door,  
2 Wi a bairn intill her arms,  
3 But I woud na lat her within the bowr,  
4 For fear she had done you harm.'

## 76D.25

1 O quickly, quickly raise he up,  
2 An fast ran to the stran,  
3 An there he saw her Fair Anny,  
4 Was sailin frae the lan.

## 76D.26

1 An 'Heigh, Anny!' an 'Hou, Anny!  
2 O Anny, speak to me!  
3 But ay the louder that he cried Anny,  
4 The louder roard the sea.

## 76D.27

1 An 'Heigh, Anny!' an 'Hou, Anny!  
2 O Anny, winna you bide?  
3 But ay the langer that he cried Anny,  
4 The higher roard the tide.

## 76D.28

1 The win grew loud, an the sea grew rough,  
2 An the ship was rent in twain,  
3 An soon he saw her Fair Anny  
4 Or mermaid oer the main.

## 76D.29

1 He saw his young son in her arms,  
2 Baith tossd aboon the tide;  
3 He wrang his hands, than fast he ran,  
4 An plung'd i the sea sae wide.

## 76D.30

1 He catchd her by the yallow hair,  
2 An drew her to the strand,  
3 But could an stiff was every limb  
4 Before he reachd the land.

## 76D.31

1 O first he kissd her cherry cheek,  
2 An then he kissd her chin;  
3 An sair he kissd her ruby lips,  
4 But there was nae breath within.

## 76D.32

1 O he has mournd oer Fair Anny  
2 Till the sun was gaing down,  
3 Then wi a sigh his heart it brast,  
4 An his soul to heaven has flown.

## 76E.1

1 'O WHA will shoe my fu fair foot?  
2 And wha will glove my hand?  
3 And wha will lace my middle jimp,  
4 Wi the new made London band?'

## 76E.2

1 'And wha will kaim my yellow hair,  
2 Wi the new made silver kaim?  
3 And wha will father my young son,  
4 Till Love Gregor come hame?'

## 76E.3

1 'Your father will shoe your fu fair foot,  
2 Your mother will glove your hand;  
3 Your sister will lace your middle jimp  
4 Wi the new made London band.'

## 76E.4

1 'Your brother will kaim your yellow hair,  
2 Wi the new made silver kaim;  
3 And the king of heaven will father your bairn,  
4 Till Love Gregor come haim.'

## 76E.5

1 'But I will get a bonny boat,  
2 And I will sail the sea,  
3 For I maun gang to Love Gregor,  
4 Since he canno come hame to me.'

## 76E.6

1 O she has gotten a bonny boat,  
2 And sailld the sa't sea fame;  
3 She langd to see her ain true-love,  
4 Since he could no come hame.

## 76E.7

1 'O row your boat, my mariners,  
2 And bring me to the land,  
3 For yonder I see my love's castle,  
4 Closs by the sa't sea strand.'

## 76E.8

1 She has taen her young son in her arms,  
2 And to the door she's gone,  
3 And lang she's knocked and sair she ca'd,  
4 But answer got she none.

## 76E.9

1 'O open the door, Love Gregor,' she says,  
2 'O open, and let me in;  
3 For the wind blows thro my yellow hair,  
4 And the rain draps oer my chin.'

## 76E.10

1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
2 You'r nae come here for good;  
3 You'r but some witch, or wile warlock,  
4 Or mer-maid of the flood.'

## 76E.11

1 'I am neither a witch nor a wile warlock,  
2 Nor mer-maid of the sea,  
3 I am Fair Annie of Rough Royal;  
4 O open the door to me.'

## 76E.12

1 'Gin ye be Annie of Rough Royal—  
2 And I trust ye are not she—  
3 Now tell me some of the love-tokens  
4 That past between you and me.'

## 76E.13

1 'O dinna you mind now, Love Gregor,  
2 When we sat at the wine,  
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers?  
4 And I can show thee thine.'

## 76E.14

1 'O yours was good, and good enneugh,  
2 But ay the best was mine;  
3 For yours was o the good red goud,  
4 But mine o the dimonds fine.'

## 76E.15

1 'But open the door now, Love Gregor,  
2 O open the door I pray,  
3 For your young son that is in my arms  
4 Will be dead ere it be day.'

## 76E.16

1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
2 For here ye shanno win in;  
3 Gae drown ye in the raging sea,  
4 Or hang on the gallows-pin.'

## 76E.17

1 When the cock had crawn, and day did dawn,  
2 And the sun began to peep,  
3 Then it raise him Love Gregor,  
4 And sair, sair did he weep.

## 76E.18

1 'O I dreamd a dream, my mother dear,  
2 The thoughts o it gars me greet,  
3 That Fair Annie of Rough Royal  
4 Lay cauld dead at my feet.'

## 76E.19

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.'

## 76E.20

1 'O wae betide ye, ill woman,  
2 An ill dead may ye die!  
3 That ye woudno open the door to her,  
4 Nor yet woud waken me.'

## 76E.21

1 O he has gone down to yon shore-side,  
2 As fast as he could fare;  
3 He saw Fair Annie in her boat,  
4 But the wind it tossd her sair.

## 76E.22

5 And 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie!  
6 O Annie, winna ye bide?'  
7 But ay the mair that he cried Annie,  
8 The braider grew the tide.

## 76E.23

1 And 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie!  
2 Dear Annie, speak to me!  
3 But ay the louder he cried Annie,  
4 The louder roard the sea.

## 76E.24

1 The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,  
2 And dashd the boat on shore;  
3 Fair Annie floats on the raging sea,  
4 But her young son raise no more.

## 76E.25

1 Love Gregor tare his yellow hair,  
2 And made a heavy moan;  
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,  
4 But his bonny young son was gone.

## 76E.26

1 O cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
2 And gowden was her hair,  
3 But clay cold were her rosey lips,  
4 Nae spark of life was there.

## 76E.27

1 And first he's kissd her cherry cheek,  
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;  
3 And saftly pressd her rosey lips,  
4 But there was nae breath within.

## 76E.28

1 'O wae betide my cruel mother,  
2 And an ill dead may she die!  
3 For she turnd my true-love frae my door,  
4 When she came sae far to me.'

## 76F.1

1 'O WHA will lace my steys, mother?  
2 O wha will gluve my hand?  
3 O wha will be my bairn's father,  
4 While my luvve cums to land?'

- 76F.2**  
 1 'O sall I lace your steys, dochter,  
 2 O sall I gluve your hand;  
 3 And God will be your bairn's father,  
 4 While your luv cum to land.'
- 76F.3**  
 1 Now she's gard build a bonie schip,  
 2 Forbidden she wad nae be;  
 3 She's gane wi four score mariners,  
 4 Sailand the salt, salt sea.
- 76F.4**  
 1 They had nae saild 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 hersell?  
 2 For so ye weel micht 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 Seekand Lord Gregorie.'  
 5 . . . . .
- 76F.7**  
 1 And when she saw the stately tower,  
 2 Shynand sae cleere and bright,  
 3 Whilk proud defies the jrawing 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 Wodensday,  
 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 'Whare will I get a curious carpenter,  
 2 Will make a boat to me?  
 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 lat 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 Lochlearn's green;  
 3 This day she wadna sail the sea,  
 4 For goud nor warld'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.'
- 76G.11**  
 1 'Mind on, mind on now, Love Gregory,  
 2 Since we sat at the wine;  
 3 The rings that were on your fingers,  
 4 I gied thee mine for thine.
- 76G.12**  
 1 'And mine was o the good red goud,  
 2 Yours o the silly tin,  
 3 And mine's been true, and very true,  
 4 But yours had a fause lynin.
- 76G.13**  
 1 'But open, open, Love Gregory,  
 2 Open, and let me in;  
 3 Your young son is in my arms,  
 4 He'll be dead ere I win in.'
- 76G.14**  
 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.15**  
 1 'But if ye be my lady Janet,  
 2 As I trust not well ye be;  
 3 Come tell me o'er some love-token  
 4 That past tween thee and me.'
- 76G.16**  
 1 'Mind on, mind on, Love Gregory,  
 2 Since we sat at the wine;  
 3 The shifts that were upon your back,  
 4 I gave thee mine for thine.
- 76G.17**  
 1 'And mine was o the good holland,  
 2 And yours o the silly twine,  
 3 And mine's been true, and very true,  
 4 But yours had fause lynin.'  
 5 . . . . .
- 76H.1**  
 1 'OH who'll comb my yellow locks,  
 2 With the brown berry comb?  
 3 And who'll be the child's father,  
 4 Until Gregory comes home?'
- 76H.2**  
 1 'OH . . . . .  
 2 And God will be the child's father,  
 3 Until Gregory comes home.'  
 4 . . . . .
- 76H.3**  
 1 'The dew wets my yellow locks,  
 2 The rain wets my skin,  
 3 The babe's cold in my arms,  
 4 Oh Gregory, let me in!'
- 76H.4**  
 1 'Oh if you be the lass of Aughrim,  
 2 As I suppose you not to be,  
 3 Come tell me the last token  
 4 Between you and me.'
- 76H.4r**  
 1 The dew wets, etc.
- 76H.5**  
 1 'Oh Gregory, don't you remember  
 2 One night on the hill,  
 3 When we swapped rings off each other's hands,  
 4 Sorely against my will?  
 5 Mine was of the beaten gold,  
 6 Yours was but black tin.'
- 76H.5r**  
 1 The dew wets, etc.
- 76H.6**  
 1 'Oh if you be the lass of aughrim,  
 2 As I suppose you not to be,  
 3 Come tell me the last token  
 4 Between you and me.'
- 76H.6r**  
 1 The dew wets, etc.
- 76H.7**  
 1 'Oh Gregory don't you remember  
 2 One night on the hill,  
 3 When we swapped smocks off each other's  
 4 backs,  
 5 Sorely against my will?  
 6 Mine was of the holland fine,  
 7 Yours was but Scotch cloth.'
- 76H.7r**  
 1 The dew wets, etc.
- 76H.8**  
 1 'Oh if you be the lass of Aughrim,  
 2 As I suppose you not to be,  
 3 Come tell me the last token  
 4 Between you and me.'
- 76H.8r**  
 1 The dew wets, etc.
- 76H.9**  
 1 'Oh Gregory, don't you remember,  
 2 In my father's hall,  
 3 When you had your will of me?  
 4 And that was worse than all.'  
 5 . . . . .  
 6 . . . . .
- 76H.9r**  
 1 The dew wets, etc.
- 76I.1**  
 1 'OH open the door, Lord Gregory,  
 2 Oh open, and let me in;  
 3 The rain rains on my scarlet robes,  
 4 The dew drops oer my chin.'
- 76I.2**  
 1 'If you are the lass that I lovd once,  
 2 As I true you are not she,  
 3 Come give me some of the tokens  
 4 That past between you and me.'
- 76I.3**  
 1 'Ah wae be to you, Gregory,  
 2 An ill death may you die!  
 3 You will not be the death of one,  
 4 But you'll be the death of three.
- 76I.4**  
 1 'Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory,  
 2 'Twas down at yon burn-side  
 3 We changed the ring of our fingers,  
 4 And I put mine on thine?'
- 76J.1**  
 1 'O WHA will shoe my pretty little foot?  
 2 And wha will glove my hand?  
 3 And who will lace my middle jimp  
 4 Wi this lang London whang?'
- 76J.2**  
 1 'And wha will comb my yellow, yellow hair,  
 2 Wi this fine rispen kame?  
 3 And wha will be my bairn's father,  
 4 Till Lord Gregory come home?'
- 76K.1**  
 1 'O OPEN the door, Love Gregory,  
 2 O open, and let me in;  
 3 The wind blows through my yellow hair,  
 4 And the dew draps oer my chin.'
- 77A.1**  
 1 THERE came a ghost to Margret's door,  
 2 With many a grievous groan,  
 3 And ay he tirl'd at the pin,  
 4 But answer made she none.
- 77A.2**  
 1 'Is that my father Philip,  
 2 Or is't my brother John?  
 3 Or is't my true-love, Willy,  
 4 From Scotland new come home?'
- 77A.3**  
 1 "'Tis not thy father Philip,  
 2 Nor yet thy brother John;  
 3 But 'tis thy true-love, Willy,  
 4 From Scotland new come home.
- 77A.4**  
 1 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,  
 2 I pray thee speak to me;  
 3 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
 4 As I gave it to thee.'
- 77A.5**  
 1 'Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
 2 Nor yet will I thee lend,  
 3 Till that thou come within my bower,  
 4 And kiss my cheek and chin.'
- 77A.6**  
 1 'If I should come within thy bower,  
 2 I am no earthly man;  
 3 And should I kiss thy rosy lips,  
 4 Thy days will not be lang.
- 77A.7**  
 1 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,  
 2 I pray thee speak to me;  
 3 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
 4 As I gave it to thee.'

**77A.8**

1 'Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
2 Nor yet will I thee lend,  
3 Till you take me to yon kirk,  
4 And wed me with a ring.'

**77A.9**

1 'My bones are buried in yon 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 stretchd out her lilly-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 has 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 Evanishd 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 Stretchd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

**77B.1**

1 WHAN bells war rung, an mass was sung,  
2 A wat a' man to bed were gone,  
3 Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,  
4 With mony a sad sigh and groan.

**77B.2**

1 'Are ye sleeping, Margret,' he says,  
2 'Or are ye waking, presentlie?  
3 Give me my faith and trouthe again,  
4 A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee.'

**77B.3**

1 'Your faith and trouth ye's never get,  
2 Nor our trew love shall never twain,  
3 Till ye come with me in my bower,  
4 And kiss me both cheek and chin.'

**77B.4**

1 'My mouth it is full cold, Margret,  
2 It has the smell now of the ground;  
3 And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
4 Thy life-days will not be long.

**77B.5**

1 'Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,  
2 I wat the wild fule boded day;  
3 Gie me my faith and trouthe again,  
4 And let me fare me on my way.'

**77B.6**

1 'Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,  
2 Nor our trew love shall never twin,  
3 Till ye tell me what comes of women  
4 Awat that dy's in strong traveling.'

**77B.7**

1 'Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
2 Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,  
3 Well set about wi gilly-flowers,  
4 A wat sweet company for to see.

**77B.8**

1 'O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,  
2 A wat the wilde foule boded day;  
3 The salms of Heaven will be sung,  
4 And ere now I'le be misst away.'

**77B.9**

1 Up she has tain a bright long wand,  
2 And she has straked her trouth 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 hartlie;  
3 Gine ever the dead come for the quick,  
4 Be sure, Margret, I'll come again for thee.'

**77B.11**

1 It's hose an shoon an gound alane  
2 She clame the wall and followed him,  
3 Untill she came to a green forest,  
4 On this she lost the sight of him.

**77B.12**

1 'Is their any room at your head, Sanders?  
2 Is their any room at your feet?  
3 Or any room at your twa sides?  
4 Whare fain, fain woud I sleep.'

**77B.13**

1 'Their is na room at my head, Margret,  
2 Their is na room at my feet;  
3 There is room at my twa sides,  
4 For ladys for to sleep.

**77B.14**

1 'Cold meal is my covering owre,  
2 But an my winding sheet;  
3 My bed it is full low, I say,  
4 Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.

**77B.15**

1 'Cold meal is my covering owre,  
2 But an my winding sheet;  
3 The dew it falls na sooner down  
4 Then ay it is full weat.'

**77C.1**

1 LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,  
2 Sat sewing her silken seam;  
3 By her came a pale, pale ghost,  
4 With many a sich and mane.

**77C.2**

1 'Are ye my father, the king?' she says,  
2 'Or are ye my brother John?  
3 Or are you my true-love, Sweet William,  
4 From England newly come?'

**77C.3**

1 'I'm not your father, the king,' he says,  
2 'No, no, nor your brother John;  
3 But I'm your true love, Sweet William,  
4 From England that's newly come.'

**77C.4**

1 'Have ye brought me any scarlets so red?  
2 Or any silks so fine?  
3 Or have ye brought me any precious things,  
4 That merchants have for sale?'

**77C.5**

1 'I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,  
2 No, no, nor the silks so fine;  
3 But I have brought you my winding-sheet,  
4 Oer many's the rock and hill.

**77C.6**

1 'O Lady Marjory, Lady Marjory,  
2 For faith and charitie,  
3 Will you give to me my faith and troth,  
4 That I gave once to thee?'

**77C.7**

1 'O your faith and troth I'll not give thee,  
2 No, no, that will not I,  
3 Until I get one kiss of your ruby lips,  
4 And in my arms you come [lye].'

**77C.8**

1 'My lips they are so bitter,' he says,  
2 'My breath it is so strong,  
3 If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,  
4 Your days will not be long.

**77C.9**

1 'The cocks they are crowing, Marjory,' he says,  
2 'The cocks they are crawling again;  
3 It's time the deid should part the quick,  
4 Marjorie, I must be gane.'

**77C.10**

1 She followed him high, she followed him low,  
2 Till she came to yon church-yard;  
3 O there the grave did open up,  
4 And young William he lay down.

**77C.11**

1 'What three things are these, Sweet William,'  
she says,  
2 'That stands here at your head?'  
3 'It's three maidens, Marjorie,' he says,  
4 'That I promised once to wed.'

**77C.12**

1 'What three things are these, Sweet William,'  
she says,  
2 'That stands here at your side?'  
3 'It's three babes, Marjorie,' he says,  
4 'That these three maidens had.'

**77C.13**

1 'What three things are these, Sweet William,'  
she says,  
2 'That stands here at your feet?'  
3 It is three hell-hounds, Marjorie,' he says,  
4 'That's waiting my soul to keep.'

**77C.14**

1 She took up her white, white hand,  
2 And she struck him in the breast,  
3 Saying, Have there again your faith and troth,  
4 And I wish your soul good rest.

**77D.1**

1 LADY MARGARET was in her wearie room,  
2 Sewin her silken seam,  
3 And in cam Willie, her true-love,  
4 Frae Lundin new come hame.

**77D.2**

1 'O are ye my father Philip,  
2 Or are ye my brither John?  
3 Or are ye my true-love, Willie,  
4 Frae London new come home?'

**77D.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.

**77D.4**

1 'But gie me my faith and troth, Margrat,  
2 An let me pass on my way;  
3 For the bells o heaven will be rung,  
4 An I'll be mist away.'

**77D.5**

1 'Yere faith and troth ye'se never get,  
2 Till ye tell me this ane;  
3 Till ye tell me where the women go  
4 That hang themself for sin.'

**77D.6**

1 'O they gang till the low, low hell,  
2 Just by the devil's knee;  
3 It's a' clad ower wi burnin pitch,  
4 A dreadfu sicht to see.'

**77D.7**

1 'But your faith and troth ye'se never get,  
2 Till you tell me again;  
3 Till you tell me where the children go  
4 That die without a name.'

**77D.8**

1 'O they gang till the high, high heaven,  
2 Just by our Saviour's knee,  
3 An it's a' clad ower wi roses red,  
4 A lovelie sicht to see.

**77D.9**

1 'But gie me my faith and troth, Margrat,  
2 And let me pass on my way;  
3 For the psalms o heaven will be sung,  
4 An I'll be mist away.'

**77D.10**

1 'But your faith and troth yese never get  
2 Till ye tell me again;  
3 Till ye tell me where the women go  
4 That die in child-beddin.'

**77D.11**

1 'O they gang till the hie, hie heaven,  
2 Just by our Saviour's knee,  
3 And every day at twal o'clock  
4 They're dipped oer the head.

**77D.12**

1 'But gie me my faith and troth, Margret,  
2 And let me pass on my way;  
3 For the gates o heaven will be shut,  
4 And I'll be mist away.'

**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 o 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 bouerie,  
2 In her bouer 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 na fine things at all,  
2 Nor onie new thing to wear,  
3 Nor hae I brought ye a braid of 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 ye twin,  
3 Till ye come within my bouer,  
4 And kiss me, cheek and chin.'

**77E.8**

1 'O should I come within your bouer,  
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 tak 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 speaking unto thee.'

**77E.12**

1 'Your faith and troth ye sanna get,  
2 Nor will I twin wi thee,  
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 There some are hie handg for huring,  
4 And some for adulterie.'

**77E.14**

1 'Then Margret took her milk-white hand,  
2 And smoothd it on his breast:  
3 'Tak your faith and troth, William,  
4 God send your soul good rest!'

**77F.1**

1 WHEN seven years were come and gane,  
2 Lady Margaret she thought lang;  
3 And she is up to the highest tower,  
4 By the lee licht 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 waukin oer the wa.

**77F.3**

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.4**

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.5**

1 'Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true-love,  
2 This meikle marvels me;  
3 O wherein is your bonny arms,  
4 That wont to embrace me?'

**77F.6**

1 'By worms they're eaten, in mools they're  
rotten,  
2 Behold, Margaret, and see,  
3 And mind, for a' your mickle pride,  
4 Sae will become o thee.'  
5 ' . . . . .  
6 ' . . . . .  
1 'O, bonny, bonny sang the bird,  
2 Sat on the coil o hay;  
3 But dowie, dowie was the maid  
4 That followd the corpse o clay.

**77F.8**

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.9**

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 if ye were laid in your weel made bed,  
4 Your days will nae be lang.'

**77G.1**

1 ' . . . . .

1 BUT plait a wand o bonny birk,  
2 And lay it on my breast,  
3 And shed a tear upon my grave,  
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 vanishd 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 The twelvemonth and a day being up,  
2 The dead began to speak:  
3 'Oh who sits weeping on my grave,  
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 a twelvemonth and a day.'

**78B.3**

1 A twelvemonth and a day being past,  
2 His ghost did rise and speak:  
3 'What makes you mourn all on my 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 wish 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 blow 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 I'll sit and weep all over your grave  
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 flead;  
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 upon her grave,  
4 A twelvemonth and a day.'

**78D.3**

1 A twelvemonth and a day being past,  
2 The ghost began to speak:  
3 'Why sit ye here upon my grave,  
4 And will not let me sleep?'

**78D.4**

1 'One kiss of 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.'

## 78D.5

1 'Your breath is as the roses sweet,  
2 Mine as the sulphur strong;  
3 If you get one kiss of my lips,  
4 Your days would not be long.'

## 78D.6

1 'Mind not ye the day, Willie,  
2 Sin you and I did walk?  
3 The firstand flower that we did pu  
4 Was witherd on the stalk.'

## 78D.7

1 'Flowers will fade and die, my dear,  
2 Aye as the tears will turn;  
3 And since I've lost my own sweet-heart,  
4 I'll never cease but mourn.'

## 78D.8

1 'Lament nae mair for me, my love,  
2 The powers we must obey;  
3 But hoist up one sail to the wind,  
4 Your ship must sail away.'

## 78[E.1]

1 'Cold blows the wind over my true love,  
2 Cold blows the drops of rain;  
3 I never, never had but one sweet-heart,  
4 In the green wood he was slain.'

## 78[E.2]

1 'But I'll do as much for my true love  
2 As any young girl can do;  
3 I'll sit and I'll weep by his grave-side  
4 For a twelvemonth and one day.'

## 78[E.3]

1 When the twelvemonth's end and one day was  
past,  
2 This young man he arose:  
3 'What makes you weep by my grave-side  
4 For twelve months and one day?'

## 78[E.4]

1 'Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,  
2 One kiss is all I crave;  
3 Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,  
4 And return back to your grave.'

## 78[E.5]

1 'My lip is cold as the clay, sweet-heart,  
2 My breath is earthy strong;  
3 If you should have a kiss from my cold lip,  
4 Your days will not be long.'

## 78[E.6]

1 'Go fetch me a note from the dungeon dark,  
2 Cold water from a stone;  
3 There I'll sit and weep for my true love  
4 For a twelvemonth and one day.'

## 78[E.7]

1 'Go dig me a grave both long, wide and deep;  
2 I will lay down in it and take one sleep,  
3 For a twelvemonth and one day;  
4 I will lay down in it and take a long sleep,  
5 For a twelvemonth and a day.'

## 78[F.1]

1 'Cold blows the wind over my true love,  
2 Cold blow the drops of rain;  
3 I never, never had but one true love,  
4 And in Camvile he was slain.'

## 78[F.2]

1 'I'll do as much for my true love  
2 As any young girl may;  
3 I'll sit and weep down by his grave  
4 For twelve months and one day.'

## 78[F.3]

1 But when twelve months were come and gone,  
2 This young man he arose:  
3 'What makes you weep down by my grave?  
4 I can't take my respouse.'

## 78[F.4]

1 'One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,  
2 One kiss is all I crave;  
3 One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,  
4 And return back to your grave.'

## 78[F.5]

1 'My lips they are as cold as my clay,  
2 My breath is heavy and strong;  
3 If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips,  
4 Thy days would not be long.'

## 78[F.6]

1 'O don't you remember the garden-grove  
2 Where we was used to walk?  
3 Pluck the finest flower of them all,  
4 'Twill wither to a stalk.'

## 78[F.7]

1 'Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,  
2 And water from a stone,  
3 And white milk from a maiden's breast  
4 [That babe bare never none].'

## 78[G.1]

1 'Cold blows the wind to-day, sweetheart,  
2 Cold are the drops of rain;  
3 The first truelove that ever I had  
4 In the green wood he was slain.'

## 78[G.2]

1 "'Twas down on the garden-green, sweetheart,  
2 Where you and I did walk;  
3 The fairest flower that in the garden grew  
4 Is witherd to a stalk.'

## 78[G.3]

1 'The stalk will bear no leaves, sweetheart,  
2 The flowers will neer return,  
3 And since my truelove is dead and gone,  
4 What can I do but mourn?'

## 78[G.4]

1 A twelvemonth and a day being gone,  
2 The spirit rose and spoke:  
3 .....  
4 .....

## 78[G.5]

1 'My body is clay-cold, sweetheart,  
2 My breath smells heavy and strong,  
3 And if you kiss my lily-white lips  
4 Your time will not be long.'

## 78[Ha.1]

1 'Cold blows the wind tonight, sweet-heart,  
2 Cold are the drops of rain;  
3 The very first love that ever I had  
4 In greenwood he was slain.'

## 78[Ha.2]

1 'I'll do as much for my sweet-heart  
2 As any young woman may;  
3 I'll sit and mourn on his grave-side  
4 A twelve-month and a day.'

## 78[Ha.3]

1 A twelve-month and a day being up,  
2 The ghost began to speak:  
3 'Why sit you here by my grave-side  
4 And will not let me sleep?'

## 78[Ha.4]

1 'What is it that you want of me,  
2 Or what of me would have?'  
3 'A kiss from off your lily-white lips,  
4 And that is all I crave!'

## 78[Ha.5]

1 'Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,  
2 My breath is earthy strong;  
3 To gain a kiss of my cold lips,  
4 Your time would not be long.'

## 78[Ha.6]

1 'If you were not my own sweet-heart,  
2 As now I know you be,  
3 I'd tear you as the withered leaves  
4 That grew on yonder tree.'

## 78[Ha.7]

1 'O don't you mind the garden, love,  
2 Where you and I did walk?  
3 The fairest flower that blossomd there  
4 Is withered on the stalk.'

## 78[Ha.8]

1 'And now I've mourned upon his grave  
2 A twelvemonth and a day,  
3 We'll set our sails before the wind  
4 And so we'll sail away.'

## 78[Hb.1]

1 Cold blows the wind to-night, my love,  
2 Cold are the drops of rain;  
3 The very first love that ever I had  
4 In greenwood he was slain.'

## 78[Hb.2]

1 'I'll do as much for my true-love  
2 As any young woman may;  
3 I'll sit and mourn upon his grave  
4 A twelve-month and a day.'

## 78[Hb.3]

1 'When a twelve-month and a day were up,  
2 His body straight arose:  
3 'What brings you weeping oer my grave  
4 That I get no respouse?'

## 78[Hb.4]

1 'O think upon the garden, love,  
2 Where you and I did walk;  
3 The fairest flower that blossomd there  
4 Is withered on the stalk.'

## 78[Hb.5]

1 'The stalk will bear no leaves, sweet-heart,  
2 The flower will neer return,  
3 And my true-love is dead, is dead,  
4 And i do naught but mourn.'

## 78[Hb.6]

1 'What is it that you want of me  
2 And will not let me sleep?  
3 Your salten tears they trickle down  
4 And wet my winding-sheet.'

## 78[Hb.7]

1 'What is it that I want of thee,  
2 O what of thee in grave?  
3 A kiss from off your lily-white lips,  
4 And that is all I crave.'

## 78[Hb.8]

1 'Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,  
2 My breath is earthy strong;  
3 If you do touch my clay-cold lips,  
4 Your time will not be long.'

## 78[Hb.9]

1 'Cold though your lips in death, sweet-heart,  
2 One kiss is all I crave;  
3 I care not, if I kiss but thee,  
4 That I should share thy grave.'

## 78[Hb.10]

1 'Go fetch me a light from dungeon deep,  
2 Wring water from a stone,  
3 And likewise milk from a maiden's breast  
4 That never maid hath none. (*read* babe had.)  
5 .....

## 78[Hb.11]

1 'Now if you were not true in word,  
2 As now I know you be,  
3 I'd tear you as the withered leaves  
4 Are torn from off the tree.'

## 78[Hc.1]

1 'It's for to meet the falling drops,  
2 Cold fall the drops of rain;  
3 The last true-love, *etc.*

## 78[Hc.2]

1 'I'll do as much for my fair love  
2 as any,' *etc.*  
3 *the rest "almost exactly" as b.*

## 79A.1

1 THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
2 And a wealthy wife was she;  
3 She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
4 And sent them oer the sea.

## 79A.2

1 They hadna been a week from her,  
2 A week but barely ane,  
3 When word came to the carline wife  
4 That her three sons were gane.

## 79A.3

1 They hadna been a week from her,  
2 A week but barely three,  
3 When word came to the carlin wife  
4 That her sons she'd never see.

## 79A.4

1 'I wish the wind may never cease,  
2 Nor fashes in the flood,  
3 Till my three sons come hame to me,  
4 In earthly flesh and blood.'

## 79A.5

1 It fell about the Martinmass,  
2 When nights are lang and mirk,  
3 The carlin wife's three sons came hame,  
4 And their hats were o the birk.

## 79A.6

1 It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
2 Nor yet in ony sheugh;  
3 But at the gates o Paradise,  
4 That birk grew fair enough.  
5 .....

## 79A.7

1 'Blow up the fire, my maidens,  
2 Bring water from the well;  
3 For a my house shall feast this night,  
4 Since my three sons are well.'

- 79A.8**  
 1 And she has made to them a bed,  
 2 She's made it large and wide,  
 3 And she's taen her mantle her about,  
 4 Sat down at the bed-side.  
 5 ' . . . . '
- 79A.9**  
 1 Up then crew the red, red cock,  
 2 And up and crew the gray;  
 3 The eldest to the youngest said,  
 4 'Tis time we were away.
- 79A.10**  
 1 The cock he hadna crawd but once,  
 2 And clappd his wings at a',  
 3 When the youngest to the eldest said,  
 4 Brother, we must awa.
- 79A.11**  
 1 'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,  
 2 The channerin worm doth chide;  
 3 Gin we be mist out o our place,  
 4 A sair pain we maun bide.
- 79A.12**  
 1 'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
 2 Fareweel to barn and byre!  
 3 And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
 4 Fareweel to barn and byre!  
 5 And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
 6 That kindles my mother's fire!'
- 79B.1**  
 1 THE hallow day o Yule are come,  
 2 The nights are lang an dark,  
 3 An in an cam her ain twa sons,  
 4 Wi their hats made o the bark.
- 79B.2**  
 1 'O eat an drink, my merry men a',  
 2 The better shall ye fare,  
 3 For my twa sons the are come hame  
 5 To me for evermair.'
- 79B.3**  
 1 She has gaen an made their bed,  
 2 An she's made it saft an fine,  
 3 An she's happit them wi her gay mantel,  
 4 Because they were her ain.
- 79B.4**  
 1 O the young cock crew i the merry Linkeum,  
 2 An the wild fowl chirpd for day;  
 3 The alder to the younger did say,  
 4 Dear brother, we maun awa.'
- 79B.5**  
 1 'Lie still, lie still a little wee while,  
 2 Lie still but if we may;  
 3 For gin my mother miss us away  
 4 She'll gae mad or it be day.'
- 79B.6**  
 1 O it's they've taen up their mother's mantel,  
 2 An they've hangd it on the pin:  
 3 'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantel,  
 4 Or ye hap us again!'
- 79[C.1]**  
 1 There was a widow-woman lived in far  
 Scotland,  
 2 And in far Scotland she did live,  
 3 And all her cry was upon sweet Jesus,  
 4 Sweet Jesus so meek and mild.
- 79[C.2]**  
 1 Then Jesus arose one morning quite soon,  
 2 And arose one morning betime,  
 3 And away he went to far Scotland,  
 4 And to see what the good woman want.
- 79[C.3]**  
 1 And when he came to far Scotland,  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 Crying, What, O what, does the good woman  
 want,  
 4 That is calling so much on me?
- 79[C.4]**  
 1 'It's you go rise up my three sons,  
 2 Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,  
 3 And put breath in their breast,  
 4 And clothing on their backs,  
 5 And immediately send them to far Scotland,  
 6 That their mother may take some rest.'
- 79[C.5]**  
 1 Then he went and rose up her three sons,  
 2 Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,  
 3 And did immediately send them to far Scotland,  
 4 That their mother may take some rest.
- 79[C.6]**  
 1 Then she made up a supper so neat,  
 2 As small, as small, as a yew-tree leaf,  
 3 But never one bit they could eat.
- 79[C.7]**  
 1 Then she made up a bed so soft,  
 2 The softest that ever was seen,  
 3 And the widow-woman and her three sons  
 4 They went to bed to sleep.
- 79[C.8]**  
 1 There they lay; about the middle of the night,  
 2 Bespeaks the youngest son:  
 3 'The white cock he has crowed once,  
 4 The second has, so has the red.'
- 79[C.9]**  
 1 And then bespeaks the eldest son:  
 2 'I think, I think it is high time  
 3 For the wicked to part from their dead.'
- 79[C.10]**  
 1 Then they laid [ led] her along a green road,  
 2 The greenest that ever was seen,  
 3 Until they came to some far chaperine,  
 4 Which was buildd of lime and sand;  
 5 Until they came to some far chaperine,  
 6 Which was buildd with lime and stone.
- 79[C.11]**  
 1 And then he opened the door so big,  
 2 And the door so very wide;  
 3 Said he to her three sons, Walk in!  
 4 But told her to stay outside.
- 79[C.12]**  
 1 'Go back, go back!' sweet Jesus replied,  
 2 'Go back, go back!' says he;  
 3 'For thou hast nife days to repent  
 4 For the wickedness that thou hast done.'
- 79[C.13]**  
 1 Nine days then was past and gone,  
 2 And nine days then was spent,  
 3 Sweet Jesus called her once again,  
 4 And took her to heaven with him.
- 80.1**  
 1 GOD let neuer soe old a man  
 2 Marry soe yonge a wiffe  
 3 As did Old Robin of Portingale;  
 4 He may rue all the dayes of his liffe.
- 80.2**  
 1 For the maiors daughter of Lin, God wot,  
 2 He chose her to his wife,  
 3 And thought to haue liued in quietnesse  
 4 With her all the dayes of his liffe.
- 80.3**  
 1 They had not in their wed-bed laid,  
 2 Scarcly were both on sleepe,  
 3 But vpp shee rose, and forth shee goes  
 4 To Sir Gyles, and fast can weepe.
- 80.4**  
 1 Saies, Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?  
 2 Or be not you withn?  
 3 . . . . .  
 4 . . . . .
- 80.5**  
 1 'But I am waking, sweete,' he said,  
 2 'Lady, what is your will?'  
 3 'I haue vnbe thought me of a wile,  
 4 How my wed lord we shall spill.
- 80.6**  
 1 'Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,  
 2 That dwells about this towne,  
 3 Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,  
 4 Will helpe to dinge him downe.'
- 80.7**  
 1 With that beheard his litle foote-page,  
 2 As he was watering his masters steed;  
 3 Soe s . . . . .  
 4 His verry heart did bleed.
- 80.8**  
 1 He mourned, sikt, and wept full sore;  
 2 I swear by the holy roode,  
 3 That teares he for his master wept  
 4 Were blend water and bloude.
- 80.9**  
 1 With that beheard his deare master,  
 2 As [he] in his garden sate;  
 3 Says, Euer alacke, my litle page,  
 4 What causes thee to weepe?
- 80.10**  
 1 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,  
 2 Any of thy fellowes here?  
 3 Or is any of thy good friends dead,  
 4 Which makes thee shed such teares?
- 80.11**  
 1 'Or if it be my head-kookes-man,  
 2 Greiued againe he shalbe,  
 3 Nor noe man within my house  
 4 Shall doe wrong vnto thee.'
- 80.12**  
 1 'But it is not your head-kookes-man,  
 2 Nor none of his degree;  
 3 But [f-or to] morrow, ere it be noone,  
 4 You are deemed to die.
- 80.13**  
 1 'And of that thanke your head-steward,  
 2 And after, your gay ladie:'  
 3 'If it be true, my litle foote-page,  
 4 He make thee heyre of all my land.'
- 80.14**  
 1 'If it be not true, my deare master,  
 2 God let me neuer thye:'  
 3 'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,  
 4 A dead corse shalt thou be.'
- 80.15**  
 1 He called downe his head-kookes-man,  
 2 Cooke in kitchen super to dresse:  
 3 'All and anon, my deare master,  
 4 Anon att your request.'
- 80.16**  
 1 . . . . .  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 'And call you downe my faire lady,  
 4 This night to supp with mee.'
- 80.17**  
 1 And downe then came that fayre lady,  
 2 Was cladd all in purple and palle;  
 3 The rings that were vpon her fingers  
 4 Cast light thorrow the hall.
- 80.18**  
 1 'What is your will, my owne wed lord,  
 2 What is your will with mee?'  
 3 'I am sicke, fayre lady,  
 4 Sore sicke, and like to dye.'
- 80.19**  
 1 'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lord,  
 2 Soe sore it greiueeth mee;  
 3 But my fiue maydens and my selfe  
 4 Will goe and make your bedd.
- 80.20**  
 1 '!and at the wakening of your first sleepe  
 2 You shall haue a hott drinke made,  
 3 And at the wakening of your next sleepe  
 4 Your sorrowes will haue a slake.'
- 80.21**  
 1 He put a silke cote on his backe,  
 2 Was thirteen inches folde,  
 3 And put a steele cap vpon his head,  
 4 Was gilded with good red gold.
- 80.22**  
 1 And he layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
 2 And another att his ffeete,  
 3 And full well knew Old Robin then  
 4 Whether he shold wake or sleepe.
- 80.23**  
 1 And about the middle time of the night  
 2 Came twenty four good knights in;  
 3 Sir Gyles he was the formost man,  
 4 Soe well he knew that ginne.
- 80.24**  
 1 Old Robin, with a bright browne sword,  
 2 Sir Gyles head he did winne;  
 3 Soe did he all those twenty four,  
 4 Neuer a one went quicke out [agen].
- 80.25**  
 1 None but one litle foot-page,  
 2 Crept forth at a window of stone,  
 3 And he had two armes when he came in,  
 4 And [when he went out he had none].



## 80.26

1 Vpp then came *that* ladie light,  
2 With torches burning bright;  
3 Shee thought to haue brought Sir Gyles a  
  drinke,  
4 But shee found her owne wedd *knicht*.

## 80.27

1 And the first thing *that* this ladye stumbled  
  vpon  
2 Was of Sir Gyles his ffoote;  
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 alacke, and woe is me,  
4 Heere lyes my true-loue deade!

## 80.29

1 Hee cutt the papps beside he<r> brest,  
2 And bad 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!

## 80.31

1 He calld then vp his litle foote-page,  
2 And made him heyre of all his land,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

## 80.32

1 And he shope the crosse in his right sholder,  
2 Of the white flesh and the redd,  
3 And he went him into the holy land,  
4 Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

## 81A.1

1 AS it fell one holy-day,

## 81A.1r

2 Hay downe

## 81A.1

3 As many be in the yeare,  
4 When young men and maids together did goe,  
5 Their mattins and masse to heare,

## 81A.2

1 Little Musgrave came to the church-dore;  
2 The preist was at private masse;  
3 But he had more minde of the faire women  
4 Then he had of our lady< >'s grace.

## 81A.3

1 The one of them was clad in green,  
2 Another was clad in pall,  
3 And then came in my lord Barnard's wife,  
4 The fairest amonst them all.

## 81A.4

1 She cast an eye on Little Musgrave,  
2 As bright as the summer sun;  
3 And then bethought this Little Musgrave,  
4 This lady's heart have I woonn.

## 81A.5

1 Quoth she, I have loved thee, Little Musgrave,  
2 Full long and many a day;  
3 'So have I loved you, fair lady,  
4 Yet never word durst I say.'

## 81A.6

1 'I have a bower at Bucklesfordbery,  
2 Full daintly it is deight;  
3 If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,  
4 Thou's lig in mine armes all night.'

## 81A.7

1 Quoth he, I thank yee, faire lady,  
2 This kindnes thou showest to me;  
3 But whether it be to my weal or woe,  
4 This night I will lig with thee.

## 81A.8

1 With that he heard, a little tynè page,  
2 By this ladye's coach as he ran:  
3 'All though I am my ladye's foot-page,  
4 Yet I am Lord Barnard's man.

## 81A.9

1 'My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
2 Whether I sink or swim;'  
3 And ever where the bridges were broake  
4 He laid him downe to swimme.

## 81A.10

1 'A sleepe or wake, thou Lord Barnard,  
2 As thou art a man of life,  
3 For Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordbery,  
4 A bed with thy own wedded wife.'

## 81A.11

1 'If this be true, thou little tinny page,  
2 This thing thou tellest to me,  
3 Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery  
4 I freely will give to thee.

## 81A.12

1 'But if it be a ly, thou little tinny page,  
2 This thing thou tellest to me,  
3 On the hiest tree in Bucklesfordbery  
4 Then hanged shalt thou be.'

## 81A.13

1 He called up his merry men all:  
2 'Come saddle me my steed;  
3 This night must I to Buckellsfordbery,  
4 For I never had greater need.'

## 81A.14

1 And some of them whistld, 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!'

## 81A.15

1 'Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,  
2 Methinks I hear the jaye;  
3 Methinks I hear my lord Barnard,  
4 And I would I were away.'

## 81A.16

1 'Lye still, lye still, thou Little Musgrave,  
2 And huggell me from the cold;  
3 'Tis nothing but a shephard's boy,  
4 A driving his sheep to the fold.

## 81A.17

1 'Is not thy hawke 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?'

## 81A.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 opend the dores each one.

## 81A.19

1 He lifted up the coverlett,  
2 He lifted up the sheet:  
3 'How now, how now, thou Littell Musgrave,  
4 Doest thou find my lady sweet?'

## 81A.20

1 'I find her sweet,' quoth Little Musgrave,  
2 'The more 'tis to my paine;  
3 I would gladly give three hundred pounds  
4 That I were on yonder plaine.'

## 81A.21

1 'Arise, arise, thou Littell Musgrave,  
2 And put thy clothès on;  
3 It shall nere be said in my country  
4 I have killed a naked man.

## 81A.22

1 'I have two swords in one scabberd,  
2 Full deere they cost my purse;  
3 And thou shalt have the best of them,  
4 And I will have the worse.'

## 81A.23

1 The first stroke that Little Musgrave stroke,  
2 He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
3 The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,  
4 Little Musgrave nere struck more.

## 81A.24

1 With that bespake this faire lady,  
2 In bed whereas she lay:  
3 'Although thou'rt dead, thou Little Musgrave,  
4 Yet I for thee will pray.

## 81A.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.'

## 81A.26

1 He cut her paps from off her brest;  
2 Great pittie it was to see  
3 That some drops of this ladie's heart's blood  
4 Ran trickling downe her knee.

## 81A.27

1 'Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery men all  
2 You were nere borne for my good;  
3 Why did you not offer to stay my hand,  
4 When you see me wax so wood?'

## 81A.28

1 'For I have slaine the bravest sir knight  
2 That ever rode on steed;  
3 So have I done the fairest lady  
4 That ever did woman's deed.

## 81A.29

1 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnard cryd,  
2 'To put these lovers in;  
3 But lay my lady on the upper hand,  
4 For she came of the better kin.'

## 81B.1

1 ' . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'Ffor this same night att [Bucklesfeildberry]  
4 Little Musgreue is in bed with thy wife.'

## 81B.2

1 'If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,  
2 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
3 Then all my lands in Buckle<s>feildberry  
4 I'll freely giue to thee.

## 81B.3

1 'But if this be a lye, thou little foot-page,  
2 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
3 Then on the highest tree in Bucklesfeildberry  
4 All hanged that thou shalt bee.'

## 81B.4

1 Saies, Vpp and rise, my merry men all,  
2 And saddle me my good steede,  
3 For I must ride to Bucklesfeildberry;  
4 God wott I had neuer more need!

## 81B.5

1 But some they whistled, and some th'z sunge,  
2 And some they thus cold say,  
3 When euer as Lord Barnetts horne blowes,  
4 'Away, Musgreue, away!'

## 81B.6

1 'Mie thinks I heare the throstlecocke,  
2 Me thinks I heare the iay,  
3 Me thinks I heare Lord Barnetts horne,  
4 Away, Musgreue, away!'

## 81B.7

1 'But lie still, lie still, Litle Musgreue,  
2 And huddle me from the cold,  
3 For it is but some sheaperds boy,  
4 Is whistling sheepe ore the mold.

## 81B.8

1 'Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch,  
2 Thy horsse eating corne and hay?  
3 And thou, a gay lady in thine armes,  
4 And yett thou wold goe away!'

## 81B.9

1 By this time Lord Barnett was come to the  
  dore,  
2 And light vpon a stone,  
3 And he pulled out three silver kayes,  
4 And opened the dores euery one.

## 81B.10

1 And first he puld the couering downe,  
2 And then puld downe the sheete;  
3 Saies, How now? How now, Little Musgreue?  
4 Dost find my gay lady sweet?

## 81B.11

1 'I find her sweete,' saies Litle Musgreue,  
2 'The more is my greefe and paine;'  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .  
5 . . . . .

## 81B.12

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'Soe haue I done the fairest lady  
4 That euer wore womans weede.

## 81B.13

1 'Soe haue I done a heathen child,  
2 Which ffull sore greiueth mee,  
3 For which lle repent all the dayes of my life,  
4 And god be with them all three!'

**81C.1**

1 AS it fell on a light holyday,  
2 As many more does in the yeere,  
3 Little Mousgrove would to the church and pray,  
4 To see the faire ladyes there.

**81C.2**

1 Gallants there were of good degree,  
2 For beauty exceeding faire,  
3 Most wonderous lovely to the eie,  
4 That did to that church repaire.

**81C.3**

1 Some came downe in red velvet,  
2 And others came downe in pall,  
3 But next came downe my Lady Barnet,  
4 The fairest amongst them all.

**81C.4**

1 She cast a looke upon Little Mousgrove,  
2 As bright as the summer's sunne;  
3 Full well perceived then Little Mousgrove  
4 Lady Barnet's love he had wonne.

**81C.5**

1 Then Lady Barnet most meeke and mild  
2 Saluted this Little Mousgrove,  
3 Who did repay her kinde courtesie  
4 With favour and gentle love.

**81C.6**

1 'I have a bower in merry Barnet,  
2 Bestrowed with cowslips sweet;  
3 If that it please you, Little Mousgrove,  
4 In love me there to meete,

**81C.7**

1 'Within mine armes one night to sleepe,  
2 For you my heart have wonne,  
3 You need not feare my suspicious lord,  
4 For he from home is gone.'

**81C.8**

1 'Betide me life, betide me death,  
2 This night I will sleepe with thee,  
3 And for thy sake I'le hazzard my breath,  
4 So deare is thy love to me.'

**81C.9**

1 'What shall wee doe with our little foot-page,  
2 Our counsell for to keepe,  
3 And watch for feare Lord Barnet comes,  
4 Whilest wee together doe sleepe?'

**81C.10**

1 'Red gold shall be his hier,' quoth he,  
2 'And silver shall be his fee,  
3 If he our counsell safely doe keepe,  
4 That I may sleepe with thee.'

**81C.11**

1 'I will have non of your gold,' said he,  
2 'Nor none of your silver fee;  
3 If I should keepe your counsell, sir,  
4 'Twere great disloyaltie.

**81C.12**

1 'I will not be false unto my lord,  
2 For house nor yet for land;  
3 But if my lady doe prove untrue,  
4 Lord Barnet shall understand.'

**81C.13**

1 Then swiftly runnes the little foot-page,  
2 Unto his lord with speed,  
3 Who then was feasting with his deare friends,  
4 Not dreaming of this ill deede.

**81C.14**

1 Most speedily the page did haste,  
2 Most swiftly did he runne,  
3 And when he came to the broken bridge  
4 He lay on his brest and swumme.

**81C.15**

1 The page did make no stay at all,  
2 But went to his lord with speed,  
3 That he the truth might say to him  
4 Concerning this wicked deed.

**81C.16**

1 He found his lord at supper then,  
2 Great merriment there they did keepe:  
3 'My lord,' quoth he, 'This night, on my word,  
4 Mousgrove with your lady does sleepe.'

**81C.17**

1 'If this be true, my little foot-page,  
2 And true as thou tellest to me,  
3 My eldest daughter I'le give to thee,  
4 And wedded thou shalt be.'

**81C.18**

1 'If this be a lye, my little foot-page,  
2 And a lye as thou tellest to me,  
3 A new paire of gallowes shall straight be set,  
4 And hanged shalt thou be.'

**81C.19**

1 'If this be a lye, my lord,' said he,  
2 'A lye that you heare from me,  
3 Then never stay a gallowes to make,  
4 But hang me up on the next tree.'

**81C.20**

1 Lord Barnet then cald up his merry men,  
2 Away with speed he would goe;  
3 His heart was so perplex with griefe,  
4 The truth of this he must know.

**81C.21**

1 'Saddle your horses with speed,' quoth he,  
2 'And saddle me my white steed;  
3 If this be true as the page hath said,  
4 Mousgrove shall repent this deed.'

**81C.22**

1 He charg'd his men no noise to make,  
2 As they rode all along on the way;  
3 'Nor winde no hornes,' quoth he, 'on your life,  
4 Lest our comming it should betray.'

**81C.23**

1 But one of the men, that Mousgrove did love,  
2 And respected his friendship most deare,  
3 To give him knowledge Lord Barnet was neere,  
4 Did winde his bugle most cleere.

**81C.24**

1 And evermore as he did blow,  
2 'Away, Mousgrove, and away;  
3 For if I take thee with my lady,  
4 Then slaine thou shalt be this day.'

**81C.25**

1 'O harke, fair lady, your lord is neere,  
2 I heare his little horne blow;  
3 And if he finde me in your armes thus,  
4 Then slaine I shall be, I know.'

**81C.26**

1 'O lye still, lye still, Little Mousgrove,  
2 And keepe my backe from the cold;  
3 I know it is my father's shepheard,  
4 Driving sheepe to the pinfold.'

**81C.27**

1 Mousgrove did turne him round about,  
2 Sweete slumber his eyes did greet;  
3 When he did wake, he then espied  
4 Lord Barnet at his bed's feete.

**81C.28**

1 'O rise up, rise up, Little Mousgrove,  
2 And put thy cloeths on;  
3 It shall never be said in faire England  
4 I slew a naked man.

**81C.29**

1 'Here's two good swords,' Lord Barnet said,  
2 'Thy choice, Mousgrove, thou shalt make;  
3 The best of them thy selfe shalt have,  
4 And I the worst will take.'

**81C.30**

1 The first good blow that Mousgrove did strike,  
2 He wounded Lord Barnet sore;  
3 The second blow that Lord Barnet gave,  
4 Mousgrove could strike no more.

**81C.31**

1 He tooke his lady by the white hand,  
2 All love to rage did convert,  
3 That with his sword, in most furious sort,  
4 He pierst her tender heart.

**81C.32**

1 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnet cryde,  
2 'Prepare to lay us in;  
3 My lady shall lie on the upper side,  
4 Cause she's of the better kin.'

**81C.33**

1 Then suddenly he slue himselfe,  
2 Which grieves his friends full sore;  
3 The deaths of these thra worthy wights  
4 With teares they did deplore.

**81C.34**

1 This sad mischance by lust was wrought;  
2 Then let us call for grace,  
3 That we may shun this wicked vice,  
4 And mend our lives apace.

**81D.1**

1 THERE were four and twenty gentlemen  
2 A playing at the ba,  
3 And lusty Lady Livingstone  
4 Cuist her ee out oure them a'.

**81D.2**

1 She cuist her ee on Lord Barnard,  
2 He was baith black and broun;  
3 She cuist her ee on Little Musgrave,  
4 As bricht as the morning sun.

**81D.3**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'What'll I gie ye, my Little Musgrave,  
4 Ae nicht wi me to sleep?'

**81D.4**

1 'Ae nicht wi you to sleep,' he says,  
2 'O that wad breed meikle strife;  
3 For the ring on your white finger  
4 Shows you Lord Barnard's wife.'

**81D.5**

1 'O Lord Barnard he is gane frae hame,  
2 He'll na return the day;  
3 He has tane wi him a purse o goud,  
4 For he's gane hind away.'

**81D.6**

1 Up startit then the wylie foot-page,  
2 . . . . .  
3 'What will ye gie to me,' he said,  
4 'Your council for to keepe?'

**81D.7**

1 'O goud sall be my little boy's fee,  
2 And silver sall be his hire;  
3 But an I hear a word mair o this,  
4 He sall burn in charcoal fire.'

**81D.8**

1 But the wylie foot-page to the stable went,  
2 Took out a milk-white steed,  
3 And away, away, and away he rade,  
4 Away wi meikle speed.

**81D.9**

1 It's whan he cam to the water-side,  
2 He smoothd his breist and swam,  
3 And whan he cam to gerss growing,  
4 He set down his feet and ran.

**81D.10**

1 'Whan he cam to Lord Barnard's towr  
2 Lord Barnard was at meat;  
3 He said, 'If ye kend as meikle as me,  
4 It's little wad ye eat.'

**81D.11**

1 'Are onie o my castles brunt?' he says,  
2 'Or onie my towrs won?  
3 Or is my gay ladie brought to bed,  
4 Of a dochter or a son?'

**81D.12**

1 'There is nane o your castles brunt,  
2 Nor nane o your towrs won;  
3 Nor is your gay ladie brought to bed,  
4 Of a dochter or a son.

**81D.13**

1 'But Little Musgrave, that gay young man,  
2 Is in bed wi your ladie,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**81D.14**

1 'If this be true ye tell to me,  
2 It's goud sall be your fee;  
3 But if it be fause ye tell to me,  
4 I'se hang ye on a tree.'  
5 . . . . .

**81D.15**

1 Whan they cam to yon water-side,  
2 They smoothd their breists and swam;  
3 And whan they cam to gerss growing,  
4 They sat down their feet and ran.  
5 . . . . .

**81D.16**

1 'How do ye like my sheets?' he said,  
2 'How do ye like my bed?  
3 And how do ye like my gay ladie,  
4 Wha's lying at your side?'

**81D.17**

1 'O I do like your sheets,' he said,  
2 'Sae do I like your bed;  
3 But mair do I like your gay ladie,  
4 Wha's lying at my side.'

## 81D.18

1 'Get up, get up, young man,' he said,  
2 'Get up as swith's ye can;  
3 Let it never be said that Lord Barnard  
4 Slew in bed a nakit man.'  
5 ' ' ' ' '

## 81D.19

1 'How do ye like his bluidy cheeks?  
2 Or how do ye like me?'  
3 'It's weill do I like his bluidy cheeks,  
4 Mair than your haill bodie.'

## 81D.20

1 Then she has kissd his bluidy cheeks,  
2 It's oure and oure again,'  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

## 81E.1

1 FOUR and twenty gay ladies  
2 Were playing at the ba,  
3 And [out] came Lord Barnaby's lady,  
4 The fairest o them a'.

## 81E.2

1 She coost her eyes on Little Musgrave,  
2 And he on her again;  
3 She coost her eyes on Little Musgrave,  
4 As they twa lovers had been.

## 81E.3

1 'I have a hall in Mulberry,  
2 It stands baith strong and tight;  
3 If you will go to there with me,  
4 I'll lye with you all night.'

## 81E.4

1 'To lye with you, madam,' he says,  
2 'Will breed both sturt and strife;  
3 I see by the rings on your fingers  
4 You are Lord Barnaby's wife.'

## 81E.5

1 'Lord Barnaby's to the hunting gone,  
2 And far out oer the hill,  
3 And he will not return again  
4 Till the evening tide untill.'

## 81E.6

1 They were not well lain down,  
2 Nor yet well fallen asleep,  
3 Till up started Lord Barnaby's boy,  
4 Just up at their bed-feet.

## 81E.7

1 She took out a little penknife,  
2 Which hung down low by her gair:  
3 'If you do not my secret keep,  
4 A word ye's neer speak mair.'

## 81E.8

1 The laddie gae a blythe leer look,  
2 A blythe leer look gave he,  
3 And he's away to Lord Barnaby,  
4 As fast as he can hie.  
5 ' ' ' ' '

## 81E.9

1 'If these tidings binna true,  
2 These tidings ye tell to me,  
3 A gallows-tree I'll gar be made  
4 And hanged ye shall be.

## 81E.10

1 'But if these tidings are true,  
2 These tidings ye tell me,  
3 The fairest lady in a' my court  
4 I'll gar her marry thee.'

## 81E.11

1 He's taen out a little horn,  
2 He blew baith loue and sma,  
3 And aye the turning o the tune  
4 'Away, Musgrave, awa!'

## 81E.12

1 They were not well lain down,  
2 Nor yet well fallen asleep,  
3 Till up started Lord Barnaby,  
4 Just up at their bed-feet.

## 81E.13

1 'O how like ye my blankets, Musgrave?  
2 And how like ye my sheets?  
3 And how like ye my gay lady,  
4 So sound in your arms that sleeps?'

## 81E.14

1 'Weel I like your blankets, Sir,  
2 And far better yere sheets;  
3 And better far yere gay lady,  
4 So sound in my arms that sleeps.'

## 81E.15

1 'Get up, get up, now, Little Musgrave,  
2 And draw to hose and sheen;  
3 It's neer be said in my country  
4 I'd fight a naked man.'

## 81E.16

1 'There is two swords into my house,  
2 And they cost me right dear;  
3 Take you the best, and I the worst,  
4 I'll fight the battle here.'

## 81E.17

1 The first stroke that Lord Barnaby gave,  
2 It was baith deep and sore;  
3 The next stroke that Lord Barnaby gave,  
4 A word he never spoke more.

## 81E.18

1 He's taen out a rappier then,  
2 He's struck it in the straw,  
3 And thro and thro his lady's sides  
4 He gard the cauld steel gae.

## 81E.19

1 'I am not sae wae for Little Musgrave,  
2 As he lys cauld and dead;  
3 But I'm right wae for his lady,  
4 For she'll gae witless wud.'

## 81E.20

1 'I'm not sae wae for my lady,  
2 For she lies cauld and dead;  
3 But I'm right wae for my young son,  
4 Lies sprawling in her blood.'

## 81E.21

1 First crew the black cock,  
2 And next crew the sparrow;  
3 And what the better was Lord Barnaby?  
4 He was hanged on the morrow.

## 81F.1

1 'I HAVE a tower in Dalisberry,  
2 Which now is dearly dight,  
3 And I will gie it to Young Musgrave,  
4 To lodge wi me a' night.'

## 81F.2

1 'To lodge wi thee a' night, fair lady,  
2 Wad breed baith sorrow and strife;  
3 For I see by the rings on your fingers  
4 You're good Lord Barnaby's wife.'

## 81F.3

1 'Lord Barnaby's wife although I be,  
2 Yet what is that to thee?  
3 For we'll beguile him for this ae night,  
4 He's on to fair Dundee.'

## 81F.4

1 'Come here, come here, my little foot-page,  
2 This gold I will give thee,  
3 If ye will keep thir secrets close  
4 'Tween Young Musgrave and me.'

## 81F.5

1 'But here I hae a little pen-knife,  
2 Hings low down by my gare;  
3 Gin ye winna keep thir secrets close,  
4 Ye'll find it wonder sair.'

## 81F.6

1 Then she's taen him to her chamber,  
2 And down in her arms lay he;  
3 The boy coost aff his hose and shoon,  
4 And ran to fair Dundee.'

## 81F.7

1 When he cam to the wan water,  
2 He slackd his bow and swam,  
3 And when he cam to growin grass,  
4 Set down his feet and ran.'

## 81F.8

1 And when he cam to fair Dundee,  
2 Wad neither chap nor ca,  
3 But set his braid bow to his breast,  
4 And merrily jumpd the wa.'

## 81F.9

1 'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
2 Waken, and come away!  
3 'What ails, what ails my wee foot-page,  
4 He cries sae lang ere day?'

## 81F.10

1 'O is my bowers brent, my boy?  
2 Or is my castle won?  
3 Or has the lady that I loe best  
4 Brought me a daughter or son?'

## 81F.11

1 'Your ha's are safe, your bowers are safe,  
2 And free frae all alarms,  
3 But, oh! the lady that ye loe best  
4 Lies sound in Musgrave's arms.'

## 81F.12

1 'Gae saddle to me the black,' he cried,  
2 'Gae saddle to me the gray;  
3 Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,  
4 To hie me on my way.'

## 81F.13

1 'O lady, I heard a wee horn toot,  
2 And it blew wonder clear;  
3 And ay the turning o the note,  
4 Was, Barnaby will be here!

## 81F.14

1 'I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,  
2 And it blew loud and high;  
3 And ay at ilka turn it said,  
4 Away, Musgrave, away!'

## 81F.15

1 'Lie still, my dear, lie still, my dear,  
2 Ye keep me frae the cold;  
3 For it is but my father's shepherds,  
4 Driving their flocks to the fold.'

## 81F.16

1 Up they lookit, and down they lay,  
2 And they're fa'en sound asleep;  
3 Till up stood good Lord Barnaby,  
4 Just close at their bed-feet.

## 81F.17

1 'How do you like my bed, Musgrave?  
2 And how like ye my sheets?  
3 And how like ye my fair lady,  
4 Lies in your arms and sleeps?'

## 81F.18

1 'Weel like I your bed, my lord,  
2 And weel like I your sheets,  
3 But ill like I your fair lady,  
4 Lies in my arms and sleeps.'

## 81F.19

1 'You got your wale o se'en sisters,  
2 And I got mine o five;  
3 Sae tak ye mine, and I's tak thine,  
4 And we nae mair sall strive.'

## 81F.20

1 'O my woman's the best woman  
2 That ever brak world's bread,  
3 And your woman's the worst woman  
4 That ever drew coat oer head.'

## 81F.21

1 'I hae twa swords in ae scabbert,  
2 They are baith sharp and clear;  
3 Tak ye the best, and I the worst,  
4 And we'll end the matter here.'

## 81F.22

1 'But up, and arm thee, Young Musgrave,  
2 We'll try it han to han;  
3 It's neer be said o Lord Barnaby,  
4 He strack at a naked man.'

## 81F.23

1 The first straik that Young Musgrave got,  
2 It was baith deep and sair,  
3 And down he fell at Barnaby's feet,  
4 And word spak never mair.  
5 ' ' ' ' '

## 81F.24

1 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnaby cried,  
2 'A grave to lay them in;  
3 My lady shall lie on the sunny side,  
4 Because of her noble kin.'

## 81F.25

1 But oh, how sorry was that good lord,  
2 For a' his angry mood,  
3 Whan he beheld his ain young son  
4 All weltring in his blood!

## 81G.1

1 LORD BARNARD'S awa to the green wood,  
2 To hunt the fallow deer;  
3 His vassals a' are gane wi him,  
4 His companies to bear.

## 81G.2

1 His lady wrate a braid letter,  
2 And seald it wi her hand,  
3 And sent it aff to Wee Messgrove,  
4 To come at her command.

**81G.3**

1 When Messgrove lookt the letter on,  
2 A waefu man was he;  
3 Sayin, Gin I'm gript wi Lord Barnard's wife,  
4 Sure hanged I will be.

**81G.4**

1 When he came to Lord Barnard's castel  
2 He tinklit at the ring,  
3 And nane was so ready as the lady hersell  
4 To let Wee Messgrove in.

**81G.5**

1 'Welcome, welcome, Messgrove,' she said,  
2 'You're welcome here to me;  
3 Lang hae I loed your bonnie face,  
4 And lang hae ye loed me.

**81G.6**

1 'Lord Barnard is a hunting gane,  
2 I hope he'll neer return,  
3 And ye sall sleep into his bed,  
4 And keep his lady warm.'

**81G.7**

1 'It cannot be,' Messgrove he said,  
2 'I ween it cannot be;  
3 Gin Lord Barnard suld come hame this nicht,  
4 What would he do to me?'

**81G.8**

1 'Ye naething hae to fear, Messgrove,  
  
3 Ye naething hae to fear;  
4 I'll set my page without the gate,  
5 To watch till morning clear.'

**81G.9**

1 But wae be to the wee fut-page,  
2 And an ill death mat he die!  
3 For he's awa to the green wood,  
4 As hard as he can flee.

**81G.10**

1 And whan he to the green wood cam,  
2 'Twas dark as dark could be,  
3 And he fand his maister and his men  
4 Asleep aneth a tree.

**81G.11**

1 'Rise up, rise up, maister,' he said,  
2 'Rise up, and speak to me;  
3 Your wife's in bed wi Wee Messgrove,  
4 Rise up richt speedilie.'

**81G.12**

1 'Gin that be true ye tell to me,  
2 A lord I will mak thee;  
3 But gin it chance to be a lie,  
4 Sure hanged ye sall be.'

**81G.13**

1 'It is as true, my lord,' he said,  
2 'As ever ye were born;  
3 Messgrove's asleep in your lady's bed,  
4 All for to keep her warm.'

**81G.14**

1 He mounted on his milk-white steed,  
2 He was ane angry man;  
3 And he reachd his stately castell gate  
4 Just as the day did dawn.

**81G.15**

1 He put his horn unto his mouth,  
2 And he blew strong blasts three;  
3 Sayin, He that's in bed with anither man's wife,  
4 He suld be gaun awa.

**81G.16**

1 Syne out and spak the Wee Messgrove,  
2 A frichtit man was he;  
3 'I hear Lord Barnard's horn,' he said,  
4 'It blaws baith loud and hie.'

**81G.17**

1 'Lye still, lye still, my Wee Messgrove,  
2 And keep me frae the cauld;  
3 'Tis but my father's shepherd's horn,  
4 A sounding in the fauld.'

**81G.18**

1 He put his horn unto his mouth,  
2 And he blew loud blasts three;  
3 Saying, He that's in bed wi anither man's wife,  
4 'Tis time he was awa.

**81G.19**

1 Syne out and spak the Wee Messgrove,  
2 A frichtit man was he:  
3 'Yon surely is Lord Barnard's horn,  
4 And I maun een gae flee.'

**81G.20**

1 'Lye still, lye still, Messgrove,' she said,  
2 'And keep me frae the cauld;  
3 'Tis but my father's shepherd's horn,  
4 A sounding in the fauld.'

**81G.21**

1 And ay Lord Barnard blew and blew,  
2 Till he was quite wearie;  
3 Syne he threw down his bugle horn,  
4 And up the stair ran he.

**81G.22**

1 'How do you like my blankets, Sir?  
2 How do you like my sheets?  
3 How do ye like my gay ladie,  
4 That lies in your arms asleep?'

**81G.23**

1 'Oh weel I like your blankets, Sir,  
2 And weel I like your sheet;  
3 But wae be to your gay ladie,  
4 That lyes in my arms asleep!'

**81G.24**

1 'I'll gie you ae sword, Messgrove,  
2 And I will take anither;  
3 What fairer can I do, Messgrove,  
4 Altho ye war my brither?'

**81G.25**

1 The firsten wound that Messgrove gat,  
2 It woundit him richt sair;  
3 And the second wound that Messgrove gat,  
4 A word he neer spak mair.

**81G.26**

1 'Oh how do ye like his cheeks, ladie?  
2 Or how do ye like his chin?  
3 Or how do ye like his fair bodie,  
4 That there's nae life within?'

**81G.27**

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.'

**81G.28**

1 'Repeat these words, my fair ladie,  
2 Repeat them ower agane,  
3 And into a basin of pure silver  
4 I'll gar your heart's bluid rin.'

**81G.29**

1 'Oh weel I like his cheeks,' she said,  
2 'And weel I like his chin;  
3 And better I like his fair bodie  
4 Than a' your kith and kin.'

**81G.30**

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.

**81G.31**

1 'O wae be to my merrie men,  
2 And wae be to my page,  
3 That they didna hald my cursd hands  
4 When I was in a rage!'

**81G.32**

1 He leand the halbert on the ground,  
2 The point o't to his breast,  
3 Saying, Here are three sauls gaun to heaven,  
4 I hope they'll a' get rest.

**81H.1**

1 LITTLE MUSGROVE is to the church gone,  
2 Some ladies for to sply;  
3 Down came one drest in black,  
4 And one came drest in brown,  
5 And down and came Lord Barlibas' lady,  
6 The fairest in a' the town.

**81H.2**

1 'I know by the ring that's on your finger  
2 That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady;  
3 'Indeed I am the Lord Barlibas' lady,  
4 And what altho I bee?'

**81H.3**

1 'Money shall be your hire, foot-page,  
2 And gold shall be your fee;  
3 You must not tell the secrets  
4 That's between Musgrove and me.'

**81H.4**

1 'Money shall not be hire,' he said,  
2 'Nor gold shall be my fee;  
3 But I'll awa to my own liege lord,  
4 With the tidings you've told to me.'

**81H.5**

1 When he cam to the broken brig,  
2 He coost aff his clothes and he swimd,  
3 And when he cam to Lord Barlibas' yett,  
4 He tirlt at the pin.

**81H.6**

1 'What news, what news, my little foot-page?  
2 What news have ye brocht to me?  
3 Is my castle burnt?' he said,  
4 'Or is my tower tane?  
5 Or is my lady lighter yet,  
6 Of a daughter or son?'

**81H.7**

1 'Your castle is not burnt,' he says,  
2 'Nor yet is your tower tane,  
3 Nor yet is your lady brocht to bed,  
4 Of a daughter or a son;  
5 But Little Musgrove is lying wi her,  
6 Till he thinks it is time to be gane.'

**81H.8**

1 'O if the news be a lie,' he says,  
2 'That you do tell unto me,  
3 I'll ca up a gallows to my yard-yett,  
4 And hangd on it thou shalt be.'

**81H.9**

1 'But if the news be true,' he says,  
2 'That you do tell unto me,  
3 I have a young fair dochter at hame,  
4 Weel wedded on her you shall be.'

**81H.10**

1 He called upon his merry men,  
2 By thirties and by three:  
3 'Put aff the warst, put on the best,  
4 And come along with me.'

**81H.11**

1 He put a horn to his mouth,  
2 And this he gard it say:  
3 'The man that's in bed wi Lord Barlibas' lady,  
4 It's time he were up and away.'

**81H.12**

1 'What does yon trumpet mean?' he sayd,  
2 'Or what does yon trumpet say?  
3 I think it says, the man that's in bed wi Lord  
Barlibas' lady,  
4 It's time he were up and away.'

**81H.13**

1 'O lie you still, my Little Musgrove,  
2 And cover me from the cold,  
3 For it is but my father's sheeherd,  
4 That's driving his sheep to the fold.'

**81H.14**

1 .....  
2 In a little while after that,  
3 Up started good Lord Barlibas,  
4 At Little Musgrove his feet.

**81H.15**

1 'How do you like my blankets?' he says,  
2 'Or how do you like my sheets?  
3 Or how do you like mine own fair lady,  
4 That lies in your arms and sleeps?'

**81H.16**

1 'I like your blankets very well,  
2 And far better your sheets;  
3 But woe be to this wicked woman,  
4 That lies in my arms and sleeps!'

**81H.17**

1 'Rise up, rise up, my Little Musgrove,  
2 Rise up, and put your clothes on;  
3 It's neer be said on no other day  
4 That I killed a naked man.

**81H.18**

1 'There is two swords in my chamber,  
2 I wot they cost me dear;  
3 Take you the best, give me the warst,  
4 We'll red the question here.'

**81H.19**

1 The first stroke that Lord Barlibas struck,  
2 He dang Little Musgrove to the ground;  
3 The second stroke that Lord Barlibas gave  
4 Dang his lady in a deadly swound.

**81H.20**

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.1**

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.2**

1 'Tho 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.3**

1 Up 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  
himsell  
6 To let his little page in.

**81I.4**

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.5**

1 'It's nane of your towers are burnt,' he said,  
2 'Nor nane of your castles taen;  
3 But Lady Bengwill and Little Sir Grove  
4 To merry bed they are gane.'

**81I.6**

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 een.

**81I.7**

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.8**

1 The firsten town that he cam to,  
2 He blew baith loud and schill,  
3 And aye the owre-word o the tune  
4 Was, 'Sir Grove, I wish you well.'

**81I.9**

1 The nexten town that he came to,  
2 He blew baith loud and long,  
3 And aye the owre-word of the tune  
4 Was 'Sir Grove, it is time to be gone.'

**81I.10**

1 'Is yon the sound of the hounds?' he says,  
2 'Or is yon the sound of the deer?  
3 But 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 a fair lady from cold;  
3 It's but the sound of my father's herd-boys,  
4 As they're driving the sheep to the fold.'

**81I.12**

1 They lay down in each other's arms,  
2 And they fell fast asleep,  
3 And neer a one of them did wake  
4 Till Lord Bengwill stood at their feet.

**81I.13**

1 'How do you love my soft pillow?  
2 Or how do you love my sheets?  
3 Or how do you love my fair lady,  
4 That lies in your arms and sleeps?'

**81I.14**

1 'Full well I love your soft pillow,  
2 Far better I love your sheets;  
3 But woe be to your fair lady,  
4 That lies in my arms and sleeps!'

**81I.15**

1 'Rise up, rise up, Sir Grove,' he says,  
2 'Some clothes there put you upon;  
3 Let it never be said in fair England  
4 I fought with a naked man.'

**81I.16**

1 'Oh where shall I go, or where shall I fly,  
2 Or where shall I run for my life?  
3 For you've got two broadswords into your  
hand,  
4 And I have never a knife.'

**81I.17**

1 'You shall take the one sword,' he says,  
2 'And I shall take the other,  
3 And that is as fair I'm sure to day  
4 As that you are my born brother.'

**81I.18**

1 'Hold your hand, hold your hand, my brother  
dear,  
2 You've wounded me full sore;  
3 You may get a mistress in every town,  
4 But a brother you'll never get more.'

**81I.19**

1 The very first stroke that Lord Bengwill gave  
him,  
2 He wounded him full sore;  
3 The very next stroke that Lord Bengwill gave  
him,  
4 A word he never spoke more.

**81I.20**

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.21**

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.22**

1 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Bengwill cried,  
2 'To put these lovers in,  
3 And put Lady Bengwill uppermost,  
4 For she's come of the noblest kin.'

**81J.1**

1 FOUR and twenty ladies fair  
2 Was playing at the ba,  
3 And out cam the lady, Barnabas' lady,  
4 The flower among them a'.

**81J.2**

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.

**81J.3**

1 'What would you think, Little Mossgrey,  
2 To lye wi me this nicht?  
3 Good beds I hae in Barnabey,  
4 If they were ordered richt.'

**81J.4**

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.'

**81J.5**

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.'

**81J.6**

1 Wi wrapped arms in bed they lay  
2 Till they fell both asleep,  
3 When up and starts Barnabas' boy,  
4 And stood at their bed-feet.

**81J.7**

1 'How likes thou the bed, Mossgrey?  
2 Or how likes thou the sheets?  
3 Or how likes thou my master's lady,  
4 Lyes in thy arms and sleeps?'

**81J.8**

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 my arms and sleeps!'

**81J.9**

1 She pulled out a rusty sword,  
2 Was sticking by the stroe;  
3 Says, Tell no tidings of me, my boy,  
4 Or thou'll neer tell no moe.

**81J.10**

1 He's awa to the king's court,  
2 As fast as he can dre;e;  
3 He's awa to the king's court,  
4 For to tell Barnaby.

**81J.11**

1 'Are there any of my biggins brunt?  
2 Or any of my young men slain?  
3 Or is my lady brocht to bed,  
4 Of a dochter or a son?'

**81J.12**

1 'There is none of your biggins brunt,  
2 There's none of your young men slain;  
3 But Little Mossgrey and your lady  
4 They are both in a bed within.'

**81J.13**

1 'If that be true, my bonnie boy,  
2 Thou tellest unto me,  
3 I have not a dochter but only one,  
4 And married ye shall be.

**81J.14**

1 'But if it be a lie, my bonnie boy,  
2 You're telling unto me,  
3 On the highest tree of Balisberry,  
4 Thereon I'll gar hang thee.'

**81J.15**

1 There was a man in the king's court  
2 Had a love to Little Mossgrey;  
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!'

**81J.16**

1 'Oh am I not the maddest man  
2 Ere lay in a woman's bed!  
3 I think I hear his bridle ring,  
4 But and his horse feet tread.'

**81J.17**

1 'Lye still, lye still, Little Mossgrey,  
2 And keep me from the cold;  
3 It's but my father's small sheep-herd,  
4 Calling his sheep to the fold.'

**81J.18**

1 With wrapped arms in bed they lay  
2 Till they fell both asleep,  
3 Till up and darts Barnabas himsell,  
4 And stood at their bed-fit.

**81J.19**

1 'How likest thou the bed, Mossgrey?  
2 And how loves thou the sheets?  
3 And how loves thou my lady fair,  
4 Lyes in your arms and sleeps?'

**81J.20**

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!'

**81J.21**

1 'Rise, O rise, Little Mossgrey,  
2 Put on your hose and shoon;  
3 I'll neer hae't said in a far countrie  
4 I killed a naked man.'

**81J.22**

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.

**81J.23**

1 'Here's two swords,' Barnabas said,  
2 'I wad they cost me dear;  
3 Tak thou the best, I'll tak the warst,  
4 We'll try the battle here.'

**81J.24**

1 The first stroke that Mossgrey got,  
2 It was baith sharp and sore;  
3 And the next stroke his lady got,  
4 One word she neer spak more.

**81J.25**

5 One word she neer spak more.

**81J.25**

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 o the highest kin.'

**81K.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'.

**81K.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?'

**81K.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.'

**81K.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.

**81K.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.'

**81K.6**

1 Out it spaks it's Little Mousgray:  
2 'I think I hear a horn blaw;  
3 She blaws baith loud and shill at ilka turning of  
the tune,  
4 Mousgray, gae ye your wa!'

**81K.7**

1 'Lie still, lie still, it's Little Mousgray,  
2 Had the caul win frae my back;  
3 It's bat my father's proud shepherds,  
4 The're huntin their hogs to the fauld.'

**81K.8**

1 O up it starts the bold Barnet:  
2 . . . . .  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**81K.9**

1 'Win up, win up, it's Little Mousgray,  
2 Draw ti your stockins and sheen;  
3 I winna have it for to be said  
4 I killed a naked man.

**81K.10**

1 'There is two swords in my scabbart,  
2 They cost me many a pun;  
3 Tak ye the best, and I the warst,  
4 And we sall to the green.'

**81K.11**

1 'The firsten strok Lord Barnet strak,  
2 He wound Mousgray very sore;  
3 The nexten stroke Lord Barnet strak,  
4 Mousgray spak never more.

**81K.12**

1 O he's taen out a lang, lang brand,  
2 And stripped it athwart the straw,  
3 And throch and throu his ain ladie  
4 And he's gart it cum and ga.

**81K.13**

1 There was nae main made for that ladie,  
2 In bower whar she lay dead!  
3 But a' was for her bonny young son,  
4 Lay blobberin among the bluid.

**81L.1**

1 FOUR and twenty handsome youths  
2 Were a' playing at the ba,  
3 When forth it came him Little Mungrove,  
4 The flower out ower them a'.

**81L.2**

1 At times he lost, at times he wan,  
2 Till the noon-tide o the day,  
3 And four an twenty gay ladies  
4 Went out to view the play.

**81L.3**

1 Some came down in white velvet,  
2 And other some in green;  
3 Lord Burnett's lady in red scarlet,  
4 And shin'd like only queen.

**81L.4**

1 Some came down in white velvet,  
2 And other some in pale;  
3 Lord Burnett's lady in red scarlet,  
4 Whose beauty did excell.

**81L.5**

1 She gae a glance out ower them a',  
2 As beams dart frae the sun;  
3 She fixed her eyes on Little Mungrove,  
4 For him her love lay on.

**81L.6**

1 'Gude day, gude day, ye handsome youth,  
2 God make ye safe and free;  
3 What woud ye gie this day, Mungrove,  
4 For ae night in bower wi me?'

**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 woud na touch my heart, Mungrove,  
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 hae ordered thee, Mungrove,  
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 Mungrove  
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 Mungrove 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 little wee boy,  
2 Ye bring sae hastilie?'  
3 'Bad news, bad news, my master,' he says,  
4 '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 Mungrove  
4 In fair Strathdon do sleep.'

**81L.22**

1 'O had your tongue! why talk you so  
2 About my gay ladye?  
3 She is a gude and chaste woman  
4 As in the North Countrie.'

**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 een 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 fause story  
2 That ye hae 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 anither day.

**81L.27**

1 He called upon his stable-groom,  
2 To saddle for him his steed,  
3 And trampled ower yon rocky hills  
4 Till his horse hoofs did bleed.

**81L.28**

1 There was a man in Lord Burnett's train  
2 Was ane o Mungrove's kin,  
3 And aye as fast as the horsemen rade,  
4 Sae nimble's he did 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, Mungrove, awa!'

**81L.30**

1 Then up it raise him Little Mungrove,  
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, Mungrove, awa!'

**81L.32**

1 'Lye still, lye still, ye Little Mungrove,  
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 Mungrove 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, Mungrove?  
2 Or is't for love o my sheets?  
3 Or is't for love o my gay lady?  
4 Sae soun 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 ladye,  
4 Sae soun in my arms she sleeps!'

**81L.38**

1 'Win up, win up, ye Little Mungsgrove,  
2 Put all your armour an;  
3 It's never be said anither 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 Mungsgrove drew  
2 Wounded Lord Burnett sair;  
3 The next an stroke Lord Burnett drew,  
4 Mungsgrove 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 like ye now this well-faird face,  
2 That stands straight by your side?  
3 Or will ye hate this ill-faird face,  
4 Lyes weltering in his blude?'

**81L.43**

1 'O better love I this well-faird face,  
2 Lyes weltering 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 taen 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 chiefest o the kin.

**81L.46**

1 'A grave, a grave,' said Lord Burnett,  
2 'To bury these two in;  
3 Lay Mungsgrove in the lowest flat,  
4 He's deepest in the sin.

**81L.47**

1 'Ye'll darken my windows up secure,  
2 Wi staunchions round about,  
3 And there is not a living man  
4 Shall eer see me walk out.

**81L.48**

1 'Nae mair fine clothes my body deck,  
2 Nor name 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.'

**81[O.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.

**81[O.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?'

**81[O.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.'

**81[O.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.'

**81[O.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.'

**81[O.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.'

**81[O.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.'

**81[O.8]**

1 When he came to his hall,  
2 The bells begun to ring,  
3 And all the birds upon the bush  
4 They begun to sing.

**81[O.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?'

**81[O.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.'

**81[O.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.

**81[O.12]**

1 'There is two swords all in the castle  
2 That cost me very dear;  
3 You take the best, and I the worst,  
4 And let's decide it here.'

**81[O.13]**

1 The very first blow Moss Groves he gave,  
2 He wounded the king most sore;  
3 The very first blow the king gave him,  
4 Moss Groves he struck no more.

**81[O.14]**

1 She lifted up his dying head  
2 And kissed his cheek and chin:  
3 'I'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 oer 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 woud look blate.'

**82.3**

1 'O what needs I toil day an night,  
2 My fair body to kill,  
3 Whan 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 I 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 Whare I can better fare.'

**82.7**

1 'O whare was you gotten, and whare was ye  
clecked?  
2 My bonny birdy, tell me:  
3 'O I was clecked in good green wood,  
4 My bonny birdy, tell me:  
5 'O I was clecked in good green wood,  
6 Intill a holly tree;  
7 A gentleman my nest herryed,  
8 An ga me to his lady.

**82.8**

1 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk  
2 He bade her feed me aft,  
3 An ga her a little wee simmer-dale wanny,  
4 To ding me sindle and saft.

**82.9**

1 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk  
2 I wot she fed me nought,  
3 But wi a little wee simmer-dale wanny  
4 She dang me sair an aft:  
5 Gin she had deen as ye her bade,  
6 I woudna tell how she has wrought.'

**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 bowr-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.' diddle

**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?' diddle

**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  
1 'O wow for day! diddle  
2 An dear gin it were day! diddle  
1 'O wow for day! diddle  
2 An dear gin it were day! diddle  
3 For he that's in bed wi anither man's wife  
4 Has never lang time to stay.' diddle

**82.15**

1 Then out the knight has drawn his sword,  
2 An straike it oer a strae,  
3 An thro and thro the fa'se knight's waste  
4 He gard cauld iron gae:  
5 An I hope ilk ane sal sae be servd  
6 That treats ane honest man sae.

**83A.1**

1 CHILDE MAURICE hunted ith the siluer wood,  
2 He hunted itt round about,  
3 And noebodye *that* he ffound therin,  
4 Nor none there was *with-out*.

**83A.2**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 And he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,  
4 To kembe his yellow lockes.

**83A.3**

1 He sayes, Come hither, thou litle ffoot-page,  
2 *That* runneth lowlye by my knee,  
3 Ffor thou shalt goe to John Stewards wiffe  
4 And pray her speake *with mee*.

## 83A.4

1 '.....  
2 .....  
3 I, and greete thou doe *that* ladye well,  
4 Euer soe well ffroe mee.

## 83A.5

1 'And, as itt ffalls, as many times  
2 As knotts beene knitt on a kell,  
3 Or merchant men gone to leeu London,  
4 Either to buy ware or sell.

## 83A.6

1 'And, as itt ffalles, as many times  
2 As any hart can thinke,  
3 Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,  
4 Writting with pen and inke;  
5 Ffor if I might, as well as shee may,  
6 This night I wold with her speake.

## 83A.7

1 'And heere I send her a mantle of greene,  
2 As greene as any grasse,  
3 And bidd her come to the siluer wood,  
4 To hunt with Child Maurice.

## 83A.8

1 'And there I send her a ring of gold,  
2 A ring of *precyous* stone,  
3 And bidd her come to the siluer wood,  
4 Let ffor no kind of man.'

## 83A.9

1 One while this litle boy he yode,  
2 Another while he ran,  
3 Vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,  
4 I-wis he neuer blan.

## 83A.10

1 And of nurture the child had good,  
2 Hee ran vp hall and bower free,  
3 And when he came to this lady ffaire,  
4 Sayes, God you saue and see!  
5 And when he came to this lady ffaire,  
6 Sayes, God you saue and see!  
7 And when he came to this lady ffaire,  
8 Sayes, God you saue and see!

## 83A.11

1 'I am come ffrom Ch*<i>ld* Maurice,  
2 A message vnto thee;  
3 And Child Maurice, he greetes you well,  
4 And euer soe well ffrom mee.

## 83A.12

1 'And, as itt ffalls, as oftentimes  
2 As knotts beene knitt on a kell,  
3 Or marchant-men gone to leeu London,  
4 Either ffor to buy ware or sell.

## 83A.13

1 'And as oftentimes he greetes you well  
2 As any hart can thinke,  
3 Or schoolemasters [are] in any schoole,  
4 Wrying with pen and inke.

## 83A.14

1 'And heere he sends a mantle of greene,  
2 As greene as any grasse,  
3 And he bids you come to the siluer wood,  
4 To hunt with Child Maurice.

## 83A.15

1 'And heere he sends you a ring of gold,  
2 A ring of the *precyous* stone;  
3 He prayes you to come to the siluer wood,  
4 Let ffor no kind of man.'

## 83A.16

1 'Now peace, now peace, thou litle ffoot-page,  
2 Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee!  
3 Ffor if my *lord* heare one of these words,  
4 Thou must be hanged hye!

## 83A.17

1 Iohn Steward stood vnder the castle-wall,  
2 And he wrote the words euerye one,  
3 .....  
4 .....

## 83A.18

1 And he called vnto his hors-keeper,  
2 'Make readye you my steede!  
3 I, and soe hee did to his chamberlaine,  
4 'Make readye thou my weede!'

## 83A.19

1 And he cast a lease vpon his backe,  
2 And he rode to the siluer wood,  
3 And there he sought all about,  
4 About the siluer wood.

## 83A.20

1 And there he ffound him Child Maurice  
2 Sitting vpon a blocke,  
3 With a siluer combe in his hand,  
4 Kемbing his yellow locke<s.]  
5 '.....'

## 83A.21

1 But then stood vp him Child Maurice,  
2 And sayd these words trulye:  
3 'I doe not know *your* ladye,' he said,  
4 'If *that* I doe her see.'

## 83A.22

5 'If *that* I doe her see.'

## 83A.22

1 He sayes, How now, how now, Child Maurice?  
2 Alacke, how may this bee?  
3 Ffor thou hast sent her loue-tokens,  
4 More now then two or three.

## 83A.23

1 'Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,  
2 As greene as any grasse,  
3 And bade her come to the siluer woode,  
4 To hunt with Child Maurice.

## 83A.24

1 'And thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,  
2 A ring of the *precyous* stone,  
3 And bade her come to the siluer wood,  
4 Let ffor no kind of man.'

## 83A.25

1 'And by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,  
2 The tone of vs shall dye!  
3 'Now be my troth,' sayd Child Maurice,  
4 'And *that* shall not be I.'  
5 And soe ffast he smote att Iohn Steward,

## 83A.26

1 But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,  
2 And dried itt on the grasse,  
3 And the first good stroke Iohn Stewart stroke,  
4 I-wisse he neuer [did] rest.

## 83A.27

1 Then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,  
2 And dried itt on his sleeue,  
3 And the first good stroke Iohn Stewart stroke,  
4 Child Maurice head he did cleuee.

## 83A.28

1 And he pricked itt on his swords poynt,  
2 Went singing there beside,  
3 And he rode till he came to *that* ladye ffaire,  
4 Wheras this ladye lyed.

## 83A.29

1 And sayes, Dost thou know Child Maurice  
head,  
2 If *that* thou dost itt see?  
3 And lapp itt soft, and kisse itt off,  
4 Ffor thou louedst him better than mee.'

## 83A.30

1 But when shee looked on Child Maurice head,  
2 Shee neuer spake words but three:  
3 'I neuer beare no child but one,  
4 And you haue slaine him trulye.'

## 83A.31

1 Sayes, Wicked be my merry men all,  
2 I gae meate, drinke, and clothe!  
3 But cold they not haue holden me  
4 When I was in all *that* wrath!

## 83A.32

1 'Ffor I haue slaine one of the curteousest  
*knights*  
2 *That* euer bestrode a steed,  
3 Soe haue I done one [of] the fairest ladyes  
4 *That* euer bestrode a steed,  
5 Soe haue I done one [of] the fairest ladyes  
6 *That* euer ware womans weede!'

## 83B.1

1 *That* euer ware womans weede!'

## 83B.1

1 CHILD NORRYCE is a clever young man,  
2 He wavers wi the wind;  
3 His horse was silver-shod before,  
4 With the beaten gold behind.

## 83B.2

1 He called to his little man John,  
2 Saying, You don't see what I see;  
3 For O yonder I see the very first woman  
4 That ever loved me.

## 83B.3

1 'Here is a glove, a glove,' he said,  
2 'Lined with the silver grey;  
3 You may tell her to come to the merry  
greenwood,  
4 To speak to Child Nory.

## 83B.4

1 'Here is a ring, a ring,' he says,  
2 'It's all gold but the stane;  
3 You may tell her to come to the merry  
greenwood,  
4 And ask the leave o nane.'

## 83B.5

1 'So well do I love your errand, my master,  
2 But far better do I love my life;  
3 O would ye have me go to Lord Barnard's  
castle,  
4 To betray away his wife?'

## 83B.6

1 'O don't I give you meat,' he says,  
2 'And don't I pay you fee?  
1 'O don't I give you meat,' he says,  
2 'And don't I pay you fee?  
3 How dare you stop my errand?' he says;  
4 'My orders you must obey.'

## 83B.7

1 O when he came to Lord Bernard's castle,  
2 He tinkled at the ring;  
3 Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself  
4 To let this little boy in?

## 83B.8

1 'Here is a glove, a glove,' he says,  
2 'Lined with the silver grey;  
3 You are bidden to come to the merry  
greenwood,  
4 To speak to Child Nory.

## 83B.9

1 'Here is a ring, a ring,' he says,  
2 'It's all gold but the stane;  
3 You are bidden to come to the merry  
greenwood,  
4 And ask the leave o nane.'

## 83B.10

1 Lord Barnard he was standing by,  
2 And an angry man was he:  
3 'O little did I think there was a lord in the world  
4 My lady loved but me!'

## 83B.11

1 O he dressed himself in the holland smock,  
2 And garments that was gay,  
3 And he is away to the merry green-wood,  
4 To speak to Child Nory.

## 83B.12

1 Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,  
2 He whistles and he sings:  
3 'O wae be to me,' says Child Noryce,  
4 'Yonder my mother comes!'

## 83B.13

1 Child Noryce he came off the tree,  
2 His mother to take off the horse:  
3 'Och alace, alace,' says Child Noryce,  
4 'My mother was neer so gross!'

## 83B.14

5 'My mother was neer so gross!'

## 83B.14

1 Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,  
2 That hung low down by his knee;  
1 Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,  
2 That hung low down by his knee;  
1 Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,  
2 That hung low down by his knee;  
3 He cut the head off Child Noryce,  
4 And put the body on a tree.

## 83B.15

1 And when he came home to his castell,  
2 And to his ladie's hall,  
3 He threw the head into her lap,  
4 Saying, Lady, there's a ball!

## 83B.16

1 She turned up the bloody head,  
2 She kissed it frae cheek to chin:  
3 'Far better do I love this bloody head  
4 Than all my royal kin.



**83B.17**

1 'When I was in my father's castel,  
2 In my virginity,  
3 There came a lord into the North,  
4 Gat Child Noryce with me.'

**83B.18**

1 'O wae be to thee, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
2 'And an ill death may you die;  
3 For if you had told me he was your son,  
4 He had neer been slain by me.'

**83C.1**

1 BOB NORICE is to the grein-wud gane,  
2 He is awa wi the wind;  
3 His horse is siller-shod afore,  
4 In the shynand gowd ahind.

**83C.2**

1 He said unto his wee boy John,  
2 I sie what ye dinna sie;  
3 I see the [first] woman that I eer luvit,  
4 Or ever luvit me.

**83C.3**

1 'Gae tak to hir this pair o gluvis,  
2 They're o the siller-gray,  
3 And tell her to cum to the merrie grein-wud  
4 An speik to Bob Norice.

**83C.4**

1 'Gae tak to her this gay gowd ring,  
2 And it's aw gowd but the stane,  
1 'Gae tak to her this gay gowd ring,  
2 And it's aw gowd but the stane,  
3 And tell her to cum to the merrie grein-wud,  
4 And ask the leive o nane.

**83C.5**

1 'Gae tak to her this braw manteil,  
2 It's a' silk but the sleive,  
3 And tell her to cum to the merrie green-wud,  
4 And ax nae bauld Barnet's leive.'

**83C.6**

1 'I daurna gang to Lord Barnet's castel,  
2 I daurna gang for my lyfe;  
3 I daurna gang to Lord Barnet's castell,  
4 To twyne him o his wife.'

**83C.7**

1 'Do I nae pay you gowd?' he said,  
2 'Do I nae pay you fee?  
3 How daur you stand my bidding, Sir,  
4 Whan I bid you to flee?'

**83C.8**

1 'Gif I maun gang to Lord Barnet's castel,  
2 Sae sair agane my will,  
3 I vow a vow, and I do protest,  
4 It sall be dune for ill.'

**83C.9**

1 But whan he came to Lord Barnet's castel  
2 He tinklet at the ring;  
3 Tha war nae sae ready as Lord Barnet himsell  
4 To let the wee calland in.

**83C.10**

1 'What news, what news, my bonnie wee boy?  
2 What news hae ye to me?'  
1 'What news, what news, my bonnie wee boy?  
2 What news hae ye to me?'  
3 'Nae news, nae news, Lord Barnet,' he said,  
4 'But you ladie I fain would see.'

**83C.11**

1 'Here is a pair o gloves to her,  
2 Thay'r o the silver gray;  
3 And tell her to cum to the merrie green-wud,  
4 And speik to Bob Norice.

**83C.12**

1 'Here is a gay gowd ring to her,  
2 It's aw gowd but the stane;  
3 And she maun cum to the merrie green-wud,  
4 And speir the leive o nane.

**83C.13**

1 'Here is a gay manteil to her,  
2 It's aw silk but the sleive;  
3 And she maun cum to the merrie grein-wud,  
4 And ask not bauld Barnet's leive.'

**83C.14**

1 Then out bespack the yellow nurse,  
2 Wi the babie on her knee,  
3 Sayand, Gif thay be cum frae Bob Norice,  
4 They are welcum to me.

**83C.15**

1 'O haud your tung, ye yellow nurse,  
2 Aloud an I heir ye lie;  
3 For they're to Lord Barnet's lady,  
4 I trew that this be she.'

**83C.16**

1 Lord Barnet's to a dressing-room,  
2 And buskt him in woman's array,  
3 And he's awa to the merrie green-wud,  
4 To speik to Bob Norrice.

**83C.17**

1 Bob Norrice he sits on a tree,  
2 He is whissland and singand;  
3 Says, Merrie, merrie may my hert be,  
4 I see my mither cumand.

**83C.18**

1 Bob Norice he cam doun frae the trie,  
2 To help his mother to licht fra her horss;  
3 'Och alace, alace,' says Bob Norice,  
4 'My mither was neer sae gross!'

**83C.19**

5 'My mither was neer sae gross!'

**83C.19**

1 Lord Barnet had a not-brown sword,  
2 That hung down by his knee,  
3 And he has cut Bob Norice heid  
4 Aff frae his fair bodie.

**83C.20**

1 He tuke the bluidy head in his hand,  
2 And he brocht it to the ha,  
3 And flang it into his lady's lap,  
4 Sayand, Lady, there is a ba!

**83C.21**

1 She took the bluidy heid in her hand,  
2 And kisst it frae cheik to chin,  
3 Sayand, Better I lyke that weil faurit face  
4 Nor aw my royal kin.

**83C.22**

1 'Whan I was in my father's bour,  
2 A' in my dignity,  
3 An Inglis lord a visit came,  
4 Gat Bob Norice wi me.'

**83C.23**

1 Then out bespack Lord Barnet syne,  
2 And a wae wae man was he,  
3 Sayand, Gif I had kent he was your son,  
4 He wuld neer been killit be me.

**83D.1**

1 GILL MORICE stood in stable-door,  
2 With red gold shined his weed;  
3 A bonnie boy him behind,  
4 Dressing a milk-white steed.

**83D.2**

1 'Woe's me for you, maister,  
2 Your name it waxes wide;  
3 It is not for your rich, rich robes,  
4 Nor for your meikle pride,  
5 But all's for yon lord's ladie,  
6 She lives on Ithan side.'

**83D.3**

1 'Here's to thee, my bonnie wee boy,  
2 That I pay meat and fee;  
3 You will run on to Ithan side  
4 An errand unto me.'

**83D.4**

1 'If ye gar me that errand run,  
2 Sae sair against my will,  
3 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
4 I'll do your errand ill.'

**83D.5**

1 'I fear nae ill of thee, boy,  
2 I fear nae ill of thee;  
3 I fearna ill of my bonnie boy,  
4 My sister's son are ye.

**83D.6**

1 'Ye'll tak here this green manteel,  
2 It's lined with the frieze;  
3 Ye'll bid her come to gude green-wood,  
4 To talk with Gill Morice.

**83D.7**

1 'Ye'll tak here this sark o silk,  
2 Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
3 Ye'll bid her come to gude green-wood,  
4 And ask not Burnard's leave.'

**83D.8**

1 When he gade to Ithan side  
2 They were hailing at the ba,  
3 And four and twenty gay ladies  
4 They lookd ower castle wa.  
5 And four and twenty gay ladies  
6 They lookd ower castle wa.

**83D.9**

1 'God mak you safe, you ladies all,  
2 God mak you safe and sure;  
3 But Burnard's lady amang you all,  
4 My errand is to her.

**83D.10**

1 'Ye'll tak here this green manteel,  
2 It's a' lined wi the frieze;  
3 Ye're bidden come to gude green-wood  
4 And speak to Gill Morice.

**83D.11**

1 'Ye'll tak here this sark of silk,  
2 Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
3 Ye're bidden come to gude green-wood,  
4 And ask not Burnard's leave.'

**83D.12**

1 Up it stood the little nurice,  
2 She winked with her ee:  
3 'Welcome, welcome, bonnie boy,  
4 With luv-tidings to me.'

**83D.13**

1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye false nurice,  
2 Sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
3 It's to the lady of the house,  
4 I'm sure ye are not shee.'

**83D.14**

1 Then out and spoke him bold Burnard,  
2 Behind the door stood he:  
3 'I'll go unto gude green-wood,  
4 And see what he may be.'

**83D.15**

1 'Come, bring to me the gowns of silk,  
2 Your petticoats so small,  
3 And I'll go on to gude green-wood,  
4 I'll try with him a fall.'

**83D.16**

1 Gill Morice stood in gude green-wood,  
2 He whistled and he sang:  
3 'I think I see the woman come  
4 That I have loved lang.'

**83D.17**

1 'What now, what now, ye Gill Morice,  
3 What now, and how do ye?  
1 'What now, what now, ye Gill Morice,  
2 What now, and how do ye?  
3 How lang hae ye my lady luv'd?  
4 'This day come tell to me.'

**83D.18**

1 'First when I your lady loved,  
2 In green-wood amang the thyme,  
3 I wot she was my first fair love  
4 Or ever she was thine.

**83D.19**

1 'First when I your lady loved,  
2 In green-wood amang the flours,  
3 I wot she was my first fair love  
4 Or ever she was yours.'

**83D.20**

1 He's taen out a lang, lang brand  
2 That he was used to wear,  
3 And he's taen aff Gill Morice head,  
4 And put it on a spear:  
5 The soberest boy in a' the court  
6 Gill Morice head did bear.

**83D.21**

1 He's put it in a braid basin,  
2 And brocht it in the ha,  
3 And laid it in his lady's lap;  
4 Said, Lady, tak a ba!

**83D.22**

1 'Play ye, play ye, my lady,' he said,  
2 'Play ye frae ha to bower;  
3 Play ye wi Gill Morice head,  
4 He was your paramour!'

**83D.23**

1 'He was not my paramour,  
2 He was my son indeed;  
3 I got him in my mother's bower,  
4 And in my maiden -weed.'

**83D.24**

1 'I got him in my mother's bower,  
2 Wi meikle sin and shame;  
3 I brocht him up in good green-wood,  
4 Got mony a shower o rain.

**83D.25**

1 'But I will kiss his bluidy head,  
2 And I will clap his chin;  
3 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
4 I'll never kiss man again.

**83D.26**

1 'Of times I by his cradle sat,  
2 And fond to see him sleep;  
3 But I may walk about his grave,  
4 And fond to see him sleep;  
5 But I may walk about his grave,  
6 The saut tears for to weep.'

**83D.27**

1 'Bring cods, bring cods to my ladye,  
2 Her heart is full of wae;  
3 'None of your cods, Burnet,' she says,  
4 'But lay me on the strae.'

**83D.28**

1 'Pox on you, my lady fair,  
2 That wudna telled it me;  
3 If I had known he was your son,  
4 He had not been slain by me;  
5 And for ae penny ye wud hae gien  
6 I wud hae gien him three.'  
7 And for ae penny ye wud hae gien  
8 I wud hae gien him three.'

**83D.29**

1 'Keep weel your land, Burnet,' she said,  
2 'Your land and white monie;  
3 There's land enuch in Norrway  
4 Lies heirless I wot the day.'

**83D.30**

1 The one was killed in the mornin air,  
2 His mother died at een,  
3 And or the mornin bells was rung  
4 The threesome were a' gane.

**83E.1**

1 CHIELD MORRICE was an earl's son,  
2 His name it waxed wide;  
3 It was nae for his parentage,  
4 Nor yet his meikle pride,  
5 But it was for a lady gay,  
6 That lived on Carron side.

**83E.2**

1 'O Willie, my man, my errand gang,  
2 And you maun rin wi speed;  
3 When other boys run on their feet,  
4 On horseback ye shall ride.

**83E.3**

1 'O master dear, I love you weel,  
2 And I love you as my life,  
3 But I will not go to Lord Barnard's ha,  
4 For to tryst forth his wife.

**83E.4**

1 'For the baron he's a man of might,  
2 He neer could bide a taunt,  
3 And ye shall see or it be late  
4 How meikle ye'll hae to vaunt.'

**83E.5**

1 'O you must rin my errand, Willie,  
2 And you must rin wi speed,  
3 And if you don't obey my high command  
4 I'll gar your body bleed.

**83E.6**

1 'And here it is a gay manteel,  
2 It's a' gowd but the hem;  
3 Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,  
4 Bring naebody but her lane.

**83E.7**

1 'And here it is a holland smock,  
2 her own hand sewed the sleeve;  
3 Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,  
4 Ask not the baron's leave.'

**83E.8**

1 'Since I must run this errand for you,  
2 So sore against my will,  
3 I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 It shall be done for ill.'

**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 canno 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' gowd but the hem;  
3 Ye must come speak to Chield Morice,  
4 Bring nae 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 But a' that she could say or do,  
4 Forbidden he wad na be.

**83E.14**

1 'It's surely to my bouir-woman,  
2 It canna be to me.'  
3 'I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,  
4 And I trow that thou art she.'

**83E.15**

1 Out then spak the wylie nurse,  
2 Wi the bairn just on her knee:  
3 'If this be come fra Chield Morice,  
4 It's dear welcome to me.'

**83E.16**

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 thou binna she.'  
5 I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady,  
6 And I trow thou binna she.'

**83E.17**

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 keppd 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 That hinges upon the pin,  
3 And I'll awa to the good green-wood,  
4 And crack wi your leman.'

**83E.19**

1 'I would have you stay at home, Lord Barnard,  
2 I would have you stay at home;  
3 Never wyte a man for violence douce  
4 That never thought you wrong.'

**83E.20**

1 And when he to the green-wood went,  
2 No body saw he there  
3 But Chield Morice, on a milk-white steed,  
4 Combing down his yellow hair.

**83E.21**

1 Chield Morice sat in the gay green-wood,  
2 He whistled and he sang:  
3 'O what means a' thir folks coming?  
4 My mother tarries lang.'

**83E.22**

5 My mother tarries lang.'

**83E.22**

1 'No wonder, no wonder, Chield Morice,' 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 Morice,  
2 For a' thy gay beautie,  
3 O nevertheless, Chield Morice,  
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.

**83E.25**

1 Then he's taen up that bloody head,  
2 And stuck it on a spear,  
3 And the meanest man in a' his train  
4 Gat Chield Morice head to bear.

**83E.26**

1 The lady looked owre the castle-wa,  
2 Wi meikle dool and down,  
3 And there she saw Chield Morice head,  
4 Coming trailing to the town.

**83E.27**

1 But he's taen up this bluidy head,  
2 And dashed it gainst the wa:  
1 But he's taen up this bluidy head,  
2 And dashed it gainst the wa:  
3 'Come down, come down, you ladies fair,  
4 And play at this foot-ba.'

**83E.28**

1 Then she's taen up this bluidy head,  
2 And an ill deid may thou die!  
3 And she kissed it both cheek and chin:  
4 'I would rather hae a kiss o that bluidy head  
5 Than a' thy earldom.  
6 'I would rather hae a kiss o that bluidy head  
7 Than a' thy earldom.  
8 'I would rather hae a kiss o that bluidy head  
9 Than a' thy earldom.

**83E.29**

1 'I got him in my father's bouir,  
2 Wi meikle sin and shame,  
3 And I brocht him up in gay green-wood,  
4 Beneath the heavy rain.

**83E.30**

1 'Many a day have I rockd thy cradle,  
2 And fondly seen thee sleep,  
3 But now I'll go about thy grave,  
4 And sore, sore will I weep.'

**83E.31**

1 'O woe be to thee, thou wild woman,  
2 And an ill deid may thou die!  
3 For if ye had tauld me he was your son,  
4 He should hae ridden and gane wi me.'

**83E.32**

1 'O hold your tongue, you bold baron,  
2 And an ill death may ye die!  
3 He had lands and rents enow of his ain,  
4 He needed nane fra thee.'

**83E.33**

1 'Then I'll curse the hand that did the deed,  
2 The heart that thought him ill,  
3 The feet that carried me speedilie  
4 This comely youth to kill.'

**83E.34**

1 This lady she died gin ten o'clock,  
2 Lord Barnard died gin twall,  
3 And bonnie boy now, Sweet Willie,  
4 What's come o him I canna tell.

**83F.1**

1 What's come o him I canna tell.

**83F.1**

1 GIL MORRICE was an erles son,  
2 His name it waxed wide;  
3 It was nae for his great riches,  
4 Nor yet his mickle pride,  
5 Bot it was for a lady gay,  
6 That livd on Carron side.

**83F.2**

1 'Whair sall I get a bonny boy,  
2 That will win hose and shoen,  
3 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha,  
4 And bid his lady cum?

**83F.3**

1 'And ye maun rin errand, Willie,  
2 And ye may rin wi pride;  
3 When other boys gae on their foot,  
4 On horseback ye sall ride.'

**83F.4**

1 'O no! Oh no! my master dear,  
2 I dare nae for my life;  
1 'O no! Oh no! my master dear,  
2 I dare nae for my life;  
1 'O no! Oh no! my master dear,  
2 I dare nae for my life;  
3 I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,  
4 For to triest furth his wife.'

**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 sall 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 Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ye rede,  
6 For fear ye should be tain.'

**83F.7**

7 For fear ye should be tain.'

**83F.7**

8 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 'Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,  
2 'Tis a' gowd but the hem;  
3 Bid hir cum to the gude grene-wode,  
4 And bring nane bot hir lain.

**83F.9**

1 'And there it is, a silken sarke,  
2 Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;  
3 And bid her cum to Gill Morice,  
4 Speir nae bauld baron's leave.'

**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 warnd,  
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 As ye will see, before it's nicht,  
4 How sma ye hae to vaunt.

**83F.12**

1 'And sen I maun your errand rin,  
2 Sae sair against my will,  
3 I'se mak a vow, and keep it trow,  
4 It sall be done for ill.'

**83F.13**

1 And when he came to broken brigue,  
2 He bent his bow and swam;  
3 And when [he] came to grass growing,  
4 Set down his feet and ran.

**83F.14**

1 And when he came to Barnard's ha,  
2 Would neither chap nor ca,  
3 Bot set his bent bow to his breist,  
4 And lightly lap the wa.

**83F.15**

1 He wauld nae tell the man his errand,  
2 Though he stude at the gait;  
3 Bot straiht into the ha he cam,  
4 Whair they were set at meit.

**83F.16**

1 'Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame,  
2 My message winna waite;  
3 Dame, ye maun to the gude grene-wod,  
4 Before that it be late.

**83F.17**

1 'Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,  
2 'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;  
3 You maun gae to the gude grene-wode,  
4 Eyn by your sel alane.

**83F.18**

1 'And there it is, a silken sarke,  
2 Your ain hand sewd the sleive;  
3 Ye maun gae speik to Gill Morice,  
4 Speir nae bauld baron's leave.'

**83F.19**

1 The lady stamped wi hir foot,  
2 And winked wi hir ee;  
3 But a' that she could say or do,  
4 Forbidden he wad nae bee.

**83F.20**

1 'It's surely to my bowr-woman;  
2 It neir could be to me.'  
3 'I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady;  
4 I trow that ye be she.'

**83F.21**

1 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,  
2 The bairn upon hir knee:  
3 'If it be cum frae Gill Morice,  
4 It's deric welcum to me.'

**83F.22**

1 'Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,  
2 Sae loud's I heire ye lee;  
3 I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady;  
4 I trow ye be nae shee.'

**83F.23**

1 Then up and spack the bauld baron,  
2 An angry man was hee;  
3 He's tain the table wi his foot,  
4 Sae has he wi his knee,  
5 Till siller cup and ezar dish  
6 In flinders he gard flee.

**83F.24**

1 'Gae bring a robe of your cliding,  
2 That hings upon the pin,  
3 And I'll gae to the gude grene-wode,  
4 And speik wi your lemman.'

**83F.25**

1 'O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,  
2 I warde ye bide at hame;  
3 Neir wyte a man for violence  
4 That neir wate ye wi nane.'

**83F.26**

1 Gil Morice sate in gude grene-wode,  
2 He whistled and he sang:  
3 'O what mean a' the folk coming?  
4 My mother tarries lang.'

**83F.27**

1 The baron came to the grene-wode,  
2 Wi mickle dule and care,  
3 And there he first spied Gill Morice,  
4 Kameing his yellow hair.

**83F.28**

1 'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,  
2 My lady loed thee weel;  
3 The fairest part of my body  
4 Is blacker than thy heel.

**83F.29**

1 'Yet neir the less now, Gill Morice,  
2 For a' thy great bewty,  
3 Ye's rew the day ye eir was born;  
4 That head sall gae wi me.'

**83F.30**

1 Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
2 And slaited on the strae,  
3 And thro Gill Morice fair body  
4 He's gard cauld iron gae.

**83F.31**

1 And he has tain Gill Morice head,  
2 And set it on a speir;  
3 The meanest man in a' his train  
4 Has gotten that head to bear.

**83F.32**

1 And he has tain Gill Morice up,  
2 Laid him across his steid,  
3 And brocht him to his painted bowr,  
4 And laid him on a bed.

**83F.33**

1 The lady sat on castil-wa,  
2 Beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And there she saw Gill Morice head  
4 Cum trailing to the toun.

**83F.34**

1 'Far better I loe that bluidy head,  
2 Bot and that yellow hair,  
3 Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,  
4 As they lig here and thair.'

**83F.35**

1 And she has tain hir Gill Morice,  
2 And kissd baith mouth and chin:  
3 'I was once as fow of Gill Morice  
4 As the hip is o the stean.'

**83F.36**

1 'I got ye in my father's house,  
2 Wi mickle sin and shame;  
3 I brocht thee up in gude green-wode,  
4 Under the heavy rain.'

**83F.37**

1 'Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,  
2 And fondly seen thee sleip;  
3 Bot now I gae about thy grave,  
4 The saut tears for to weip.'

**83F.38**

1 And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,  
2 And syne his bluidy chin:  
3 'O better I loe my Gill Morice  
4 Than a' my kith and kin!'

**83F.39**

1 'Away, away, ye ill woman,  
2 And an il deith mait ye dee!  
3 Gin I had kend he'd bin your son,  
4 He'd neir bin slain for mee.'

**83G.1**

1 GIL MORRICE sat in silver wood,  
2 He whistled and he sang:  
3 'Whar sall I get a bonny boy  
4 My errand for to gang?'

**83G.2**

1 He ca'd his foster-brither Willie:  
2 'Come, win ye hose and shoon,  
3 And gae unto Lord Barnard's ha,  
4 And bid his lady come.'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**83G.3**

1 And she has taen the bloody head,  
2 And cast it i the brim,  
3 Syne gathered up her robes o green,  
4 And fast she followed him.

**84A.1**

1 And fast she followed him.

**84A.1**

1 IT was in and about the Martinmas time,  
2 When the green leaves were a falling,  
3 That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,  
4 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

**84A.2**

1 He sent his men down through the town,  
2 To the place where she was dwelling:  
3 'O haste and come to my master dear,  
4 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

**84A.3**

1 O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
2 To the place where he was lying,  
3 And when she drew the curtain by,  
4 'Young man, I think you're dying.'  
5 And when she drew the curtain by,  
6 'Young man, I think you're dying.'

**84A.4**

1 'O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,  
2 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.'  
1 'O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,  
2 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.'  
3 'O the better for me ye's never be,  
4 Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.'

**84A.5**

1 'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,  
2 'When ye was in the tavern a drinking,  
1 'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,  
2 'When ye was in the tavern a drinking,  
3 That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
4 And slighted Barbara Allan?'

**84A.6**

1 He turnd his face unto the wall,  
2 And death was with him dealing:  
3 'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
4 And death was with him dealing:  
5 'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
6 And be kind to Barbara Allan.'

**84A.7**

1 And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
2 And slowly, slowly left him,  
3 And sighing said, she could not stay,  
4 Since death of life had reft him.

**84A.8**

1 She had not gane a mile but twa,  
2 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,  
3 And every jow that the dead-bell geid,  
4 It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

**84A.9**

1 'O mother, mother, make my bed!  
2 O make it soft and narrow!  
1 'O mother, mother, make my bed!  
2 O make it soft and narrow!  
3 Since my love died for me to-day,  
4 I'll die for him to-morrow.'

- 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 was 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 death be printed in his face,  
2 And sorrow's in him dwelling,  
3 Then little better shall he be  
4 For bonny Barbara Allen.'
- 84B.6**  
1 So slowly, slowly she got up,  
2 And so slowly she came to him,  
3 And all she said when she came there,  
4 Young man, I think you are a dying.
- 84B.7**  
1 He turnd his face unto her then:  
2 'If you be Barbara Allen,  
3 My dear,' said he, 'Come pittie me,  
4 As on my death-bed I am lying.'
- 84B.8**  
1 'If on your death-bed you be lying,  
2 What is that to Barbara Allen?  
3 I cannot keep you from [your] death;  
4 So farewell,' said Barbara Allen.
- 84B.9**  
1 He turnd 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 And it did seem to ring to her  
4 'Unworthy Barbara Allen.'
- 84B.11**  
1 She turnd 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 my bed,  
4 For his death hath quite undone me.
- 84B.14**  
1 'A hard-hearted creature that I was,  
2 To slight one that lovd me so dearly;  
3 I wish I had been more kinder to him,  
4 The time of his life when he was near me.'
- 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 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 to the river-side,  
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 And death's within him dealing,  
5 And it is all for the sake of her,  
6 His bonnie Barbara Allan.
- 84C.6**  
1 O he sent his man unto the house,  
2 Where that she 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 My bonny Barbara Allan.'
- 84C.9**  
1 She was not ae mile frae the town,  
2 Till she heard the dead-bell ringing:  
3 'Och hone, oh hone, he's dead and gone,  
4 For the love of Barbara Allan!'
- 85A.1**  
1 LADY ALICE was sitting in her bower  
-window,  
2 Mending her midnight quoif,  
3 And there she saw as fine a corpse  
4 As ever she saw in her life.
- 85A.2**  
1 'What bear ye, what bear ye, ye six men tall?  
2 What bear ye on your shoulders?'  
3 'We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,  
4 An old and true lover of yours.'
- 85A.3**  
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.4**  
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.5**  
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  
grave,  
4 They reached Lady Alice's breast.
- 85A.6**  
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 eer will there be again.
- 85B.1**  
1 GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,  
2 Mother, come bind up my head,  
3 And sent 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 stirrd 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 bear ye there, ye six strong men,  
2 Upon your shoulders so high?'  
1 'What bear ye there, ye six strong men,  
2 Upon your shoulders so high?'  
3 'We bear the body of Giles Collins,  
4 Who for love of you did die.'
- 85B.5**  
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 lye by hisn.'
- 85B.6**  
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 touchd Lady Anna's breast.
- 85B.7**  
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.
- 85[C.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.
- 85[C.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.'
- 85[C.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.
- 85[C.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.
- 85[C.5]**  
1 'What bear ye there, ye six tall men?  
2 What bear ye on your shourn?'  
3 'We bear the body of Giles Collin,  
4 Who was a true lover of yourn.'
- 85[C.6]**  
1 'Down with him, down with him, upon the  
grass,  
2 The grass that grows so green;  
3 For tomorrow morning before it is day  
4 My body shall lie by him.'
- 85[C.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.
- 85[C.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.
- 85[C.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 OF a' the maids o fair Scotland  
2 The fairest was Marjorie,  
1 OF a' the maids o fair Scotland  
2 The fairest was Marjorie,  
3 And young Benjie was her ae true-love,  
4 And a dear true-love was he.

**86A.2**

1 And wow! but they were lovers dear,  
2 And loved fu constantlie;  
3 But ay the mair, when they fell out,  
4 The sairer was their plea.

**86A.3**

1 And they hae quarrelled on a day,  
2 Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,  
3 And she said she'd chuse another luve,  
4 And let Young Benjie gae.

**86A.4**

1 And he was stout, and proud-hearted,  
2 And thought o't bitterlie,  
3 And he's gaen by the wan moon-light  
4 To meet his Marjorie.

**86A.5**

1 'O open, open, my true-love,  
2 'O open, open, my true-love,  
3 'I dare na open, Young Benjie,  
4 My three brother are within.'

**86A.6**

1 'Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,  
2 Sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
3 As I came by the Lowden banks,  
4 They bade gude een to me.

**86A.7**

1 'But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,  
2 That I hae loved sae lang!  
3 It sets ye chuse another love,  
4 And let Young Benjie gang.'

**86A.8**

1 Then Marjorie turned her round about,  
2 The tear blinding her ee:  
3 'I darena, darena let thee in,  
4 But I'll come down to thee.'

**86A.9**

1 Then saft she smiled, and said to him,  
2 O what ill hae I done?  
3 He took her in his armis twa,  
4 And threw her oer the linn.  
5 He took her in his armis twa,  
6 And threw her oer the linn.

**86A.10**

1 The stream was strang, the maid was stout,  
2 And laith, laith to be dang,  
3 But ere she wan the Lowden banks  
4 Her fair colour was wan.

**86A.11**

1 Then up bespak her eldest brother,  
2 'O see na ye what I see?'  
3 And out then spak her second brother,  
4 'It's our sister Marjorie!'

**86A.12**

1 Out then spak her eldest brother,  
2 'O how shall we her ken?'  
1 Out then spak her eldest brother,  
2 'O how shall we her ken?'  
3 And out then spak her youngest brother,  
4 'There's a honey-mark on her chin.'  
5 And out then spak her youngest brother,  
6 'There's a honey-mark on her chin.'  
7 And out then spak her youngest brother,  
8 'There's a honey-mark on her chin.'

**86A.13**

1 Then they've taen up the comely corpse,  
2 And laid it on the grund:  
3 'O wha has killed our ae sister,  
4 And how can he be found?'

**86A.14**

1 'The night it is her low lykewake,  
2 The morn her burial day,  
3 And we maun watch at mirk midnight,  
4 And hear what she will say.'

**86A.15**

1 Wi doors ajar, and candle-light,  
2 And torches burning clear,  
3 The streikit corpse, till still midnight,  
4 They waked, but naething hear.

**86A.16**

1 About the middle o the night  
2 The cocks began to craw,  
3 And at the dead hour o the night  
4 The corpse began to thrav.

**86A.17**

1 'O wha has done the wrang, sister,  
2 Or dared the deadly sin?  
3 Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,  
4 As thrav ye oer the linn?'

**86A.18**

1 'Young Benjie was the first ae man  
2 I laid my love upon;  
3 He was sae stout and proud-hearted,  
4 He threw me oer the linn.'

**86A.19**

1 'Sall we Young Benjie head, sister?  
2 Sall we Young Benjie hang?  
3 Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,  
4 And punish him ere he gang?'

**86A.20**

1 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,  
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,  
3 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,  
4 And punish him ere he gang.'

**86A.21**

1 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,  
2 And lead him out and in,  
3 And the best ae servant about your house  
4 To wait Young Benjie on.

**86A.22**

1 'And ay, at every seven year's end,  
2 Ye'll tak him to the linn;  
3 For that's the penance he maun drie,  
4 To scug his deadly sin.'

**86B.1**

1 'O COME along wi me, brother,  
2 Now come along wi me;  
1 'O COME along wi me, brother,  
2 Now come along wi me;  
3 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,  
4 Into the water o Dee.'

**86B.2**

1 The eldest brother he stepped in,  
2 He stepped to the knee;  
3 Then out he jumpd upo the bank,  
4 Says, This water's nae for me.

**86B.3**

1 The second brother he stepped in,  
2 He stepped to the quit;  
3 Then out he jumpd upo the bank,  
4 Says, This water's wondrous deep.

**86B.4**

1 When the third brother stepped in,  
2 He stepped to the chin;  
3 Out he got, and forward wade,  
4 For fear o drowning him.

**86B.5**

1 The younges brother he stepped in,  
2 Took's sister by the hand;  
3 Said, Here she is, my sister Maisry,  
4 Wi the hinny-draps on her chin.

**86B.6**

1 'O if I were in some bonny ship,  
2 And in some strange countrie,  
3 For to find out some conjurer,  
4 To gar Maisry speak to me!'

**86B.7**

1 Then out it speaks an auld woman,  
2 As she was passing by:  
3 'Ask of your sister what you want,  
4 And she will speak to thee.'

**86B.8**

1 'O sister, tell me who is the man  
2 That did your body win?  
3 And who is the wretch, tell me, likewise,  
4 That threw you in the lin?'

**86B.9**

1 'O Bondsey was the only man  
2 That did my body win;  
3 And likewise Bondsey was the man  
4 That threw me in the lin.'

**86B.10**

1 'O will we Bondsey head, sister?  
2 Or will we Bondsey hang?  
3 Or will we set him at our bow-end,  
4 Lat arrows at him gang?'

**86B.11**

1 'Ye winna Bondsey head, brothers,  
2 Nor will ye Bondsey hang;  
3 But ye'll take out his twa grey een,  
4 Make Bondsey blind to gang.'

**86B.12**

1 'Ye'll put to the gate a chain o gold,  
2 A rose garland gar make,  
3 And ye'll put that in Bondsey's head,  
4 A' for your sister's sake.'

**87A.1**

1 PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,  
2 He has wedded her with a ring;  
3 Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,  
4 But he daur na bring her hame.

**87A.2**

1 'Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear,  
2 Your blessing now grant to me!  
3 'Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,  
4 And you'll get nae blessing frae me.'

**87A.3**

1 She has called upon her waiting-maid,  
2 To fill a glass of wine;  
3 She has called upon her fause steward,  
4 To put rank poison in.

**87A.4**

1 She has put it to her roudes lip,  
2 And to her roudes chin;  
3 She has put it to her fause, fause mouth,  
4 But the never a drop gaed in.

**87A.5**

1 He has put it to his bonny mouth,  
2 And to his bonny chin,  
3 He's put it to his cherry lip,  
4 And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

**87A.6**

1 'O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,  
2 Your ae son and your heir;  
3 O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,  
4 And sons you'll never hae mair.

**87A.7**

1 'O where will I get a little boy,  
2 That will win hose and shoon,  
3 To rin sae fast to Darlinton,  
4 And bid Fair Eleanor come?'

**87A.8**

1 Then up and spake a little boy,  
2 That wad win hose and shoon,  
3 'O I'll away to Darlinton,  
4 And bid Fair Eleanor come.'

**87A.9**

1 O he has run to Darlinton,  
2 And tirlid at the pin;  
3 And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell  
4 To let the bonny boy in?'

**87A.10**

1 'Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,  
2 She's made it baith gude and fine;  
3 Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,  
4 And ye maun cum till her and dine.'

**87A.11**

1 It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,  
2 The langest that ever were game;  
3 But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was  
light,  
4 And she cam linkin in.

**87A.12**

1 But when she came to Sillertoun town,  
2 And into Sillertoun ha,  
3 The torches were burning, the ladies were  
mourning,  
4 And they were weeping a'.

**87A.13**

1 'O where is now my wedded lord,  
2 And where now can he be?  
3 O where is now my wedded lord?  
4 For him I canna see.'

**87A.14**

1 'Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,  
2 'And just gane to be laid in the clay;  
3 Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,  
4 'And just gane to be buried the day.'

**87A.15**

1 'Ye'se get nane o his gowd, ye'se get nane o his  
s gear,  
2 Ye'se get nae thing frae me;  
3 Ye'se na get an inch o his gude broad land,  
4 Tho your heart suld burst in three.'

**87A.16**

1 'I want nane o his gowd, I want nane o his gear,  
2 I want nae land frae thee;  
3 But I'll hae 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 me;  
3 Ye'se na get the ring that's on his finger,  
4 An your heart suld 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 thae twa met, and thae 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.  
5 And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,  
6 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 shall dine.'

**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 drap went in.

**87B.4**

1 But he's put it to his bonny cheek,  
2 Aye and his bonny chin;  
3 He's put it to his red rosy lips,  
4 And the poison went merrily doun.

**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 Earl Robert was something akin:  
3 'Many a time have I ran thy errand,  
4 But this day wi the tears I'll rin.'

**87B.7**

1 Bat when he came to Sittingin's Rocks,  
2 To the middle of a' the ha,  
3 There were bells a ringing, and music playing,  
4 And ladies dancing a'.

**87B.8**

1 'What news, what news, my bonny boy?  
2 What news have ye to me?  
3 Is Earl Robert in very good health,  
4 And the ladies of your countrie?'

**87B.9**

1 'O Earl Robert's in very good health,  
2 And as weel as a man can be;  
1 'O Earl Robert's in very good health,  
2 And as weel as a man can be;  
3 But his mother this night has a drink to be  
druken,  
4 And at it you must be.'

**87B.10**

1 She called to her waiting-maid,  
2 To bring her a riding-weed,  
3 And she called to her stable-groom,  
4 To saddle her milk-white steed,

**87B.11**

1 But when she came to Earl Robert's bouir,  
2 To the middle of a' the ha,  
3 There were bells a ringing, and sheets doun  
hinging,  
4 And ladies mourning a'.

**87B.12**

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.13**

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.14**

1 She set her foot unto a stane,  
2 Her back unto a tree;  
3 She set her foot unto a stane,  
4 And her heart did break in three.

**87B.15**

1 The one was buried in Mary's kirk,  
2 The other in Mary's quire;  
3 Out of the one there grew a birk,  
4 From the other a bonnie brier.

**87B.16**

1 And these twa grew, and these twa threw,  
2 Till their twa craps drew near;  
3 So all the world may plainly see  
4 That they loved each other dear.

**87C.1**

1 LORD ROBERT and Mary Florence,  
2 They were twa children young;  
3 They were scarce seven years of age  
4 Till love began to spring.

**87C.2**

1 Lord Robert loved Mary Florence,  
2 And she lovd him above power;  
3 But he durst not for his cruel mother  
4 Bring her unto his bower.

**87C.3**

1 It was nineteen miles to Strawberry Castle,  
2 As good as ever was rode or gane,  
3 But the lord being light, and the steed being  
swift,  
4 Lord Robert was hame gin noon.

**87C.4**

1 'A blessing, a blessing, dear mother,' he cries,  
2 'A blessing I do crave!'  
3 'A blessing, a blessing, my son Lord Robert,  
4 And a blessing thou shalt have.'

**87C.5**

1 She called on her chamber-maid  
2 To fill up a glass of wine,  
3 And so clever was her cursed fingers  
4 To put the rank poison in.

**87C.6**

1 'O wae be to you, mother dear,' he cries,  
2 'For working such a wae;  
3 For poisoning of your son Lord Robert,  
4 And children you have nae mae.'

**87C.7**

1 'O where will I get a pretty little boy  
2 That'll rin him my errands sune?  
3 That will rin unto Strawberry Castle,  
4 And tell Mary Florence to cum?'

**87C.8**

1 'Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
2 Your eldest sister's son,  
3 That will rin unto Strawberry Castle,  
4 And tell Mary Florence to come.'

**87C.9**

1 When he came unto Strawberry Castle  
2 He tirl'd at the pin,  
3 And so ready was Mary Florence hersell  
4 To open and let him in.

**87C.10**

1 'What news, what news, my pretty little boy?  
2 What news hast thou brocht here?'  
3 With sichin and sabbin and wringing his hands,  
4 No message he could refer.

**87C.11**

1 'The news that I have gotten,' he says,  
2 'I cannot weel declair;  
3 But my grandmother has prepar'd a feast,  
4 And fain she would hae thee thair.'

**87C.12**

1 She called on her stable-groom  
2 To dress her swiftest steed;  
3 For she knew very weel by this pretty little boy  
4 That Lord Robert was dead.

**87C.13**

1 And when she came to Knotingale Castle  
2 She tirl'd 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 '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.16**

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.17**

1 She has set her foot unto a stone,  
2 Her back unto a tree;  
3 Before she left Knotingale Castle  
4 Her heart it brak in three.

**87D.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.  
5 ' . . . .

**87D.2**

1 'It is the fashion in oor countrie, mither,  
2 I dinna ken what it is here,  
3 To like your wife better than your mither,  
4 That . . . bought you sae dear.'

**87D.3**

1 She called upon her best marie,  
2 An tippet her wi a ring,  
3 To bring to her the rank poison,  
4 To gie Prince Robert a dram.

**87D.4**

1 She put it to her cheek, her cheek,  
2 She put it to her chin;  
3 She put it to her fause, fause lips,  
4 But neer a drap gaed in.

**87D.5**

1 She put it to his cheek, his cheek,  
2 She put it to his chin;  
3 She put it to his rosy lips,  
4 An the rank poison gaed in.

**87D.6**

1 'Whare will I get a bonnie boy,  
2 Wha will win meat an fee,  
3 Wha will rin on to . . . bower,  
4 Bring my gude ladie to me?'

**87D.7**

1 'Here am I, a bonnie boy,  
2 Willin to win meat an fee,  
3 Wha will rin on to . . . bower,  
4 An bring your gude ladie.'

**87D.8**

1 'Whan you come to broken brig,  
2 Tak aff your coat an swim;  
3 An whan you come to grass growin,  
4 Tak aff your shoon an rin.'

**87D.9**

1 An whan he cam to broken brig,  
2 He coost his coat an swam,  
3 An whan he cam to grass growin,  
4 Set doon his feet an ran.

**87D.10**

1 An whan he cam to the ladie's bower,  
2 He fand her a' her lane,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .  
5 . . . .

**87D.11**

1 An syne she kissed his wan, wan lips,  
2 . . . .  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**88A.1**

1 THE knight stands in the stable-door,  
2 As he was for to ryde,  
3 When out then came his fair lady,  
4 Desiring him to byde.

**88A.2**

1 'How can I byde? how dare I byde?  
2 How can I byde with thee?  
3 Have I not killd thy ae brother?  
4 Thou hadst nae mair but he.'

**88A.3**

1 'If you have killd my ae brother,  
2 Alas, and woe is me!  
3 But if I save your fair body,  
4 The better you'll like me.'

**88A.4**

1 She's tane him to her secret bower,  
2 Pinned with a siller pin,  
3 And she's up to her highest tower,  
4 To watch that none come in.

**88A.5**

1 She had na well gane up the stair,  
2 And entered in her tower,  
3 When four and twenty armed knights  
4 Came riding to the door.

**88A.6**

1 'Now God you save, my fair lady,  
2 I pray you tell to me,  
3 Saw you not a wounded knight  
4 Come riding by this way?'

**88A.7**

1 'Yes, bloody, bloody was his sword,  
2 And bloody were his hands;  
3 But if the steed he rides be good,  
4 He's past fair Scotland's strands.

**88A.8**

1 'Light down, light down then, gentlemen,  
2 And take some bread and wine;  
3 The better you will him pursue  
4 When you shall lightly dine.'

**88A.9**

1 'We thank you for your bread, lady,  
2 We thank you for your wine;  
3 I would gie thrice three thousand pounds  
4 Your fair body was mine.'

**88A.10**

1 Then she's gane to her secret bower,  
2 Her husband dear to meet;  
3 But he drew out his bloody sword,  
4 And wounded her sae deep.

**88A.11**

1 'What aileth thee now, good my lord?  
2 What aileth thee at me?  
3 Have you not got my father's gold,  
4 But and my mother's fee?'

**88A.12**

1 'Now live, now live, my fair lady,  
2 O live but half an hour,  
3 There's neer a leech in fair Scotland  
4 But shall be at thy bower.'

**88A.13**

1 'How can I live? how shall I live?  
2 How can I live for thee?  
3 See you not where my red heart's blood  
4 Runs trickling down my knee?'

**88B.1**

1 YOUNG Johnstone and the young Colnel  
2 Sat drinking at the wine;  
3 'O gin ye wad marry my sister,  
4 It's I wad marry thine.'

**88B.2**

1 'I wadna marry your sister  
2 For a' your houses and land;  
3 But I'll keep her for my leman,  
4 When I come oer the strand.

**88B.3**

1 'I wadna marry your sister  
2 For a' your gowd so gay;  
3 But I'll keep her for my leman,  
4 When I come by the way.'

**88B.4**

1 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.

**88B.5**

1 But he's awa to his sister's bower,  
2 He's tirl'd at the pin:  
3 'Where hae ye been, my dear brither,  
4 Sae late a coming in?'  
5 'I hae been at the school, sister,  
6 Learning young clerks to sing.'

**88B.6**

1 '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.'

**88B.7**

1 '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 own true-love was he.'

**88B.8**

1 '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.'

**88B.9**

1 And he's awa to his true-love's bower,  
2 He's tirl'd at the pin:  
3 'Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
4 Sae late a coming in?'  
5 'It's I hae been at the school,' he says,  
6 'Learning young clerks to sing.'

**88B.10**

1 '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.'

**88B.11**

1 '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.'

**88B.12**

1 '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.'

**88B.13**

1 '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.'

**88B.14**

1 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.

**88B.15**

1 '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?'

**88B.16**

1 '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?'

**88B.17**

1 '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.

**88B.18**

1 'Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
2 And bloody were his hounds;  
3 And milk-white was the gallant steed,  
4 That bore him from the bounds.

**88B.19**

1 'Light down, light down now, gentlemen,  
2 And take some bread and wine;  
3 And the steed be swift that he rides on,  
4 He's past the brig o Lyne.'

**88B.20**

1 '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.'

**88B.21**

1 '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.'

**88B.22**

1 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.

**88B.23**

1 '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?'

**88B.24**

1 '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.'

**88B.25**

1 '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 trickling down my knee?'

**88B.26**

1 'But take thy harp into thy hand,  
2 And harp out owre you plain,  
3 And neer think mair on thy true-love  
4 Than if she had never been.'

**88B.27**

1 He hadna weel been out o the stable,  
2 And on his saddle set,  
3 Till four and twenty broad arrows  
4 Were thrilling in his heart.

**88C.1**

1 SWEET WILLIAM and the young Colnel  
2 One day was drinking wine:  
3 'It's I will marry your sister,  
4 If ye will marry mine.'

**88C.2**

1 '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.'

**88C.3**

1 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.

**88C.4**

1 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.'

**88C.5**

1 '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.'

**88C.6**

1 '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.'

**88C.7**

1 '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!'

**88C.8**

1 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.'

**88C.9**

1 '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.'

**88C.10**

1 '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.'

**88C.11**

1 '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!'

**88C.12**

1 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,  
2 Till he came to his true-love's bower;  
3 'Oh open, oh 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 draps 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 the hounds?'  
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 bodye.'

**88C.23**

1 Sweet William, having his two-edged sword,  
2 He leaned it quite low to the ground,  
3 And he has given his own true-love  
4 A deep and deadly wound.

**88C.24**

1 'What aileth thee, Sweet William?' she says,  
2 'What harm now have I done?'  
3 I never harmed a hair of your head  
4 Since ever this love began.'

**88C.25**

1 'Oh live, oh live, my own true-love,  
2 Oh live but half an hour,  
3 And the best doctor in London town  
4 Shall come within thy bower.'

**88C.26**

1 'How can I live? how shall I live?  
2 How can I live half an hour?  
3 For don't you see my very heart's blood  
4 All sprinkled on the floor?'

**88C.27**

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 dreamd 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, mither,' he said,  
2 'It bodeth meikle ill;  
3 And I hae slain a Young Caldwell,  
4 And they're seeking me to kill.'

**88D.8**

1 'Gin ye hae slain a Young Caldwell,  
2 Alace and wae is me!  
3 But gin your fair body's free frae skaith,  
4 The easier I will be.'

**88D.9**

1 Up he gat, and awa he rade,  
2 By the clear licht o the mune,  
3 Until he cam to his sister's bower,  
4 And there he lichtit doun.

**88D.10**

1 'Whare hae ye been, brither,' 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.11**

1 'I dreamd a dream, brither,' she said,  
2 'I doubt it bodes nae gude;  
3 I dreamd the ravens eat your flesh,  
4 And the lions drank your blude.'

**88D.12**

1 'To dream o blude, sister,' he said,  
2 'It bodeth 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 true-love'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 sklate house,  
4 Hearing the clergy speak.'

**88D.16**

1 'I dreamd a dream, Willie,' she said,  
2 'I doubt it bodes nae gude;  
3 I dreamd 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 body's free frae skaith,  
4 The easier I will be.'

**88D.19**

1 'Lye doun, lye doun, Love Willie,' she said,  
2 'Lye doun 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 bowr,  
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 beltit knights  
4 Cam riding ower the lea.

**88D.22**

1 And whan they came unto the gate,  
2 They stude and thus did say:  
3 'O did ye see yon bludie knight,  
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 knight 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 goodly steed  
4 The bludie knight 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 spurrd their steeds out 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 'Lye still, lye still, Love Willie,' she said,  
2 'Lye still and tak your sleep;'  
3 Syne he took up his good braid sword,  
4 And wounded her fu deep.

**88D.28**

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 killd me.'

**88D.29**

1 'Oh live, oh live, true-love,' he said,  
2 'Oh live but ae half hour,  
3 And there's not a docter in a' London  
4 But sall be in your bower.'

**88D.30**

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.31**

1 'Tak aff, tak aff my holland sark,  
2 And rive't frae gare to gair,  
3 And stapp it in my bleeding wounds;  
4 They'll may be bleed nae mair.'

**88D.32**

1 Syne he took aff her holland sark,  
2 And rave't frae gare to gair,  
3 And stappit it in her bleeding wounds,  
4 But aye they bled the mair.

**88D.33**

1 'Gae dress yoursell 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.



**88E.1**

1 LORD JOHN stands in his stable door,  
2 Says he, I will gae ride,  
3 His lady, in her bigly bower?  
4 Desired him to bide.

**88E.2**

1 'How can I bide? how can I bide?  
2 How shall I bide wi thee?  
3 When I hae killd your ae brother;  
4 You hae nae mair but he.'

**88E.3**

1 'If ye hae killd my ae brother,  
2 Alas, and wae is me!  
3 If ye be well yoursell, my love,  
4 The less matter will be.

**88E.4**

1 'Ye'll do you to yon bigly bower,  
2 And take a silent sleep,  
3 And I'll watch in my highest tower,  
4 Your fair body to keep.'

**88E.5**

1 She has shut her bigly bower,  
2 All wi a silver pin,  
3 And done her to the highest tower,  
4 To watch that nane come in.

**88E.6**

1 But as she looked round about,  
2 To see what she could see,  
3 There she saw nine armed knights  
4 Come riding oer the lea.

**88E.7**

1 'God make you safe and free, lady,  
2 God make you safe and free!  
3 Did you see a bludy knight  
4 Come riding oer the lea?'

**88E.8**

1 'O what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
2 And what like was his hound?  
3 If his steed has ridden well,  
4 He's passd fair Scotland's strand.

**88E.9**

1 'Come in, come in, gude gentlemen,  
2 And take white bread and wine;  
3 And aye the better ye'll pursue,  
4 The lighter that ye dine.'

**88E.10**

1 'We thank you for your bread, lady,  
2 We thank you for the wine,  
3 And I woud gie my lands sae broad  
4 Your fair body were mine.'

**88E.11**

1 She has gane to her bigly bower,  
2 Her ain gude lord to meet;  
3 A trusty brand he quickly drew,  
4 Gae her a wound sae deep.

**88E.12**

1 'What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire  
2 To wreak itself on me,  
3 When thus I strove to save thy life,  
4 Yet served for sic a fee?'

**88E.13**

1 'Ohon, alas, my lady gay,  
2 To come sae hastilie!  
3 I thought it was my deadly foe,  
4 Ye had trusted into me.

**88E.14**

1 'O live, O live, my gay lady,  
2 The space o ae half hour,  
3 And nae a leech in a' the land  
4 But I'se bring to your bower.'

**88E.15**

1 'How can I live? how shall I live?  
2 How can I live for thee?  
3 Ye see my blude rin on the ground,  
4 My heart's blude by your knee.

**88E.16**

1 'O take to flight, and flee, my love,  
2 O take to flight, and flee!  
3 I woudna wish your fair body  
4 For to get harm for me.'

**88E.17**

1 'Ae foot I winna flee, lady,  
2 Ae foot I winna flee;  
3 I've dune the crime worthy o death,  
4 It's right that I shoud die.

**88E.18**

1 'O deal ye well at my love's lyke  
2 The beer but an the wine;  
3 For ere the morn, at this same time,  
4 Ye'll deal the same at mine.'

**88F.1**

1 AS WILLIE and the young Colnel  
2 Were drinking at the wine,  
3 'O will ye marry my sister?' says Will,  
4 'And I will marry thine.'

**89A.1**

1 KING EASTER has courted her for her gowd,  
2 King Wester for her fee,  
3 King Honor for her lands sae braid,  
4 And for her fair body.

**89A.2**

1 They had not been four months married,  
2 As I have heard them tell,  
3 Until the nobles of the land  
4 Against them did rebel.

**89A.3**

1 And they cast kaivles them amang,  
2 And kaivles them between,  
3 And they cast kaivles them amang  
4 Wha shoud gae kill the king.

**89A.4**

1 O some said yea, and some said nay,  
2 Their words did not agree;  
3 Till up it gat him Fa'se Footrage,  
4 And sware it shoud be he.

**89A.5**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' man boon to bed,  
3 King Honor and his gay ladie  
4 In a hie chammer were laid.

**89A.6**

1 Then up it raise him Fa'se Footrage,  
2 While a' were fast asleep,  
3 And slew the porter in his lodge,  
4 That watch and ward did keep.

**89A.7**

1 O four and twenty silver keys  
2 Hang hie upon a pin,  
3 And ay as a door he did unlock,  
4 He has fastend it him behind.

**89A.8**

1 Then up it raise him King Honor,  
2 Says, What means a' this din!  
3 Now what's the matter, Fa'se Footrage?  
4 O wha was't loot you in?

**89A.9**

1 'O ye my errand well shall learn  
2 Before that I depart;  
3 Then drew a knife baith lang and sharp  
4 And pierced him thro the heart.

**89A.10**

1 Then up it got the Queen hersell,  
2 And fell low down on her knee:  
3 'O spare my life now, Fa'se Footrage!  
4 For I never injured thee.

**89A.11**

1 'O spare my life now, Fa'se Footrage!  
2 Until I lighter be,  
3 And see gin it be lad or lass  
4 King Honor has left me wi.'

**89A.12**

1 'O gin it be a lass,' he says,  
2 'Well nursed she shall be;  
3 But gin it be a lad-bairn,  
4 He shall be hanged hie.

**89A.13**

1 'I winna spare his tender age,  
2 Nor yet his hie, hie kin;  
3 But as soon as eer he born is,  
4 He shall mount the gallows-pin.'

**89A.14**

1 O four and twenty valiant knights  
2 Were set the Queen to guard,  
3 And four stood ay at her bower-door,  
4 To keep baith watch and ward.

**89A.15**

1 But when the time drew till an end  
2 That she should lighter be,  
3 She cast about to find a wile  
4 To set her body free.

**89A.16**

1 O she has birlled these merry young men  
2 Wi strong beer and wi wine,  
3 Until she made them a' as drunk  
4 As any wallwood swine.

**89A.17**

1 'O narrow, narrow is this window,  
2 And big, big am I grown!  
3 Yet thro the might of Our Ladie  
4 Out at it she has won.

**89A.18**

1 She wanderd up, she wanderd down,  
2 She wanderd out and in,  
3 And at last, into the very swines' stye,  
4 The Queen brought forth a son.

**89A.19**

1 Then they cast kaivles them amang  
2 Wha should gae seek the Queen,  
3 And the kaivle fell upon Wise William,  
4 And he's sent his wife for him.

**89A.20**

1 O when she saw Wise William's wife,  
2 The Queen fell on her knee;  
3 'Win up, win up, madame,' she says,  
4 'What means this courtesie?'

**89A.21**

1 'O out of this I winna rise  
2 Till a boon ye grant to me,  
3 To change your lass for this lad-bairn  
4 King Honor left me wi.

**89A.22**

1 'And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke  
2 Well how to breast a steed,  
3 And I shall learn your turtle-dow  
4 As well to write and read.

**89A.23**

1 'And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke  
2 To wield baith bow and brand,  
3 And I shall learn your turtle-dow  
4 To lay gowd wi her hand.

**89A.24**

1 'At kirk or market where we meet,  
2 We dare nae mair avow  
3 But, Dame how does my gay gose-hawk?  
4 Madame, how does my dow?'

**89A.25**

1 When days were gane, and years came on,  
2 Wise William he thought long;  
3 Out has he taen King Honor's son,  
4 A hunting for to gang.

**89A.26**

1 It sae fell out at their hunting,  
2 Upon a summer's day,  
3 That they cam by a fair castle,  
4 Stood on a sunny brae.

**89A.27**

1 'O dinna ye see that bonny castle,  
2 Wi wa's and towers sae fair?  
3 Gin ilka man had back his ain,  
4 Of it you shoud be heir.'

**89A.28**

1 'How I shoud be heir of that castle  
2 In sooth I canna see,  
3 When it belongs to Fa'se Footrage,  
4 And he's nae kin to me.'

**89A.29**

1 'O gin ye shoud kill him Fa'se Footrage,  
2 You woud do what is right;  
3 For I wot he killd your father dear,  
4 Ere ever you saw the light.

**89A.30**

1 'Gin you should kill him Fa'se Footrage,  
2 There is nae man durst you blame;  
3 For he keeps your mother a prisoner,  
4 And she dares no take you hame.'

**89A.31**

1 The boy stared wild like a gray gose-hawke,  
2 Says, What may a' this mean!  
3 'My boy, you are King Honor's son,  
4 And your mother's our lawful queen.'

**89A.32**

1 'O gin I be King Honor's son,  
2 By Our Ladie I swear,  
3 This day I will that traytour slay,  
4 And relieve my mother dear.'

**89A.33**

1 He has sent his bent bow till his breast,  
2 And lap the castle-wa,  
3 And soon he's siesed on Fa'se Footrage,  
4 Wha loud for help gan ca.

**89A.34**

1 'O hold your tongue now, Fa'se Footrage,  
2 Frae me you shanno flee;  
3 Syne pierced him through the foul fa'se heart,  
4 And set his mother free.

**89A.35**

1 And he has rewarded Wise William  
2 Wi the best half of his land,  
3 And sae has he the turtle-dow  
4 Wi the truth of his right hand.

**89B.1**

1 THE Eastmure king, and the Westmure king,  
2 And the king of Onorie,  
3 They have all courted a pretty maid,  
4 And guess wha she micht be.

**89B.2**

1 The Eastmure king courted her for gold,  
2 And the Westmure king for fee,  
3 The king of Onore for womanheid,  
4 And for her fair beautie.

**89B.3**

1 The Eastmure king swore a solemn oath,  
2 He would keep it till May,  
3 That he would murder the king of Onore,  
4 Upon his wedding day.

**89B.4**

1 When bells was rung, and psalms was sung,  
2 And all men boune for sleep,  
3 Up and started the Eastmure king  
4 At the king of Onore's head.

**89B.5**

1 He has drawn the curtains by—  
2 Their sheets was made of dorn—  
3 And he has murdered the king of Onore,  
4 As innocent as he was born.

**89B.6**

1 This maid she awak'd in the middle of the  
night,  
2 Was in a drowsy dream;  
3 She found her bride's-bed swim with blood,  
4 Bot and her good lord slain.

**89B.7**

1 'What will the court and council say  
2 What will they say to me?  
3 What will the court and council say  
4 But this night I've murderd thee?'

**89B.8**

1 Out and speaks the Eastmure king:  
2 'Hold your tongue, my pretty may,  
3 And come along with me, my dear,  
4 And that court ye'll never see.'

**89B.9**

1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself upon a gray;  
3 She turnd her back against the court,  
4 And weeping rode away.

**89B.10**

1 'Now if you be with child,' he says,  
2 'As I trew well you be,  
3 If it be of a lassie-bairn,  
4 I'll give her nurses three.

**89B.11**

1 'If it be a lassie-bairn,  
2 If you please she'll get five;  
3 But if it be a bonnie boy,  
4 I will not let him live.'

**89B.12**

1 Word is to the city gone,  
2 And word is to the town,  
3 And word is to the city gone,  
4 She's delivered of a son.

**89B.13**

1 But a poor woman in the town  
2 In the same case does lye,  
3 Wha gived to her her woman-child,  
4 Took awa her bonnie boy.

**89B.14**

1 At kirk or market, whereer they met,  
2 They never durst avow,  
3 But 'Thou be kind to my boy,' she says,  
4 'I'll be kind to your bonnie dow.'

**89B.15**

1 This boy was sixteen years of age,  
2 But he was nae seventeen,  
3 When he is to the garden gone,  
4 To slay that Eastmure king.

**89B.16**

1 'Be aware, be aware, thou Eastmure king,  
2 Be aware this day of me;  
3 For I do swear and do declare  
4 Thy botcher I will be.'

**89B.17**

1 'What aileth thee, my bonnie boy?  
2 What aileth thee at me?  
3 I'm sure I never did thee wrang;  
4 Thy face I neer did see.'

**89B.18**

1 'Thou murdered my father dear,  
2 When scarce conceived was I;  
3 Thou murdered my father dear,  
4 When scarce conceived was me:  
5 So then he slew that Eastmure king,  
6 Beneath that garden tree.

**89C.1**

1 EASTMURE king, and Westmuir king,  
2 And king o Luve, a' three,  
3 It's they coost kevlis them amang,  
4 Aboot a gay ladie.

**89C.2**

1 Eastmuir king he wan the gowd,  
2 An Wastmuir king the fee,  
3 But king o Luve, wi his lands sae broad,  
4 He's won the fair ladie.

**89C.3**

1 Thae twa kings, they made an aith,  
2 That, be it as it may,  
3 They wad slay him king o Luve,  
4 Upon his waddin day.

**89C.4**

1 Eastmuir king he brak his aith,  
2 An sair penance did he;  
3 But Wastmuir king he made it oot,  
4 An an ill deid mat he dee!

**90A.1**

1 O JELLON GRAME sat in Silver Wood,  
2 He whistled and he sang,  
3 And he has calld his little foot-page,  
4 His errand for to gang.

**90A.2**

1 'Win up, my bonny boy,' he says,  
2 'As quick as eer you may;  
3 For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,  
4 Before the break of day.'

**90A.3**

1 The boy he's buckled his belt about,  
2 And thro the green-wood ran,  
3 And he came to the ladie's bower-door,  
4 Before the day did dawn.

**90A.4**

1 'O sleep ye, or wake ye, Lillie Flower?  
2 The red run's i the rain.'  
3 'I sleep not aft, I wake right aft;  
4 Wha's that that kens my name?'

**90A.5**

1 'Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,  
2 But I fear you'll never win hame;  
3 Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,  
4 And speak wi Jellon Grame.'

**90A.6**

1 'O I will gang to Silver Wood,  
2 Though I shoud never win hame;  
3 For the thing I most desire on earth  
4 Is to speak wi Jellon Grame.'

**90A.7**

1 She had no ridden a mile, a mile,  
2 A mile but barely three,  
3 Ere she came to a new made grave,  
4 Beneath a green oak tree.

**90A.8**

1 O then up started Jellon Grame,  
2 Out of a bush hard bye:  
3 'Light down, light down now, Lillie Flower,  
4 For it's here that ye maun ly.'

**90A.9**

1 She lighted aff her milk-white steed,  
2 And knelt upon her knee:  
3 'O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame!  
4 For I'm nae prepar'd to die.

**90A.10**

1 'Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,  
2 Maun shortly see the light;  
3 But to see it weltring in my blude  
4 Woud be a piteous sight.'

**90A.11**

1 'O shoud I spare your life,' he says,  
2 'Until that bairn be born,  
3 I ken fu well your stern father  
4 Woud hang me on the morn.'

**90A.12**

1 'O spare my life now, Jellon Grame!  
2 My father ye neer need dread;  
3 I'll keep my bairn i the good green wood,  
4 Or wi it I'll beg my bread.'

**90A.13**

1 He took nae pity on that ladie,  
2 Tho she for life did pray;  
3 But pierced her thro the fair body,  
4 As at his feet she lay.

**90A.14**

1 He felt nae pity for that ladie,  
2 Tho she was lying dead;  
3 But he felt some for the bonny boy,  
4 Lay weltring in her blude.

**90A.15**

1 Up has he taen that bonny boy,  
2 Gi'en him to nurices nine,  
3 Three to wake, and three to sleep,  
4 And three to go between.

**90A.16**

1 And he's brought up that bonny boy,  
2 Calld him his sister's son;  
3 He thought nae man would eer find out  
4 The deed that he had done.

**90A.17**

1 But it sae fell out upon a time,  
2 As a hunting they did gay,  
3 That they rested them in Silver Wood,  
4 Upon a summer-day.

**90A.18**

1 Then out it spake that bonny boy,  
2 While the tear stood in his eye,  
3 'O tell me this now, Jellon Grame,  
4 And I pray you dinna lie.

**90A.19**

1 'The reason that my mother dear  
2 Does never take me hame?  
3 To keep me still in banishment  
4 Is baith a sin and shame.'

**90A.20**

1 'You wonder that your mother dear  
2 Does never send for thee;  
3 Lo, there's the place I slew thy mother,  
4 Beneath that green oak tree.'

**90A.21**

1 Wi that the boy has bent his bow,  
2 It was baith stout and lang,  
3 And through and thro him Jellon Grame  
4 He's gard an arrow gang.

**90A.22**

1 Says, Lye you thare now, Jellon Grame,  
2 My mellison you wi;  
3 The place my mother lies buried in  
4 Is far too good for thee.

**90B.1**

1 WORD has come to May Margerie,  
2 In her bower where she sat:  
3 'You are bid come to good green-wood,  
4 To make your love a shirt.'

**90B.2**

1 'I wonder much,' said May Margerie,  
2 'At this message to me;  
3 There is not a month gone of this year  
4 But I have made him three.'

**90B.3**

1 Then out did speak her mother dear,  
2 A wise woman was she;  
3 Said, Stay at home, my daughter May,  
4 They seek to murder thee.

**90B.4**

1 'O I'll cast off my gloves, mother,  
2 And hang them up, I say;  
3 If I come never back again,  
4 They will mind you on May.

**90B.5**

1 'Go saddle my horseback,' she said,  
2 'It's quick as ever you may,  
3 And we 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 And through and through that lady's sides  
4 He made the cauld weapon gae.

**90B.9**

1 Says, Take you that now, May Margerie,  
2 Just take you that from me,  
3 Because you love Brown Robin,  
4 And never would love 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 amang 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 With fear I'm like to die.'

**90B.12**

1 Her sister's ran into the wood,  
2 With greater grief and care,  
3 Sighing and sobbing all the way,  
4 Tearing her cloaths and hair.

**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 His mother to me was leeve.

**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 once 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 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 anon;  
3 That is indeed the very spot  
4 I killed your mother in.'

**90B.21**

1 He caught hold of Henry's brand,  
2 And stroked it ower a strae,  
3 And thro and thro Hind Henry's sides  
4 He made the cauld metal gae.

**90B.22**

1 Says, Take you that, O Hind Henry,  
2 O take you that from me,  
3 For killing of my mother dear,  
4 And her not hurting thee.

**90C.1**

1 WHEN spring appeard in all its bloom,  
2 And flowers grew fresh and green,  
3 As May-a-Roe she set her down,  
4 To lay gowd on her seam.

**90C.2**

1 But word has come to that lady,  
2 At evening when 'twas dark,  
3 To meet her love in gude greenwood,  
4 And bring to him a sark.

**90C.3**

1 'That's strange to me,' said May-a-Roe,  
2 'For how can a' this be?  
3 A month or twa is scarcely past  
4 Sin I sent my lovie three.'

**90C.4**

1 Then May-a-Roe lap on her steed,  
2 And quickly rade away;  
3 She hadna ridden but hauf a mile,  
4 Till she heard a voice to say:

**90C.5**

1 'Turn back, turn back, ye ventrous maid,  
2 Nae farther must ye go;  
3 For the boy that leads your bridle rein  
4 Leads you to your overthrow.'

**90C.6**

1 But a' these words she neer did mind,  
2 But fast awa did ride;  
3 And up it starts him Hynde Henry,  
4 Just fair by her right side.

**90C.7**

1 'Ye'll tarry here, perfidious maid,  
2 For by my hand ye'se dee;  
3 Ye married my brother, Brown Robin,  
4 Whan ye shoud hae married me.'

**90C.8**

1 'O mercy, mercy, Hynde Henry,  
2 O mercy have on me!  
3 For I am eight months gane wi child,  
4 Therefore ye'll lat me be.'

**90C.9**

1 'Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,  
2 Nae mercy is for thee;  
3 You married my brother, Brown Robin,  
4 Whan ye shoud hae married me.'

**90C.10**

1 'Ye will bring here the bread, Henry,  
2 And I will bring the wine,  
3 And ye will drink to your ain love,  
4 And I will drink to mine.'

**90C.11**

1 'I winna bring here the bread, fair maid,  
2 Nor yet shall ye the wine,  
3 Nor will I drink to my ain love,  
4 Nor yet shall ye to thine.'

**90C.12**

1 'O mercy, mercy, Hynde Henry,  
2 Until I lighter be!  
3 Hae mercy on your brother's bairn,  
4 Tho ye hae nane for me.'

**90C.13**

1 'Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,  
2 Nae mercy is for thee;  
3 Such mercy unto you I'll gie  
4 As what ye gae to me.'

**90C.14**

1 Then he's taen out a trusty brand,  
2 And stroakd it ower a strae,  
3 And thro and thro her fair body  
4 He's gart cauld iron gae.

**90C.15**

1 Nae meen was made for that lady,  
2 For she was lying dead;  
3 But a' was for her bonny bairn,  
4 Lay spartling by her side.

**90C.16**

1 Then he's taen up the bonny bairn,  
2 Handled him tenderlie,  
3 And said, Ye are o my ain kin,  
4 Tho your mother ill used me.

**90C.17**

1 He's washen him at the crystal stream,  
2 And rowd him in a weed,  
3 And namd him after a bold robber  
4 Who was calld Robin Hood.

**90C.18**

1 Then brought to the next borough's town,  
2 And gae him nurses three;  
3 He grew as big in ae year auld  
4 As some boys woud in three.

**90C.19**

1 Then he was sent to guid squeel-house,  
2 To learn how to thrive;  
3 He learn'd as muckle in ae year's time  
4 As some Boys woud in five.

**90C.20**

1 'But I wonder, I wonder,' said little Robin,  
2 'Gin eer a woman bare me;  
3 For mony a lady spiars for the rest,  
4 But nae ane spiars for me.'

**90C.21**

1 'I wonder, I wonder,' said little Robin,  
2 'Were I of woman born;  
3 Whan ladies my comrades do caress,  
4 They look at me wi scorn.'

**90C.22**

1 It fell upon an evening-tide,  
2 Was ae night by it lane,  
3 Whan a' the boys frae guid squeel-house  
4 Were merrily coming hame,

**90C.23**

1 Robin parted frae the rest,  
2 He wishd to be alane;  
3 And when his comrades he dismist,  
4 To guid greenwood he's gane.

**90C.24**

1 When he came to guid greenwood,  
2 He clamb frae tree to tree,  
3 To pou some o the finest leaves,  
4 Ffor to divert him wi.

**90C.25**

1 He hadna pu'd a leaf, a leaf,  
2 Nor brake a branch but ane,  
3 Till by it came him Hynde Henry,  
4 And bade him lat alane.

**90C.26**

1 'You are too bauld a boy,' he said,  
2 'Sae impudent you be,  
3 As pu the leaves that's nae your ain,  
4 Or yet to touch the tree.'

**90C.27**

1 'O mercy, mercy, gentleman,  
2 O mercy hae on me!  
3 For if that I offence hae done,  
4 It was unknown to me.'

**90C.28**

1 'Nae boy comes here to guid greenwood  
2 But pays a fine to me;  
3 Your velvet coat, or shooting-bow,  
4 Which o them will ye gie?'

**90C.29**

1 'My shooting-bow arches sae well,  
2 Wi it I canno part;  
3 Lest wer't to send a sharp arrow  
4 To pierce you to the heart.'

**90C.30**

1 He turnd him right and round about,  
2 His countenance did change:  
3 'Ye seem to be a boy right bauld;  
4 Why can ye talk sae strange?'

**90C.31**

1 'I'm sure ye are the bauldest boy  
2 That ever I talkd wi;  
3 As for your mother, May-a-Roe,  
4 She was neer sae bauld to me.'

**90C.32**

1 'O, if ye knew my mother,' he said,  
2 'That's very strange to me;  
3 And if that ye my mother knew,  
4 It's mair than I could dee.'

**90C.33**

1 'Sae well as I your mother knew,  
2 Ance my sweet-heart was she;  
3 Because to me she broke her vow,  
4 This maid was slain by me.'

**90C.34**

1 'O, if ye slew my mother dear,  
2 As I trust ye make nae lie,  
3 I wyte 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 dee;  
3 Now come's that bluidy 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 piercd 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 Amang the nobles a'.

**90C.39**

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.

**90C.40**

1 He's putten on little Robin's head  
2 A ribbon and gowden crown,  
3 And made him ane o's finest knights,  
4 For the valour he had done.

**90D.1**

1 ' ' ' ' '  
1 D'YE mind, d'ye mind, Lady Margerie,  
2 When we handed round the beer?  
3 Seven times I fainted for your sake,  
4 And you never dropt a tear.

**90D.2**

1 'D'ye mind, d'ye mind, Lady Margerie,  
2 When we handed round the wine?  
3 Seven times I fainted for your sake,  
4 And you never fainted once for mine.'  
5 ' ' ' ' '

**90D.3**

1 And he's taen the baby out of her womb  
2 And thrown it upon a thorn:  
3 'Let the wind blow east, let the wind blow west,  
4 The cradle will rock its lone.'  
5 ' ' ' ' '

**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.  
5 ' ' ' ' '

**90D.5**

1 'O I have been killing in the silver wood  
2 What will breed mickle woe;  
3 I have been killing in the silver wood  
4 A dawdy and a doe.'  
5 ' ' ' ' '

**91A.1**

1 WHEN we were silly sisters seven,  
2 sisters were so fair,  
3 Five of us were brave knights' wives,  
4 and died in childbed lair.

**91A.2**

1 Up then spake Fair Mary,  
2 marry woud she nane;  
3 If ever she came in man's bed,  
4 the same gate wad she gang.

**91A.3**

1 'Make no vows, Fair Mary,  
2 for fear they broken be;  
3 Here's been the Knight of Wallington,  
4 asking good will of thee.'

**91A.4**

1 'If here's been the knight, mother,  
2 asking good will of me,  
3 Within three quarters of a year  
4 you may come bury me.'

**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 Puddlington,  
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 calld 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 stone,  
3 And ask her how she likes the news,  
4 of seven to have but one.

**91A.13**

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.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 eer she come in man's bed,  
4 the same gate will she gang.'

**91A.16**

1 Away this little boy is gone,  
2 as fast as he could run;  
3 When he came where brigs were broke,  
4 he lay down and swum.

**91A.17**

1 When he saw the lady, he said,  
2 Lord may your keeper be!  
3 'What news, my pretty boy,  
4 hast thou to tell to me?'

**91A.18**

1 'Your daughter Mary orders me,  
2 as you sit in a chair of stone,  
3 To ask you how you like the news,  
4 of seven to have but one.

**91A.19**

1 'Your daughter gives commands,  
2 as you sit in a chair of oak,  
3 And bids you come to her sickening,  
4 or her merry lake-wake.

**91A.20**

1 'She gives command 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 eer she came in man's bed,  
4 the same gate woud she gang.'

**91A.22**

1 She kickt the table with her foot,  
2 she kickt it with her knee,  
3 The silver plate into the fire,  
4 so far she made it flee.

**91A.23**

1 Then she calld 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 eer 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 the tears did fill his ee:  
3 "'Tis a month,' he said, 'Since she  
4 took her chambers from me.'

**91A.28**

1 She went on . . .  
2 and there were in the hall  
3 Four and twenty ladies,  
4 letting the tears down fall.

**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 skin it is so white,  
3 And give them to my mother dear,  
4 for she was all the wite.

**91A.31**

1 'Come take the rings off my fingers,  
2 the veins they are so red,  
3 Give them to Sir William Fenwick,  
4 I'm sure his heart will bleed.'

**91A.32**

1 She took out a razor  
2 that was both sharp and fine,  
3 And out of her left side has taken  
4 the heir of Wallington.

**91A.33**

1 There is a race in Wallington,  
2 and that I rue full sare;  
3 Tho the cradle it be full spread up,  
4 the bride-bed is left bare.

**91B.1**

1 'WHEN we were sisters seven,  
2 An five of us deyde wi child,  
3 And there is nane but you and I, Mazery,  
4 And we'll go madens mild.'

**91B.2**

1 But there came knights, and there came squiers,  
2 An knights of high degree;  
3 She pleasd hersel in Leviveston,  
4 They wear a comly twa.

**91B.3**

1 He has bought her rings for her fingers,  
2 And garlands for her hair,  
3 The broochis till her bosome braid;  
4 What wad my love ha mair?  
5 And he has brought her on to Livingstion,  
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 ony lady could gae.

**91B.5**

1 The knight he knocked his white fingers,  
2 The goude rings flew in twa:  
3 'Halls and bowers they shall go wast  
4 Ere my bonny love gie awa!'



- 91E.4**  
 1 'Ye shall not be drest in black,  
 2 Nor sall ye be in broun;  
 3 But ye'se be drest in shining gowd,  
 4 To gae glittering thro the town.
- 91E.5**  
 1 'Your father sall ride before you,' she said,  
 2 'And your brother sall ride ahin;  
 3 Your horses fore-feet siller shod,  
 4 And his hind anes wi gowd shall shine.
- 91E.6**  
 1 'Wi four and twenty buirdlie men  
 2 Atween ye and the wun,  
 3 And four and twenty bonnie may  
 4 Atween ye and the sun.
- 91E.7**  
 1 'Four and twenty milk-white geese,  
 2 Stretching their wings sae wide,  
 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 nicht,  
 2 And part o the neist day also,  
 3 And syne 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 biggins and your bowers;'  
 3 'I thank ye kindly, mither,' she said,  
 4 'But I doubt they'll sune be yours.'  
 5 ' , , , , , '
- 91F.1**  
 1 'O WE were seven brave sisters,  
 2 Five of us died wi child,  
 3 And nane but you and I, Maisry,  
 4 so we'll gae maidens mild.'
- 91F.2**  
 1 'O had your tongue, now Lady Margaret,  
 2 Let a' your folly be;  
 3 I'll gar you keep your true promise  
 4 To the lad ayont the sea.'
- 91F.3**  
 1 'O there is neither lord nor knight  
 2 My love shall ever won,  
 3 Except it be Lord Darlington,  
 4 And here he winna come.'
- 91F.4**  
 1 But when the hour o twall was past,  
 2 And near the hour o one,  
 3 Lord Darlington came to the yetts,  
 4 Wi thirty knights and ten.
- 91F.5**  
 1 Then he has wedded Lady Margaret,  
 2 And brought her oer the sea,  
 3 And there was nane that lived on earth  
 4 Sae happy as was she.
- 91F.6**  
 1 But when nine months were come and gane  
 2 Strong travailling took she,  
 3 And nae physician in the land  
 4 Could ease her maladie.
- 91F.7**  
 1 'Where will I get a little wee boy,  
 2 Will won baith meat and fee,  
 3 That will gae on to Seaton's yetts,  
 4 Bring my mother to me?'
- 91F.8**  
 1 'O here am I, a little wee boy,  
 2 That will won meat and fee,  
 3 That will gae on to Seaton's yetts,  
 4 And bring your mother to thee.'
- 91F.9**  
 1 Then he is on to Seaton's yetts,  
 2 As fast as gang could he;  
 3 Says, Ye must come to Darlington,  
 4 Your daughter for to see.
- 91F.10**  
 1 But when she came to Darlington,  
 2 Where there was little pride,  
 3 The scobbs were in the lady's mouth,  
 4 The sharp sheer in her side.
- 91F.11**  
 1 Darlington stood on the stair,  
 2 And gart the gowd rings flee:  
 3 'My ha's and bowers and a' shall gae waste,  
 4 If my bonny love die for me.'
- 91F.12**  
 1 'O had your tongue, Lord Darlington,  
 2 Let a' your folly be;  
 3 I boor the bird within my sides,  
 4 I'll suffer her to die.
- 91F.13**  
 1 'But he that marries my daughter,  
 2 I think he is a fool;  
 3 If he marries her at Candlemas,  
 4 She'll be frae him ere Yule.
- 91F.14**  
 1 'I had seven ance 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.'
- 91[G.1]**  
 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.'
- 91[G.2]**  
 1 Ther came leards, and ther came lords,  
 2 An knights of high degree,  
 3 A' courting Lady Messry,  
 4 Bat it widne deei.
- 91[G.3]**  
 1 Bat the bonny lord of Livenston,  
 2 He was flour of them a',  
 3 The bonny lord of Livenston,  
 4 He stole the lady awaa.
- 91[G.4]**  
 1 Broad was the horses hoves  
 2 That dumped the water of Clide,  
 3 An a' was for honor of that gay lady  
 4 That day she was Livenston's bride.
- 91[G.5]**  
 1 Fan she came to Livenston  
 2 Mukell mirth was ther;  
 3 The knights knaked ther whit fingers  
 4 The ladys curled ther hear.
- 91[G.6]**  
 1 She had no ben in Livenston  
 2 A tuall-month an a day,  
 3 Till she was as big we bearn  
 4 As a lady coud gaa.
- 91[G.7]**  
 1 She had ne ben in Livenston  
 2 A tuall-month an a hour,  
 3 Till for the morning of the may  
 4 The couldne ane come near her bour.
- 91[G.8]**  
 1 'Far will I gett a bonny boy  
 2 That will rean my earend shoun,  
 3 That will goo to leve London,  
 4 To my mother, the quin?'
- 91[G.9]**  
 1 'Hear am I, a bonny boy  
 2 Will rin yer earend sune,  
 3 That will rin on to fair London,  
 4 To yer mother, the quin.'
- 91[G.10]**  
 1 'Hear is the bruch fra my breast-bane,  
 2 The garlands fra my hear;  
 3 Ye ge that to my mider,  
 4 Fra me she'll never gett mare.
- 91[G.11]**  
 1 'Hear is the rosses fra my shoun,  
 2 The ribbons fra my hear;  
 3 Ye gee that to my mider,  
 4 Fra me she'll never gett mare.
- 91[G.12]**  
 1 'Hear is my briddel-stand,  
 2 It is a' goud to the heam;  
 3 Ye gie that to Burd Ellen,  
 4 Forbed her to marry men.
- 91[G.13]**  
 1 'Ye bid them and ye pray them bath,  
 2 If they will dou it for my sake,  
 3 If they be not att my death,  
 4 To be att my leak-wake.
- 91[G.14]**  
 1 'Ye bid them and ye pray them baith,  
 2 If they will dou it for my name,  
 3 If they be not att my leak-wake,  
 4 To be att my birrien.'
- 91[G.15]**  
 1 Fan he came to grass grouen,  
 2 He strated his bou an rane,  
 3 An fan he came to brigs broken  
 4 He slaked his bou an swam.
- 91[G.16]**  
 1 An fan he came to yon castell,  
 2 He bad nether to chap nor caa,  
 3 But sait his bent bou to his breast  
 4 An lightly lap the waa;  
 5 Or the porter was att the gate,  
 6 The boy was in the haa.
- 91[G.17]**  
 1 'Mukell meatt is on yer table, lady,  
 2 A littil of it is eaten,  
 3 Bat the bonny lady of Livenston  
 4 Ye have her clean forgotten.'
- 91[G.18]**  
 1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye bonny boy,  
 2 Sae loud as I hear ye lie;  
 3 Mukell ha I sold the [meatt],  
 4 An littel hae I bought,  
 5 Batt the bonny lady of Livenston  
 6 Gass never out of my thought.
- 91[G.19]**  
 1 'Mukell have I bought, bonny boy,  
 2 An littel haa I sale,  
 3 Bat the bonny lady of Livenston  
 4 She couls my heart fue cale.'
- 91[G.20]**  
 1 'Hear is the ribbings fra her hear,  
 2 The roses fra her shoun;  
 3 I was bidden gie that to her midder,  
 4 To her midder, the quin.
- 91[G.21]**  
 1 'Hear is the bruch fra her breast-bean,  
 2 The garlands frae her hear;  
 3 I was bidden gee that to her mother,  
 4 Fra her she'll never gett mare.
- 91[G.22]**  
 1 'Hear is her bridell-stand,  
 2 The'r a' goud to the heam;  
 3 I was bidden ga that to Burd Ellen,  
 4 Forbid her to marry man.
- 91[G.23]**  
 1 'She bids ye on she prays ye bath,  
 2 Gin yee'll di et for her sake,  
 3 If ye be not att her death,  
 4 To be att her leak-wake.
- 91[G.24]**  
 1 'She bids yee an she prays ye bath,  
 2 Gine ye'll dou et for her name,  
 3 If ye be not att her leak-wake,  
 4 To be at her burrien.'
- 91[G.25]**  
 1 'Garr saddell to me the blak,  
 2 Saddle to me the broun,  
 3 Gar saddle to me the suiftest stead  
 4 That ever read fraa a toun,  
 5 Till I gaa to Livenston  
 6 An see hou Measry fairs.'
- 91[G.26]**  
 1 The first stead was saddled to her,  
 2 It was the bonny black;  
 3 She spured him aft and she spared him na,  
 4 An she tayened him at a slap.
- 91[G.27]**  
 1 The neast stead that was saddled to her  
 2 Was the berrey-broun;  
 3 She spured him aft an she spared him not,  
 4 An she tayned him att a toun.
- 91[G.28]**  
 1 The neast an steed that was saddled to her,  
 2 It was the milk-white:  
 3 'Fair faa the mear that follod the foll  
 4 Had me to Measry's leak!'
- 91[G.29]**  
 1 Fan she came to Livenston,  
 2 Mukel dollie was ther;  
 3 The knights wrang ther whit fingers,  
 4 The ladys tore ther hear.

**91[G.30]**

1 The knights they wrang ther whit fingers,  
2 The rings they flue in four:  
3 'Latt haas an tours an a' doun fau!  
4 My dear thing has gine it our.'

**91[G.31]**

1 Our spak him Livenston,  
2 An a sorry man was he;  
3 'I had rader lost the lands of Livenston,  
4 Afor my gay lady.'

**91[G.32]**

1 'Had yer toung nou, Livenston,  
2 An latt yer folly be;  
3 I bare the burd in my bosom,  
4 I man thole to see her diee.'

**91[G.33]**

1 Fan she came to her daughter's boure,  
2 Ther was littel pride;  
3 The scoups was in her daughter's mouth,  
4 An the sharp shiirs in her side.

**91[G.34]**

1 Out spake her Burd Ellen,  
2 An she spake ay threu pride;  
3 The wife sall never bear the sin  
4 Sall lay doun by my side.

**91[G.35]**

1 'Had your toung nou, Burd Ellen,  
2 Ye latt yer folly a be;  
3 Dinnë ye mind that ye promised yer love  
4 To him that is ayond the seaa?'

**91[G.36]**

1 'Hold yer toung, my mother,  
2 Ye speak just leak a fooll;  
3 Tho I wer marred att Martimes,  
4 I wad be dead or Yeull.'

**91[G.37]**

1 'I have five bonny oyes att heam,  
2 Ther was never ane of them born,  
3 Bat every ane of them  
4 Out of ther middler's sides shorn.'

**92A.1**

1 BY Arthur's Dale as late I went  
2 I heard a heavy moan;  
3 I heard a ladie lammenting sair,  
4 And ay she cried Ohone!

**92A.2**

1 'Ohon, alas! what shall I do,  
2 Tormented night and day!  
3 I never loved a love but ane,  
4 And now he's gone away.

**92A.3**

1 'But I will do for my true-love  
2 What ladies woud think sair;  
3 For seven year shall come and go  
4 Ere a kaim gang in my hair.

**92A.4**

1 'There shall neither a shoe gang on my foot,  
2 Nor a kaim gang in my hair,  
3 Nor eer a coal nor candle-light  
4 Shine in my bower nae mair.'

**92A.5**

1 She thought her love had been on the sea,  
2 Fast sailling to Bee Hom;  
3 But he was in a quiet chamer,  
4 Hearing his ladie's moan.

**92A.6**

1 'Be husht, be husht, my ladie dear,  
2 I pray thee mourn not so;  
3 For I am deep sworn on a book  
4 To Bee Hom for to go.'

**92A.7**

1 She has gien him a chain of the beaten gowd,  
2 And a ring with a ruby stone:  
3 'As lang as this chain your body binds,  
4 Your blude can never be drawn.

**92A.8**

1 'But gin this ring shoud fade or fail,  
2 Or the stone shoud change its hue,  
3 Be sure your love is dead and gone,  
4 Or she has proved untrue.'

**92A.9**

1 He had no been at Bonny Bee Hom  
2 A twelve month and a day,  
3 Till, looking on his gay gowd ring,  
4 The stone grew dark and gray.

**92A.10**

1 'O ye take my riches to Bee Hom,  
2 And deal them presentlie,  
3 To the young that canna, the auld that maunna,  
4 And the blind that does not see.'

**92A.11**

1 Now death has come into his bower,  
2 And split his heart in twain;  
3 So their twa souls flew up to heaven,  
4 And there shall ever remain.

**92B.1**

1 IN Lauderdale I chanc'd to walk,  
2 And heard a lady's moan,  
3 Lamenting for her dearest dear,  
4 And aye she cried, Ohon!

**92B.2**

1 'Sure never a maid that eer drew breath  
2 Had harder fate than me;  
3 I'd never a lad but one on earth,  
4 They forc'd him to the sea.

**92B.3**

1 'The ale shall neer be brewin o malt,  
2 Neither by sea nor land,  
3 That ever mair shall cross my hause,  
4 Till my love comes to hand.

**92B.4**

1 'A handsome lad, wi shoulders broad,  
2 Gold yellow was his hair;  
3 None of our Scottish youths on earth  
4 That with him could compare.'

**92B.5**

1 She thought her love was gone to sea,  
2 And landed in Bahome;  
3 But he was in a quiet chamber,  
4 Hearing his lady's moan.

**92B.6**

1 'Why make ye all this moan, lady?  
2 Why make ye all this moan?  
3 For I'm deep sworn on a book,  
4 I must go to Bahome.

**92B.7**

1 'Traitors false for to subdue  
2 Oer seas I'll make me boun,  
3 That have trepand our kind Scotchmen,  
4 Like dogs to ding them down.'

**92B.8**

1 'Weell, take this ring, this royal thing,  
2 Whose virtue is unknown;  
3 As lang's this ring's your body on,  
4 Your blood shall neer be drawn.

**92B.9**

1 'But if this ring shall fade or stain,  
2 Or change to other hue,  
3 Come never mair to fair Scotland,  
4 If ye're a lover true.'

**92B.10**

1 Then this couple they did part,  
2 With a sad heavy moan;  
3 The wind was fair, the ship was rare,  
4 They landed in Bahome.

**92B.11**

1 But in that place they had not been  
2 A month but barely one,  
3 Till he lookd on his gay gold ring,  
4 And riven was the stone.

**92B.12**

1 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.

**92B.13**

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 Glor.'

**92B.14**

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.

**92B.15**

1 'Ye'll take my jewels that's in Bahome,  
2 And deal them liberallie,  
3 To young that cannot, and old that mannot,  
4 The blind that does not see.

**92B.16**

1 'Give maist to women in child-bed laid,  
2 Can neither fecht nor flee;  
3 I hope she's in the heavens high,  
4 That died for love of me.'

**92B.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.

**92B.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.

**93A.1**

1 IT'S Lamkin was a mason good  
2 As ever built wi stane;  
3 He built Lord Wearie's castle,  
4 But payment got he nane.

**93A.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.'

**93A.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.'

**93A.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.'

**93A.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.

**93A.6**

1 But the nourice was a fause limmer  
2 as eer hung on a tree;  
3 She laid a plot wi Lamkin,  
4 whan her lord was oer the sea.

**93A.7**

1 She laid a plot wi Lamkin,  
2 when the servants were awa,  
3 Loot him in at a little shot-window,  
4 and brought him to the ha.

**93A.8**

1 'O whare's a' the men o this house,  
2 that ca me Lamkin?'  
3 'They're at the barn-well thrashing;  
4 'twill be lang ere they come in.'

**93A.9**

1 'And whare's the women o this house,  
2 that ca me Lamkin?'  
3 'They're at the far well washing;  
4 'twill be lang ere they come in.'

**93A.10**

1 'And whare's the bairns o this house,  
2 that ca me Lamkin?'  
3 'They're at the school reading;  
4 'twill be night or they come hame.'

**93A.11**

1 'O whare's the lady o this house,  
2 that ca's me Lamkin?'  
3 'She's up in her bower sewing,  
4 but we soon can bring her down.'

**93A.12**

1 Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife,  
2 that hang down by his gaire,  
3 And he has gien the bonny babe  
4 A deep wound and a sair.

**93A.13**

1 Then Lamkin he rocked,  
2 and the fause nourice sang,  
3 Till frae ilkae bore o the cradle  
4 the red blood out sprang.

**93A.14**

1 Then out it spak the lady,  
2 as she stood on the stair:  
3 'What ails my bairn, nourice,  
4 that he's greeting sae sair?'

**93A.15**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him wi the pap!  
3 'He winna still, lady,  
4 for this nor for that.'

**93A.16**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him wi the wand!  
3 'He winna still, lady,  
4 for a' his father's land.'

**93A.17**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him wi the bell!  
3 'He winna still, lady,  
4 till ye come down yoursel.'

**93A.18**

1 O the firsten step she steppit,  
2 she steppit on a stane;  
3 But the neisten step she steppit,  
4 she met him Lamkin.

**93A.19**

1 'O mercy, mercy, Lamkin,  
2 hae mercy upon me!  
3 Though you've taen my young son's life,  
4 Ye may let mysel be.'

**93A.20**

1 'O sall I kill her, nourice,  
2 or sall I lat her be?'  
3 'O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,  
4 for she neer was good to me.'

**93A.21**

1 'O scour the bason, nourice,  
2 and mak it fair and clean,  
3 For to keep this lady's heart's blood,  
4 For she's come o noble kin.'

**93A.22**

1 'There need nae bason, Lamkin,  
2 lat it run through the floor;  
3 What better is the heart's blood  
4 o the rich than o the poor?'

**93A.23**

1 But ere three months were at an end,  
2 Lord Wearie came again;  
3 But dowie, dowie was his heart  
4 when first he came hame.

**93A.24**

1 'O wha's blood is this,' he says,  
2 'That lies in the chamer?'  
3 'It is your lady's heart's blood;  
4 'tis as clear as the lamer.'

**93A.25**

1 'And wha's blood is this,' he says,  
2 'That lies in my ha?'  
3 'It is your young son's heart's blood;  
4 'tis the clearest ava.'

**93A.26**

1 O sweetly sang the black-bird  
2 that sat upon the tree;  
3 But sairer grat Lamkin,  
4 when he was condemnd to die.

**93A.27**

1 And bonny sang the mavis,  
2 Out o the thorny brake;  
3 But sairer grat the nourice,  
4 when she was tied to the stake.

**93B.1**

1 BALANKIN was as gude a mason  
2 as eer picked a stane;  
3 He built up Prime Castle,  
4 but payment gat nane.

**93B.2**

1 The lord said to his lady,  
2 when he was going abroad,  
3 O beware of Balankin,  
4 for he lyes in the wood.

**93B.3**

1 The gates they were bolted,  
2 baith outside and in;  
3 At the sma peep of a window  
4 Blankin crap in.

**93B.4**

1 'Good morrow, good morrow,'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'Good morrow to yourself, sir,'  
4 said the false nurse to him.

**93B.5**

1 'O where is your good lord?'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'He's awa to New England,  
4 to meet with his king.'

**93B.6**

1 'O where is his auld son?'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'He's awa to buy pearlins,  
4 Gin our lady lye in.'

**93B.7**

1 'Then she'll never wear them,'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'And that is nae pity,'  
4 said the false nurse to him.

**93B.8**

1 'O where is your lady?'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'She's in her bower sleeping,'  
4 said the false nurse to him.

**93B.9**

1 'How can we get at her?'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'Stab the babe to the heart,  
4 wi a silver bokin.'

**93B.10**

1 'That would be a pity,'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'No pity, no pity,'  
4 said the false nurse to him.

**93B.11**

1 Balankin he rocked,  
2 and the false nurse she sang,  
3 Till all the tores of the cradle  
4 wi the red blood down ran.

**93B.12**

1 'O still my babe, nurice,  
2 O still him wi the knife!  
3 'He'll no be still, lady,  
4 tho I lay doun my life.'

**93B.13**

1 'O still my babe, nurice,  
2 O still him wi the kame!  
3 'He'll be no still, lady,  
4 till his daddy come hame.'

**93B.14**

1 'O still my babe, nurice,  
2 O still him wi the bell!  
3 'He'll no be still, lady,  
4 till ye come doun yourself.'

**93B.15**

1 'It's how can I come down,  
2 this cauld winter night,  
3 Without eer a coal,  
4 or a clear candle-licht?'

**93B.16**

1 'There's two smocks in your coffer,  
2 as white as a swan;  
3 Put one of them about you,  
4 it will shew you licht doun.'

**93B.17**

1 She took ane o them about her,  
2 and came tripping doun;  
3 But as soon as she viewed,  
4 Balankin was in.

**93B.18**

1 'Good morrow, good morrow,'  
2 said Lambert Linkin:  
3 'Good morrow to yourself, sir,  
4 said the lady to him.

**93B.19**

1 'O save my life, Balankin,  
2 till my husband come back,  
3 And I'll gie you as much red gold  
4 as you'll hold in your hat.'

**93B.20**

1 'I'll not save your life, lady,  
2 till your husband come back,  
3 Tho you would give me as much red gold  
4 as I could hold in a sack.

**93B.21**

1 'Will I kill her?' quo Balankin,  
2 'will I kill her, or let her be?'  
3 'You may kill her,' said the false nurse,  
4 'She was neer good to me;  
5 And ye'll be laird of the castle,  
6 and I'll be ladie.'

**93B.22**

1 Then he cut aff her head  
2 fram her lily breast-bane,  
3 And he hung't up in the kitchen,  
4 it made a' the ha shine.

**93B.23**

1 The lord sat in England,  
2 a drinking the wine:  
3 'I wish a' may be weel  
4 with my lady at hame;  
5 For the rings of my fingers  
6 the're now burst in twain!'

**93B.24**

1 He saddled his horse,  
2 and he came riding doun,  
3 But as soon as he viewed,  
4 Balankin was in.

**93B.25**

1 He had na weel stepped  
2 twa steps up the stair,  
3 Till he saw his pretty young son  
4 lying dead on the floor.

**93B.26**

1 He had not weel stepped  
2 other twa up the stair,  
3 Till he saw his pretty lady  
4 lying dead in despair.

**93B.27**

1 He hanged Balankin  
2 out over the gate,  
3 And he burnt the fause nurice,  
4 being under the grate.

**93C.1**

1 LAMERLINKIN, as gude a mason  
2 as eer laid a stane,  
3 Built a house to Lord Arran,  
4 but entrance had nane.

**93C.2**

1 Says the lord to his lady,  
2 when going abroad,  
3 Take care of Lamerlinkin,  
4 wha bides in the wood.

**93C.3**

1 'I care not for Lamkin,  
2 nor none of his kin;  
3 My house is plastered outside,  
4 and bolted within.'

**93C.4**

1 The gates they were locked,  
2 baith outside and in,  
3 But there was a wee hole  
4 that let Lamkin creep in.

**93C.5**

1 'Good woman, good woman,'  
2 said Lamerlinkin:  
3 'Good woman, good woman,'  
4 said the fause nurse to him.

**93C.6**

1 'Where's the lord o this house?  
2 is he not within?'  
3 'He's up in Old England,  
4 he's dining wi the king.'

**93C.7**

1 'Where's the lady of this house?  
2 or is she not within?'  
3 'She's up in her high room,  
4 and cannot come doun.'

**93C.8**

1 'Where is the maids o this house?  
2 or are they not within?'  
3 'They are at the well washing,  
4 and cannot get in.'

**93C.9**

1 'Where is the men o this house?  
2 or are they not within?'  
3 'They are at the barn threshing,  
4 and cannot win hame.'

**93C.10**

1 'O what will I do,  
2 to mak her come doun?'  
3 'We'll kill her auld son,  
4 to mak her come doun.'

**93C.11**

1 He took out a pen-knife,  
2 baith pointed and sharp,  
3 And he stabbed the babie  
4 three times in the heart.



**93C.12**

1 Lamerlinkin did rock,  
2 and the fause nurse did sing;  
3 Ower 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 yoursell.'

**93C.16**

1 'How can I come down  
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 cum down the stair  
4 with the light o them.'

**93C.18**

1 O then she came down the stair,  
2 stepping step by step;  
3 So ready was Lamkin  
4 to grip 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 Tho thou should give me gold,  
4 the fu of 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, Lambkin,  
2 my heart will be sare;  
3 O take my life, Lambkin,  
4 let my lady go.'  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**93C.23**

1 He sent for the false nurse,  
2 to give her her fee;  
3 All the fee that he gave her  
4 was to hang her on a tree.

**93C.24**

5 He sent for Lamerlinkin,  
6 to give him his hire;  
7 All the hire that he gave him  
8 was to burn him in the fire.

**93D.1**

1 SAID the lord to his lady,  
2 Beware of Rankin;  
3 For I am going to England,  
4 to wait on the king.

**93D.2**

1 'No fears, no fears,'  
2 said the lady, said she,  
3 'For the doors shall be bolted,  
4 and the windows pindee.'

**93D.3**

1 'Go bar all the windows,  
2 both outside and in;  
3 Don't leave a window open,  
4 to let Bold Rankin in.'

**93D.4**

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 'O how shall we get her down?'  
2 said Bold Rankin;  
3 'By piercing the baby,'  
4 said the false nurse to him.

**93D.8**

1 'Go please the baby, nursy,  
2 go please it with a bell;'   
3 'It will not be pleased, madam,  
4 till you come down yoursell.'

**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 trinkling  
4 down the baby's fine clothes.

**93D.12**

1 'Go please the baby, nursie,  
2 go please it with the bell;'   
3 'It will not please, madam,  
4 till you come down yoursell.'

**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 she steppit on a stone;  
3 And the next step she stepit,  
4 she met Bold Rankin.

**93D.15**

1 'O rankin, O Rankin,  
2 spare me till twelve o'clock,  
3 And I will give you as many guineas  
4 as you can carry on your back.'

**93D.16**

1 'What care I for as many guineas  
2 as seeds into a sack,  
3 When I cannot keep my hands off  
4 your lily-white neck?'

**93D.17**

1 'O will I kill her, nursie,  
2 or let her abee?'  
3 'O kill her,' said the false nurse,  
4 'She was never good to me.'

**93D.18**

1 'Go scour the bason, lady,  
2 both outside and in,  
3 To hold your mother's heart's blood,  
4 sprung from a noble kin.'

**93D.19**

1 'To hold my mother's heart's blood  
2 would make my heart full woe;  
3 O rather kill me, Rankin,  
4 and let my mother go.'

**93D.20**

1 'Go scour the bason, servants,  
2 both outside and in,  
3 To hold your lady's heart's blood,  
4 sprung from a noble kin.'

**93D.21**

1 'To hold my lady's heart's blood  
2 would make my heart full woe;  
3 O rather kill me, Rankin,  
4 and let my lady go.'

**93D.22**

1 'Go scour the bason, nursy,  
2 both outside and in,  
3 To hold your lady's heart's blood,  
4 sprung from a noble kin.'

**93D.23**

1 'To hold my lady's heart's blood  
2 would make my heart full glad;  
3 Ram in the knife, Bold Rankin,  
4 and gar the blood to shed.'

**93D.24**

1 'She's none of my comrades,  
2 she's none of my kin;  
3 Ram in the knife, Bold Rankin,  
4 and gar the blood rin.'

**93D.25**

1 'O will I kill her, nursy,  
2 or let her abee?'  
3 'O kill her,' said the false nurse,  
4 'She was never good to me.'  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**93D.26**

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 oer 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 O wasn't that an awful sight,  
2 when he came to the stair,  
3 To see his fairest lady  
4 lie bleeding there!

**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 'O 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 stilled, 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 stilled, madam,  
4 let me do what I please.'

**93E.14**

1 'O still my babe, nourice,  
2 go still him with the bell:'  
3 'He'll no be stilled, madam,  
4 till you come down yoursel.'

**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 said the lady to him.

**93E.19**

1 'O where is Lord Montgomery?  
2 or where is he gone?'  
3 'O 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 are 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 peck,  
3 If you'll spare my life  
4 till my lord comes back.'

**93E.22**

1 'Tho you 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 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 ladye 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.  
5 ' , , , , '

**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 pricked him and pricked,  
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 So come down, my fair ladye,  
4 by the light of one.'  
5 ' , , , , '

**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.'  
5 ' , , , , '

**93F.21**

1 Lady Betsy was sitting  
2 in her window so high,  
3 And she saw her father,  
4 as he was riding by.

**93F.22**

1 'Oh father, oh father,  
2 don't lay the blame on me;  
3 'Twas the false nurse and Long Lankyn  
4 that killed your ladye.'  
5 ' , , , , '

**93F.23**

1 Then Long Lankyn was hanged  
2 on a gallows so high,  
3 And the false nurse was burnt  
4 in a fire just by.

**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 bee-ba 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-ba she cried:  
3 'Come down, dearest mistress,  
4 and still your own child.'

**93G.13**

1 'Oh still my child, Orange,  
2 still him with a bell.'  
3 'I can't still him, ladie,  
4 till you come down yoursell.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93G.14**

1 'Hold the gold basin,  
2 for your heart's blood to run in,'  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**93G.15**

1 'To hold the gold basin,  
2 it grieves me full sore;  
3 Oh kill me, dear Lonkin,  
4 and let my mother go.'

**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.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93H.2**

1 'Gae bar the gates,' the lady said,  
2 'gae bar them out and in;  
3 Leave not a door open,  
4 lest Rankin should come in.'

**93H.3**

1 They've bard 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.

**93H.4**

1 'Where's a' the women o the house?'  
2 says Bauld Rankin:  
3 'They're at the well washing,'  
4 says the fause nurse to him.

**93H.5**

1 'Where's a' the men of this house?'  
2 says the Bauld Rankin:  
3 'They are at the barn thrashing,'  
4 says the fause nurse to him.

**93H.6**

1 'Where's the lady of this house?'  
2 says the Bauld Rankin:  
3 'She's in the chamber, sleeping,'  
4 says the fause nurse to him.

**93H.7**

1 'How will we get her waken?  
2 how will we get her down?'  
3 'We'll pierce the baby's heart's blood,'  
4 says the fause nurse to him.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93H.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.'

**93H.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.'

**93H.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 yoursell.'

**93H.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?'

**93H.12**

1 The first step she steppit,  
2 she steppit on a stane;  
3 The next step she steppit,  
4 she met the Bauld Rankin.

**93H.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.

**93H.14**

1 'O spare my life, Rankin,  
2 O save it most sweet!  
3 I'll gie you as monie guineas

**93H.14**

4 as there's stanes in the street.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93H.15**

1 'I wish my wife and bairns  
2 may be all well at hame;  
3 For the buttons on my waistcoat  
4 they winna bide on.

**93H.16**

1 'I wish my wife and family  
2 may be all well at home;  
3 For the rings upon my fingers  
4 they winna bide on.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93H.17**

1 He has kindled a big bane-fire,  
2 in the middle o the closs,  
3 And he has burned Bauld Rankin,  
4 likewise the fause nurse.

**93I.1**

1 LANCKIN was as guid a mason  
2 as ever did use stane;  
3 He biggit Lord Murray's house,  
4 an payment neer got nane.

**93I.2**

1 It fell ance on a day  
2 Lord Murray went frae hame,  
3 An Lankin came to the fause nourice,  
4 . . . . .  
5 . . . . .

**93I.3**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
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 yersel.'

**93I.5**

1 The first [step she steppit],  
2 she came on the marble stane;  
3 The next step [she steppit],  
4 she met him Lankin.

**93I.6**

1 'O spare my life, Lankin,  
2 an I'll gie ye a peck o goud;  
3 An that dinna please ye,  
4 I'll heap it wi my hand.'

**93I.7**

1 'O will I kill the lady, nurice,  
2 or will I lat her be?'  
3 'O kill her, Lankin,  
4 she was never guid to me.'

**93I.8**

1 'O wanted ye yer meat, nurice?  
2 or wanted ye yer fee?  
3 Or wanted ye the othir bounties  
4 ladys are wont to gie?'

**93I.9**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'O kill her, Lankin,  
4 she was never guid to me.'

**93I.10**

1 'Gae wash a bason, nurice,  
2 an ye wash it clean,  
3 To cape this ladie's blood;  
4 she is come o high kine.'

**93I.11**

1 'I winna wash a bason,  
2 nor will I wash it clean,  
3 To cape this ladie's blood,  
4 tho she's come o high kine.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93I.12**

1 Bonny sang yon bird,  
2 as he sat upon the tree,  
3 But sare grat Lankin,  
4 for he was hangit hie.

**93I.13**

1 Bonny sang the bird,  
2 that sat upon the hill,  
3 But sare grat the nurice,  
4 whan the caudron gan to boil.

**93I.14**

1 . . . . .  
2 Lankin was hangit hie,  
3 And the fause nourice burnt  
4 in the caudron was she.

**93J.1**

1 O LAMMIKIN was as good a mason  
2 as ever bigget 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 Earley went from home;  
3 He left his lady in his castle,  
4 but and his young son.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**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 are the maids of this house,  
2 that call me Lammikin?'  
3 'They are at the well washing,  
4 they will not come in.'

**93J.6**

1 'Where is the lady o this house,  
2 that calls me Lammikin?'  
3 'She's in her room shewing,  
4 she will not come down.'

**93J.7**

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.8**

1 O Lammikin he rocket,  
2 and the fause nurice sung,  
3 While out o the cradle  
4 the infant's blude 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 wan.'  
3 'He will not still, lady,  
4 for a' his father's lan.'

**93J.11**

1 'Oh still my bairn, nurice,  
2 still him wi the keys.'  
3 'Oh he winna still, lady,  
4 for a' his father's leys.'

**93J.12**

1 'Oh still my bairn, nurice,  
2 still him wi the bell.'  
3 'Oh he winna still, lady,  
4 till ye come down yersell.'

**93J.13**

1 The firsten step that lady stepped,  
2 it was upon a stone;  
3 The nexten step that lady stepped,  
4 she saw him Lammikin.

**93J.14**

1 The nexten step that lady stepped  
2 was in her own child's blood,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .  
5 . . . . .

**93J.15**

1 'Oh will I kill her, nurice,  
2 or will I let her be?'  
3 'Kill her, dear Lammikin,  
4 she was never gude to me.'

**93J.16**

1 'Oh wanted you meat, nurice?  
2 or wanted you fee?  
3 Or wanted you anything  
4 that a lady can gie?'

**93J.17**

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 Long Longkin,  
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 Longkin,  
2 nor none of his kin,  
3 For my gate's fast barrd,  
4 and my windows shut in.'

**93K.4**

1 My lord was not gone  
2 many miles from the place,  
3 Until the false Longkin  
4 came straight to the place.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93K.5**

1 'Pinch the bairn, nourry,  
2 pinch it very sore,  
3 Untill the mother  
4 shall come down below.'

**93K.6**

1 'Still the bairn, nury,  
2 still it with the pap.'  
3 'It wont be stilld, madam,  
4 with neither this nor that.'

**93K.7**

1 'Still the bairn, nury,  
2 still it with a bell.'  
3 'It wont be stilld, madam,  
4 till you cum down yoursell.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**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'S 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.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93L.5**

1 'O please my babie, 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 babie, nourrice,  
2 O please him with the bell:'  
3 'He'll no be pleased, madam,  
4 till ye come down yoursell.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93L.7**

1 There was blood in the chaumer,  
2 and blood in the ha,  
3 And blood in his ladie's room,  
4 which he liked warst of a'.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93M.1**

1 ' , , , , , '  
2 BUT it fell out upon a day  
3 Lord Wearie was to gae frae hame,  
4 And he has left his lady gay  
5 In his castell to stay her lane.  
6 ' , , , , , '

**93M.2**

1 Lamkin rocked,  
2 and fausse nourice sang,  
3 And a' the four tors o the cradle  
4 red blood sprang.

**93M.3**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him wi the wan:  
3 'He winna still, lady,  
4 for a' his father's lan.'

**93M.4**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him wi the keys:  
3 'He winna still, lady,  
4 for a' his father's leys.'

**93M.5**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him wi the pap:'  
3 'He winna still, lady,  
4 for this nor for that.'

**93M.6**

1 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him wi the bell:  
3 'He winna still, lady,  
4 untill ye cum down yersell.'

**93M.7**

1 The firsten step she steppet,  
2 she stepped on a stane,  
3 And the nexten step she stepped,  
4 she keppit him fause Lamkin.

**93M.8**

1 The thirdeen step she steppet,  
2 she saw her young son's red blood run on,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**93M.9**

1 'Ye've killed my bairn, Lamkin,  
2 but lat mysell 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 scheel . .  
4 O Lamkin,' said she.  
5 'O will I get a word o her,  
6 neerice?' said he.  
7 ' , , , , , '

**93N.6**

1 The first step that lady steppet  
2 she steppd on a stone;  
3 The next step that lady stept  
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 doun 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 Lammikin's arms.

**93O.3**

1 'Will I kill her, nursie,  
2 or will I let her be?'  
3 'Oh yes, kill her, Lammikin,  
4 she was never gude to me.'

**93O.4**

1 'How can [ye] say so, nursie?'  
2 how can ye say so?  
3 For your head neer did ache  
4 but my heart it was sore.

**93O.5**

1 'Oh spare my life, nursie,  
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, nursie,  
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 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**93O.8**

1 'Go scour the silver basin,  
2 go scour it fine,  
3 For our lady's heart's blude  
4 is gentile to tine.

**93O.9**

1 'Go scour the silver skewer,  
2 oh scour it richt fine,  
3 For our lady's heart's blude  
4 is gentile to tine.'

**93P.1**

1 A BETTER mason than Lammikin  
2 nevir builded wi the stane,  
3 Wha builded Lord Weire's castill,  
4 but wages nevir gat nane.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**93P.2**

1 They stecked doors, they stecked yates,  
2 close to the cheik and the chin;  
3 They stecked them a' but a little wickit,  
4 and Lammikin crap in.

**93P.3**

1 'Now where's the lady of this castle?'  
2 nurse, tell to Lammikin:'  
3 'She's sewing up intill her bowir,'  
4 the fals nourrice she sung.

**93P.4**

1 'What sall we do, what sall we say,  
2 to gar 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 bony 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, gay 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 yoursell.'

**93Q.1**

1 LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason  
2 as ever hewed a stane;  
3 He biggit Lord Weire's castle,  
4 but payment gat he nane.  
5 ' . . . . '

**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.  
5 ' . . . . '

**93Q.6**

1 'Still my bairn, nourice,  
2 O still him if ye can:'  
3 'He will not still, madam,  
4 for a' his father's lan.'

**93Q.7**

1 'O gentle 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.'  
5 ' . . . . '

**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.  
5 ' . . . . '

**93Q.10**

1 'O nourice, 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.'  
5 ' . . . . '

**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.'  
5 ' . . . . '

**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 warst 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.  
5 ' . . . . '

**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.  
5 ' . . . . '

**93R.4**

1 Syne Balcanqual he rocked,  
2 and fause nourice sang,  
3 Till through a' the cradle  
4 the baby's blood sprang.

**93R.5**

1 'O please the bairn, nourice,  
2 and please him wi the keys:'  
3 'He'll no be pleased, madam,  
4 for a' thet he sees.'

**93R.6**

1 And Balcanqual ay rocked,  
2 while fause nourice sang,  
3 And through a' the cradle  
4 the baby's blood ran.

**93R.7**

1 'Please the bairn, nourice,  
2 and please him wi the knife:'  
3 'He'll no be pleased, madam,  
4 tho I'd gie my life.'

**93R.8**

1 And Balcanqual still rocked,  
2 and fause nourice sang,  
3 While through a' the cradle  
4 the baby's blood ran.

**93R.9**

1 'Now please the bairn, nourice,  
2 and please him wi the bell:'  
3 'He'll no be pleased, madam,  
4 till ye come yoursell.'

**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't very clean,  
3 To haad this lady's blood,  
4 for she's of noble kin.'  
5 ' . . . . '

**93S.1**

1 LAMBKIN was as brave a builder  
2 as eer built a stane,  
3 And he built Lord Cassillis house,  
4 an for payment he gat nane.

**93S.2**

1 My lord said to my lady,  
2 when he went abroad,  
3 Tak care o fause Lamkin,  
4 for he sleeps in the wood.

**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 ' . . . . '  
4 ' . . . . '

**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 ladie.'

**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 lord to my lady,  
4 Beware of Lamkin.

**93U.2**

1 'O why should I fear him,  
2 or any such man,  
3 When my doors are well barrd,  
4 and my windows well pinnd?'  
5 ' . . . . '

**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 WALD be very sorry  
2 to wash a basin clean,  
3 To haud my mither's heart's blude,  
4 that's comin, an I ken.

**93[W.1]**

1 ' . . . . '  
2 And it was weel built,  
3 without and within,  
4 Except a little hole,  
5 to let Bloody Lambkin come in.  
6 ' . . . . '

**93[W.2]**

1 He stabbed her young son,  
2 with the silver bodkin,  
3 Till oot o the cradle  
4 the reed blude did rin.

**93[W.3]**

1 'Oh still my babe, nourrice,  
2 still him wi the keys.'  
3 'He'll no be still, madam,  
4 let me do what I please.'

**93[W.4]**

1 'Oh still my babe, nourrice,  
2 still him wi the knife.'  
3 'He'll no be still, madam,  
4 na, no for my life.'

**93[W.5]**

1 'Oh still my babe, still my babe,  
2 still him wi the bell.'  
3 'He'll no be still, madam,  
4 till ye come down yersel.'

**93[W.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!'  
5 ' . . . . '

**93[W.7]**

1 'O haud your tongue, nourrice,  
2 sae loud as ye lee;  
3 Ye'd neer a cut finger  
4 but I pitied thee.'

**93[X.1]**

1 Lamkin was as good a mason  
2 As ever liftit stane;  
3 He built to the laird o Lariston,  
4 But payment gat he nane.

**93[X.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.

**93[X.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 frae hame.

**93[X.4]**

1 He bade steek dor an window,  
2 An prick them to the gin,  
3 Nor leave a little wee hole,  
4 Else Lamkin wad be in.

**93[X.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.

**93[X.6]**

1 'O where's the lady o this house?'  
2 Said cruel Lamkin;  
3 'She's up the stair sleepin,'  
4 Said fause noorice then.

**93[X.7]**

1 'How will we get her down the stair?'  
2 Said cruel Lamkin;  
3 'We'l stogg the baby i the cradle,'  
4 Said fause noorice then.

**93[X.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.

**93[X.9]**

1 'O still my son, noorise,  
2 O still him wi the kane,'  
3 'He winna still, madam,  
4 Till Lariston come hame.'

**93[X.10]**

1 'O still my son, noorice,  
2 O still him wi the knife,'  
3 'I canna still him, madam,  
4 If ye sude tak my life.'

**93[X.11]**

1 'O still my soon, noorice,  
2 O still him wi the bell,'  
3 'He winna still, madam,  
4 Come see him yersel.'

**93[X.12]**

1 Wae an weary rase she up,  
2 Slowly pat her on  
3 Her green claethin o the silk,  
4 An slowly came she down.

**93[X.13]**

1 The first step she steppit,  
2 It was on a stone;  
3 The first body she saw  
4 Was cruel Lamkin.

**93[X.14]**

1 'O pity, pity, Lamkin,  
2 Hae pity on me!'  
3 'Just as meikle pity, madam,  
4 As ye paid me o my fee.'

**93[X.15]**

1 'I'll g' ye a peck o good red goud,  
2 Streekit wi the wand;  
3 An if that winna please ye,  
4 I'll heap it wi my hand.

**93[X.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.'

**93[X.17]**

1 'Gae wash the bason, lady,  
2 Gae wash't an mak it clean,  
3 To kep your mother's heart's-blude,  
4 For she's o noble kin.'

**93[X.18]**

1 'To kep my mother's heart's-blude  
2 I wad be right wae;  
3 O tak mysle, Lamkin,  
4 An let my mother gae.'

**93[X.19]**

1 'Gae wash the bason, noorice,  
2 Gae wash't an mak it clean,  
3 To kep your lady's heart's-blude,  
4 For she's o noble kin.'

**93[X.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.'

**93[X.21]**

1 But oh, what dule an sorrow  
2 Was about that lord's ha,  
3 When he fand his lady lyin  
4 As white as driven snaw!

**93[X.22]**

1 O what dule an sorrow  
2 Whan that good lord cam in,  
3 An fand his young son murderd,  
4 I the chimley lyin!

**93[Y.1]**

1 Lie in your room, my wife,  
2 . . . . .  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**93[Y.2]**

1 'You'll fasten doors and windows,  
2 you'll fasten them out an in,  
3 For if you leave ae window open  
4 Lammikin will come in.'

**93[Y.3]**

1 They've fastened doors an windows,  
2 they've fastened them out an in,  
3 But they have left ae window open,  
4 and Lammikin cam in.

**93[Y.4]**

1 'O where are a' the women  
2 that dwell here within?'  
3 'They're at the well washin,  
4 and they will not come in.'

**93[Y.5]**

1 'O where are a' the men  
2 that dwell here within?'  
3 'They're at the . . . . ,  
4 and they will not come in.'

**93[Y.6]**

1 'O where is the lady  
2 that dwells here within?'  
3 'She's up the stair dressin,  
4 and she will not come doun.'

**93[Y.7]**

1 'It's what will we do  
2 to mak her come doun?  
3 We'll rock the cradle, nourrice,  
4 an mak her come doun.'

**93[Y.8]**

1 They [hae] rocked the cradle  
2 to mak her come doun,  
3 . . . . .  
4 the red bluid out sprung.

**93[Y.9]**

1 'O still the bairn, nourrice,  
2 O still him wi the bell;;  
3 'He winna still, my lady,  
4 till ye come doun yersel.'

**93[Y.10]**

1 The first step she steppit,  
2 it was upon a stane;  
3 The next step she steppit,  
4 she keppit Lammikin.

**93[Y.11]**

1 'O mercy, mercy, Lammikin,  
2 hae mercy upo me!  
3 Tho ye hae killed my young son,  
4 ye may lat mysel abee.'

**93[Y.12]**

1 'O it's will I kill her, nourrice,  
2 or will I lat her be?'  
3 'O kill her, kill her, Lammikin,  
4 she neer was gude to me.'

**93[Y.13]**

1 'O it's wanted ye your meat?  
2 or wanted ye your fee?'  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**93[Y.14]**

1 'I wanted not my meat,  
2 I wanted not my fee,  
3 But I wanted some bounties  
4 That ladies can gie.'

**94.1**

1 ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule,  
2 And the round tables began,  
3 A there is cum to our king's court  
4 Mony a well-favourd man.

- 4.2**  
1 The queen luikt owre the castle-wa,  
2 Beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And then she saw Young Waters  
4 Cum riding to the town.
- 4.3**  
1 His footmen they did rin before,  
2 His horsemen rade behind;  
3 Ane mantel of the burning gowd  
4 Did keip him frae the wind.
- 4.4**  
1 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**  
1 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**  
1 '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**  
1 Out then spack the jealous king,  
2 And an angry man was he;  
3 'O if he had been twice as fair,  
4 You might have excepted me.'
- 4.8**  
1 '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**  
1 For a' that she could do or say,  
2 Appeasd he wad nae bee,  
3 Bot for the words which she had said,  
4 Young Waters he maun dee.
- 4.10**  
1 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**  
1 '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**  
5 'Aft have I ridden thro Stirling town  
6 In the wind bot and the rain;  
7 Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town  
8 Neir to return again.'
- 4.13**  
1 They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
2 His young son in his craddle,  
3 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill  
4 His horse bot and his saddle.
- 4.14**  
1 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 dee.
- 95A.1**  
1 ' . . . .  
2 'O GOOD Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
3 Peace for a little while!  
4 Methinks I see my own father,  
5 Come riding by the stile.
- 95A.2**  
1 'Oh father, oh father, a little of your gold,  
2 And likewise of your fee!  
3 To keep my body from yonder grave,  
4 And my neck from the gallows-tree.'
- 95A.3**  
1 '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 hangd you shall be.'
- 95A.4**  
1 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
2 Peace for a little while!  
3 Methinks I see my own mother,  
4 Come riding by the stile.
- 95A.5**  
1 'Oh mother, oh mother, a little of your gold,  
2 And likewise of your fee,  
3 To keep my body from yonder grave,  
4 And my neck from the gallows-tree!'
- 95A.6**  
1 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of my fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hangd you shall be.'
- 95A.7**  
1 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
2 Peace for a little while!  
3 Methinks I see my own brother,  
4 Come riding by the stile.
- 95A.8**  
1 'Oh brother, oh brother, a little of your gold,  
2 And likewise of your fee,  
3 To keep my body from yonder grave,  
4 And my neck from the gallows-tree!'
- 95A.9**  
1 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of my fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hangd you shall be.'
- 95A.10**  
1 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
2 Peace for a little while!  
3 Methinks I see my own sister,  
4 Come riding by the stile.
- 95A.11**  
1 'Oh sister, oh sister, a little of your gold,  
2 And likewise of your fee,  
3 To keep my body from yonder grave,  
4 And my neck from the gallows-tree!'
- 95A.12**  
1 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of my fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hangd you shall be.'
- 95A.13**  
1 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
2 Peace for a little while!  
3 Methinks I see my own true-love,  
4 Come riding by the stile.
- 95A.14**  
1 'Oh true-love, oh true-love, a little of your gold,  
2 And likewise of your fee,  
3 To save my body from yonder grave,  
4 And my neck from the gallows-tree.'
- 95A.15**  
1 'Some of my gold now you shall have,  
2 And likewise of my fee,  
3 For I am come to see you saved,  
4 And saved you shall be.'
- 95B.1**  
1 'IT'S hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
2 'O hold your hand for a while!  
3 For yonder I see my father a coming,  
4 Riding many's the mile.
- 95B.2**  
1 'Have you any gold, father?' she says,  
2 'Or have you any fee?  
3 Or did you come to see your own daughter a  
4 hanging,  
5 Like a dog, upon a tree?'
- 95B.3**  
1 'I have no gold, daughter,' he says,  
2 'Neither have I any fee;  
3 But I am come to see my ain daughter hangd,  
4 And hangd she shall be.'
- 95B.4**  
1 'Hey the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,  
2 The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!  
3 I wish I were at hame again,  
4 Milking my ain daddie's ewes.
- 95B.5**  
1 'Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
2 'O hold your hand for a while!  
3 For yonder I see my own mother coming,  
4 Riding full many a mile.
- 95B.6**  
1 'Have you any gold, mother?' she says,  
2 'Or have you any fee?  
3 Or did you come to see your own daughter  
4 hangd,  
5 Like a dog, upon a tree?'
- 95B.7**  
1 'I have no gold, daughter,' she says,  
2 'Neither have I any fee;  
3 But I am come to see my own daughter hangd,  
4 And hangd she shall be.'
- 95B.8**  
1 'Hey the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
2 The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!  
3 I wish I were at hame again,  
4 Milking my ain daddie's ewes.
- 95B.9**  
1 'Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
2 'O hold your hand for a while!  
3 For yonder I see my ae brother a coming,  
4 Riding many's the mile.
- 95B.10**  
1 'Have you any gold, brother?' she says,  
2 'Or have you any fee?  
3 Or did you come to see your ain sister a  
4 hanging,  
5 Like a dog, upon a tree?'
- 95B.11**  
1 'I have no gold, sister,' he says,  
2 'Nor have I any fee'  
3 But I am come to see my ain sister hangd,  
4 And hangd she shall be.'
- 95B.12**  
1 'Hey the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
2 The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!  
3 I wish I were at hame again,  
4 Milking my ain daddie's ewes.
- 95B.13**  
1 'Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
2 'O hold your hand for a while!  
3 For yonder I see my own true-love coming,  
4 Riding full many a mile.
- 95B.14**  
1 'Have you any gold, my true-love?' she says,  
2 'Or have you any fee?  
3 Or have you come to see your own love  
4 hangd,  
5 Like a dog, upon a tree?'
- 95C.1**  
1 'HOLD up thy hand, most righteous judge,  
2 Hold up thy hand a while!  
3 For here I see my own dear father,  
4 Come tumbling over the stile.
- 95C.2**  
1 'Oh hast thou brought me silver or gold,  
2 Or jewels, to set me free?  
3 Or hast thou come to see me hung?  
4 For hangd I shall be.
- 95C.3**  
1 'If I could get out of this prickly bush,  
2 That prickles my heart so sore,  
3 If I could get out of this prickly bush,  
4 I'd never get in it no more.'
- 95C.4**  
1 'Oh I have brought nor silver nor gold,  
2 Nor jewels, to set thee free;  
3 But I have come to see thee hung,  
4 For hangd thou shall be.  
5 . . . .
- 95C.5**  
1 'It's I have brought thee silver and gold,  
2 And jewels, to set thee free;  
3 I have not come to see thee hung,  
4 For hangd thou shall not be.'
- 95C.6**  
1 'Now I have got out of this prickly bush,  
2 That prickled my heart so sore,  
3 And I have got out of this prickly bush,  
4 I'll never get in it no more.'
- 95D.1**  
1 . . . .  
2 'O had your hand a while!  
3 For yonder comes my father,  
4 I'm sure he'll borrow me.
- 95D.2**  
1 'O some of your goud, father,  
2 An of your well won fee!  
3 To save me [frae the high hill],  
4 [And] frae the gallow-tree.'

**95D.3**

1 'Ye'se get nane of my goud,  
2 Nor of my well won fee,  
3 For I would gie five hundred poun  
4 To see ye hangit hie.'

**95D.4**

1 . . . . .  
2 'O had yer hand a while!  
3 Yonder is my love Willie,  
4 Sure he will borrow me.

**95D.5**

1 'O some o your goud, my love Willie,  
2 An some o yer well won fee!  
3 To save me frae the high hill,  
4 And frae the gallow-tree.'

**95D.6**

1 'Ye'se get a' my goud,  
2 And a' my well won fee,  
3 To save ye fra the headin-hill,  
4 And frae the gallow-tree.'

**95E.1**

1 'HOLD your hands, ye justice o peace,  
2 Hold them a little while!  
3 For yonder comes my father and mother,  
4 That's travell'd mony a mile.

**95E.2**

1 'Gie me some o your gowd, parents,  
2 Some o your white monie,  
3 To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
4 Yon greenwood gallow-tree.'

**95E.3**

1 'Ye'll get nane o our gowd, daughter,  
2 Nor nane o our white monie,  
3 For we have travell'd mony a mile,  
4 This day to see you die.'

**95E.4**

1 'Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
2 Hold them a little while!  
3 For yonder comes him Warenston,  
4 The father of my chile.

**95E.5**

1 'Give me some o your gowd, Warenston,  
2 Some o your white monie,  
3 To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
4 Yon greenwood gallow-tree.'

**95E.6**

1 'I bade you nurse my bairn well,  
2 And nurse it carefullie,  
3 And gowd shoud been your hire, Maisry,  
4 And my body your fee.'

**95E.7**

1 He's taen out a purse o gowd,  
2 Another o white monie,  
3 And he's tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
4 Says, True-love, gang wi me.

**95F.1**

1 'STOP, stop, . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 I think I see my father coming,  
4 . . . . .

**95F.2**

1 'O hae ye brocht my silken cloak,  
2 Or my golden key?  
3 Or hae ye come to see he hanged,  
4 On this green gallow-tree?'

**95F.3**

1 'I've neither brocht your silken cloak,  
2 Nor your golden key,  
3 But I have come to see you hanged,  
4 On this green gallow-tree.'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**95F.4**

1 'I've neither brocht your silken cloak,  
2 Nor your golden key,  
3 But I am come to set you free  
4 From this green gallow-tree.'

**95G.1**

1 'HANGMAN, hangman, stop a minute,  
2 . . . . .  
3 I think I see my father coming,  
4 . . . . .

**95G.2**

1 'Father, father, have you found the key,  
2 And have you come to set me free?  
3 Or have you come to see me hanged,  
4 Upon this gallow-tree?'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**95G.3**

1 'I have not come to see you hanged,  
2 Upon the gallow-tree,  
3 For I have found the golden key,'  
4 . . . . .

**95H.1**

1 'STOP, stop! . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 I think I see my mother coming,  
4 . . . . .

**95H.2**

1 'Oh mother, hast brought my golden ball,  
2 And come to set me free?  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**95H.3**

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 gallow-tree.'

**95H.4**

1 'Stop, stop! . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 I think I see my father coming,  
4 . . . . .

**95H.5**

1 'O father, hast brought my golden ball,  
2 And come to set me free?  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**95H.6**

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 gallow-tree.'

**95H.7**

1 'Stop, stop! . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 I see my sweet-heart coming,  
4 . . . . .

**95H.8**

1 'Sweet-heart, hast brought my golden ball,  
2 And come to set me free?  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**95H.9**

1 'Aye, I have brought thy golden ball,  
2 And come to set thee free;  
3 I have not come to see thee hung,  
4 Upon this gallow-tree.'

**95[I.1]**

1 'Hold your tongue, Lord Judge,' she says,  
2 'Yet hold it a little while;  
3 Methinks I see my ain dear father  
4 Coming wandering many a mile.

**95[I.2]**

1 'O have you brought me gold, father?  
2 Or have you brought me fee?  
3 Or are you come to save my life  
4 From off this gallow-tree?'

**95[I.3]**

1 'I have not brought you gold, daughter,  
2 Nor have I brought you fee,  
3 But I am come to see you hangd,  
4 As you this day shall be.'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**95[I.4]**

1 'I have not brought you gold, true-love,  
2 Nor yet have I brought fee,  
3 But I am come to save thy life  
4 From off this gallow-tree.'

**95[I.5]**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, father,' she says,  
2 'Gae hame and saw yer seed;  
3 And I wish not a pickle of it may grow up,  
4 And the thistle and the weed.

**95[I.6]**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, mother,  
2 Gae hame and brew yer yill;  
3 And I wish the girds may a' loup off,  
4 And the Deil spill a' yer yill.

**95[I.7]**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, brother,  
2 Gae hame and lie with yer wife;  
3 And I wish that the first news I may hear  
4 That she has tane your life.

**95[L.8]**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, sister,' she says,  
2 'Gae hame and sew yer seam;  
3 I wish that the needle-point may break,  
4 And the craws pyke out yer een.'

**95[J.1]**

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.

**95[J.2]**

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 gallow-tree?'

**95[J.3]**

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 handg this day,  
4 And handg'd thou shalt be.'

**95[J.4]**

1 'Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
2 Come prick my heart so sore;  
3 I ever I get from the gallow-tree,  
4 I'll never get there any more.'  
5 ' . . . . .'

**95[J.5]**

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 gallow-tree.'

**95[J.6]**

1 'Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
2 Don't prick my heart any more;  
3 For now I've got from the gallow-tree  
4 I'll never get there any more.'

**95[K.1]**

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.

**95[K.2]**

1 'O father, have you brought me gold?  
2 Or will you set me free?  
3 Or be you come to see me hung,  
4 All on this high gallow-tree?'

**95[K.3]**

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 gallow-tree.'

**95[K.4]**

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.'

**95[K.5]**

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 gallow-tree.'  
5 'Oh, the prickly bush,' etc.

**96A.1**

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.'

**96A.2**

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.'

**96A.3**

1 'O well sal ye my true-love ken,  
2 As soon as you her see;  
3 For, of a' the flows in fair Englan,  
4 The fairest flower is she.

**96A.4**

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.

**96A.5**

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.



**96A.6**

1 'An four and twenty gay ladies  
2 Will to the mass repair,  
3 But well sal ye my true-love ken,  
4 For she wears goud on her hair.'

**96A.7**

1 O even at that lady's bowr-door  
2 There grows a bowin birk,  
3 And she set down and sang thereon,  
4 As she ged to the kirk.

**96A.8**

1 'O eet and drink, my marys a',  
2 The wine flows you among,  
3 Till I gang to my shot-window,  
4 An hear yon bonny bird's song.

**96A.9**

1 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
2 The song ye sang the streen,  
3 For I ken by your sweet singin  
4 You're frae my true-love sen.'

**96A.10**

1 O first he sang a merry song,  
2 An then he sang a grave,  
3 An then he peckd his feathers gray,  
4 To her the letter gave.

**96A.11**

1 'Ha, there's a letter frae your love,  
2 He says he sent you three;  
3 He canna wait your love langer,  
4 But for your sake he'll die.

**96A.12**

1 'He bids you write a letter to him;  
2 He says he's sent you five;  
3 He canno wait your love langer,  
4 Tho you're the fairest woman alive.'

**96A.13**

1 'Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,  
2 And brew his bridal-ale,  
3 An I'll meet him in fair Scotlan  
4 Lang, lang or it be stale.'

**96A.14**

1 She's doen her to her father dear,  
2 Fa'n low down on her knee:  
3 'A boon, a boon, my father dear,  
4 I pray you, grant it me.'

**96A.15**

1 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter,  
2 An granted it sal be;  
3 Except ae squire in fair Scotlan,  
4 An him you sall never see.'

**96A.16**

1 'The only boon, my father dear,  
2 That I do crave of the,  
3 Is, gin I die in southin lands,  
4 In Scotlan to bury me.

**96A.17**

1 'An the firstin kirk that ye come till,  
2 Ye gar the bells be rung,  
3 An the nextin kirk that ye come till,  
4 Ye gar the mess be sung.

**96A.18**

1 'An the thirdin kirk that ye come till,  
2 You deal gold for my sake,  
3 An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,  
4 You tarry there till night.'

**96A.19**

1 She is doen her to her bigly bowr,  
2 As fast as she could fare,  
3 An she has tane a sleepy draught,  
4 That she had mixed wi care.

**96A.20**

1 She's laid her down upon her bed,  
2 An soon she's fa'n asleep,  
3 And soon oer every tender limb  
4 Cauld death began to creep.

**96A.21**

1 Whan night was floun, an day was come,  
2 Nae ane that did her see  
3 But thought she was as surely dead  
4 As ony lady could be.

**96A.22**

1 Her father an her brothers dear  
2 Gard make to her a bier;  
3 The tae half was o guide red gold,  
4 The tither o silver clear.

**96A.23**

1 Her mither an her sisters fair  
2 Gard work for her a sark;  
3 The tae half was o cambrick fine,  
4 The tither o needle wark.

**96A.24**

1 The firstin kirk that they came till,  
2 They gard the bells be rung,  
3 An the nextin kirk that they came till,  
4 They gard the mess be sung.

**96A.25**

1 The thirdin kirk that they came till,  
2 They dealt gold for her sake,  
3 An the fourthin kirk that they came till,  
4 Lo, there they met her make!

**96A.26**

1 'Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,  
2 Lat me the dead look on;  
3 Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips  
4 She lay an smil'd on him.

**96A.27**

1 'O ae sheave o your bread, true-love,  
2 An ae glass o your wine,  
3 For I hae fasted for your sake  
4 These fully days is nine.

**96A.28**

1 'Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold  
brothers,  
2 Gang hame and sound your horn;  
3 An ye may boast in southin lans  
4 Your sister's playd you scorn.'

**96B.1**

1 OUT then spoke the king of Scotland,  
2 And he spak wondrous clear:  
3 Where will I get a boy, and a pretty little boy,  
4 That will my tidings bear?

**96B.2**

1 Out then spak a pretty little bird,  
2 As it sat on a brier:  
3 What will ye gie me, king of Scotland, he said,  
4 If I your tidings will bear?

**96B.3**

1 'One wing of the beaten gowd,  
2 And another of the silver clear;  
3 It's all unto thee, my pretty little bird,  
4 If thou my tidings will bear.'

**96B.4**

1 The bird flew high, the bird flew low,  
2 This bird flew to and fro,  
3 Until that he came to the king of England's  
daughter,  
4 Who was sitting in her bower-window.

**96B.5**

1 'Here is a gift, a very rare gift,  
2 And the king has sent you three;  
3 He says if your father and mother winna let,  
4 You may come privately.

**96B.6**

1 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,  
2 The king has sent you five;  
3 He says he will not wait any longer on you,  
4 If there be another woman alive.'

**96B.7**

1 She's away to her mother dear,  
2 Made a low beck on her knee:  
3 'What is your asking of me, daughter?  
4 Queen of Scotland you never shall be.'

**96B.8**

1 'That's not my asking of thee, mother,  
2 That's not my asking of thee;  
3 But that if I die in merry England,  
4 In Scotland you will bury me.'

**96B.9**

1 She's awa to her father dear,  
2 Made a low beck on her knee:  
3 'What is your asking of me, daughter?  
4 Queen of Scotland you never shall be.'

**96B.10**

1 'That's not my asking of thee, father,  
2 That's not my asking of thee;  
3 But that if I die in merry England,  
4 In Scotland you will bury me.'

**96B.11**

1 She walked to and fro,  
2 She walked up and down,  
3 But ye wud na spoken three words to an end  
4 Till she was in a deep swoon.

**96B.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.

**96B.13**

1 Her mother went weeping round and round,  
2 She dropped one on her chin;  
3 'Och and alace,' her mother did say,  
4 'There is no breath within!'

**96B.14**

1 Her mother went weeping round and round,  
2 She dropt one on her brier;  
3 'Och and alace,' her mother did cry,  
4 'For she's died without a priest!'

**96B.15**

1 Her mother went weeping round and round,  
2 She dropped one on her toe;  
3 'Och and alace,' her mother did cry,  
4 'To Scotland she must goe!'

**96B.16**

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 needle-work.

**96B.17**

1 'Call down, call down her brothers seven,  
2 To make for her a bier;  
3 The one side of the bonny beaten gold,  
4 And the other of the silver clear.'

**96B.18**

1 Many a mile by land they went,  
2 And many a league by sea,  
3 Until that they came to the king of Scotland,  
4 Who was walking in his own valley.

**96B.19**

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  
her steed,  
4 And she's ready to lay in the ground.'

**96B.20**

1 O he has opened the lid of the coffin,  
2 And likewise the winding sheet,  
3 And thrice he has kissed her cherry, cherry  
cheek,  
4 And she smiled on him full sweet.

**96B.21**

1 'One bit of your bread,' she says,  
2 'And one glass of your wine;  
3 It's all for you and your sake  
4 I've fasted long days nine.

**96B.22**

1 'One glass of your wine,' she says,  
2 'And one bit of your bread;  
3 For it's all for you and for your sake  
4 I suffered the burning lead.

**96B.23**

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.

**96B.24**

1 'Go home, go home, my brothers seven,  
2 Tell my sisters to sew their seam;  
3 And you may tell it in merry England  
4 That your sister she is queen.'

**96C.1**

1 'O WELL is me, my jolly goshawk,  
2 That ye can speak and flee,  
3 For ye can carry a love-letter  
4 To my true-love from me.'

**96C.2**

1 'O how can I carry a letter to her,  
2 When her I do not know?  
3 I bear the lips to her never spake,  
4 And the eyes that her never saw.'

**96C.3**

1 'The thing of my love's face is white  
2 It's that of dove or maw;  
3 The thing of my love's face that's red  
4 Is like blood shed on snaw.

**96C.4**

1 'And when you come to the castle,  
2 Light on the bush of ash,  
3 And sit you there and sing our loves,  
4 As she comes from the mass.

- 96C.5**  
 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 fainly 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 that's in my breast:  
 4 What would my love have mair?  
 5 And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,  
 6 Ye'll bid him meet me there.'
- 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 In Scotland bury me.'
- 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 You cause the mass be sung.'
- 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 O there you'll bury me at.'
- 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 mother dear,  
 2 As fast as gang could she:  
 3 'An asking, an asking, my mother dear,  
 4 An asking ye grant me;  
 5 That if I die in fair England  
 6 In Scotland bury me.'
- 96C.17**  
 1 'And now, my tender mother 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 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 In Scotland 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 She hied her to her seven brothers,  
 2 As fast as gang could she:  
 3 'An asking, an asking, my brothers seven,
- 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 By the fire-side sat she.
- 96C.23**  
 1 Says, Drap 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 much a lady young will do,  
 6 To her true-love to win.
- 96C.24**  
 1 They drapd the het lead on her cheek,  
 2 So did they on her chin;  
 3 They drapt it on her red-rose lips,  
 4 But they breathed none again.
- 96C.25**  
 1 Her brothers they went to a room,  
 2 To make to her a bier;  
 3 The boards of it was cedar wood,  
 4 And the plates ow it gold so clear.
- 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 She bids you meet her there.'  
 5 And the steeking silken wark.
- 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 And what would you have mair?  
 5 And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,  
 6 She bids you meet her there.'
- 96C.29**  
 1 'Come hither, all my merry young men,  
 2 And drink the good red wine;  
 3 For we must on to fair Scotland,  
 4 To free my love frae pine.'
- 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 They gart the mass be sung.'
- 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 Her true-love met them at.'
- 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 lookt and laughd to him.
- 96C.34**  
 1 'Give me a hive 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 There's not a steed in your stable  
 6 But would have been dead ere syne.
- 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 lye amang the meal;  
 3 But I came here to fair Scotland  
 4 To wear the silks so weel.'
- 96C.37**  
 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 WHERE'LL 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  
 4 daughter,  
 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  
 4 daughter;  
 4 She's sitting in her bower-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 speedilic:  
 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.'  
 7 ' , , , , , '
- 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 dochter 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 bower-window.'
- 96D.12**  
 1 'Here is a token of your trew-love,  
 2 And here is a token come down,  
 3 For she is dead, and she's ready to be buried,  
 4 And she wants to be laid in your ground.'
- 96D.13**  
 1 He's taen out his mickle knife,  
 2 And tore her winding sheet,  
 3 And there she lay like the crimson red,  
 4 And she smiled in his face so sweet.'

**96D.14**

1 'Go home, go home, you seven brethren,  
2 Go home and saw your corn,  
3 For she if 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 sheen!  
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 Bring an answer back to me.'

**96E.5**

1 'But how sall I your true-love find,  
2 Or how suld I her know?  
3 I bear a tongue neer wi her spake,  
4 An eye that neer her saw.'

**96E.6**

1 'O weel sall ye my true-love ken,  
2 Sae sune as ye her see,  
3 For of a' the flowers of fair England,  
4 The fairest flower is she.

**96E.7**

1 'The red that's on my true-love's cheek  
2 Is like blood-drops on the snaw;  
3 The white that is on her breast bare  
4 Like the down o the white sea-maw.

**96E.8**

1 'And even at my love's bouer-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 ladyes  
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 bour  
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 fu 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 sang  
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 yon 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 O first he sang a merry sang,  
2 And syne he sang a grave,  
3 And syne he peckd his feathers gray,  
4 To her the letter gawe.

**96E.18**

1 'Have there a letter from Lord William;  
2 He says he's sent ye three;  
3 He canna wait your love langer,  
4 But for your sake he'll die.'

**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 kirk,  
4 Lang, lang ere it be stale.'

**96E.20**

1 The lady's gane to her chamber,  
2 And a moanfu woman was she,  
3 As gin she had taen a sudden brash,  
4 And were about to die.

**96E.21**

1 'A boon, a boon, my father deir,  
2 A boon I beg of thee!  
3 'Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,  
4 For him you neer shall see.'

**96E.22**

1 'But, for your honest asking else,  
2 Weel granted it shall be.'  
3 'Then, gin I die in southern land,  
4 In Scotland gar bury me.'

**96E.23**

1 'And the first kirk that ye come to,  
2 Ye's gar the mass be sung,  
3 And the next kirk that ye come to,  
4 Ye's gar the bells be rung.

**96E.24**

1 'And when ye come to St Mary's kirk,  
2 Ye's tarry there till night.'  
3 And so her father pledged his word,  
4 And so his promise plight.

**96E.25**

1 She has taen her to her bigly bour,  
2 As fast as she could fare,  
3 And she has drank a sleepy draught,  
4 That she had mixed wi care.

**96E.26**

1 And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,  
2 That was sae bright of blee,  
3 And she seemed to be as surely dead  
4 As any one could be.

**96E.27**

1 They drapt a drap o the burning red gowd,  
2 They drapt it on her chin;  
3 'And ever alas,' her mother cried,  
4 'There is nae life within!'

**96E.28**

1 They drapt a drap o the burning red gowd,  
2 They drapt it on her breast-bane;  
3 'Alas,' her seven bauld brothers said,  
4 'Our sister's dead and gane!'

**96E.29**

1 Then up arose her seven brethren,  
2 And hewd to her a bier;  
3 They hewd it frae the solid aik,  
4 Laid it oer wi silver clear.

**96E.30**

1 Then up and gat her seven sisters,  
2 And sewed to her a kell,  
3 And every steek that they pat in  
4 Sewd to a siller bell.

**96E.31**

1 The first Scots kirk that they cam to,  
2 They gard the bells be rung;  
3 The next Scots kirk that they cam to,  
4 They gard the mass be sung.

**96E.32**

1 But when they cam to St Mary's kirk,  
2 There stude spearmen all on raw,  
3 And up and started Lord William,  
4 The chieftane amang them a'.

**96E.33**

1 'Set down, set down the bier,' he said,  
2 'Let me looke her upon.'  
3 But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,  
4 Her colour began to come.

**96E.34**

1 She brightened like the lily-flower,  
2 Till her pale colour was gone;  
3 With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,  
4 She smiled her love upon.

**96E.35**

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.

**96E.36**

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.

**96E.37**

1 'Ah woe to you, you light woman,  
2 An ill death may you die!  
3 For we left father and mother at hame  
4 Breaking their hearts for thee.'

**96F.1**

1 . . . . .  
1 SHE got three drops of boiling lead,  
2 And dropped them on her hand:  
3 'Oh and alas, my daughter dear,  
4 I'd rather all my land!'

**96F.2**

1 She got three drops of boiling lead,  
2 And dropped them on her chin:  
3 'Oh and alas, my daughter dear,  
4 There is no life within!'

**96F.3**

1 She got three drops of boiling lead,  
2 And dropped them on her toe:  
3 'Oh and alas, my daughter dear,  
4 To fair Scotland you must go!'  
5 . . . . .

**96F.4**

1 'Give me a cake of the new made bread,  
2 And a cup of the new made wine,  
3 For for your sake, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
4 'I fasted those days nine.'

**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 'And well fails me o my parrot  
2 He can baith speak and gang;  
3 And he will carry love-letters  
4 To the maid in South England.'

**96G.4**

1 'O how shall I your love find out?  
2 Or how shall I her know?  
3 When my tongue with her never spake,  
4 Nor my eyes her ever saw.'

**96G.5**

1 'O what is red of her is red  
2 As blude drappd 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 yetts  
2 You'll find a bowing birk;  
3 And there ye'll sit, and sing thereon,  
4 Till she gaes to the kirk.

**96G.7**

1 'Then even before that lady's yetts  
2 You'll find a bowing ash;  
3 And ye may sit and sing thereon,  
4 Till she comes frae the mass.

**96G.8**

1 'And even before that lady's window  
2 You'll find a bed o tyme;  
3 And ye may sit and sing thereon,  
4 Till she sits down to dine.

- 96G.9**  
 1 'Even abeen that lady's window  
 2 There's fixd a siller pin;  
 3 And a' these words that I tell you,  
 4 Ye'll sit and sing therein.
- 96G.10**  
 1 'Ye'll bid her send her love a letter,  
 2 For he has sent her five;  
 3 And he'll never send anither ane,  
 4 To nae woman alive.
- 96G.11**  
 1 'Ye'll bid her send her love a letter,  
 2 For he has sent her seven;  
 3 And he'll never send anither send,  
 4 To nae maid under heaven.'
- 96G.12**  
 1 This little bird then took his flight,  
 2 Beyond the raging sea,  
 3 And lighted at that lady's yetts,  
 4 On tower o gowd sae hie.
- 96G.13**  
 1 Even before that lady's yetts  
 2 He found a bowing birk;  
 3 And there he sat, and sang thereon,  
 4 Till she went to the kirk.
- 96G.14**  
 1 Even before that lady's yetts  
 2 He found a bowing ash;  
 3 And then he sat and sang thereon,  
 4 Till she came frae the mass.
- 96G.15**  
 1 Even before that lady's window  
 2 He found a bed o tyme;  
 3 And then he sat and sang thereon,  
 4 Till she sat down to dine.
- 96G.16**  
 1 Even abeen that lady's window  
 2 Was fixd a siller pin;  
 3 And a' the word that were tauld him,  
 4 He sat and sang them in.
- 96G.17**  
 1 'You're bidden send your love a letter,  
 2 For he has sent you five;  
 3 Or he'll never send anither send,  
 4 To nae woman alive.
- 96G.18**  
 1 'You're bidden send your love a letter,  
 2 For he has sent you seven;  
 3 And he'll never send anither send,  
 4 To nae maid under heaven.'
- 96G.19**  
 1 'Sit in the hall, good ladies all,  
 2 And drink the wine sae red,  
 3 And I will to yon small window,  
 4 And hear you bridie's leed.
- 96G.20**  
 1 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
 2 The sang ye sung just now;  
 3 'I'll sing nae mair, ye lady fair,  
 4 My errand is to you.'
- 96G.21**  
 1 'If ye be my true-lovie's bird,  
 2 Sae well's I will you ken;  
 3 You will gae in at my gown-sleeve,  
 4 Come out at my gown-hem.'
- 96G.22**  
 1 'That I am come frae your true-love,  
 2 You soon shall see right plain;  
 3 And read these lines below my wing,  
 4 That I hae brought frae him.'
- 96G.23**  
 1 When she looked these lines upon,  
 2 She read them, and she leuch:  
 3 'O well fails me, my true-love, now,  
 4 O this I hae eneuch.
- 96G.24**  
 1 'Here is the broach on my breast-bane,  
 2 The garlings frae my hair,  
 3 Likewise the heart that is within;  
 4 What woud my love hae mair?'
- 96G.25**  
 1 'The nearest kirk in fair Scotland,  
 2 Ye'll bid him meet me there:'  
 3 She has gane to her dear father,  
 4 Wi heart perplexd and sair.
- 96G.26**  
 1 When she came to her auld father,  
 2 Fell low down on her knee:  
 3 'An asking, asking, father dear,  
 4 I pray you grant it me.'
- 96G.27**  
 1 'Ask what you will, my dear daughter,  
 2 And I will grant it thee;  
 3 Unless to marry yon Scottish squire;  
 4 That's what shall never be.'
- 96G.28**  
 1 'O that's the asking, father,' she said,  
 2 'That I'll neer ask of thee;  
 3 But if I die in South England,  
 4 In Scotland ye'll bury me.'
- 96G.29**  
 1 h5The asking's nae sae great, daughter,  
 2 But granted it shall be;  
 3 And tho ye die in South England,  
 4 In Scotland we'll bury thee.'
- 96G.30**  
 1 She has gane to her step-mother,  
 2 Fell low down on her knee:  
 3 'An asking, asking, mother dear,  
 4 I pray you grant it me.'
- 96G.31**  
 1 'Ask what ye please, my lily-white dove,  
 2 And granted it shall be:'  
 3 'If I die in South England,  
 4 In Scotland bury me.'
- 96G.32**  
 1 'Had these words spoke been in again,  
 2 I woud not granted thee;  
 3 You hae a love in fair Scotland,  
 4 Sae fain's you woud be tee.'
- 96G.33**  
 1 She scarce was to her chamber gane  
 2 Nor yet was well set down,  
 3 Till on the sofa where she sat  
 4 Fell a deadly swoon.
- 96G.34**  
 1 Her father and her seven brithers,  
 2 They made for her a bier;  
 3 The one half o 't was gude red gowd,  
 4 The other siller clear.
- 96G.35**  
 1 Her seven sisters were employed  
 2 In making her a sark;  
 3 The one half o 't was cambric fine,  
 4 The other needle-wark.
- 96G.36**  
 1 Then out it speaks her auld step-dame,  
 2 Sat on the sofa's end:  
 3 'Ye'll drap the het lead on her cheek,  
 4 Sae do you on her chin;  
 5 For women will use mony a wile  
 6 Their true-loves for to win.
- 96G.37**  
 1 Then up it raise her eldest brither,  
 2 Into her bower he's gane;  
 3 Then in it came her youngest brither,  
 4 The het leed to drap on.
- 96G.38**  
 1 He drapt it by her cheek, her cheek,  
 2 Sae did he by her chin;  
 3 Sae did he by her comely hause;  
 4 He knew life was therein.
- 96G.39**  
 1 The bier was made wi red gowd laid,  
 2 Sae curious round about;  
 3 A private entrance there contriv'd,  
 4 That her breath might win out.
- 96G.40**  
 1 The first an kirk in fair Scotland,  
 2 They gard the bells be rung;  
 3 The niest an kirk in fair Scotland,  
 4 They caused the mass be sung.
- 96G.41**  
 1 The third an kirk in fair Scotland,  
 2 They passd it quietly by;  
 3 The fourth an kirk in fair Scotland,  
 4 Clerk Sandy did them spy.
- 96G.42**  
 1 'O down ye'll set this corpse o clay,  
 2 Lat me look on the dead;  
 3 For I may sigh, and say, alas!  
 4 For death has nae remeid.'
- 96G.43**  
 1 Then he has cut her winding sheet  
 2 A little below her chin,  
 3 And wi her sweet ruby lips  
 4 She sweetly smil'd on him.
- 96G.44**  
 1 'Gie me a sheave o your white bread,  
 2 A bottle o your wine;  
 3 For I hae fasted for your sake  
 4 Fully these lang days nine.
- 96G.45**  
 1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,  
 2 Gae hame and blaw your trumpet;  
 3 And ye mat tell to your step-dame  
 4 This day she is affronted.
- 96G.46**  
 1 'I camna here to fair Scotland  
 2 To lye amo the dead;  
 3 But came to be Clerk Sandy's wife,  
 4 And lay gowd on my head.
- 96G.47**  
 1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,  
 2 Gae hame and blaw your horn;  
 3 And ye may tell in fair England  
 4 In Scotland ye got the scorn.
- 96G.48**  
 1 'I came not here to fair Scotland  
 2 To mix amang the clay;  
 3 But came to be Clerk Sandy's wife,  
 4 And wear gowd to my tae.'
- 96G.49**  
 1 'Sin ye hae gien us this ae scorn,  
 2 We shall gie you anither;  
 3 Ye sall hae naething to live upon  
 4 But the bier that brought you hither.'
- 96[H.1]**  
 1 Lord William was walkin i the garden green,  
 2 Viewin the roses red,  
 3 An there he spyed his bonnie spier-hawk,  
 4 Was fleein aboon his head.
- 96[H.2]**  
 1 'O could ye speak, my bonnie spier-hawk,  
 2 As ye hae wings to flee,  
 3 Then ye wad carry a luve-letter  
 4 Atween my love an me.'
- 96[H.3]**  
 1 'But how can I your true-love ken?  
 2 Or how can I her know?  
 3 Or how can I your true-love ken,  
 4 The face I never saw?'
- 96[H.4]**  
 1 'Ye may esily my love ken  
 2 Amang them ye never saw;  
 3 The red that's on o my love's cheek  
 4 Is like bluid drapt on the snaw.'  
 5 , , , , , , , , , ,
- 96[H.5]**  
 1 'O what will be my meat, master?  
 2 An what'll be my fee?  
 3 An what will be the love-tokens  
 4 That ye will send wi me?'
- 96[H.6]**  
 1 'Ye may tell my love I'll send her a kiss,  
 2 A kiss, aye, will I three;  
 3 If ever she come [to] fair Scotland,  
 4 My wedded wife she's be.
- 96[H.7]**  
 1 'Ye may tell my love I'll send her a kiss,  
 2 A kiss, aye, will I twae;  
 3 An ever she come to fair Scotland,  
 4 I the red gold she sall gae.'  
 5 , , , , , , , , , ,
- 96[H.8]**  
 1 The hawk flew high, an she flew leugh,  
 2 An south aneath the sun,  
 3 Untill it cam, etc.
- 96[H.9]**  
 1 'Sit still, sit still, my six sisters,  
 2 An sew your silken seam,  
 3 Till I gae to my bower-window  
 4 An hear yon Scottish bird sing.'
- 96[H.10]**  
 1 Than she flew high, an she flew leugh,  
 2 An' far aboon the wa;  
 3 She drapit to that ladie's side,  
 4 An loot the letter fa.

## 96[H.11]

1 'What news, what news, my bonnie burd?  
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 hae 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 caim 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 burd,  
2 An tell my love frae me,  
3 If [I] be na there gin Martinmas,  
4 Gin Yool I there will be.'  
5 '\*\*\*\*\*'

## 96[H.16]

1 'Twas up an spak her ill step-minnie,  
2 An ill deed may she die!  
3 'Yer daughter Janet's taen her bed,  
4 An she'll do nought but die.'

## 96[H.17]

1 'An askin, an askin, dear father,  
2 An askin I crave o thee;  
3 If I should die just at this time,  
4 In Scotland burry me.'

## 96[H.18]

1 'There's room eneugh in wide England  
2 To burry thee an me;  
3 But sould ye die, my dear daughter,  
4 I Scotland I'll burry thee.'

## 96[H.19]

1 She's warnd the wrights in lilly Londeen,  
2 She's warnd them ane an a',  
3 To mak a kist wi three windows,  
4 The cauler air to blaw.

## 96[H.20]

1 'O will ye gae, my six sisters,  
2 An sew to me a sheet,  
3 The tae half o the silk sae fine,  
4 The tother o cambric white.'

## 96[H.21]

1 Then they hae askit the surgeon at, etc.

## 96[H.22]

1 Then said her cruel step-minnie,  
2 Take ye the boilin lead  
3 An some o 't drap on her bosom;  
4 We'll see gif she be dead.

## 96[H.23]

1 Then boilin lead than they hae taen  
2 An drappit 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 chattered in her teeth  
2 Nor shivert wi her chin;  
3 'Alas! alas!' her father cried,  
4 'For there nae life within!'  
5 '\*\*\*\*\*'

## 96[H.25]

1 'It's nine lang days, an nine lang nights,  
2 She's wantit 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 Gar it in flinders flie, etc.

## 96[H.27]

1 'Fetch me,' she said, æ cake o yer bread  
2 An a wi drap o your wine,  
3 For luve o you an for your sake  
4 I've fastit lang nights nine.'

## 96[H.28]

1 'Twas up then spak an eldrin knight,  
2 A grey-haired knight was he;  
3 'Now ye hae left 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 ladie,  
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 bald,  
2 An ever ye them see;  
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 ilka 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 To wait on them at dine.

## 97A.2

1 She's servd them butt, she's servd them ben,  
2 Intill a gown of green,  
3 But her ee was ay on Brown Robin,  
4 That stood low under the rain.

## 97A.3

1 She's doen her to her bigly bowr,  
2 As fast as she coud gang,  
3 An there she's drawn her shot-window,  
4 An she's harped an she sang.

## 97A.4

1 'There sits a bird i my father's garden,  
2 An O but she sings sweet!  
3 I hope to live an see the day  
4 Whan wi my love I'll meet.'

## 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 bath set at the wine,  
3 O ready, ready I will be  
4 To lat my true-love in.'

## 97A.7

1 O she has birl'd her father's porter  
2 Wi strong beer an wi wine,  
3 Until he was as beastly drunk  
4 As ony wild-wood swine:  
5 She's stown the keys o her father's yates  
6 An latten her true-love in.

## 97A.8

1 Whan night was gane, an day was come,  
2 An the sun shone on their feet,  
3 Then out it spake him Brown Robin,  
4 I'll be discoverd yet.

## 97A.9

1 Then out it spake that gay lady:  
2 My love, ye need na doubt;  
3 For wi ae wile I've got you in,  
4 Wi anither I'll bring you out.

## 97A.10

1 She's taen her to her father's cellar,  
2 As fast as she can fare;  
3 She's drawn a cup o the gude red wine,  
4 Hung 't low down by her gare;  
5 An she met wi her father dear  
6 Just coming down the stair.

## 97A.11

1 'I woud na gi that cup, daughter,  
2 That ye hold i your han  
3 For a' the wines in my cellar,  
4 An gantrees whare the stan.'

## 97A.12

1 'O wae be to your wine, father,  
2 That ever't came oer the sea;  
3 'T' is 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 three;  
3 But there's nae ane amo them a'  
4 Kens what flour gain for me.'

## 97A.16

1 She's doen her to her bigly bowr,  
2 As fast as she coud gang,  
3 An she has drest him Brown Robin  
4 Like ony bowr-woman.

## 97A.17

1 The gown she pat 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 her 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 coud gang;  
3 But out it spake the proud porter—  
4 Our lady wishd him shame—  
5 'We'll cout our marys to the wood,  
6 An we'll cout them back again.'

## 97A.20

1 The firsten mary she sent out  
2 Was Brown Robin by name;  
3 Then out it spake the king himsel,  
4 'This is a sturdy 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 down,  
2 The footmen a' the same,  
3 But her mind was aye on Love Robbie,  
4 Stood out below the rain.

## 97B.4

1 A hundred pun o pennies roun,  
2 Tied in a towel so sma,  
3 She has gien to him Love Robbie,  
4 Out oer the castle-wa;  
5 Says, Tak ye that, my love Robbie  
6 And mysel ye may hae.

## 97B.5

1 A hundred pun o pennies roun,  
2 Tied in a napkin white,  
3 She has gien to him Love Robbie,  
4 Out oer the garden-dyke;

**97B.5**

5 Says, Tak ye that, my Love Robbie,  
6 And mysel gin ye like.

**97B.6**

1 'If this be true ye tell to me,  
2 As your tongue woudna lee,  
3 I shall be in your bigly bower  
4 Before the clock strike three;  
5 I shall be in your bigly bower,  
6 Dressd like a gay ladye.'

**97B.7**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And all men bound for bed,  
3 Love Robbie came to Mary's bower,  
4 Dressd like a comely maid.

**97B.8**

1 They had not kissd nor love clappèd,  
2 As lovers when they meet,  
3 Till sighing said he Love Robbie,  
4 My life, my life I doubt.

**97B.9**

1 'Your life, your life, you Love Robbie,  
2 Your life you needna doubt;  
3 For it was wiles brought in Robbie,  
4 And wiles will lat him out.'

**97B.10**

1 Then in it came her father dear,  
2 And stood upon the floor,  
3 And she filld the cup of good red wine,  
4 Said, Father, will ye drink more?

**97B.11**

1 'O better I love the cup, Mary,  
2 The cup that's in your hand,  
3 Than all my barrels full of wine,  
4 On the gantrees where they stand.'

**97B.12**

1 'O woe be to your wine, father,  
2 It eer came oer the sea!  
3 If I getna the air o good greenwood  
4 O I will surely dee.'

**97B.13**

1 'There's seven maries in your bower,  
2 There's seven o them and three,  
3 And I'll send them to good greenwood,  
4 For flowers to shortsome thee.'

**97B.14**

1 'There's seven maries in my bower,  
2 There's seven o them and three,  
3 But there's nae a mary mang them a'  
4 Can pu flowers to shortsome me.'  
5 'Then by my sooth,' said her father dear,  
6 'Let yoursel gang them wi.'

**97B.15**

1 She dressd hersel in the royal red,  
2 Love Robbie was in dainty green;  
3 Love Robbie's brand was about his middle,  
4 And he shone like ony queen.

**97B.16**

1 The firsten ane that took the floor,  
2 Love Robbie was that ane:  
3 'Now by my sooth,' said the proud porter,  
4 'She is a sonsie dame;  
5 I would not care now very much  
6 To turn her in again.'

**97B.17**

1 'I'd fain see any woman or man,  
2 Of high or low degree,  
3 Would turn a mary in again  
4 That once came out with me.'

**97B.18**

1 They had not been in good greenwood,  
2 Pu'd a flower but only three,  
3 Till the porter stood behind a bush,  
4 And shot him Love Robbie.

**97B.19**

1 Now word has come to her father dear,  
2 In the chamber where he lay,  
3 Lady Mary's sick in good greenwood,  
4 And cannot come away.

**97B.20**

1 He's taen his mantle him about,  
2 His cane into his han,  
3 And he is on to good greenwood,  
4 As fast as he could gang.

**97B.21**

1 'O want you fish out o the ffeed,  
2 Or whale out o the sea?  
3 Or is there any one alive  
4 This day has angerd thee?'

**97B.22**

1 'I want not fish out o the ffeed,  
2 Nor whale out o the sea;  
3 But woe be to your proud porter,  
4 Sae sair's he's angerd me!  
5 He's shot the fairest flower this day,  
6 That would hae comfort me.'

**97B.23**

1 'O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,  
2 Let a' your folly be;  
3 Tomorrow ere I eat or drink  
4 High hangèd shall he be.'

**97C.1**

1 'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,  
2 And dear, but it sings sweet!  
3 I hope to live to see the day  
4 This bird and I will meet.'

**97C.2**

1 'O hold your tongue, my daughter Mally,  
2 Let a' your folly be;  
3 What bird is that in my orchard  
4 Sae shortsome is to thee?'

**97C.3**

1 'There are four-an-twenty noble lords  
2 The morn shoud dine wi me;  
3 And ye maun serve them a', Mally,  
4 Like one for meat and fee.'

**97C.4**

1 She servd the nobles all as one,  
2 The horsemen much the same;  
3 But her mind was aye to Brown Robyn,  
4 Beneath the heavy rain.

**97C.5**

1 Then she's rowd up a thousand pounds  
2 Intil a servit white,  
3 And she gae that to Brown Robyn,  
4 Out ower the garden-dyke:  
5 Says, Take ye that, my love Robyn,  
6 And mysell gin ye like.

**97C.6**

1 'If this be true, my dame,' he said,  
2 'That ye hae tauld to me,  
3 About the hour o twall at night,  
4 At your bower-door I'll be.'

**97C.7**

1 But ere the hour o twall did chap,  
2 And lang ere it was ten,  
3 She had hersel there right and ready  
4 To lat Brown Robyn in.

**97C.8**

1 They hadna kissd nor love clapped  
2 Till the birds sang on the ha;  
3 'O,' sighing says him Brown Robyn,  
4 'I wish I were awa!'

**97C.9**

1 They hadna sitten muckle langer  
2 Till the guards shot ower the way;  
3 Then sighing says him Brown Robyn,  
4 'I fear my life this day.'

**97C.10**

1 'O had your tongue, my love Robyn,  
2 Of this take ye nae doubt;  
3 It was by wiles I brought you in,  
4 By wiles I'll bring you out.'

**97C.11**

1 Then she's taen up a cup o wine,  
2 To her father went she;  
3 'O drink the wine, father,' she said,  
4 'O drink the wine wi me.'

**97C.12**

1 'O well love I the cup, daughter,  
2 But better love I the wine;  
3 And better love I your fair body  
4 Than a' the gowd in Spain.'

**97C.13**

1 'Wae be to the wine, father,  
2 That last came ower the sea;  
3 Without the air o gude greenwood,  
4 There's nae remeid for me.'

**97C.14**

1 'Ye've thirty maries in your bower,  
2 Ye've thirty and hae three;  
3 Send ane o them to pu a flower,  
4 Stay ye at hame wi me.'

**97C.15**

1 'I've thirty maries in my bower,  
2 I've thirty o them and nine;  
3 But there's nae a marie amo them a'  
4 That kens my grief and mind.

**97C.16**

1 'For they may pu the nut, the nut,  
2 And sae may they the slae,  
3 But there's nane amo them a' that kens  
4 The herb that I woud hae.'

**97C.17**

1 'Well, gin ye gang to gude greenwood,  
2 Come shortly back again;  
3 Ye are sae fair and are sae rare,  
4 Your body may get harm.'

**97C.18**

1 She dressd hersel into the red,  
2 Brown Robyn all in green,  
3 And put his brand across his middle,  
4 He was a stately dame.

**97C.19**

1 The first ane stepped ower the yett,  
2 It was him Brown Robyn;  
3 'By my sooth,' said the proud porter,  
4 'This is a stately dame.'

**97C.20**

1 'O wi your leave, lady,' he said,  
2 'And leave o a' your kin,  
3 I woudna think it a great sin  
4 To turn that marie in.'

**97C.21**

1 'O had your tongue, ye proud porter,  
2 Let a' your folly be;  
3 Ye darena turn a marie in  
4 That ance came forth wi me.'

**97C.22**

1 'Well shall I call your maries out,  
2 And as well shall I in;  
3 For I am safe to gie my oath  
4 That marie is a man.'

**97C.23**

1 Soon she went to gude greenwood,  
2 And soon came back again;  
3 'Gude sooth,' replied the proud porter,  
4 'We've lost our stately dame.'

**97C.24**

1 'My maid's faen sick in gude greenwood,  
2 And sick and liken to die;  
3 The morn before the cocks do crow,  
4 That marie I maun see.'

**97C.25**

1 Out it spake her father then,  
2 Says, Porter, let me know  
3 If I will cause her stay at hame,  
4 Or shall I let her go?'

**97C.26**

1 'She says her maid's sick in the wood,  
2 And sick and like to die;  
3 I really think she is too gude  
4 Nor ever woud make a lie.'

**97C.27**

1 Then he whispered in her ear,  
2 As she was passing by,  
3 'What will ye say if I reveal  
4 What I saw wi my eye?'

**97C.28**

1 'If ought ye ken about the same,  
2 O heal that well on me,  
3 And if I live or brook my life,  
4 Rewarded ye shall be.'

**97C.29**

1 Then she got leave o her father  
2 To gude greenwood again,  
3 And she is gane wi Brown Robyn,  
4 But 'twas lang ere she came hame.

**97C.30**

1 O then her father began to mourn,  
2 And thus lamented he:  
3 'O I woud gie ten thousand pounds  
4 My daughter for to see.'

**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 them that's gane her wi.'

**97C.32**

1 Then he did swear a solemn oath,  
2 By a' his gowd and land,  
3 Nae injury to them's be dune,  
4 Whether it be maid or man.

**97C.33**

1 The porter then a letter wrote,  
2 And seald 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.1**

1 O WHA woud wish the win to blaw,  
2 Or the green leaves fa therewith?  
3 Or wha wad wish a leeler love  
4 Than Brown Adam the Smith?

**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 He blows his bellows well.

**98A.3**

1 But they ha banishd him Brown Adam  
2 Frae father and frae mither,  
3 An they ha banishd him Brown Adam  
4 Frae sister and frae brither.

**98A.4**

1 And they ha banishd Brown Adam  
2 Frae the flowr o a' his kin;  
3 An he's biggit a bowr i the good green wood  
4 Between his lady an him.

**98A.5**

1 O it fell once upon a day  
2 Brown Adam he thought lang,  
3 An he woud to the green wood gang,  
4 To hunt some venison.

**98A.6**

1 He's ta'en his bow his arm oer,  
2 His bran intill his han,  
3 And he is to the good green wood,  
4 As fast as he could gang.

**98A.7**

1 O he's shot up, an he's shot down,  
2 The bird upo the briar,  
3 And he's sent it hame to his lady,  
4 Bade her be of good cheer.

**98A.8**

1 O he's shot up, an he's shot down,  
2 The bird upo the thorn,  
3 And sent it hame to his lady,  
4 And hee'd be hame the morn.

**98A.9**

1 Whan he came till his lady's bowr-door  
2 He stood a little foreby,  
3 And there he heard a fu fa'se knight  
4 Temptin his gay lady.

**98A.10**

1 O he's taen out a gay gold ring,  
2 Had cost him mony a poun:  
3 'O grant me love for love, lady,  
4 An this sal be your own.'

**98A.11**

1 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,  
2 'I wot sae does he me;  
3 An I woud na gi Brown Adam's love  
4 For nae fa'se knight I see.'

**98A.12**

1 Out has he ta'en a purse of gold,  
2 Was a' fu to the string:  
3 'Grant me but love for love, lady,  
4 An a' this sal be thine.'

**98A.13**

1 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,  
2 'An I ken sae does he me;  
3 An I woudna be your light leman  
4 For mair nor ye could gie.'

**98A.14**

1 Then out has he drawn his lang, lang bran,  
2 And he's flashd it in her een:  
3 'Now grant me love for love, lady,  
4 Or thro you this sal gang!'

**98A.15**

1 'O,' sighing said that gay lady,  
2 'Brown Adam tarrys lang!'  
3 Then up it starts Brown Adam,  
4 Says, I'm just at your han.

**98A.16**

1 He's gard him leave his bow, his bow,  
2 He's gard him leave his bran;  
3 He's gard him leave a better pledge,  
4 Four fingers o his right han.

**98B.1**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 For wha ere had a lealer luve  
4 Than Broun Edom the smith?

**98B.2**

1 His studie was o the beaten gowd,  
2 His hammer o the pith;  
3 His cords waur o the gude green silk,  
4 That blew his bellows with.

**98B.3**

1 It fell out ance upon a time  
2 Broun Edom he thought lang,  
3 That he wald gae to see his luve,  
4 By the le licht o the mune.

**98C.1**

1 O WHA woud wish the win to blaw,  
2 The green leaves fa therewith?  
3 O wha would wish a leeler luve  
4 Than Brown Adam the Smith?

**98C.2**

1 O he forsook the royal court,  
2 And knights and lords sae gude,  
3 And he is to the black smithy,  
4 To learn to shoe a steed.

**98C.3**

1 His hammer-shaft o gude red gowd,  
2 His studdy o the steel,  
3 His fingers whyte, and maids' delight,  
4 And blows his bellows weel.

**98C.4**

1 He being a favourite with the king  
2 Caused him get mony a fae,  
3 And sae their plots they did contrive  
4 To work him grief and wae.

**98C.5**

1 Of treason then he was accused  
2 By his fause enemy,  
3 Which caused the king to make a vow  
4 That banishd he should be.

**98C.6**

1 Then banishd hae they Brown Adam,  
2 Frae father and frae mither,  
3 And banished hae they him Brown Adam  
4 Frae sister and frae brither.

**98C.7**

1 And they hae banishd him Brown Adam,  
2 The flower o a' his kin;  
3 He built a bower in gude green wood,  
4 For his true love and him.

**98C.8**

1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 The king's young son thought lang,  
3 And minded him on Brown Adam,  
4 Oft rade on his right han.

**98C.9**

1 Then he sent for him Brown Adam,  
2 To shoe his milk-white steed,  
3 That he might see him ance in court,  
4 Mang knights o noble bleed.

**98C.10**

1 When Brown Adam he read these lines,  
2 A light laugh then gae hee:  
3 'What's this that's made their hearts to fa,  
4 They lang sae sair for mee?'

**98C.11**

1 Then out it speaks his gay ladye:  
2 Brown Adam, bide wi mee;  
3 For if ye gang to court, I fear  
4 Your face I'll never see.

**98C.12**

1 'Cheer up your heart, my ain true-love,  
2 Let naething cause your grief;  
3 Though I be absent for some days,  
4 Ye seen will get relief.'

**98C.13**

1 Then he has kissd his gay ladye,  
2 And rade along the lay,  
3 And hunted a' the wild birds there,  
4 As he rade on the way.

**98C.14**

1 He shot the bunting o the bush,  
2 The linnet o the briar,  
3 And sent them on to gude green wood,  
4 His ladye's heart to cheer.

**98C.15**

1 He shot the bunting o the bush,  
2 The linnet o the wand,  
3 And sent them on to his ladye,  
4 Forbade her to think lang.

**98C.16**

1 He shot the bunting o the bush,  
2 The linnet o the thorn,  
3 And sent them on to his ladye,  
4 Said he'd be hame the morn.

**98C.17**

1 A thought then came into his mind,  
2 As he rade on the way,  
3 Some evil in his absence might  
4 Befall his ladye gay.

**98C.18**

1 Now when he had the prince' steed shod,  
2 And bound again to ryde,  
3 He turned his horse to Ringlewood;  
4 Some days he meant to byde.

**98C.19**

1 But when he turned to Ringlewood;  
2 Ae foot's horse woudna ryde;  
3 Whan he turned to his luver's bower,  
4 He flew like ony glyde.

**98C.20**

1 When he drew near to his luve's bower,  
2 There he alighted down,  
3 For the hearing o his great horse tramp  
4 Ere he wan to the town.

**98C.21**

1 Whan he came to his luver's bower,  
2 He heard a dolefu din;  
3 He wasna aware o a fu fause knight,  
4 His true-love's bower within.

**98C.22**

1 He bound his steed to his ain stall,  
2 And gae him corn and hay,  
3 And listened at a shott-window,  
4 To hear what he would say.

**98C.23**

1 The first and thing the knight drew out,  
2 It was a coffer fine;  
3 It was as fu o gude black silk,  
4 Make ladyes for to shine.

**98C.24**

1 'Ye are too lack o luve, ladye,  
2 And that's a hatefu thing;  
3 Luve me, and lat Brown Adam be,  
4 And a' this shall be thine.'

**98C.25**

1 'O well I like Brown Adam,' she said,  
2 'I wyte hee hates nae mee;  
3 I winna forsake him Brown Adam  
4 For a' your gifts an thee.'

**98C.26**

1 The next and thing the knight drew out,  
2 It was a coffer small;  
3 It was as fou o shambo gluves,  
4 Woud had her hands frae caul.

**98C.27**

1 'Ye are too lack o luve, ladye,  
2 An that's a hatefu thing;  
3 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be,  
4 An a' this shall be thine.'

**98C.28**

1 'O well like I Brown Adam,' she said,  
2 'I'm sure he hates nae me;  
3 I winna forsake him Brown Adam  
4 For a' your gifts an thee.'

**98C.29**

1 The next and thing the knight drew out  
2 It was a coffer fine;  
3 It was as fu of gude red gowd  
4 As a guinea coud get in.

**98C.30**

1 'You are too lack o luve, ladye,  
2 And that's a hatefu thing;  
3 Luve me, and lat Brown Adam be,  
4 And a' this shall be thine.'

**98C.31**

1 'O well I like Brown Adam,' she said,  
2 'I'm sure hee hates nae mee;  
3 I winna forsake him Brown Adam  
4 For a' the gowd ye'll gie.'

**98C.32**

1 Then his mild mood did quickly change,  
2 And grew mair fierce and cruel,  
3 And then drew out a trusty brand,  
4 Which made her heart to pruel.

**98C.33**

1 'Since I by you am slighted sae,  
2 Since I frae you maun part,  
3 I swear a vow before I gae,  
4 That this shall pierce your heart.'

**98C.34**

1 'But still I like Brown Adam,' she said,  
2 'I wat hee hates nae mee;  
3 And if he knew my troubles now  
4 At my call woud hee be.'

**98C.35**

1 'Although he were sax miles awa,  
2 He'd seen be at my han;  
3 But wae is me, sae may I say,  
4 Brown Adam tarries lang!'

**98C.36**

1 He hit the door then wi his foot,  
2 Made a' the bands to flee:  
3 'Cheer up your heart, my luve Janet,  
4 Your love's nae far frae thee.'

**98C.37**

1 Then he drew out a trusty brand,  
2 And chassd him thro the ha;  
3 The knight jumpd to a shott-window,  
4 And woud hae been awa.

**98C.38**

1 'Stay still, stay still,' Brown Adam said,  
2 'Make nae sic haste frae mee'  
3 You or I maun rue the race  
4 That I came ower the lee.'

**98C.39**

1 Then frae the knight he's taen a wad,  
2 His mantle and his brand;  
3 Likewise he's taen anither wad,  
4 His sword and his sword-hand.

**98C.40**

1 He threw him ower the shott-window,  
2 Bade him lie there wi care,  
3 And never come back to gude green wood  
4 To marr fair ladies mair.

**98C.41**

1 'O I am brown,' said Brown Adam,  
2 'And I was never whyte;  
3 But my love has robes o different hues,  
4 To wear at her delyght.

**98C.42**

1 'Her kirchies be o cambricks fine,  
2 Wi gowd pinnd to the chin;  
3 Her robes shall be o the scarlet hue  
4 She shall gang daily in.'

**99A.1**

1 O JOHNEY was as brave a knight  
2 As ever saild the sea,  
3 An he's done him to the English court,  
4 To serve for meat and fee.

**99A.2**

1 He had nae been in fair England  
2 But yet a little while,  
3 Untill the kingis ae daughter  
4 To johney proves wi chil.

**99A.3**

1 O word's come to the king himsel,  
2 In his chair where he sat,  
3 That his ae daughter was wi bairn  
4 To Jack, the Little Scott.

**99A.4**

1 'Gin this be true that I do hear,  
2 As I trust well it be,  
3 Ye pit her into prison strong,  
4 An starve her till she die.'

**99A.5**

1 O Johney's on to fair Scotland,  
2 A wot he went wi speed,  
3 An he has left the kingis court,  
4 A wot good was his need.

**99A.6**

1 O it fell once upon a day  
2 That Johney he thought lang,  
3 An he's gane to the good green wood,  
4 As fast as he coud gang.

**99A.7**

1 'O whare will I get a bonny boy,  
2 To rin my errand soon,  
3 That will rin into fair England,  
4 An haste him back again?'

**99A.8**

1 O up it starts a bonny boy,  
2 Gold yellow was his hair,  
3 I wish his mither meickle joy,  
4 His bonny love mieckle mair.

**99A.9**

1 'O here am I, a bonny boy,  
2 Will rin your errand soon;  
3 I will gang into fair England,  
4 An come right soon again.'

**99A.10**

1 O whan he came to broken briggs,  
2 He bent his bow and swam;  
3 An whan he came to the green grass growan,  
4 He slaikid his shoone an ran.

**99A.11**

1 Whan he came to yon high castzel,  
2 He ran it roun about,  
3 An there he saw the king's daughter,  
4 At the window looking out.

**99A.12**

1 'O here's a sark o silk, lady,  
2 Your ain han sewd the sleeve;  
3 You'r bidden come to fair Scotlan,  
4 Speer nane o your parents leave.

**99A.13**

1 'Ha, take this sark o silk, lady,  
2 Your ain han swed the gare;  
3 You're bidden come to good green wood,  
4 Love Johney waits you there.'

**99A.14**

1 She's turnd her right and roun about,  
2 The tear was in her ee:  
3 'How can I come to my true-love,  
4 Except I had wings to flee?'

**99A.15**

1 'Here am I kept wi bars and bolts,  
2 Most grievous to behold;  
3 My breast-plate's o the sturdy steel,  
4 Instead of the beaten gold.

**99A.16**

1 'But tak this purse, my bonny boy,  
2 Ye well deserve a fee,  
3 An bear this letter to my love,  
4 An tell him what you see.'

**99A.17**

1 Then quickly ran the bonny boy  
2 Again to Scotlan fair,  
3 An soon he reachd Pitnachton's towrs,  
4 An soon found Johney there.

**99A.18**

1 He pat the letter in his han  
2 An taul him what he sa,  
3 But eer he half the letter read,  
4 He loote the tears down fa.

**99A.19**

1 'O I will gae back to fair Englan,  
2 Tho death shoud me betide,  
3 An I will relieve the damesel  
4 That lay last by my side.'

**99A.20**

1 Then out it spake his father dear,  
2 My son, you are to blame;  
3 An gin you'r catchd 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 commaun 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 thirdin town that they came till,  
2 They gard the drums beat 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 come a visiting?'

**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 Johney 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 scornfu laugh 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 Johney 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 Johney'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 Johney,  
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 and a little while,  
3 Untill the king's daughter  
4 To Johnny gaes wi child.



**99B.3**

1 Word is to the kitchin gane,  
2 And word is to the ha,  
3 And word is to the king's palace,  
4 Among the nobles a'.

**99B.4**

1 Word's gane to the king's palace,  
2 The palace where she sat,  
3 That his ae daughter gaes wi child  
4 To Jock, the Little Scot.

**99B.5**

1 'If she be wi child,' he says,  
2 'As I trow weel she be,  
3 I'll put her into strang prison,  
4 And hang her till she die.'

**99B.6**

1 But up and spak young Johnny,  
2 And O he spake in time:  
3 Is there never a bony boy here  
4 Will rin my errand soon?

**99B.7**

1 That will gae to yon castle,  
2 And look it round about?  
3 And there he'll see a fair lady,  
4 The window looking out.

**99B.8**

1 Up then spak a bony boy,  
2 And a bony boy was he:  
3 I'll run thy errand, Johnny, he said,  
4 Untill the day I die.

**99B.9**

1 'Put on your gown o silk, madam,  
2 And on your hand a glove,  
3 And gang into the good green-wood,  
4 To Johnny, your true-love.'

**99B.10**

1 'The fetters they are on my feet,  
2 And O but they are cauld!  
3 My bracelets they are sturdy steel,  
4 Instead of beaten gold.

**99B.11**

1 'But I will write a lang letter,  
2 And seal it tenderlie,  
3 And I will send to my true-love,  
4 Before that I do die.'

**99B.12**

1 The first look that Johnny lookd,  
2 A loud laughter gae he;  
3 But the next look that Johnny gae,  
4 The tear blinded his ee.

**99B.13**

1 He says, I'll into England gae,  
2 Whatever may betide,  
3 And a' to seek a fair woman  
4 That sud hae been my bride.

**99B.14**

1 But up and speaks his father,  
2 And O he spak in time:  
3 If that ye into England gae,  
4 I'm feerd ye neer come hame.

**99B.15**

1 But up then speaks our gude Scotch king,  
2 And a brisk young man was he:  
3 He's hae five hunder o my life-guard,  
4 To bear him companie.

**99B.16**

1 When Johnny was on saddle set,  
2 And seemly for to see,  
3 There was not a married man  
4 Into his companie.

**99B.17**

1 When Johnny sat on saddle-seat,  
2 And seemly to behold,  
3 The hair that hang on Johnny's head  
4 Was like the threads o gold.

**99B.18**

1 When he cam to . . .  
2 He gard the bells a' ring,  
3 Untill the king and a' his court  
4 Did marvel at the thing.

**99B.19**

1 'Is this the brave Argyle,' he said,  
2 'That's landed and come hame?'  
3 'Is this the brave Argyle,' he said,  
4 'Or James, our Scottish king?'

**99B.20**

1 'It's no the brave Argyle,' they said,  
2 'That's landed and come hame;  
3 But it is a brave young Scottish knight,  
4 McNaughtan is his name.'

**99B.21**

1 'If McNaughtan be his name,' he says,  
2 'As I trow weel it be,  
3 The fairest lady in a' my court  
4 Gangs wi child to thee.'

**99B.22**

1 'If that she be wi child,' he says,  
2 'As I wat weel she be,  
3 I'll mak it lord o a' my land,  
4 And her my gay lady.'

**99B.23**

1 'I have a champion in my court  
2 Will fight you a' by three;  
3 But up then speaks a brisk young man,  
4 And a brisk young man was he:  
5 I will fight to my life's end,  
6 Before poor Johnny die.

**99B.24**

1 The king but and his nobles a'  
2 Went out into the plain,  
3 The queen but and her maidens a',  
4 To see young Johnny slain.

**99B.25**

1 The first wound that Johnny gae the champion  
2 Was a deep wound and sair;  
3 The next wound that he gae the champion,  
4 He never spak mair.

**99B.26**

1 'A priest, a priest,' young Johnny cries,  
2 'To wed me and my love;  
3 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,  
4 'To sign her tocher gude.'

**99B.27**

1 'I'll hae nane o your goud,' he says,  
2 'I'll hae nane o your gear,  
3 But a' I want is my true-love,  
4 For I hae bought her dear.'

**99B.28**

1 He took out a little goat-horn,  
2 And blew baith loud and shill;  
3 The victry's into Scotland gane,  
4 Tho sair against their will.

**99C.1**

1 O JOHNNIE'S to the hunting gone,  
2 Unto the woods sae wild,  
3 And Earl Percy's old daughter  
4 To Johnie goes with child.

**99C.2**

1 O word is to the kitchen gone,  
2 And word is to the ha,  
3 And word is to the highest towers,  
4 Among the nobles a'.

**99C.3**

1 'If she be with child,' her father said,  
2 'As woe forbid it be,  
3 I'll put her into a prison strong,  
4 And try the veritie.'

**99C.4**

1 'But if she be with child,' her mother said,  
2 'As woe forbid it be,  
3 I'll put her intil a dungeon dark,  
4 And hunger her till she die.'

**99C.5**

1 Then she has wrote a braid letter,  
2 And sealed it wi her hand,  
3 And sent T to the merry green wood,  
4 Wi her own boy at command.

**99C.6**

1 The first line of the letter he read,  
2 His heart was full of joy;  
3 But he had not read a line past two  
4 Till the salt tears blind his eye.

**99C.7**

1 'O I must up to England go,  
2 What ever me betide,  
3 For to relieve that fair ladie  
4 That lay last by my side.'

**99C.8**

1 Out and spak his father then,  
2 And he spak all in time:  
3 Johnie, if ye to England go,  
4 I fear ye'll neer return.

**99C.9**

1 But out and spak his uncle then,  
2 And he spak bitterlie:  
3 Five hundred of my good life-guards  
4 Shall go along with thee.

**99C.10**

1 When they were mounted on their steeds,  
2 They were comely to behold;  
3 The hair that hung owre Johnie's shoulders  
4 Was like the yellow gold.

**99C.11**

1 The first town that they came to,  
2 They made the bells to ring;  
3 And when they rode the town all owre,  
4 They made the trumpets sound.

**99C.12**

1 When they came to Earl Percy's gates,  
2 They rode them round about,  
3 And who saw he but his own true-love,  
4 At a window looking out!

**99C.13**

1 'The doors they are bolted with iron and steel,  
2 The windows round about;  
3 My feet they are in fetters strong;  
4 And how can I get out?'

**99C.14**

1 'My garters they are of the lead,  
2 And oh but they be cold!  
3 My breast-plate's of the beaten steel,  
4 Instead of beaten gold.'

**99C.15**

1 But when they came to Earl Percy's yett,  
2 They tirlt at the pin;  
3 None was so ready as Earl Percy  
4 To open and let them in.

**99C.16**

1 'Art thou the King of Aulsberry,  
2 Or art thou the King of Spain?  
3 Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,  
4 McNaughtan by thy name?'

**99C.17**

1 'I'm not the King of Aulsberry,  
2 Nor yet the King of Spain;  
3 But I am one of our gay Scots lords,  
4 Johnie Scot I am called by name.'

**99C.18**

1 'If Johnnie Scot be thy name,' he said,  
2 'As I trow weel it be,  
3 The fairest lady in a' our court  
4 Gaes big with child to thee.'

**99C.19**

1 'If she be with child,' fair Johnie said,  
2 'As I trow weel she be,  
3 I'll make it heir owre a' my land,  
4 And her my gay ladie.'

**99C.20**

1 'But if she be with child,' her father said,  
2 'As I trow weel she be,  
3 Tomorrow morn again eight o'clock  
4 High hanged thou shalt be.'

**99C.21**

1 But out and spak his uncle then,  
2 And he spak bitterlie:  
3 Before that we see Johnie Scot slain,  
4 We'll a' fight till we die.

**99C.22**

1 'But is there ever a Tailliant about your court,  
2 That will fight duels three?  
3 Before that I be hanged or slain,  
4 On the Tailliant's sword I'll die.'

**99C.23**

1 But some is to the good green wood,  
2 And some is to the plain,  
3 Either to see fair Johnie hanged,  
4 Or else to see him slain.

**99C.24**

1 And they began at eight o'clock of the morning,  
2 And they fought on till three,  
3 Till the Tailliant, like a swallow swift,  
4 Owre Johnie's head did flee.

**99C.25**

1 But Johnie being a clever young boy,  
2 He wheeled him round about,  
3 And on the point of Johnie's broad sword  
4 The Tailliant he slew out.

**99C.26**

1 'A priest, a priest,' fair Johnnie cried,  
2 'To wed my love and me;'  
3 'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
4 'To sum the tocher free.'

**99C.27**

1 'I'll have non of your gold,' fair Johnnie said,  
2 'Nor none of your white monie;  
3 But I will have my own fair bride,  
4 For I vow that I've bought her dear.'

**99C.28**

1 He's taen his true-love by the hand,  
2 He led her up the plain:  
3 'Have you any more of your English dogs  
4 You want for to have slain?'

**99C.29**

1 He took a little horn out of his pocket,  
2 He blew it baith loud and still,  
3 And honour's into Scotland gone,  
4 In spite of England's skill.

**99D.1**

1 O JOHNNIE Scot walks up and down  
2 Among the woods sae wild;  
3 Who but the Earl of Percy's ae daughter  
4 To him goes big with child!

**99D.2**

1 O word is to the kitchen gone,  
2 And word's gone to the hall,  
3 And word is to King Henry gane,  
4 And amongst his nobles all.

**99D.3**

1 O Johnnie's called his waiting-man,  
2 His name was Germanie:  
3 'O thou must to fair England go,  
4 Bring me that fair ladie.'

**99D.4**

1 He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,  
2 He tirlid at the pin;  
3 'O who is there?' said the proud porter,  
4 'But I daurna let thee in.'

**99D.5**

1 So he rade up, and he rode down,  
2 Till he rode it round about;  
3 Then he saw her at a wee window,  
4 Where she was looking out.

**99D.6**

1 'O thou must go to Johnnie Scot,  
2 Unto the woods so green,  
3 In token of thy silken shirt,  
4 Thine own hand sewed the seam.'

**99D.7**

1 'How can I go to Johnnie Scot?  
2 Or how can I get out?  
3 My breast plate's o the hard, hard iron,  
4 With fetters round about.

**99D.8**

1 'But I will write a lang letter,  
2 And give it unto thee,  
3 And thou must take that to Johnnie Scot,  
4 See what answer he sends to me.'

**99D.9**

1 When Johnnie looked the letter upon  
2 A sorry man was he;  
3 He had not read one line but two  
4 Till the saut tear did blind his ee.

**99D.10**

1 'O I must to fair England go,  
2 Whatever me betide,  
3 All for to fight for that gay ladie  
4 That last lay by my side.'

**99D.11**

1 O out and spoke his father then,  
2 And he spoke well in time:  
3 O if you to fair England go,  
4 I doubt your coming home.

**99D.12**

1 'O no, O no,' said good King James,  
2 'Before such a thing shall be,  
3 I'll send five hundred of my life-guards,  
4 To bear Johnnie company.'

**99D.13**

1 When they were all on saddle set,  
2 Most pleasant to behold,  
3 The hair that hung over Johnnie's neck  
4 Was like the links of gold.

**99D.14**

1 When they were all marching away,  
2 Most beautiful to see,  
3 There was not so much as a married man  
4 In Johnnie's company.

**99D.15**

1 O Johnnie was the foremost man  
2 In the company that did ride;  
3 King James he was the second man,  
4 Wi his rapier by his side.

**99D.16**

1 They rode till they came to Earl Percy's yate,  
2 They tirlid at the pin:  
3 'O who is there?' said the proud porter;  
4 'But I daurnot let thee in.'

**99D.17**

1 'Is it the Duke of York,' he said,  
2 'Or James, our Scottish king?  
3 Or is it one of the Scottish lords,  
4 From hunting new come home?'

**99D.18**

1 'It's not the Duke of York,' he said,  
2 'Nor James, our Scottish king;  
3 But it is one of the Scottish lords,  
4 Earl Hector is my name.'

**99D.19**

1 When Johnnie came before the king,  
2 He fell low down on his knee:  
3 'O the brawest lady in a' my court  
4 With child goes big to thee.'

**99D.20**

1 'O if she be with child,' Johnnie said,  
2 'As I trew well she be,  
3 I will make it heir of all my land,  
4 And her my gay ladie.'

**99D.21**

1 'But if she be with child,' said the king,  
2 'As I trew well she be,  
3 Before the morn at ten o'clock  
4 High hanged thou shalt be.'

**99D.22**

1 'O no, O no,' said good King James,  
2 'Before such a thing shall be,  
3 Before that Johnnie Scot be hanged,  
4 We'll a' fight till we die.'

**99D.23**

1 'But there is a Talliant in my court,  
2 Of men he will fight five;  
3 Go bring them out to the green wood,  
4 See wha will gain the prize.'

**99D.24**

1 Lords and ladies flocked all,  
2 They flocked all amain,  
3 They flocked all to the green wood,  
4 To see poor Johnnie slain.

**99D.25**

1 This Talliant he could find no way  
2 To be poor Johnnie's dead,  
3 But, like unto a swallow swift,  
4 He jumped oer Johnnie's head.

**99D.26**

1 But Johnnie was a clever man,  
2 Cunning and crafty wital,  
3 And up on the top of his braid sword  
4 He made this Talliant fall.

**99D.27**

1 'A priest, a priest,' then Johnnie cried,  
2 'To marry my love and me;'  
3 'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
4 'To sum the tocher free.'

**99D.28**

1 'I'll take none of your gold,' Johnnie said,  
2 'Nor none of your other gear,  
3 But I'll just have my own true-love,  
4 This day I've won her dear.'

**99E.1**

1 MCNAUGHTON'S unto England gane,  
2 The king's banner to bear:  
3 'O do you see yon castle, boy?  
4 It's walled round about;  
5 There you will spy a fair ladye,  
6 In the window looking out.'

**99E.2**

1 'Here is a silken sark, fair lady,  
2 Thine own hand sewed the sleeve,  
3 And thou must go to yon green wood,  
4 To Johnnie thy true-love.'

**99E.3**

1 'The castle it is high, my boy,  
2 And walled round about;  
3 My feet are in the fetters strong,  
4 And how can I get out?'

**99E.4**

1 'My garters o the gude black iron,  
2 And they are very cold;  
3 My breast plate's of the sturdy steel,  
4 Instead of beaten gold.

**99E.5**

1 'But had I paper, pen and ink,  
2 And candle at my command,  
3 It's I would write a lang letter  
4 To John in fair Scotland.'

**99E.6**

1 The first line that Johnnie looked on,  
2 A loud, loud lauch leuch he;  
3 The second line that Johnnie looked on,  
4 The tear did blind his ee.

**99E.7**

1 Says, I must unto England go,  
2 Whatever me betide,  
3 For to relieve my own fair lady,  
4 That lay last by my side.

**99E.8**

1 Then up and spoke Johnnie's auld mither,  
2 A well spoke woman was she:  
3 If you do go to England, Johnnie,  
4 I may take farewell o thee.

**99E.9**

1 Then up and spoke Johnnie's old father,  
2 A well spoke man was he:  
3 It's twenty-four of my gay troop  
4 Shall go along with thee.

**99E.10**

1 When Johnnie was on saddle set,  
2 Right comely to be seen,  
3 There was not so much as a married man  
4 In Johnnie's company;  
5 There was not so much as a married man,  
6 Not a one only but ane.

**99E.11**

1 The first gude toun that Johnnie came to,  
2 He made the bells be rung;  
3 The next gude toun that Johnnie came to,  
4 He made the psalms be sung.

**99E.12**

1 The next gude toun that Johnnie came to,  
2 He made the drums beat round,  
3 Till the king and all his merry men  
4 A-marvelled at the sound.

**99E.13**

1 'Are you the Duke of Mulberry,  
2 Or James, our Scottish king?  
3 Are you the Duke of Mulberry,  
4 From Scotland new come home?'

**99E.14**

1 'I'm not the Duke of Mulberry,  
2 Nor James, our Scottish king;  
3 But I am a true Scottishman,  
4 McNaughtoun is my name.'

**99E.15**

1 'If McNaughtoun be your name,' he said,  
2 'As I trew well it be,  
3 The fairest lady in a' my court  
4 She goes with child to thee.

**99E.16**

1 'If McNaughton be your name,' he said,  
2 'As I trew well it be,  
3 Tomorrow morn by eight o'clock  
4 O hanged you shall be.'

**99E.17**

1 O Johnnie had a bonnie little boy,  
2 His name was Germany:  
3 'Before that we be all hanged, my sovereign,  
4 We'll fight you till we die.'

**99E.18**

1 'Say on, say on, my bonnie little boy,  
2 It is well spoken of thee,  
3 For there is a campioun in my court  
4 Shall fight you three by three.'

**99E.19**

1 Next morning about eight o'clock  
2 The king and his merry men,  
3 The queen and all her maidens fair,  
4 Came whistling down the green,

**99E.19**

5 To see the cruel fight begin,  
6 And see poor Johnnie slain.

**99E.20**

7 They fought on, and Johnnie fought on,  
8 Wi swords of tempered steel,  
9 Until the drops of red, red blood  
10 Ran prinkling down the field.

**99E.21**

1 They fought on, and Johnnie fought on,  
2 They fought so manfullie  
3 They left not a man alive in all the king's court,  
4 Not a man only but three.

**99E.22**

1 'A priest, a priest,' poor Johnnie cries,  
2 'To wed my love and me;'  
3 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king did cry,  
4 'To write her portion free.'

**99E.23**

1 'I'll have none of your gold,' he says,  
2 'Nor none of your white money,  
3 But I will have mine own fair lady,  
4 Who has been dear to me.'

**99E.24**

1 Johnnie put a horn unto his mouth,  
2 He blew it wondrous schill;  
3 The sound is unto Scotland gane,  
4 Sair against all their will.

**99E.25**

1 He put his horn to his mouth,  
2 He blew it ower again,  
3 And aye the sound the horn cried,  
4 'McNaughtoun's cure to them!'

**99F.1**

1 WORD has to the kitchen gane,  
2 And word is to the ha,  
3 And word has to the king himsell,  
4 In the chamber where he sat,  
5 That his ae daughter gaes wi bairn  
6 To bonnie Johnnie Scot.

**99F.2**

1 Word has to the kitchen gane,  
2 And word has to the ha,  
3 And word has to the queen hersell,  
4 In the chamber where she sat,  
5 That her ae dochter gaes wi bairn  
6 To bonnie Johnnie Scot.

**99F.3**

1 'O if she be wi bairn,' he says,  
2 'As I trew well she be,  
3 We'll put her in a prison strang,  
4 And try her verity.'

**99F.4**

1 'O if she be wi bairn,' she says,  
2 'As I trew weel she be,  
3 We'll put her in a dungeon dark,  
4 And hunger her till she die.'

**99F.5**

1 Now she has written a letter,  
2 And sealed it with her hand,  
3 And sent it unto Johnnie Scot,  
4 To come at her command.

**99F.6**

1 The first lang line that he looked to,  
2 He laughed at the same;  
3 The neist lang line that he did read,  
4 The tears did blin his een.

**99F.7**

1 'Once more to England I must go,  
2 May God be my sure guide!  
3 And all to see that lady fair  
4 That last lay by my side.'

**99F.8**

1 Then out bespoke our Scottish king,  
2 And he spoke manfullie:  
3 I and three thousand of my guards  
4 Will bear you companye.

**99F.9**

1 They all were mounted on horseback,  
2 So gallantly they rode;  
3 The hair that hung owre Johnnie's shoulders  
4 Was like the links of goud.

**99F.10**

1 When they came to the king of England's gate,  
2 They knocked at the pin;  
3 So ready was the king himsell  
4 To open and let them in.

**99F.11**

1 'Are you the Duke [of York],' he says,  
2 'Or are ye the King of Spain?'  
3 Or are ye some of the gay Scots boys,  
4 From hunting now come hame?'

**99F.12**

1 'I am not the Duke of York,' he says,  
2 'Nor yet the King of Spain;  
3 But I am one of the gay Scots boys,  
4 From hunting just come hame.'

**99F.13**

1 'If you are one of the Scots boys,  
2 As I trew weel you be,  
3 The fairest lady in my hall  
4 Gaes big wi child to thee.'

**99F.14**

1 'Then if she be wi bairn,' he says,  
2 'As I trew weel she be,  
3 I'll make him heir of a' my gear,  
4 And her my fair ladye.'

**99F.15**

1 'If she be wi bairn,' her father says,  
2 'As I trew weel she be,  
3 Before the morn at ten o'clock  
4 High hanged thou shall be.'

**99F.16**

1 Then out bespoke our Scottish king,  
2 And he spoke manfullie:  
3 Before that Johnnie Scott be slain,  
4 We'll all fight till we die.

**99F.17**

1 'I have a Talliant in my house  
2 We'll fight your men by three;'  
3 'Bring out your trooper,' Johnnie says,  
4 'For fain I would him see.'

**99F.18**

1 Some gade unto the high mountain,  
2 Some gade unto the plain,  
3 Some at high windows looked out,  
4 To see poor Johnnie slain.

**99F.19**

1 The Talliant he fought on a while,  
2 Thinking of Johnnie would retire,  
3 And then he, like a swallow swifte,  
4 Owre Johnnie's head did flee.

**99F.20**

1 But Johnnie was a clever man,  
2 And turned about with speed,  
3 And on the edge of his broadsword  
4 He slew the Talliant dead.

**99F.21**

1 Then he has brought the lady out,  
2 And sat her on a dapple-gray,  
3 And being mounted on before,  
4 They briskly rode away.

**99F.22**

1 Now the honour unto Scotland came,  
2 In spite of England's skill;  
3 The honour unto Scotland came  
4 In spite of England's will.

**99G.1**

1 JOHNNIE SCOTT'S a hunting gone,  
2 To England woods so wild,  
3 Until the king's old dochter dear  
4 She goes to him with child.

**99G.2**

1 'If she be with bairn,' her mother says,  
2 'As I trew weel she be,  
3 We'll put her in a dark dungeon,  
4 And hunger her till she die.'

**99G.3**

1 'If she be with bairn,' her father says,  
2 'As oh forbid she be!  
3 We'll put her in a prison strong,  
4 And try the veritie.'

**99G.4**

1 The king did write a long letter,  
2 Sealed it with his own hand,  
3 And he sent it to Johnnie Scot,  
4 To speak at his command.

**99G.5**

1 When Johnnie read this letter long,  
2 The tear blindit his ee:  
3 'I must away to Old England;  
4 King Edward writes for me.'

**99G.6**

1 Out and spak his mother dear,  
2 She spoke aye in time:  
3 Son, if thou go to Old England,  
4 I fear thou'll neer come hame.

**99G.7**

1 Out and spoke a Scottish prince,  
2 And a weel spoke man was he:  
3 Here's four and twenty o my braw troops,  
4 To bear thee companie.

**99G.8**

1 Away they gade, awa they rade,  
2 Away they rade so slie;  
3 There was not a married man that day  
4 In Johnnie's companie.

**99G.9**

1 The first good town that they passed thro,  
2 They made their bells to ring;  
3 The next good town that they passed thro,  
4 They made their music sing.

**99G.10**

1 The next gude town that they passed thro,  
2 They made their drums beat round,  
3 The king and a' his gay armies  
4 Admiring at the sound.

**99G.11**

1 When they came to the king's court,  
2 They travelled round about,  
3 And there he spied his own true-love,  
4 At a window looking out.

**99G.12**

1 'O fain wald I come down,' she says,  
2 'Of that ye needna dout;  
3 But my garters they're of cauld, cauld iron,  
4 And I can no win out.'

**99G.13**

1 'My garters they're of cauld, cauld iron,  
2 And it is very cold;  
3 My breast-plate is of sturdy steel,  
4 Instead o beaten goud.'

**99G.14**

1 Out and spoke the king himsell,  
2 And an angry man was he:  
3 The fairest lady in a' my court,  
4 She goes with child to thee.

**99G.15**

1 'If your old daughter be with child,  
2 As I trew weel she be,  
3 I'll make it heir of a' my land,  
4 And her my gay ladye.'

**99G.16**

1 'There is a Talliant in my court,  
2 This day he's killed three;  
3 And gin the morn by ten o'clock  
4 He'll kill thy men and thee.'

**99G.17**

1 Johnnie took sword into his hand,  
2 And walked cross the plain;  
3 There was many a weeping lady there,  
4 To see young Johnnie slain.

**99G.18**

1 The Talliant, never knowing this,  
2 Now he'll be Johnnie's dead,  
3 But, like unto a swallow swift,  
4 He flew out owre his head.

**99G.19**

1 Johnnie was a valliant man,  
2 Weel taught in war was he,  
3 And on the point of his broad sword  
4 The Talliant stickit he.

**99G.20**

1 Johnnie took sword into his hand,  
2 And walked cross the plain:  
3 'Are there here any moe of your English dogs  
4 That's wanting to be slain?'

**99G.21**

1 'A priest, a priest,' young Johnnie cries,  
2 'To wed my bride and me;'  
3 'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
4 'To tell her tocher wi.'

**99G.22**

1 'I'm wanting none of your gold,' he says,  
2 'As little of your gear;  
3 But give me just mine own true-love,  
4 I think I've won her dear.'

**99G.23**

1 Johnie sets horn into his mouth,  
2 And he blew loud and schrill;  
3 The honour it's to Scotland come,  
4 Sore against England's will.

**99H.1**

1 'WHERE will I gett a bony boy,  
2 That would fain 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 fain 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'l run it round about;  
3 There you'l see a gay lady,  
4 At the window looking out.

**99H.4**

1 'Give hir this shirt of silk,  
2 Hir own hand sewed the slive,  
3 And bid her come to good green woods,  
4 Spear no hir parents' leave.

**99H.5**

1 'Give hir this shirt of silk, boy,  
2 Hir own hand sewed the gare;  
3 You'l bid her come to good green woods,  
4 Love Johnny, I'll meet hir there.'

**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 biden come to good green woods,  
4 Spire no your parents' leave.

**99H.8**

1 'Take here this shirt of silk, lady,  
2 Your own hand sewed the gare;  
3 You're biden come to good green woods,  
4 Love Johnny'll meet you there.'

**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 And three splits of the sturdy steel,  
4 Instead of beaten goold.

**99H.11**

1 'But I will write a braud leter,  
2 And sign it with my hand,  
3 And I will send it to Love Johnny,  
4 Weel may he understand.'

**99H.12**

1 And she has wrote [a] braud leter,  
2 And signd it with hir hand,  
3 And sent it on to Love Jony,  
4 Weel did he understand.

**99H.13**

1 When he got this letter,  
2 A licht laugh did he gie;  
3 But or he read it half down through,  
4 The salt tears blinded's ee.

**99H.14**

1 Says, I'll awa to fair England,  
2 What ever may betide,  
3 And all is for the fair lady  
4 That lay close by my side.

**99H.15**

1 Out it spoke Jony's mother,  
2 And she spoke ay through pride;  
3 Says, If ye go to fair England,  
4 Sir, better to you bide.

**99H.16**

1 When Jony was on his sadle set,  
2 And seemly to behold,  
3 Every tet o Love Jony's hair  
4 Was like the threads of goold.

**99H.17**

1 When Jony was on his sadle set,  
2 And seemly for to see,  
3 There was not a maried man  
4 In a' Jony'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 quien and her marys all  
4 Amased at the sound.

**99H.20**

1 'Is this the Duke of Mulberry,  
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 Mulberry,  
2 Nor James, our Scottish king;  
3 But it is Jack, the Little Scot,  
4 And Auchney is his name.'

**99H.22**

1 'If Auchney bee your name,' he said,  
2 'As I trust weel it be,  
3 The fairest lady in all my court  
4 She goes with bairn to the.'

**99H.23**

1 'If she be with bairn,' he said,  
2 'As I doubt not nor she be,  
3 I will make it heir oer 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 High hanged he shall be!'  
5 ' . . . . '

**99H.25**

1 The king and his nobles all  
2 Went out into the plain,  
3 And the quen and hir marys all,  
4 To see Love Johnny slain.

**99H.26**

1 They fought up, and they fought down,  
2 With swords of temperd steel,  
3 But not a drop of Johnny's blood  
4 In that day he did spill.

**99H.27**

1 Out they brought the Itilian,  
2 And a greecy ghost was he,  
3 But by the edge o Love Johnny's sword  
4 That Itilian did die.

**99H.28**

1 Johnny's taen his neat 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 clerck, a clerck,' now says the king,  
2 'To sign her tocher free;'  
3 'A priest, a priest,' said Love Johnny,  
4 'To mary my dear and me.'

**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 The king's banner for to bear.

**99I.2**

1 He had na been in fair London  
2 A twalmonth 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 himsel  
4 Amang his nobles a'.  
5 ' . . . . '

**99I.4**

1 She has wrote a braid letter,  
2 She has wrote it tenderly,  
3 And she's wrote a braid letter,  
4 To lat her Johnie see

**99I.5**

1 That her bower is very high,  
2 It's aw weel 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 Whan he lookit the letter on,  
2 A licht lauch gaed he;  
3 But eer he read it til an end,  
4 The tear blindit his ee.

**99I.8**

1 'I 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 four 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 na ae married man  
4 In Johnie's companie.

**99I.11**

1 The first toun that he cam till,  
2 He made the mass be sung;  
3 The niest toun 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 gaed round;  
3 The king and his nobles aw  
4 They marvelld 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 Buneftan is his name.'

**99I.15**

1 Up spak the king himsel,  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 The morn eer I eat or drink  
4 Hie 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 himsel,  
2 And up spak he:  
3 I have an Italian in my court  
4 That will fecht ye maniffullie.

**99I.18**

1 'If ye hae an Italian in your court,  
2 Fu fain wad 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 doun the plain,  
3 Wi the queen and her maryes aw,  
4 To see fair Johnie slain.

**99I.20**

1 Even anent the prison-door  
2 The battle did begin;  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

## 99I.21

- 1 They foucht up, and they foucht doun,
- 2 Wi swerds o tempered steel,
- 3 Til Johnie wi his gude braidswerd
- 4 Made the Italian for to yield.

## 99I.22

- 1 He has kickd him with his foot,
- 2 And he has kickd him oure the plain:
- 3 'Onie mair Italians in your court
- 4 Ye want for to be slain?'

## 99I.23

- 1 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king cried,
- 2 'To sign her tocher-fee;'
- 3 'A priest, a priest,' young Johnie said,
- 4 'To marry her and me.

## 99I.24

- 1 'For I want nane o your gowd,
- 2 Nor nane o your weel won fee;
- 3 I only want your fair dochter,
- 4 I have won her manfullie.'

## 99I.1

- 1 O word is to the queen hersel,
- 2 In parlour whare she sat,
- 3 That the king's dochter goes wi child
- 4 To Jock, that little Scot.

## 99I.2

- 1 O word is to the king himsel,
- 2 And an angry man was he;
- 3 Says, I will put her in cold prison,
- 4 And hunger her till she dee.

## 99I.3

- 1 The ladie was laid in cold prison,
- 2 By the king, a grievous man;
- 3 And up and starts a little boy,
- 4 Upon her window-stane.

## 99I.4

- 1 Says, Here's a silken shift, ladye,
- 2 Your ane hand sewed the sleeve,
- 3 And ye maun gang to yon greenwud,
- 4 And of your freends speir na leave.

## 99I.5

- 1 'My bouer is very hie,' said the lady,
- 2 'And it's wondrous hie round about;
- 3 My feet are lockit in the iron fetters,
- 4 And how can I get out?'

## 99I.6

- 1 'But I will write a braid letter,
- 2 And seal it tenderlie,
- 3 And send it to yon greenwud,
- 4 And let young Johnie see.'

## 99I.7

- 1 O Johnie's to his father gane,
- 2 And til him did say,
- 3 O I maun up to London, father,
- 4 And fecht for that lady gay.

## 99I.8

- 1 His father spak but ae word,
- 2 Says, I speak it in time;
- 3 For an ye gang to London, Johnie,
- 4 I fear your coming hame.

## 99I.9

- 1 And out and spak anither youth,
- 2 And a pretty youth was he:
- 3 Afore I see young Johnie dung
- 4 I'll fecht for him till I dee.

## 99I.10

- 1 He has wallowd it, he has wallowd it,
- 2 He's wallowd it again;
- 3 Cries, Onie mae o your English dogs
- 4 That wants for to be slain?'

## 99I.11

- 1 He set the horn until his mouth,
- 2 And he has blawn baith loud and shill;
- 3 The victor's doun to Scotland gane,
- 4 Richt sair against their will.

## 99K.1

- 1 JOHNNIE'S up to England gane,
- 2 Three quarters o a year;
- 3 Johnie's up to England gane,
- 4 The king's banner to bear.

## 99K.2

- 1 He had not in fair England been
- 2 A month 'twas barely ane,
- 3 When the fairest lady o the court
- 4 To Johnie wi child is gane.

## 99K.3

- 1 Word is to the kitchen gane,
- 2 And word's gane to the ha;
- 3 Word's gane to the high, high rooms,
- 4 Among the nobles a'.

## 99K.4

- 1 And word o't to the king is gane,
- 2 In the chamber where he sat,
- 3 His only daughter goes wi child
- 4 To Johnie, the Little Scot.

## 99K.5

- 1 'O if she be wi child,' he says,
- 2 'As I trow weel she be,
- 3 I'll lock her up in strong prison,
- 4 And punish her till she dee.'

## 99K.6

- 1 Then she has wrote a long letter,
- 2 And seald it without a blot,
- 3 And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
- 4 To Johnie, the Little Scot.

## 99K.7

- 1 The first line that he did read,
- 2 In laughter loud was he;
- 3 But or he gat the hindmost read
- 4 The tear blindit his ee.

## 99K.8

- 1 'Get ready for me the black, black steed,
- 2 Get ready for me the brown,
- 3 And saddle to me the swiftest horse
- 4 Eer carried man to town.'

## 99K.9

- 1 Whan he cam to Edinburgh town,
- 2 He made the bells to ring,
- 3 And when he cam to merry Carlisle,
- 4 He made the monks to sing.

## 99K.10

- 1 When he cam to the king's gates,
- 2 He made his drums beat round;
- 3 The king bot and his nobles a'
- 4 They wonderd at the sound.

## 99K.11

- 1 'Is this [the] King of France,' he cried,
- 2 'Or is't the King of Spain?
- 3 Or is it Johnie, the Little Scot,
- 4 That's wanting to be slain?'

## 99K.12

- 1 'It's neither the King of France,' he said,
- 2 'Nor is't the King of Spain;
- 3 But it is Johnie, the Little Scot,
- 4 That's come to claim his ain.'

## 99K.13

- 1 They foucht it ance, they foucht it twice,
- 2 They foucht it oure again,
- 3 Till draps o blood, like draps o rain,
- 4 War rinning to the plain.

## 99K.14

- 1 Then Johnie drew a nut-brown brand,
- 2 And strook it oure the plain,
- 3 Saying, Are there onie mae o your Englishmen
- 4 That's wanting to be slain?'

## 99K.15

- 1 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,
- 2 'To sign her tocher-fee;'
- 3 'A priest, a priest,' then Johnie cried,
- 4 'To marry my love and me.

## 99K.16

- 1 'I'll hae nane o your gowd,' he says,
- 2 'As little o your gear;
- 3 But I'll hae her, my ain true-love,
- 4 For I'm sure I've coft her dear.'

## 99L.1

- 1 JOHNNIE SCOTT'S a hunting gane,
- 2 To England's woods sae wild;
- 3 The fairest flower of all England
- 4 To Johnnie provd big with child.

## 99L.2

- 1 It's word's going up, and word's going down,
- 2 Going to the king's bower,
- 3 That his dear daughter was with child,
- 4 That was his daily flower.

## 99L.3

- 1 'If she be with child,
- 2 As I suppose she be,
- 3 I'll put her into prison strong,
- 4 And hunger her till she die.'

## 99L.4

- 1 The king he wrote a letter broad,
- 2 And sealed it with his hands,
- 3 And sent it down to Johnnie Scott,
- 4 In Scotland where he stands.

## 99L.5

- 1 The first line that Johnnie lookd on,
- 2 A merry man was he;
- 3 The next line that he lookd on,
- 4 The salt tears blindid his eye.

## 99L.6

- 1 Out then spoke his old father,
- 2 Who neer spoke out of time:
- 3 And if you go to England, son,
- 4 I doubt your coming home.

## 99L.7

- 1 Out then spoke our Scottish James,
- 2 Sitting low by Johnnie's knee:
- 3 Fifteen score of my life-guards
- 4 Shall ride in your company.

## 99L.8

- 1 When Johnnie came to the king's court
- 2 He rode it round about,
- 3 And there he spied his own true-love,
- 4 From the jail-window looking out.

## 99L.9

- 1 'Come down, true-love,' said Johnnie Scott,
- 2 'And now you'll ride behind me;
- 3 Before I leave fair England
- 4 Some life shall die for thee.'

## 99L.10

- 1 'My feet are in the fetters strong,
- 2 I'm belted round about;
- 3 My breastplate is of the stubborn steel,
- 4 Instead of beaten gold.'

## 99L.11

- 1 When Johnnie came to the king's bower
- 2 He tinkled at the ring;
- 3 Who was so ready as the king himself
- 4 To let proud Johnnie in!

## 99L.12

- 1 'Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,' he said,
- 2 'Or James, our Scottish king?
- 3 Or are you my bastard son,
- 4 From Scotland new come home?'

## 99L.13

- 1 'I'm not the Duke of Marlborough,' he said,
- 2 'Nor James, our Scottish king;
- 3 But I am just a good Scotch lad,
- 4 And Johnnie Scott's my name.'

## 99L.14

- 1 'If you be Johnnie Scott,' says he,
- 2 'As I suppose you be,
- 3 The fairest flower in all England
- 4 Is big with child by thee.'

## 99L.15

- 1 'If she be big with child,' said he,
- 2 'As I hope her to be,
- 3 I'll make it heir of all my lands,
- 4 And she my gay lady.'

## 99L.16

- 1 'O no,' then the king he cries,
- 2 'There's no such thing will be;
- 3 There is an Italian in my court,
- 4 And by his hands ye'll die.'

## 99L.17

- 1 'I'll stand my ground,' says Johnnie Scott,
- 2 'I'll stand it till I die;
- 3 I'll stand my ground,' says Johnnie Scott,
- 4 'One foot I'd scorn to fly.'

## 99L.18

- 1 When the Italian was brought out,
- 2 A fearsome sight was he;
- 3 Between his brows three women's spang,
- 4 His shoulders was yards three.

## 99L.19

- 1 As Johnnie, being a crafty lad,
- 2 Well tried at the sword was he,
- 3 Upon the point of his broad sword
- 4 He made the Italian die.

## 99M.1

- 1 LORD JOHNNIE'S up to England gane,
- 2 Three quarters of an year;
- 3 Lord Johnnie's up to England gone,
- 4 The king's banner to bear.

**99M.2**

1 He had not been in fair England,  
2 Three quarters he was not,  
3 Till the king's eldest daughter  
4 Goes with child to Lord Johnnie Scott.

**99M.3**

1 Word has to the kitchen gone,  
2 And word's gone to the hall,  
3 And word's gone to the high, high room,  
4 Among the nobles all.

**99M.4**

1 And word has gaen to the king himsel,  
2 In his chamber where he sat,  
3 That his eldest daughter goes wi child  
4 To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

**99M.5**

1 'Gin that be true,' the king replied,  
2 'As I suppose it be,  
3 I'll put her in a prison strong,  
4 And starve her till she die.'  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**99M.6**

1 'O where will I get a little page,  
2 That will win baith hose and shoon,  
3 And run into fair Scotland,  
4 And tell my love to come?'  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**99M.7**

1 'What news, what news, my little page?  
2 What news hae ye brought to me?'  
3 'Bad news, bad news, my master dear,  
4 The king's daughter maun die.'

**99M.8**

1 'Here is a shirt, O master dear,  
2 Her ain hand sewd the sleeve;  
3 She bad me run and tell ye this,  
4 And ask nae person's leave.'

**99M.9**

1 'They have her in a prison strong,  
2 And in a dungeon deep;  
3 Her feet are in the fetters strong,  
4 And they've left her to weep.'

**99M.10**

1 'Her feet are in the cold, cold iron,  
2 Instead of beaten gold;  
3 Her garters are of the cauld, cauld iron,  
4 And O but they are cold!'  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**99M.11**

1 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king did cry,  
2 'To cry the toucher-fee;  
3 'A priest, a priest,' Lord Johnnie cry'd,  
4 'To join my love and me.'

**99M.12**

1 'I want none of your gold,' he said,  
2 'Nor as little want I a fee;  
3 But I do want your daughter dear,  
4 My wedded wife to be.'

**99N.1**

1 LORD JOHN he's on to England gone,  
2 To England gone is he;  
3 Love John he's on to England gone,  
4 The king's banneret to be.

**99N.2**

1 He hadna been in fair England  
2 O but a little while,  
3 Till faen in love wi the king's daughter,  
4 And to him she's with chile.

**99N.3**

1 Now word is to the kitchen gane,  
2 And word is to the ha,  
3 And word is to the king's high court,  
4 And that was warst of a'.

**99N.4**

1 Out then spake the king himsell,  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 I'll put her in prison strong,  
4 And starve her till she die.

**99N.5**

1 Love John he's on to Scotland gone,  
2 I wat he's on wi speed;  
3 Love John he's on to Scotland gone,  
4 And as good was his need.

**99N.6**

1 He hadna been in fair Scotland  
2 But a very short tide,  
3 Till he minded on the damsel  
4 That lay last by his side.

**99N.7**

1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
2 Will win baith meat and fee,  
3 That will run on to fair England,  
4 And haste him back to me?'

**99N.8**

1 'O here am I, a bonny boy,  
2 Will win baith meat and fee,  
3 That will run on to fair England,  
4 And haste him back to thee.'

**99N.9**

1 'Where ye find the grass grow green,  
2 Ye'll slack your shoes and rin;  
3 And when ye find the brigs broken,  
4 Ye'll bend your bow and swim.'

**99N.10**

1 'And when ye come to the king's high court,  
2 Ye'll rin it round about,  
3 And there ye'll see a lady gay,  
4 At a window looking out.'

**99N.11**

1 'Bid her take this shirt of silk,  
2 Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
3 Bid her come to good green-wood,  
4 At her parents spier nae leave.'

**99N.12**

1 'Bid her take this shirt of silk,  
2 Her ain hand sewed the gair;  
3 Bid her come to good green-wood,  
4 Love John he waits her there.'

**99N.13**

1 Where he found the grass grow green,  
2 He slackd his shoes and ran;  
3 Where he fan the brigs broken,  
4 He bent his bow and swam.'

**99N.14**

1 When he came to the king's high court,  
2 He ran it round about;  
3 And there he saw the lady gay,  
4 At the window looking out.'

**99N.15**

1 'Ye're bidden take this shirt of silk,  
2 Yere ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
3 Ye're bidden come to good green-wood,  
4 At your parents spier nae leave.'

**99N.16**

1 'Ye're bidden take this shirt of silk,  
2 Yere ain hand sewed the gair;  
3 Ye're bidden come to good green-wood,  
4 Love John he waits you there.'

**99N.17**

1 'My feet are in the fetters strong,  
2 Instead of silken sheen;  
3 My breast-plate's of the cold iron,  
4 Instead of gold so fine.'

**99N.18**

1 'But I will write a broad letter,  
2 And seal it with my hand,  
3 And send it off to my Love Johnny,  
4 And let him understand.'

**99N.19**

1 The first line that he looked on,  
2 A loud laughter laugh he;  
3 But ere he read it to the end,  
4 The tear blinded his ee.

**99N.20**

1 'O I will on to fair England,  
2 Whatever me betide,  
3 For to relieve the damsel  
4 That lay last by my side.'

**99N.21**

1 Out it spake his father dear,  
2 A noble lord was he:  
3 If ye gang to England, Johnny,  
4 Ye'll neer come back to me.'

**99N.22**

1 Out it spake a noble lord,  
2 A noble lord, I wat, was he:  
3 Fifteen of our Scottish lords  
4 Will bear his honour companie.'

**99N.23**

1 The first town that they eer came till,  
2 They gart the bells be rung;  
3 The next town that they came till,  
4 They gart the mass be sung.'

**99N.24**

1 And when they came to the king's court,  
2 They gart the trumpet soun,  
3 Till the king and all his merry young men  
4 Did marvel at the tune.'

**99N.25**

1 'Is this the Duke of Marlborough,  
2 Or James, the Scottish king?  
3 Or is it else some Scottish lord,  
4 Come here a visiting?'

**99N.26**

1 'It's not the Duke of Marlborough,  
2 Nor James, the Scottish king;  
3 It is Love John of fair Scotland,  
4 Come here a visiting.'

**99N.27**

1 'If this be John of fair Scotland,  
2 He's dearly welcome to me;  
3 The morn ere he eat or drink,  
4 High hanged he shall be.'

**99N.28**

1 He's taen his broadsword in his hand,  
2 And stripd it oer a stane;  
3 Then thro and thro the king's high court  
4 With broadsword now is gane.'

**99N.29**

1 They fought it up, they fought it down,  
2 Till they were weary men,  
3 When the blood, like drops of rain,  
4 Came trickling down the plain.'

**99N.30**

1 Out it spake the king himsel,  
2 Ane angry man was he:  
3 I have ane Italian within my court  
4 Will fight ye three and three.'

**99N.31**

1 Out it came that ae Italian,  
2 As pale as death was he,  
3 And on the point of Johnny's sword  
4 That ae Italian did die.'

**99N.32**

1 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,  
2 'And seal her tocher wi';  
3 'A priest, a priest,' Lord John he cried,  
4 'That we may married be.'

**99N.33**

1 'For I want neither gold,' he said,  
2 'Nor do I want your gear;  
3 But I do want my ain true-love,  
4 For I have bought her dear.'

**99O.1**

1 ' , , , , ,'  
1 out then spak his auld faither,  
2 And a blythe auld man was he,  
3 Saying, I'll send five hunner o my brisk young  
men,  
4 To bear Johnie companie.'

**99O.2**

1 And when they were on saddle set,  
2 They were a pleasant sight for to see,  
3 For there was na ae married man  
4 In a' Johnie's companie.'

**99O.3**

1 And when they were on saddle set,  
2 They were a pleasant sight to behold,  
3 For the hair that hung down Johnie's back  
4 Was like the links of gold.'

**99O.4**

1 And when they came to Newcastle,  
2 They reined their horses about;  
3 Wha did he see but his ain Jeanie,  
4 At a window looking out!

**99O.5**

1 'Come doun, come doun, Jeanie,' he says,  
2 'Come doun, come doun to me;'  
3 'I canna come doun, Johnie,' she says,  
4 'For King Edward has bolted me.'

**99O.6**

1 'My stockings are o the heavy iron,  
2 I feel them very cold;  
3 And my breast-plate's o the sturdy steel,

**99O.6**

4 Instead of beaten gold.’  
5 ‘‘‘‘‘

**99O.7**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 ‘I’ll make it heir o’ a’ my lands,  
4 And her my gay lady.’

**99O.8**

1 ‘There is an Italian in this court;  
2 This day he has slain knights three;  
3 And before tomorrow at eight o’clock  
4 The Italian will slay thee.’

**99P.1**

1 JOHNNIE’S up to England gone,  
2 Three quarters of a year;  
3 Johnnie’s up to England gone,  
4 The king’s banner to bear.

**99P.2**

1 He hadna 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.

**99P.3**

1 And word is up, and word is down,  
2 And word is to the ha,  
3 And word is to the king’s court gane,  
4 Amang the nobles a’.

**99P.4**

1 Now word is to the king himsell,  
2 On throne where he did sit,  
3 That his ae dochter goes wi child  
4 To John that little Scot.

**99[Q.1]**

1 Young Johnnie’s up to England gane  
2 Three quarters of a year;  
3 Young Johnnie’s up to England gane,  
4 The king’s banner for to bear.

**99[Q.2]**

1 But he had not in England been  
2 The one half of the time  
3 Till the fairest laidy in all the court  
4 Was going with child to him.

**99[Q.3]**

1 Word unto the kitchen’s gane,  
2 And word’s to the hall,  
3 And word unto the court has gane,  
4 Amang the nobles all.

**99[Q.4]**

1 And word unto the chamber’s gane,  
2 The place where the king sat,  
3 That his only daughter is with child  
4 To Johnnie, the little Scott.

**99[Q.5]**

1 ‘If this be true,’ then sais the king,  
2 ‘As I true well it be,  
3 I’ll put hir in a strong castle,  
4 And hungre hir till she dee.’

**99[Q.6]**

1 Hir breast-plate was made of iron,  
2 In place of the beaten gold,  
3 A belt of steel about hir waist,  
4 And O but she was cold!

**99[Q.7]**

1 ‘O where will I get a pritty little boy,  
2 That will win hoes and shoon,  
3 That will go down to yonder lee  
4 And tell young Johnnie to come?’

**99[Q.8]**

1 ‘Here am I, a pritty little boy,  
2 That will win hoes and shoon,  
3 And I’ll go down to yonder lee  
4 And tell young Johnnie to come.’

**99[Q.9]**

1 She has wrote a brod letter,  
2 And seald it tenderly,  
3 And she has sent it to Johnnie the Scott,  
4 That lay on yonder lee.

**99[Q.10]**

1 When Johnnie first the letter got,  
2 A blith, blith man was be;  
3 But or he read the half of it  
4 The salt teer blind Johnnie’s ee.

**99[Q.11]**

1 ‘I will go to fair England,’ says he,  
2 ‘What ever may betide,  
3 For to releave that gay laidy  
4 Who last lay by my side.’

**99[Q.12]**

1 Up then spoke his old mother,  
2 A sorrifull woman was she;  
3 ‘If you go to England, John,  
4 I’ll never see you mare.’

**99[Q.13]**

1 Up then spoke Johnnie’s father,  
2 His head was growing gray;  
3 ‘If you go to England, John,  
4 O fair you well for me!’

**99[Q.14]**

1 up then spoke Johnnie’s uncle,  
2 Our Scottish king was he;  
3 ‘Five hundred of my merry men  
4 Shall bear you company.’

**99[Q.15]**

1 When Johnnie was mounted on his steed  
2 He looked wondrous bold,  
3 The hair that oer his shoulders hang  
4 Like threads of yellow gold.

**99[Q.16]**

1 ‘Now come along with me, my men,  
2 O come along with me,  
3 We’ll blow thier castles in the air,  
4 And set free my gay laidy.’

**99[Q.17]**

1 The first gay town that they came to,  
2 Made mass for to be sung;  
3 The next gay town that they came to,  
4 Made bells for to be rung.’

**99[Q.18]**

1 But when they came to London town,  
2 They made the drums beat round,  
3 Who made the king and all his court  
4 To wonder at the sound.

**99[Q.19]**

1 ‘Is this the Duke of Mulberry,  
2 Or James the Scottish king?  
3 Or is it a young gentleman  
4 To England new come home?’

**99[Q.20]**

1 ‘It is not the Duke of Mulberry,  
2 Nor James the Scottish [king];  
3 But is a young gentleman,  
4 MacNaughten is his name.’

**99[Q.21]**

1 ‘If MacNaughten be your name,’ says the king,  
2 ‘As I true well it be,  
3 Before the morn at eight o’clock  
4 Dead hanged you shall be.’

**99[Q.22]**

1 Up bespoke one of Johnnie’s little boys,  
2 And a well-spoke boy was he;  
3 ‘Before we see our master hand,  
4 We’ll all fight till we dee.’

**99[Q.23]**

1 ‘Well spoke, well spoke, my little boy,  
2 That is well spoke of thee;  
3 But I have a champion in my bower  
4 That will fight you three by three.’

**99[Q.24]**

1 Up then spoke Johnnie himself,  
2 And he spoke manfully;  
3 ‘If it please your Majesty,  
4 May I this champion see?’

**99[Q.25]**

1 The king and all his nobles then  
2 Rode down unto the plain,  
3 The queen and all [her] gay marries,  
4 To see young Johnnie slain.

**99[Q.26]**

1 When the champion came out of the bower,  
2 He looked at Johnnie with disdain;  
3 But upon the tope of Johnnie’s brodsword  
4 This champion soon was slain.

**99[Q.27]**

1 He fought on, and Johnnie fought on,  
2 With swords of tempered steel,  
3 And ay the blood like drops of rain  
4 Came tinkling down thier hiel.

**99[Q.28]**

1 The very nixt stroke that Johnie gave,  
2 He brought him till his knee;  
3 The nixt stroke that Johnie gave,  
4 He clove his head in twa.

**99[Q.29]**

1 He swapt his sword on every side,  
2 And turned him on the plain:  
3 ‘Have you any more of your English dogs  
4 That wants for to be slain?’

**99[Q.30]**

1 ‘A clerk, a clerk!’ the king he crys,  
2 ‘I’ll seal her taucher free;’  
3 ‘A priest, a priest!’ the queen she crys,  
4 ‘For wedded they shall be.’

**99[Q.31]**

1 ‘I’ll have none of your [gold],’ say<s> 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.’

**99[R.1]**

1 Lord Jonnie’s up to England gone  
2 Three quarters of an year;  
3 Lord Jonnie’s up to England gone,  
4 The king’s banner to bear.

**99[R.2]**

1 He had not been in fair England,  
2 Three quarters he was not,  
3 Till the king’s eldest daughter  
4 Goes with child to Lord Jonnie Scott.

**99[R.3]**

1 Word is to the kitchen gone,  
2 And word’s gone to the hall,  
3 And word’s gone to the high, high room,  
4 Among the nobles all.

**99[R.4]**

1 Word’s gone to the king himsel,  
2 In the chamber where he sat,  
3 That his eldest daughter goes with child  
4 To Lord Jonnie Scott.

**99[R.5]**

1 ‘If that be true,’ the king replied,  
2 ‘As I suppose it be,  
3 I’ll put her in a prison strong,  
4 And starve her till she die.’

**99[R.6]**

1 ‘O where will I get a little boy,  
2 That has baith hose and shoon,  
3 That will run into fair Scotland,  
4 And tell my love to come?’

**99[R.7]**

1 ‘O here is a shirt, little boy,  
2 Her own hand sewed the sleeve;  
3 Tell her to come to good greenwood,  
4 Not ask her father’s leave.’

**99[R.8]**

1 ‘What news, what news, my little boy?  
2 What news have ye brought to me?’  
3 ‘No news, no news, my master dear,  
4 But what I will tell thee.’

**99[R.9]**

1 ‘O here is a shirt, madam,  
2 Your awn hand sewed the sleeve;  
3 You must gang to good greenwood,  
4 And not ask your parents’ leave.’

**99[R.10]**

1 ‘My doors they are all shut, little boy,  
2 My windows round about;  
3 My feet is in the fetters strong,  
4 And I cannot get out.’

**99[R.11]**

1 ‘My garters are of the black, black iron,  
2 And O but they are cold!  
3 My breast-plate’s o’ the strong, strong steel,  
4 Instead of beaten gold.’

**99[R.12]**

1 ‘But tell him for to bide away,  
2 And not come near to be,  
3 For there’s a champion in my father’s ha  
4 Will fight him till he dee.’

**99[R.13]**

1 ‘What news, what news, my little boy?  
2 What news have ye to me?’  
3 ‘No news, no news, my master dear,  
4 But what I will tell thee.’

**99[R.14]**

1 'Her doors they are all shut, kind sir,  
2 Her windows round about;  
3 Her feet are in the fetters strong,  
4 And she cannot get out.

**99[R.15]**

1 'Her garters are of the black, black iron,  
2 And O but they are cold!  
3 Her breast-plate's of the strong, strong steel,  
4 Instead of beaten gold.

**99[R.16]**

1 'She bids you for to bide away,  
2 And not go near to see,  
3 For there's a champion in her father's house  
4 Will fight you till you die.'

**99[R.17]**

1 Then up and spoke Lord Jonnie's mother,  
2 But she spoke out of time;  
3 'O if you go to fair England  
4 I fear you will be slain.'

**99[R.18]**

1 But up nd spoke a little boy,  
2 Just at Lord Jonnie's knee,  
3 'Before you lose your ain true-love,  
4 We'll a' fight till we die.'

**99[R.19]**

1 The first church-town that they came to,  
2 They made the bells be rung;  
3 The next church-town that they came to,  
4 The<y] gard the mass be sung.

**99[R.20]**

1 The next church-town that they came to,  
2 They made the drums go through;  
3 The king and all his nobles stood  
4 Amazing for to view.

**99[R.21]**

1 'Is this any English gentleman,  
2 Or James our Scottish king?  
3 Or is it a Scottish gentleman,  
4 To England new come in?'

**99[R.22]**

1 'No, 'tis no English gentleman,  
2 Nor James the Scottish king;  
3 But is is a Scottish gentleman,  
4 Lord Jonnie is my name.'

**99[R.23]**

1 'If Lord Jonnie be your name,  
2 As I suppose it be,  
3 I have a champion in my hall  
4 Will fight you till you die.'

**99[R.24]**

1 'O go fetch out that gurrley fellow,  
2 Got fetch him out to me;  
3 Before I lose my ain true-love,  
4 We'll all fight till we die.'

**99[R.25]**

1 Then out and came that gurrly fellow,  
2 A gurrly fellow was he,  
3 With twa lang sclaps between his eyes,  
4 His shoulders there were three.

**99[R.26]**

1 The king and all his nobles stood  
2 To see the battle gained;  
3 The queen and all her maries stood  
4 To see Lord Jonnie slain.

**99[R.27]**

1 The first stroke that Lord Jonnie gave,  
2 He wounded very sore;  
3 The next stroke that Lord Jonnie gave,  
4 The champion could fight no more.

**99[R.28]**

1 He's taen a whistle out from his side,  
2 He's blawn a blast loud and still:  
3 'Is there any more of your English dogs  
4 To come here and be killed?'

**99[R.29]**

1 'A clerk, a clerk!' the king did say,  
2 'To cry her toucher free;'  
3 'A priest, a priest!' Lord Jonnie [did] cry  
4 'To wed my love and me.

**99[R.30]**

1 'Twas for none of your monnie I fought,  
2 Nor for none of your world's gear;  
3 But it was for my own true-love;  
4 I think I've bought her dear.'

**99[S.1]**

1 O Johnny's up thro England gane  
2 Three quarters of a year,  
3 An Johnny's up thro England gane,  
4 The king's banner to bear.

**99[S.2]**

1 He had not been in London town  
2 But a very little while  
3 Till the fairest lady in the court  
4 By Johnny gaes wi child.

**99[S.3]**

1 But word is to the kitchin gane,  
2 An word's gane to the ha,  
3 An word's gane to yon high, high court,  
4 Among our nobles a'.

**99[S.4]**

1 An when the king got wit o that  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 'On the highest tree in a' the wood  
4 High hangit shall he be!

**99[S.5]**

1 'An for the lady, if it's true,  
2 As I do fear it be,  
3 I'll put her in yon castle strong,  
4 An starve her till she die.'

**99[S.6]**

1 But Johnny had a clever boy,  
2 A clever boy was he,  
3 O Johnny had a clever boy,  
4 His name was Gregory.

**99[S.7]**

1 'O run, my boy, to yon castle,  
2 All windows round about,  
3 An there you'll see a fair lady,  
4 At a window looking out.

**99[S.8]**

1 Ye maun bid her take this silken sark—  
2 Her ain hand sewd the gare—  
3 An bid her come to the green wood,  
4 For Johnny waits her there.'

**99[S.9]**

1 Away he ran to yon castle,  
2 All windows round about,  
3 Where he espy'd a lady fair,  
4 At a window looking out.

**99[S.10]**

1 'O madam, there's a silken sark—  
2 Your ain hand sewd the gare—  
3 An haste ye to the good green wood,  
4 For Johnny waits you there.'

**99[S.11]**

1 'O I'm confin'd in this castle,  
2 Though lighted round about;  
3 My feet are bound with fetters strong,  
4 That I cannot win out.

**99[S.12]**

1 'My gartens are of stubborn ern,  
2 Alas! baith stiff and cold;  
3 My breastplate of the sturdy steel,  
4 Instead of beaten gold.

**99[S.13]**

1 'Instead of silken stays, my boy,  
2 With steel I'm lac'd about;  
3 My feet are bound with fetters strong,  
4 And how can I get out?'

**99[S.14]**

1 'But tell him he must stay at home,  
2 Nor venture here for me;  
3 Else an Italian in our court  
4 Must fight him till he die.'

**99[S.15]**

1 When Johnny he got wit o that,  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 'But I will gae wi a' my men  
4 My dearest dear to see.'

**99[S.16]**

1 But up then spake a noble lord,  
2 A noble lord was he;  
3 'The best of a' my merry men  
4 Shall bear you company.'

**99[S.17]**

1 But up then spake his auld mother,  
2 I wat wi meikle pain;  
3 'If ye will gae to London, son,  
4 Ye'l neer come back again.'

**99[S.18]**

1 But Johnny turnd him round about,  
2 I wat wi meikle pride:  
3 'But I will gae to London town,  
4 Whatever may betide.'

**99[S.19]**

1 When they were a' on horseback set,  
2 How comely to behold!  
3 For a' the hairs o Johnny's head  
4 Did shine like threads o gold.

**99[S.20]**

1 The first ae town that they gaed through,  
2 They gart the bells be rung,  
3 But the neist town that they gaed through  
4 They gart the mass be sung.

**99[S.21]**

1 But when they gaed to London town  
2 The trumpets loud were blown,  
3 Which made the king and a' his court  
4 To marvel at the sound.

**99[S.22]**

1 'Is this the Duke of Morebattle?  
2 Or James the Scottish king?'  
3 'No, sire, I'm a Scottish lord,  
4 McNaughten is my name.'

**99[S.23]**

1 'If you be that young Scottish lord,  
2 As I believe you be,  
3 The fairest lady in my court  
4 She gaes wi child by thee.'

**99[S.24]**

1 'And if she be with child by me,  
2 As I think sae may be,  
3 It shall be heir of a' my land,  
4 And she my gay lady.'

**99[S.25]**

1 'O no, O no,' the king reply'd,  
2 'That thing can never be,  
3 Fore ere the morn at ten o'clock  
4 I'll slay thy men an thee.

**99[S.26]**

1 'A bold Italian in my court  
2 Has vanquishd Scotchmen three,  
3 And ere the morn at ten o'clock  
4 I'm sure he will slay thee.'

**99[S.27]**

1 But up the spake young Johnny's boy,  
2 A clever boy was he;  
3 'O master, ere that you be slain,  
4 There's mae be slain than thee.'

**99[S.28]**

1 The king and all his court appeard  
2 Neist morning on the plain,  
3 The queen and all her ladies came  
4 To see youn<g] Johnny slain.

**99[S.29]**

1 Out then stepd the Italian bold,  
2 And they met on the green;  
3 Between his shoulders was an ell,  
4 A span between his een.

**99[S.30]**

1 When Johnny in the list appeard,  
2 Sae young and fair to see,  
3 A prayer staw frae ilka heart,  
4 A tear frae ilka ee.

**99[S.31]**

1 And lang they fought, and sair they fought,  
2 Wi swords o temperd steel,  
3 Until the blood like draps o rain  
4 Came trickling to their heal.

**99[S.32]**

1 But Johnny was a wannle youth,  
2 And that he weel did show;  
3 For wi a stroke o his broad sword  
4 He clove his head in two.

**99[S.33]**

1 'A priest, a priest!' then Johnny cry'd,  
2 'To wed my love and me;'  
3 'A clerk, a clerk!' the king reply'd,  
4 'To write her tocher free.'

**99[T.1]**

1 Johnny's gane up to fair England  
2 Three quarters of a year,  
3 And Johnny's gane up to fair England,  
4 The king's broad banner to bear.



## 99[T.2]

1 He had not been in fair England,  
2 Even but a little while,  
3 When that the king's ae dochter  
4 To Johnny gaes wi child.

## 99[T.3]

1 And word is gane to the kitchen,  
2 And word's gane to the ha,  
3 And word's gane to the high, high court,  
4 Amang the nobles a'.

## 99[T.4]

1 And word is gane unto the king,  
2 In the chair where he sat,  
3 That his ae dochter's wi bairn  
4 To John the little Scott.

## 99[T.5]

1 'If that I thought she is wi bairn,  
2 As I true weel she be,  
3 I'll put her up in high prison,  
4 And hunger her till she die.'

## 99[T.6]

1 'There is a silken sark, Johnny,  
2 My ain sell sewed the gare,  
3 And if ye come to tak me hence  
4 Ye need nae taken mare.

## 99[T.7]

1 'For I am up in high prison,  
2 And O but it is cold!  
3 My garters are o the cold, cold iron,  
4 In place o the beaten gold.'

## 99[T.8]

1 'Is this the Duke o York?' they said,  
2 'Or James the Scottish king?  
3 Or is it John the little Scott,  
4 Frae Scotland new come hame?'

## 99[T.9]

1 'I have an Italian in my bower,  
2 This day he has eaten three;  
3 Before I either eat or sleep  
4 The fourth man ye shall be.'

## 99[T.10]

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 Between his een there was two spans,  
4 His shoulders ells were three.

## 99[T.11]

1 Johnny drew forth his good braid glaive  
2 And slate it on the plain:  
3 'Is there any more of your Italian dogs  
4 That wanteth to be slain?'

## 99[T.12]

1 'A clerk, a clerk!' her father cry'd  
2 'To register this deed,'  
3 'A priest, a priest!' her mother cry'd,  
4 'To marry them wi speed.'

## 100A.1

1 THE king he hath been a prisoner,  
2 A prisoner lang in Spain, O  
3 And Willie o the Winsbury  
4 Has lain lang wi his daughter at hame. O

## 100A.2

1 'What aileth thee, my daughter Janet,  
2 Ye look so pale and wan?  
3 Have ye had any sore sickness,  
4 Or have ye been lying wi a man?  
5 Or is it for me, your father dear,  
6 And biding sae lang in Spain?'

## 100A.3

1 'I have not had any sore sickness,  
2 Nor yet been lying wi a man;  
3 But it is for you, my father dear,  
4 In biding sae lang in Spain.'

## 100A.4

1 'Cast ye off your berry-brown gown,  
2 Stand straight upon the stone,  
3 That I may ken ye by yere shape,  
4 Whether ye be a maiden or none.'

## 100A.5

1 She's coosten off her berry-brown gown,  
2 Stooden straight upo yon stone;  
3 Her apron was short, and her haunches were  
4 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 a man of fame;  
3 But it is to William of Winsbury;  
4 I could lye nae langer 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 threads 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 hae 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  
4 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 Ye look sae pale and wan?  
3 Hae ye had ony sair sickness,  
4 Or ill luvie wi a man?'

## 100B.2

1 'Cast aff, cast aff your bony brown gown,  
2 And lay't down on the stane,  
3 And I sall tell ye ay or no  
4 Ye hae layn wi a man.'

## 100B.3

1 She has taen aff her bony brown gown,  
2 She has laid it on the stane;  
3 Her waist was big, her side was round,  
4 Her fair colour was gane.

## 100B.4

1 'Now is it to a man of micht,  
2 Or to a man of mean?  
3 Or is it to the ranke robber  
4 That robs upon the main?'

## 100B.5

1 'O it's nor to a man of micht,  
2 Nor to a man of mean;  
3 But it's to Willie Winchberrie,  
4 That came frae France and Spain.'

## 100B.6

1 The king he's turnd him round about,  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 'Gar bring to me your fals leman,  
4 Wha sall high hanged be.'

## 100B.7

1 Then Dysmill turnd her round about,  
2 The tear blinded her ee:  
3 'Gin ye begin to hang, father,  
4 Ye maun begin wi mee.'

## 100B.8

1 When Willie he cam to the king,  
2 His coat was o the silk;  
3 His hair was like the thread o gowd,  
4 His skin white as the milk.

## 100B.9

1 'Ne wonder, ne wonder,' quoth the king,  
2 'My dochter shoud like ye;  
3 Gin ye were a woman, as ye're a man,  
4 My bedfellow ye sould be.

## 100B.10

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.1

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,  
4 A hunting oer in Spain.

## 100C.2

1 'What aileth thee, my ae daughter,  
2 Thou lookst so pale and wan?  
3 Hast thou had any sore sickness,  
4 Or hast thou loved man?'

## 100C.3

1 'I have not had any sore sickness,  
2 To make me look sae wan;  
3 But it is for your own majestie,  
4 You staid sae lang in Spain.'

## 100C.4

1 'Cast aff, cast aff thy silken gown,  
2 And lay it on yon stane,  
3 And I'll tell to thee if with child you be,  
4 Or if ye be with nane.'

## 100C.5

1 She's casten aff her costly 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 'It is no to the rank robbers  
2 That you sent out o Spain;  
3 But it is to Thomas of Winsbury,  
4 For I dought na lie my lane.'

## 100C.8

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 na mair gude o me.'

## 100C.9

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  
4 man,  
4 But the hindmost man was he.

## 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 'O will you marry my daughter dear,  
2 By the faith of thy right hand?  
3 And thou shalt reign, when I am dead,  
4 The king over my whole land.'

## 100C.12

1 'I will marry your daughter dear,  
2 With my heart, yea and my hand;  
3 But it never shall be that Lord Winsbury  
4 Shall rule oer fair Scotland.'

## 100C.13

1 He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself on a dapple-grey,  
3 And made her a lady of as much land  
4 She could ride in a whole summer day.

## 100D.1

1 THERE was a lady fine and gay,  
2 She was so neat and trim;  
3 She went unto her own garden-wall,  
4 To see her own ships come in.

## 100D.2

1 And there she spied her daughter Jane,  
2 Who lookd so pale and wan:  
3 'What, have you had some long sickness,  
4 Or lain with some young man?'

## 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.

**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 my daughter Jane,  
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 daughter Jane,  
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 mery be,  
4 Since she has made such a happy choice.'

**100E.1**

1 ' . . . . .  
1 'OH daughter, oh daughter,' her father he said,  
2 'What makes you look so pale?  
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 down the stair,  
2 His shirt was of the silk;  
3 His two bonnie black een were rolling in his  
head,  
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 Scottish 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 I have been so long in Spain?'

**100F.4**

1 'I have had no sore sickness,  
2 Nor yet have I loved 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  
wan,  
4 And she was about half gone.

**100F.7**

1 'Is it to a man o micht?  
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 micht,  
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 trew 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  
gold,  
4 And his breast as white as milk.

**100F.11**

1 'No wonder, no wonder,' quo the king,  
2 'My dochter luvit thee;  
3 For if thou was a woman, as thou'rt a man,  
4 My bedfellow 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 daughter 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 'O 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 in 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 daughter 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 daughter 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 daughter 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 daughter Janet  
2 With thirty ploughs and three,  
3 And four and twenty bonny breast-mills,  
4 And a' on the water o Dec.'

**100H.1**

1 IT 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**

5 'Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, dear father,'  
she says,  
6 'Ye're welcome hame to your ain,  
7 For I hae been sick, and very, very sick,  
8 Thinking lang for your coming hame.

**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 'O is it to a man of micht,  
2 Or to a man of mean?  
3 Or is it to onie of thae rank robbers  
4 That I sent hame frae Spain?'

**100H.7**

1 'It is not to a man of micht,  
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.'

**100H.9**

1 When this bonnie boy was brought afore the  
king,  
2 His claithing was o the silk,  
3 His fine yellow hair hang dangling down,  
4 And his skin was like the milk.

**100H.10**

1 'Na wonder, na wonder, Lord Thomas,' he  
says,  
2 'My dochter fell in love wi thee,  
3 For if I war a woman, as I am a man,  
4 My bed-fellow ye shoud be.

**100H.11**

1 'Then will ye marry my dochter Janet,  
2 To be heir to a' my land?  
3 O will ye marry my dochter Janet,  
4 Wi the truth o your richt hand?'

**100H.12**

1 'I will marry your dochter Janet,  
2 Wi the truth o my richt hand;  
3 I'll hae nane o your gowd, nor yet o your gear,  
4 I've eneuch in fair Scotland.

**100H.13**

1 'But I will marry your dochter Janet,  
2 I care na for your land,  
3 For she's be a queen, and I a king,  
4 Whan we come to fair Scotland.'

**100L.1**

1 IT fell upon a time that the proud king of  
France  
2 Went a hunting for five months and more;  
3 His daughter fell in love with Lord Winsberry,  
4 Who from Scotland was newly come oer.

**100L.2**

1 'You're welcome, welcome, dear father,' she  
said,  
2 'You're welcome again to your own;  
3 For I have been sick, and very, very sick,  
4 Thinking long for your coming home.'

**100L.3**

1 'Put off, put off your gown of green,' he says,  
2 'And spread it on yonder green,  
3 And tell them from me that in mourning you  
are,  
4 Or that he have lain with a man.'

**100L.4**

1 She's put off her gown of green,  
2 And spread it on the strand;  
3 Her haunches were round, and her belly was  
big,  
4 From her face the colour is gone.

**100L.5**

1 'O is it to a man of might,' he says,  
2 'Or is it to a man that's mean?  
3 Or is it to one of those rank rebels,  
4 That lately from Scotland came?'

**100L.6**

1 'O it is to a man of might,' she says,  
2 'It is not to one that is mean;  
3 It is to Lord Thomas of Winsberry,  
4 And for him I must suffer pain.'

**100L.7**

1 The king called up his merry men all,  
2 By one, by two, and by three:  
3 'Go fetch me Lord Thomas of Winsberry,  
4 For tomorrow he shall die.'

**100L.8**

1 They sought him up, they sought him down,  
2 As fast as fast could be;  
3 There they found Lord Thomas of Winsberry,  
4 Sitting under an orange tree.

**100L.9**

1 'Get up, get up, Lord Thomas,' they said,  
2 'Get up, and bound your way;  
3 For the king has sworn by his honoured crown  
4 That tomorrow is thy dying-day.'

**100L.10**

1 'O what have I robbd, or what have I stolen,  
2 Or what have I killed or slain,  
3 That I should be afraid to speak to your king?  
4 For I have done him no wrong.'

**100L.11**

1 Lord Thomas came tripping up the stair,  
2 His cloathing was of the silk;  
3 His fine yellow hair hung dangling down,  
4 His skin was white as the milk.

**100L.12**

1 And when he came before the king  
2 He kneeled down on his knee;  
3 Says, What is your will with me, my liege,  
4 What is your will with me?

**100L.13**

1 'I think no wonder, Lord Thomas,' he says,  
2 'That thy daughter fell in love with thee;  
3 If thou wert a woman, as thou art a man,  
4 My bed-fellow thou wouldst be.

**100L.14**

1 'Will ye marry my daughter Jean,  
2 By the faith of thy right hand?  
3 Thou'se have part of my gold, part of my gear,  
4 And a third part of my land.'

**100L.15**

1 'Yes, I will marry thy daughter Jean,  
2 By the faith of my right hand;  
3 I'll have none of your gold, none of your gear;  
4 I have enough in fair Scotland.'

**100L.16**

1 He has mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself on a dapple-grey;  
3 He's got as much land in fair Scotland  
4 As they can ride in a summer's day.

**101A.1**

1 O WILLY was as brave a lord  
2 As ever saild the sea,  
3 And he has gane to the English court,  
4 To serve for meat and fee.

**101A.2**

1 He had nae been at the kingis court  
2 A twelvemonth and a day,  
3 Till he longd for a sight o the king's daughter,  
4 But ane he could never see.

**101A.3**

1 O it fell ance upon a day  
2 To the green wood she has gane,  
3 An Willy he has followd her,  
4 With the clear light o the moon.

**101A.4**

1 He looted him low, by her did go,  
2 Wi his hat intill his hand:  
3 'O what's your will wi me, Sir Knight?  
4 I pray keep your hat on.'

**101A.5**

1 'O I am not a knight, Madam,  
2 Nor never thinks to be;  
3 For I am Willy o Douglassdale,  
4 An I serve for meat and fee.'

**101A.6**

1 'O I'll gang to my bowr,' she says,  
2 'An sigh baith even an morn  
3 That ever I saw your face, Willy,  
4 Or that ever ye was born.

**101A.7**

1 'O I'll gang to my bowr,' she says,  
2 'An I'll pray baith night an day,  
3 To keep me frae your tempting looks,  
4 An frae your great beauty.'

**101A.8**

1 O in a little after that  
2 He keepit Dame Oliphant's bowr,  
3 As the love that passd between this twa,  
4 It was like paramour.

**101A.9**

1 'O narrow, narrow's my gown, Willy,  
2 That wont to be sae wide;  
3 An short, short is my coats, Willy,  
4 That wont to be sae side;  
5 An gane is a' my fair colour,  
6 An low laid is my pride.

**101A.10**

1 'But an my father get word of this,  
2 He'll never drink again;  
3 An gin my mother get word of this,  
4 In her ain bowr she'll go brain;  
5 An gin my bold brothers get word this,  
6 I fear, Willy, you'll be slain.'

**101A.11**

1 'O will you leave your father's court,  
2 An go along wi me?  
3 I'll carry you unto fair Scotland,  
4 And mak you a lady free.'

**101A.12**

1 She pat her han in her pocket  
2 An gae him five hunder poun:  
3 'An take you that now, Squire Willy,  
4 Till awa that we do won.'

**101A.13**

1 Whan day was gane, and night was come,  
2 She lap the castle-wa;  
3 But Willy kept his gay lady,  
4 He was laith to let her fa.

**101A.14**

1 Whan night was gane, an day come in,  
2 An lions gaed to their dens,  
3 An ay the lady followd him,  
4 An the tears came hailing down.

**101A.15**

1 'O want ye ribbons to your hair?  
2 Or roses to your shoone?  
3 Or want ye as meickle dear bought love  
4 As your ain heart can contain?'

**101A.16**

1 'I want nae ribbons to my hair,  
2 Nor roses till my shoone;  
3 An Ohone, alas, for dear bought love!  
4 I have mair nor I can contain.'

**101A.17**

1 O he's pu'd the oak in good green wood,  
2 An he's made to her a fire;  
3 He coverd it oer wi withred leaves,  
4 An gard it burn thro ire.

**101A.18**

1 He made a bed i the good green wood,  
2 An he's laid his lady down,  
3 An he's coverd her oer wi fig-tree leaves,  
4 But an his ain night-gown.

**101A.19**

1 'O had I a bunch o yon red roddins,  
2 That grows in yonder wood,  
3 But an a drink o water clear,  
4 I think it woud do me good.'

**101A.20**

1 He's pu'd her a bunch o yon red roddins,  
2 That grew beside yon thorn,  
3 But an a drink o water clear,  
4 Intill his hunting-horn.

**101A.21**

1 He's bent his bow, and shot the deer,  
2 An thro the green wood gane,  
3 An ere that he came back again  
4 His lady took travailing.

**101A.22**

1 'O up ye tak that horn,' she says,  
2 'An ye blaw a blast for me;  
3 Gin my father be in good green wood,  
4 Sae seen's he'll come me ti.'

**101A.23**

1 'O gin there be a man on earth  
2 That ye loo better nor me,  
3 Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,  
4 'For it's never be blawn by me.'

**101A.24**

1 O he's bent his bow, an shot the deer,  
2 An thro the green wood has he gane,  
3 An lang or he came back again  
4 His lady bare him a son.

**101A.25**

1 O up has he tane his bonny young son,  
2 An washn him wi the milk,  
3 An up has he tane his gay lady,  
4 An rowd her i the silk.

**101A.26**

1 He's bent his bow, and shot the deer,  
2 An thro the green wood has he gane,  
3 Till he met wi a well-fard may,  
4 Her father's flock feeding.

**101A.27**

1 'Ye leave your father's flock feeding,  
2 An go along wi me;  
3 I'll carry you to a lady fair,  
4 Will gi you both meat and fee.'

**101A.28**

1 O whan she came the lady before,  
2 She's fa'n down on her knee:  
3 'O what's your will wi me, my dame?  
4 An a dame you seem to be.'

**101A.29**

1 'O I'm Dame Oliphant, the king's daughter,  
2 Nae doubt but ye've heard o me;  
3 Will you leave your father's flock feeding,  
4 An go to Scotlan wi me?

**101A.30**

1 'An ye sal get a nouriship  
2 Intill an earldome,  
3 An I will gar provide for the  
4 To marry some brave Scotsman.'

**101A.31**

1 The may she keepit the bonny boy,  
2 An Willy led his lady,  
3 Untill they took their fair shippin,  
4 Then quickly hame came they.

**101A.32**

1 The win was fair, an the sea was clear,  
2 An they a' wan safe to lan;  
3 He's haild her lady o Douglassdale,  
4 Himsel the lord within.

**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 And his mother of low degree.

**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 A woman of great beauty.

**101B.3**

1 He hadna been in fair England  
2 A month but barely ane,  
3 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant  
4 Gied him a gay gold ring.

**101B.4**

1 He hadna been in fair England  
2 A month but barely four,  
3 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant  
4 Gied him a red rose flower,  
5 Well set about with white lilies,  
6 Like to the paramour.

**101B.5**

1 It fell ance upon a day  
2 Dame Oliphant thought lang,  
3 And she gaed on to good green wood,  
4 As fast as she could gang.

**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 she came thro the wood.

**101B.7**

1 He's taen his bow his arm oer,  
2 His sword into his hand,  
3 And he is on to good green wood,  
4 As fast as he could gang.

**101B.8**

1 And there he found Dame Oliphant,  
2 Was lying sound asleep,  
3 And aye the sounder she did sleep  
4 The nearer he did creep.

**101B.9**

1 But when she wakend from her sleep  
2 An angry maid was she,  
3 Crying, Had far away frae me, young man,  
4 Had far away frae me!  
5 For I fear ye are the Scottish knight  
6 That beguiles young ladies free.

**101B.10**

1 'I am not the Scottish knight,  
2 Nor ever thinks to be;  
3 I am but Willie o Douglass Dale,  
4 That serves for meat an fee.'

**101B.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 You and your merry winking ee.'

**101B.12**

1 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,  
2 And the lions took the hill,  
3 And Willie he gaed hame again,  
4 To his hard task and till;  
5 And likewise did Dame Oliphant,  
6 To her book and her seam.

**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 'O are ye asleep now, Squire Willie?  
2 O are you asleep?' said she;  
3 O waken, waken, Squire Willie,  
4 O waken, and speak to me.

**101B.15**

1 'For the gowns that were oer wide, Willie,  
2 They winna meet on me,  
3 And the coats that were oer side, Willie,  
4 They winna come to my knee;  
5 And if the knights of my father's court get  
6 I'm sure they'll gar you die.'

**101B.16**

1 But she's taen a web of the scarlet,  
2 And she tare it fine an sma,  
3 And even into Willie's arms  
4 She leapt the castle-wa;  
5 And Willie was wight and well able,  
6 And he kept her frae a fa.

**101B.17**

1 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,  
2 And the lions took the hill,  
3 And Willie's ladie followed him,  
4 And the tears did twinkle still.

**101B.18**

1 'O want ye ribbons to your hair?  
2 Or roses to your sheen?  
3 Or want ye chains about your neck?  
4 Ye'se get mair ere that be deen.'

**101B.19**

1 'I want not ribbons to my hair,  
2 Nor roses to my sheen,  
3 And there's mair chains about my neck  
4 Nor ever I'll see deen;  
5 But I have as much dear bought love  
6 As my heart can contain.'

**101B.20**

1 'Will ye go to the cards or dice?  
2 Or to the table ee?  
3 Or to a bed, so well down spread,  
4 And sleep till it be day?'

**101B.21**

1 I've mair need of the roddins, Willie,  
2 That grow on yonder thorn;  
3 Likewise a drink o Marywell water,  
4 Out of your grass-green horn.

**101B.22**

1 'I've mair need of a fire, Willie,  
2 To had me frae the cauld;  
3 Likewise a glass of your red wine,  
4 Ere I bring my son to the fauld.'

**101B.23**

1 He's got a bush o roddins till her,  
2 That grows on yonder thorn;  
3 Likewise a drink o Marywell water,  
4 Out of his grass-green horn.

**101B.24**

1 He carried the match in his pocket  
2 That kindled to her the fire,  
3 Well set about wi oaken spells,  
4 That leamd oer Lincolnshire.

**101B.25**

1 And he has bought to his lady  
2 The white bread and the wine;  
3 And the milk he milked from the goats,  
4 He fed his young son on.

**101B.26**

1 Till it fell ance upon a day  
2 Dame Oliphant thought lang:  
3 'O gin ye hae a being, Willie,  
4 I pray ye hae me hame.'

**101B.27**

1 He's taen his young son in his arms,  
2 His lady by the hand,  
3 And they're down thro good green wood,  
4 As fast as they could gang.

**101B.28**

1 Till they came to a shepherd-may,  
2 Was feeding her flocks alone;  
3 Said, Will ye gae along wi me,  
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 brow Scotsman.

**101B.30**

1 When they came on to Willie's bower-yates,  
2 And far beyond the sea,  
3 She was haild the lady o Douglass Dale,  
4 And Willie an earl to be:  
5 Likewise the maid they brought awa,  
6 She got a brow Scotsman.

**101C.1**

1 SWEET Sir William of Douglas Dale,  
2 A knight's ae son was he;  
3 He dreamd of dear Dame Oliphant,  
4 Lang ere he did her see.

**101C.2**

1 He dreamd 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 towel 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 ore the castle-wa.

**101C.6**

1 She rowed hersell in a robe o silk,  
2 To loup the castle-wa;  
3 He 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 as much of feel daft love  
4 As your heart can contain?'

**101C.9**

1 'I want nor ribbons to my hair,  
2 Nor roses to my sheen;  
3 I've got as much o dear bought love  
4 As my heart can contain.'

**101C.10**

1 He carried a flint in his pocket,  
2 And he strack to her a fire,  
3 And he buskit it roun wi the leaves o oak,  
4 And gart it burn wi ire.

**101C.11**

1 He's taen his big coat him about,  
2 And his gun into his hand,  
3 And he has gone to good green wood,  
4 To kill some venison.

**101C.12**

1 He's taen his big coat him about,  
2 And his gun into his han,  
3 But lang ere he came back again  
4 She bare his dear young son.

**101C.13**

1 He rowed her in his muckle coat,  
2 But in his good night-gown,  
3 And he fed her wi the good goat-milk,  
4 Till she was well able to gang.

**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 Douglas Dale,
- 4 Wi my yong son and me.

**101C.17**

- 1 She's taen his young son in her arm,
- 2 And kissed baith cheek and chin;
- 3 Says, I will go to Douglas 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 Douglas Dale,
- 4 As fast as they can gang.

**101C.19**

- 1 And when they came to Douglas Dale
- 2 A happy man was he,
- 3 For his lady, and his young son,
- 4 And his nurse, a' three.

**101[D.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 digree,
- 5 An he is on to our English court,
- 6 To serve for meatt an fee.

**101[D.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 [Ele>fon,
- 4 An a great buity was she.

**101[D.3]**

- 1 He hadno ben in our king's court
- 2 A tuall-month an a houre,
- 3 Till he dreamed a lady of buty bright
- 4 Gave him a rosey flour.

**101[D.4]**

- 1 The lady touk her mantell her about,
- 2 Her gooun-teall in her hand,
- 3 An she is on to gued grean woud,
- 4 As fast as she could gang.

**101[D.5]**

- 1 .....
- 2 .....
- 3 An ther she spayed a gellant knight,
- 4 Kamen his yallow hear.

**101[D.6]**

- 1 'What is yer name, sir knight?
- 2 For a knight I am sure ye be;'
- 3 'I am called Willie of Duglass Dall,
- 4 Did ye never hear of me?'
- 5 'If ye be Willie of Duglass Daill,
- 6 I afft have heard of thee.'

**101[D.7]**

- 1 'What is yer name, ye lovely dame?
- 2 For a lady I trou ye be;'
- 3 'I am called Mary, Dem Elefond,
- 4 Did ye never hear of me?'

**101[D.8]**

- 1 'In ye be Mary, Dem Elefon,
- 2 As I trust well ye be,
- 3 .....
- 4 My heart ye haa ye we.'

**101[D.9]**

- 1 The lady was fair an rear,
- 2 The knight's heart had she;
- 3 The knight was tall an straght withall,
- 4 The lady's hart had he.

**101[D.10]**

- 1 It fell ance upon a day
- 2 Dem Elofen thought lang,
- 3 An she is on to Willie's bour,
- 4 As fast as she could gang.

**101[D.11]**

- 1 'Narrou is my pettecot, Willie,
- 2 It ance was saa wide,
- 3 An narrou is my stays, Willie,
- 4 Att ance wer saa wide,
- 5 An pail is my chikes, Willie,
- 6 An laigh, laigh is my pride.

**101[D.12]**

- 1 '.....
- 2 .....
- 3 An the knights of my father's court gat word of this,
- 4 I fear they wad gare ye diee.'

**101[D.13]**

- 1 He touke .....
- 2 The lady by the hand,
- 3 An they are one to gued green woud,
- 4 As fast as they could gang.

**101[D.14]**

- 1 It fell ance upon a day
- 2 Strong travileng came her tell,
- 3 .....
- 4 .....

**101[D.15]**

- 1 'Ye take your boue on yer shoulder,
- 2 Yer arrous in yer hand,
- 3 An ye gaa farr throu green woud,
- 4 An shout some veneson.

**101[D.16]**

- 1 'Fan ye hear me loud cray,
- 2 Bide far awaa fra me,
- 3 Bat fan ye hear me laying still
- 4 Ye may come back an see.'

**101[D.17]**

- 1 Fan he hard her loud cray,
- 2 He bad far awaa,
- 3 Bat fan he heard her laying still
- 4 He did come an see,
- 5 An he got her
- 6 An her young son her wee.

**101[D.18]**

- 1 He milked the goats,
- 2 An feed his young son wee,
- 3 And he made a fire of the oken speals,
- 4 An warmed his lady wee.

**101[D.19]**

- 1 It fell ance upon a day
- 2 The lady though<] lang;
- 3 'An ye haa any place in fair Scotland, Willie,
- 4 I wiss ye wad haa me hame.'

**101[D.20]**

- 1 '.....
- 2 I ha lands an reants saa friee,
- 3 The bonny lands of Duglass Daill,
- 4 They a' lay bread an friee.'

**101[D.21]**

- 1 He's taen the knight-bairn in his arms,
- 2 His lady by the hand,
- 3 An he is out throu gued green woud,
- 4 As fast as they could gang.

**101[D.22]**

- 1 .....
- 2 .....
- 3 Till they came to a maid kepping her goats,
- 4 .....

**101[D.23]**

- 1 'Hallë, ye maid,
- 2 For a maid ye seem to be;
- 3 Will ye live your goats kepping
- 4 An goo we me?'

**101[D.24]**

- 1 'I cannot live my father, I canno live my midder,
- 2 Nor yet my brethren three;
- 3 I cannot live my goats kepping,
- 4 An goo along we the.

**101[D.25]**

- 1 'Fatt is your name, ye lovely dame?
- 2 For a lady I am shour ye be;'
- 3 'I am called Mary, Dem Elifond,
- 4 Did ye nver hear of me?'

**101[D.26]**

- 1 'If ye be Mary, Dem Elifond,
- 2 As I trust weel ye be,
- 3 I will live my goats kepping
- 4 An goo along we the.

**101[D.27]**

- 1 'For I will live my father, an I ill live my mother,
- 2 An my brothers three,
- 3 An I will live my goats,
- 4 An go along we thee.'

**101[D.28]**

- 1 The maid touke the knight-bairn in her ar<m>s,
- 2 An his lady took he,
- 3 An they are to gued ship-bour,
- 4 And took God to be ther foresteed, an didne fear to drown.

**101[D.29]**

- 1 An they landed att Duglas Dalle,
- 2 Far the lands was briad an frie,
- 3 An the knight-bairn was Black Sir James of Duglas Dall,
- 4 An a gallant knight was hee.

**102A.1**

- 1 O WILLIE'S large o limb and lith,
- 2 And come o high degree,
- 3 And he is gane to Earl Richard,
- 4 To serve for meat and fee.

**102A.2**

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

**102A.3**

- 1 It fell upon a simmer's nicht,
- 2 Whan the leaves were fair and green,
- 3 That Willie met his gay ladie
- 4 Intil the wood alane.

**102A.4**

- 1 'O narrow is my gown, Willie,
- 2 That wont to be sae wide;
- 3 And gane is a' my fair colour,
- 4 That wont to be my pride.

**102A.5**

- 1 'But gin my father should get word
- 2 What's past between us twa,
- 3 Before that he should eat or drink,
- 4 He'd hang you oer that wa.

**102A.6**

- 1 'But ye'll come to my bower, Willie,
- 2 Just as the sun gaes down,
- 3 And kep me in your arms twa,
- 4 And latna me fa down.'

**102A.7**

- 1 O whan the sun was now gane down,
- 2 He's doen him till her bower,
- 3 And there, by the lee licht o the moon,
- 4 Her window she lookit oer.

**102A.8**

- 1 Intill a robe o red scarlet
- 2 She lap, fearless o harm;
- 3 And Willie was large o lith and limb,
- 4 And keepit her in his arm.

**102A.9**

- 1 And they've gane to the gude green wood,
- 2 And, ere the night was deen,
- 3 She's born to him a bonny young son,
- 4 Amang the leaves sae green.

**102A.10**

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

**102A.11**

- 1 He's ca'd upon his merry young men,
- 2 By ane, by twa, and by three:
- 3 'O what's come o my daughter dear,
- 4 That she's nae come to me?'

**102A.12**

- 1 'I dreamt a dreary dream last night,
- 2 God grant it come to gude!
- 3 I dreamt I saw my daughter dear
- 4 Drown in the saut sea flood.

**102A.13**

- 1 'But gin my daughter be dead or sick,
- 2 Or yet be stown awa,
- 3 I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,
- 4 I'll hang ye ane and a'!

**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 Says, Though I would your father hang,  
4 Your mother's dear to me.

**102A.16**

1 He kist him oer and oer again:  
2 'My grandson I thee claim,  
3 And Robin Hood in gude green wood,  
4 And that shall be your name.'

**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 whare 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 gude Robin Hood  
4 Kens little whar 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 winter's shower.

**102B.3**

1 His father was the earl's own steward,  
2 Sprung frae sma pedigree;  
3 His mother, Earl Huntingdon's ae daughter,  
4 For he had nane else but she.

**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 And thus she made her moan:

**102B.5**

1 'What shall I say, my love Archibald,  
2 This day for you and me?  
3 I will be laid in cauld irons,  
4 And ye'll be hanged on tree.'

**102B.6**

1 'What aileth my love Clementina?  
2 What gars you mourn sae sair?'  
3 'You know,' said she, 'I'm with child to thee,  
4 These eight lang months and mair.'

**102B.7**

1 'Will ye gae to my mother's bower,  
2 Stands on yon stately green?  
3 Or will ye gae to the gude greenwood,  
4 Where ye will not be seen?'

**102B.8**

1 'I winna gang to your mother's bower,  
2 Stands on yon stately green;  
3 But I will on to gude greenwood,  
4 For I will not be seen.'

**102B.9**

1 He's girt his sword down by his side,  
2 Took his lady by the hand,  
3 And they are on thro gude greenwood,  
4 As fast as they could gang.

**102B.10**

1 With slowly steps these couple walkd,  
2 About miles scarcely three.  
3 When 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 And likewise for a gude midwife,  
4 To ease me of my pain!'

**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 That's nae the fashion o our land,  
4 And it's nae be used by me.

**102B.14**

1 'Ye'll take your small-sword 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 you by,  
4 Then straight to me ye'll come.'

**102B.16**

1 He's girt his sword then by his side,  
2 His buckler and his bow,  
3 And he is on thro gude greenwood,  
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 Until the white hind passd him by,  
4 Then to his love he came.

**102B.18**

1 He girt his sword then by his side,  
2 Fast thro greenwood went he,  
3 And there he found his love lie dead,  
4 Beneath the green oak tree.

**102B.19**

1 The sweet young babe that she had born  
2 Right lively seemed to be;  
3 'Ohon, alas!' said young Archibald,  
4 'A mournful scene to me!'

**102B.20**

1 'Altho my sweet babe is alive,  
2 This does increase my woe;  
3 How to nourish a motherless babe  
4 Is mair than 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 And mony a man him wi.

**102B.22**

1 Then Archibald fled from the earl's face,  
2 Among the leaves sae green,  
3 That he might hear what might be said,  
4 And see, and nae 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 Her living child her wi.

**102B.24**

1 Then he's taen up the little boy,  
2 Rowed him in his gown-sleeve;  
3 Said, Tho your father's to my loss,  
4 Your mother's to me leave.

**102B.25**

1 And if ye live until I die,  
2 My bowers and lands ye'se heir;  
3 You are my only daughter's child;  
4 But her I never had mair.

**102B.26**

1 Ye'se hae all kinds of nourishment,  
2 And likewise nurses three;  
3 If I knew where the fause knave were,  
4 High hanged should he be.

**102B.27**

1 His daughter he buried in gude church-yard,  
2 All in a mournful mood,  
3 And brought the boy to church that day,  
4 And christend him Robin Hood.

**102B.28**

1 This boy was bred in the earl's ha  
2 Till he became a man,  
3 But loved to hunt in gude greenwood,  
4 To raise his noble fame.

**102C.1**

1 MONY ane speaks o grass, o grass,  
2 And mony mare o corn,  
3 And mony ane sings o Robin Heed  
4 Kens little whare he was born.

**102C.2**

1 He was born in good green wood,  
2 At the fut o yon olive tree;  
3 His father was a knight's ae son,  
4 And his mother a lady free.

**103A.1**

1 O ROSE the Red and White Lilly,  
2 Their mother dear was dead,  
3 And their father married an ill woman,  
4 Wishd them twa little guede.

**103A.2**

1 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
2 As eer brake manis bread,  
3 And the tane of them loed her White Lilly,  
4 An the tither lood Rose the Red.

**103A.3**

1 O biggit ha they a bigly bowr,  
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 out is spake their step-mother,  
2 Wha stood a little foreby:  
3 I hope to live and play the prank  
4 Sal gar your loud sang ly.

**103A.5**

1 She's calld 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 fear you 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 had your tongue, my eldest son,  
2 For sma sal be her part;  
3 You'll nae get a kiss o her comely mouth  
4 Gin your very fair heart should break.'

**103A.8**

1 She's calld 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 be never war to White Lilly  
4 Than ye ha been to me.'

**103A.10**

1 'O haud your tongue, my youngest son,  
2 For sma sal be her part;  
3 You'll neer get a kiss o her comely mouth  
4 Tho your very fair heart should break.'

**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 tane up the still mounin;  
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 yellow hair,  
4 A little aboon there bree;  
5 An they've doen them to haely chapel,  
6 Was christened by Our Lady.

**103A.14**

1 There ha they chang'd their ain twa names,  
2 Sae far frae ony town,  
3 An the tane o them hight Sweet Willy,  
4 An the tither o them Roge the Roun.

**103A.15**

1 Between this twa a vow was made,  
2 An they sware it to fulfil;  
3 That at three blasts o a bugle-horn,  
4 She'd come her sister till.

**103A.16**

1 Now Sweet Willy's gane to the kingis court,  
2 Her true-love for to see,  
3 An Roge the Roun to good green wood,  
4 Brown Robin's man to be.

**103A.17**

1 As it fell out upon a day  
2 They a' did put the stane,  
3 Full seven foot ayont them a'  
4 She gard the puttin-stane gang.

**103A.18**

1 She leand her back against an oak,  
2 And gae a loud Ohone!  
3 Then out it spake him Brown Robin,  
4 But that's a woman's moan!

**103A.19**

1 'O ken ye by my red rose lip?  
2 Or by my yallow hair?  
3 Nor ken ye by my milk-white breast?  
4 For ye never saw it bare?'

**103A.20**

5 'I ken no by your red rose lip,  
6 Nor by your yallow hair;  
7 Nor ken I by your milk-white breast,  
8 For I never saw it bare;  
9 But come to your bowr whaever sae likes,  
10 Will find a lady there.'

**103A.21**

1 'O gin ye come to my bowr within,  
2 Thro fraud, deceit, or guile,  
3 Wi this same bran that's in my han,  
4 I swear I will the kill.'

**103A.22**

1 'But I will come thy bowr within,  
2 An spear nae leave,' quoth he;  
3 'An this same bran that's i my han  
4 I sall ware back on the.'

**103A.23**

1 About the tenth hour of the night  
2 The ladie's bower-door was broken,  
3 An eer the first hour of the day  
4 The bonny knave-bairn was gotten.

**103A.24**

1 When days were gane, and months were run,  
2 The lady took travailing,  
3 And sair she cry'd for a bowr-woman,  
4 For to wait her upon.

**103A.25**

1 Then out it spake him Brown Robin:  
2 Now what needs a' this din?  
3 For what could any woman do  
4 But I could do the same?'

**103A.26**

1 "'Twas never my mither's fashion,' she says,  
2 'Nor sall it ever be mine,  
3 That belted knights shoud eer remain  
4 Where ladies dreed their pine.'

**103A.27**

1 'But ye take up that bugle-horn,  
2 An blaw a blast for me;  
3 I ha a brother in the kingis court  
4 Will come me quickly ti.'

**103A.28**

1 'O gin ye ha a brither on earth  
2 That ye love better nor me,  
3 Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,  
4 'For ae blast I winna gie.'

**103A.29**

1 She's set the horn till her mouth,  
2 And she's blawn three blasts sae shrill;  
3 Sweet Willy heard i the kingis court,  
4 And came her quickly till.

**103A.30**

1 Then up it started Brown Robin,  
2 An an angry man was he:  
3 'There comes nae man this bowr within  
4 But first must fight wi me.'

**103A.31**

1 O they hae fought that bowr within  
2 Till the sun was gaing down,  
3 Till drops o blude frae Rose the Red  
4 Came hailing to the groun.

**103A.32**

1 She leand her back against the wa,  
2 Says, Robin, let a' be;  
3 For it is a lady born and bred  
4 That's foughten sae well wi thee.

**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 wi 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 kingis court,  
2 An to the king himsel;  
3 'Now, by my fay,' the king could say,  
4 'The like was never heard tell!'

**103A.37**

1 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
2 An a hearty laugh laugh he:  
3 I trow some may has playd the loun,  
4 And fled her ain country.

**103A.38**

1 'Bring me my steed,' then cry'd the king,  
2 'My bow and arrows keen;  
3 I'll ride mysel to good green wood,  
4 An see what's to be seen.'

**103A.39**

1 'An't please your grace,' said Bold Arthur,  
2 'My liege, I'll gang you wi,  
3 An try to fin a little foot-page,  
4 That's strayd awa frae me.'

**103A.40**

1 O they've hunted i the good green wood  
2 The buck but an the aae,  
3 An they drew near Brown Robin's bowr,  
4 About the close of day.

**103A.41**

1 Then out it spake the king in hast,  
2 Says, Arthur, look an see  
3 Gin that be no your little foot-page  
4 That leans against yon tree.

**103A.42**

5 Then Arthur took his bugle-horn,  
6 An blew a blast sae shrill;  
7 Sweet Willy started at the sound,  
8 An ran him quickly till.

**103A.43**

1 'O wanted ye your meat, Willy?  
2 Or wanted ye your fee?  
3 Or gat ye ever an angry word,  
4 That ye ran awa frae me?'

**103A.44**

1 'I wanted nought, my master dear;  
2 To me ye ay was good;  
3 I came but to see my ae brother,  
4 That wons in this green wood.'

**103A.45**

1 Then out it spake the king again,  
2 Says, Bonny boy, tell to me  
3 Wha lives into yon bigly bowr,  
4 Stands by yon green oak tree?'

**103A.46**

1 'O pardon me,' says Sweet Willy,  
2 'My liege, I dare no tell;  
3 An I pray you go no near that bowr,  
4 For fear they do you fell.'

**103A.47**

1 'O haud your tongue, my bonny boy,  
2 For I winna be said nay;  
3 But I will gang that bowr within,  
4 Betide me weel or wae.'

**103A.48**

1 They've lighted off their milk-white steeds,  
2 An saftly enterd in,  
3 An there they saw her White Lilly,  
4 Nursing her bonny yong son.

**103A.49**

1 'Now, by the rood,' the king could say,  
2 'This is a comely sight;  
3 I trow, instead of a forrester's man,  
4 This is a lady bright!'

**103A.50**

1 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,  
2 An fell low down on her knee:  
3 O pardon us, my gracious liege,  
4 An our story I'll tell thee.

**103A.51**

1 Our father was a wealthy lord,  
2 That wond in Barnsdale;  
3 But we had a wicked step-mother,  
4 That wrought us meickle bale.

**103A.52**

1 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
2 As ever the sun did see,  
3 An the tane o them lood my sister dear,  
4 An the tither sayd he lood me.

**103A.53**

1 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
2 As by the king he stood:  
3 Now, by the faith o my body,  
4 This shoud be Rose the Red!

**103A.54**

1 Then in it came him Brown Robin,  
2 Frae hunting o the deer,  
3 But whan he saw the king was there,  
4 He started back for fear.

**103A.55**

1 The king has taen him by the hand,  
2 An bade him naithing dread;  
3 Says, Ye maun leave the good green wood,  
4 Come to the court wi speed.

**103A.56**

1 Then up he took White Lilly's son,  
2 An set him on his knee;  
3 Says, Gin ye live to wiald a bran,  
4 My bowman ye sall bee.

**103A.57**

1 The king he sent for robes of green,  
2 An girdles o shinning gold;  
3 He gart the ladies be arrayd  
4 Most comely to behold.

**103A.58**

1 They've done them unto Mary Kirk,  
2 An there gat fair wedding,  
3 An fan the news spread oer the lan,  
4 For joy the bells did ring.

**103A.59**

1 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,  
2 An a hearty laugh laugh she:  
3 I wonder what would our step-dame say,  
4 Gin she this sight did see!

**103B.1**

1 NOW word is gane thro a' the land,  
2 Gude seal that it sae spread!  
3 To Rose the Red and White Lillie,  
4 Their mither dear was dead.

**103B.2**

1 Their father's married a bauld woman,  
2 And brought her ower the sea,  
3 Twa sprightly youths, her ain young sons,  
4 Intill her companie.

**103B.3**

1 They fixd their eyes on those ladies,  
2 On shipboard as they stood,  
3 And sware, if ever they wan to land,  
4 These ladies they woud wed.

**103B.4**

1 But there was nae a quarter past,  
2 A quarter past but three,  
3 Till these young luvvers a' were fond  
4 O other's companie.

**103B.5**

1 The knights they harped i their bower,  
2 The ladies sewd and sang;  
3 There was mair mirth in that chamer  
4 Than a' their father's lan.

**103B.6**

1 Then out it spak their step-mither,  
2 At the stair-foot stood she:  
3 I'm plagued wi your troublesome noise!  
4 What makes your melodie?'

**103B.7**

1 O Rose the Red, ye sing too loud,  
2 White Lillie, your voice is strang;  
3 But gin I live and brook my life,  
4 I'se gar you change your sang.

**103B.8**

1 'We maunna change our loud, loud song  
2 For nae duke's son ye'll bear;  
3 We winna chnage 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 calld 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 forbid,' said her eldest son,  
2 'Nor lat it ever be,  
3 Unless ye were as kind to our luvies  
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 forc'd these lads away,  
3 While Rose the Red and White Lillie  
4 Still in their bowers 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 claithing grew thin.

**103B.16**

1 Wi bitter usage every day,  
2 The ladies they thought lang;  
3 'Ohon, alas!' said Rose the Red,  
4 'She's gard us change our sang.

**103B.17**

1 'But we will change our own fu names,  
2 And we'll gang frae 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 claithing  
2 A little aboon our knee,  
3 And we will on to gude greenwood,  
4 Twa bauld bowmen to be.'

**103B.19**

1 'Ohon, alas!' said White Lillie,  
2 'My fingers are but sma,  
3 And tho my hands woud wield the bow,  
4 They winna yield at a.'

**103B.20**

1 'O had your tongue now, White Lillie,  
2 And lat these fears a' be;  
3 There's naething that ye're awkward in  
4 But I will learn thee.'

**103B.21**

1 Then they are on to gude greenwood,  
2 As fast as gang coud they;  
3 O then they spied him Robin Hood,  
4 Below a green aik tree.

**103B.22**

1 'Gude day, gude day, kind sir,' they said,  
2 'God make you safe and free.'  
3 'Gude day, gude day,' said Robin Hood,  
4 'What is your wills wi me?'

**103B.23**

1 'Lo here we are, twa banishd knights,  
2 Come frae our native hame;  
3 We're come to crave o thee service,  
4 Our king will gie us nane.'

**103B.24**

1 'If ye be twa young banishd knights,  
2 Tell me frae what countrie:'  
3 'Frae Anster town into Fifeshire;  
4 Ye know it as well as we.'

**103B.25**

1 'If a' be true that ye hae said,  
2 And tauld just now to me,  
3 Ye're welcome, welcome, every one;  
4 Your master I will be.

**103B.26**

1 'Now ye shall eat as I do eat,  
2 And lye as I do lye;  
3 Ye salna wear nae waur claithing  
4 Nor my young men and I.'

**103B.27**

1 Then they went to a ruinous house,  
2 And there they enterd in,  
3 And Nicholas fed wi Robin Hood,  
4 And Roger wi Little John.

**103B.28**

1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 They were at the putting-stane,  
3 Whan Rose the Red she viewd them a',  
4 As they stood on the green.

**103B.29**

1 She hit the stane then wi her foot,  
2 And kept it wi her knee,  
3 And spaces three aboon them a'  
4 I wyte she gard it flee.

**103B.30**

1 She sat her back then to a tree,  
2 And gae a loud Ohon!  
3 A lad spak in the companie,  
4 I hear a woman's moan.

**103B.31**

1 'How know you that, young man?' she said,  
2 'How know you that o me?'  
3 Did eer ye see me in that place  
4 Ae foot my ground to flee?

**103B.32**

1 'Or know ye by my cherry cheeks?  
2 Or by my yellow hair?  
3 Or by the paps on my breast-bane?  
4 Ye never saw them bare.'

**103B.33**

1 'I know not by your cherry cheeks,  
2 Nor by your yellow hair;  
3 But I know by your milk-white chin,  
4 On it there grows nae hair.

**103B.34**

1 'I never saw you in that cause  
2 Ae foot your ground to flee;  
3 I've seen you stan wi sword in han  
4 Mang men's blood to the knee.

**103B.35**

1 'But if I come your bower within,  
2 By night, or yet by day,  
3 I shall know before I go  
4 If ye be man or may.'

**103B.36**

1 'O if you come my bower within,  
2 By night, or yet by day,  
3 As soon's I draw my trusty brand,  
4 Nae lang ye'll wi me stay.'

**103B.37**

1 But he is haunted to her bower,  
2 Her bigly bower o stane,  
3 Till he has got her big wi bairn,  
4 And near sax months she's gane.

**103B.38**

1 Whan three mair months were come and gane,  
2 They gaed to hunt the hynde;  
3 She wont to be the foremost ane,  
4 But now stayd far behynd.

**103B.39**

1 Her luvver looks her in the face,  
2 And thus to her said he;  
3 I think your cheeks are pale and wan;  
4 Pray, what gaes warst wi thee?

**103B.40**

1 O want ye roses to your breast?  
2 Or ribbons to your sheen?  
3 Or want ye as muckle o dear bought luve  
4 As your heart can conteen?

**103B.41**

1 'I want nae roses to my breast,  
2 Nae ribbons to my sheen;  
3 Nor want I as muckle dear bought luve  
4 As my heart can conteen.

**103B.42**

1 'I'd rather hae a fire behynd,  
2 Anither me before,  
3 A gude midwife at my right side,  
4 Till my young babe be bore.'

**103B.43**

1 'I'll kindle a fire wi a flint-stane,  
2 Bring wine in a green horn;  
3 I'll be midwife at your right side,  
4 Till your young babe be born.'

**103B.44**

1 'That was neer my mither's custom,  
2 Forbid that it be mine!  
3 A knight stan by a lady bright  
4 Whan she drees a' her pine.

**103B.45**

1 'There is a knight in gude greenwood,  
2 If that he kent o me,  
3 Thro stock and stane and the hawthorn  
4 Sae soon's he woud come me tee.'

**103B.46**

1 'If there be a knight in gude greenwood  
2 Ye like better than me,  
3 If ance he come your bower within,  
4 Ane o us twa shall dee.'

**103B.47**

1 She set a horn to her mouth,  
2 And she blew loud and shrill;  
3 Thro stock and stane and the hawthorn  
4 Brave Roger came her till.

**103B.48**

1 'Wha's here sae bauld,' the youth replied,  
2 'Thus to encroach on me?'  
3 'O here I am,' the knight replied,  
4 'Hae as much right as thee.'

**103B.49**

1 Then they fought up the gude greenwood,  
2 Sae did they down the plain;  
3 They niddart ither wi lang braid-swords,  
4 Till they were bleedy men.

**103B.50**

1 Then out it spak the sick woman,  
2 Sat under the greenwood tree;  
3 O had your han, young man, she said,  
4 She's a woman as well as me.

**103B.51**

1 Then out it speaks anither youth,  
2 Amang the companie;  
3 Gin I had kent what I ken now,  
4 'Tis for her I woud dee.

**103B.52**

1 'O wae mat worth you, Rose the Red,  
2 An ill death mat ye dee!  
3 Altho ye tauld upo yourself,  
4 Ye might hae heald on me.'

**103B.53**

1 'O for her sake I was content  
2 For to gae ower the sea;  
3 For her I left my mither's ha,  
4 Tho she proves fause to me.'

**103B.54**

1 But whan these luvvers were made known,  
2 They sung right joyfullie,  
3 Nae blyther was the nightingale,  
4 Nor bird that sat on tree.

**103B.55**

1 Now they hae married these ladies,  
2 Brought them to bower and ha;  
3 And now a happy life they lead;  
4 I wish sae may we a'.

**103C.1**

1 THE king has wedded an ill woman,  
2 Into some foreign land;  
3 His daughters twa, that stood in awe,  
4 They bravely sat and sang.

**103C.2**

1 Then in became their step-mother,  
2 Sae stately steppin ben:  
3 'O gin I live and bruik my life,  
4 I'll gar ye change your tune.'

**103C.3**

1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
2 But we will sing again;  
1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
2 But we will sing again;  
1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
2 But we will sing again;



**103C.3**

1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
2 But we will sing again;  
3 And ye neer boor that son, ladie,  
4 But we will sing again;  
5 And ye neer boor that son, ladie,  
6 We wad lay our love on.

**103C.4**

1 'But we will cow our yellow locks  
2 A little abune our bree,  
3 And we will on to gude greenwud,  
4 And serve for meat and fee.

**103C.5**

1 'And we will kilt our gay claiting  
2 A little below the knee,  
3 And we will on to gude greenwud,  
4 Gif Robin Hood we see.  
5 And we will on to gude greenwud,  
6 Gif Robin Hood we see.  
7 And we will on to gude greenwud,  
8 Gif Robin Hood we see.  
9 And we will on to gude greenwud,  
10 Gif Robin Hood we see.

**103C.6**

1 'And we will change our ain twa names,  
2 When we gae frae the toun;  
3 The tane we will call Nicholas,  
4 The tither Rogee Roun.'

**103C.7**

1 Then they hae coud their yellow locks  
2 A little abune their bree,  
3 And they are on to gude greenwud,  
4 To serve for meat and fee.

**103C.8**

1 And they hae kilt their gay claiting  
2 A little below their knee,  
3 And they are on to gud greenwud,  
4 Gif Robin Hood they see.

**103C.9**

1 And they hae chang'd thair ain twa names,  
2 When they gaed frae the toun;  
3 The tane they've called Nicholas,  
4 The tither Rogee Roun.

**103C.10**

1 And they hae staid in gude greenwud,  
2 And never a day thought lang,  
3 Till it fell ance upon a day  
4 That Rogee sang a sang.

**103C.11**

1 'Whan we were in our father's bouer,  
2 We sewd the silken seam;  
3 But now we walk the gude greenwud,  
4 And bear anither name.

**103C.12**

1 'When we were in our father's ha,  
2 We wore the beaten gold;  
3 But now we wear the shield sae sharp;  
4 Alas, we'll die with cold!'

**103C.13**

1 Then up bespak him Robin Hood,  
2 As he to them drew near:  
3 'Instead of boys to carry the bow,  
4 Two ladies we've got here.'

**103C.14**

1 So they had not been in gud greenwud  
2 A twalmonth and a day,  
3 Till Rogee Roun was as big wi bairn  
4 As onie lady could gae.

**103C.15**

1 'O wae be to my stepmother,  
2 That garrd me leave my hame!  
3 For I'm wi bairn to Robin Hood,  
4 And near nine month is gane.

**103C.16**

1 'O wha will be my bouer-woman?  
2 Na bouer-woman is here;  
3 O wha will be my bouer-woman,  
4 Whan that sad time draws near?'

**103C.17**

1 Then up bespak him Robin Hood,  
2 At the foot o yon greenwud tree:  
3 O hold your tongue, fair Rogee Roun,  
4 For married ye sall be.

**103C.18**

1 The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,  
2 And the tither to Little John;  
3 And it was a' owing to their stepmother,  
4 That garrd 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 ga 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 waitmen  
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 shall you never get,  
4 Until you bear to me daughter or son.'

**104A.5**

1 Thus time drew on, and further on,  
2 For travail 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 scread 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 MARGARET 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 turnd about, an gjed a bow;  
2 She said, Begone, I love na you;  
3 When he sware by his yellow hair  
4 That he woud gar her greet fu sair.

**104B.3**

1 But she sware by her milk-white skin  
2 Prince Heathen shoud gar her greet nane:  
1 But she sware by her milk-white skin  
2 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 taen.

**104B.4r**

1 'O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
2 'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

**104B.5**

1 'I killd 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 'I'll put you in a vault o stone,  
2 Where five an thirty locks hing on;  
3 Naebody there then shall you see,  
4 For I will keep the keys wi me.

**104B.6r**

1 O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
2 'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

**104B.7**

1 'He's put her in a vault o stone,  
2 Where five an thirty locks hing on;  
3 Naebody there coud 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 gane to the bonny may,  
4 And to the prison where she lay:

**104B.8r**

1 'O bonny may, what do you now?'  
2 '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 women never ane,  
3 But only him and's merry young men,  
4 Till she brought hame a bonny young son.

**104B.1r**

1 'O bonny may, what do you now?'  
2 'Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'

**104B.11**

1 'A drink, a drink, frae Prince Heathen's hand,  
2 Though it were frae yon cauld well strong!'  
3 'O neer a drap, Prince Heathen,' said one,  
4 'Till ye row up your bonny young son.'  
5 'How can I row up my bonny young son.'  
6 When I hae naething to row him in?'

**104B.12**

1 'I will lend you my horse's sheet,  
2 That will row him baith head and feet.'  
3 As soon's she took it in her han,  
4 Tears oer her cheeks down rapping ran.

**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 for to 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.

- 105.6**  
 1 She put off her gown of gray,  
 2 And put on her puggish attire;  
 3 She's up to fair London gone,  
 4 Her true-love to require.
- 105.7**  
 1 As she went along the road,  
 2 The weather being hot and dry,  
 3 There was she aware of her true-love,  
 4 At length came riding by.
- 105.8**  
 1 She stept to him, as red as any rose,  
 2 And took him by the bridle-ring;  
 3 'I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,  
 4 To ease my weary limb.'
- 105.9**  
 1 'I prithe, sweetheart, canst thou tell me  
 2 Where that thou wast born?'  
 3 'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,  
 4 Where I have had many a scorn.'
- 105.10**  
 1 'I prithe, sweetheart, canst thou tell me  
 2 Whether thou dost know  
 3 The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'  
 4 'She's dead, sir, long ago.'
- 105.11**  
 1 'Then will I sell my goodly steed,  
 2 My saddle and my bow;  
 3 I will into some far countrey,  
 4 Where no man doth me know.'
- 105.12**  
 1 'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!  
 2 She's alive, she is not dead;  
 3 Here she standeth by thy side,  
 4 And is ready to be thy bride.'
- 105.13**  
 1 'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
 2 Ten thousand times and more!  
 3 For now I have seen my own true-love,  
 4 That I thought I should have seen no more.'
- 106.1**  
 1 YOU beautilous ladies, great and small,  
 2 I write unto you one and all,  
 3 Whereby that you may understand  
 4 What I have suffered in this land.
- 106.2**  
 1 I was by birth a lady fair,  
 2 My father's chief and onely heir,  
 3 But when my good old father dy'd,  
 4 Then was I made a young knight's bride.  
 5 But when my good old father dy'd,  
 6 Then was I made a young knight's bride.  
 7 But when my good old father dy'd,  
 8 Then was I made a young knight's bride.
- 106.3**  
 1 And then my love built me a bower,  
 2 Bedeckt with many a fragrant flower;  
 3 A braver bower you never did see  
 4 Then my true-love did build for me.
- 106.4**  
 1 But there came thieves late in the night,  
 2 They rob'd my bower, and slew my knight,  
 3 And after that my knight was slain,  
 4 I could no longer there remain.
- 106.5**  
 5 I could no longer there remain.
- 106.5**  
 1 My servants all from me did flye,  
 2 In the midst of my extremity,  
 3 And left me by my self alone,  
 4 In the midst of my extremity,  
 5 And left me by my self alone,  
 6 With a heart more cold then any stone.
- 106.6**  
 1 Yet, though my heart was full of care,  
 2 Heaven would not suffer me to despair;  
 3 Wherefore in hast I chang'd my name  
 4 From Fair Elise to Sweet William.
- 106.7**  
 1 And therewithal I cut my hair,  
 2 And drest my self in man's attire,  
 3 My doublet, hose, and bever-hat,  
 4 And a golden band about my neck.
- 106.8**  
 1 With a silver rapier by my side,  
 2 So like a gallant I did ride;  
 3 The thing that I delighted on,  
 4 Was for to be a serving-man.
- 106.9**  
 5 Was for to be a serving-man.
- 106.9**  
 6 Was for to be a serving-man.
- 106.9**  
 1 Thus in my sumptuous man's array,  
 2 I bravely rode along the way;  
 3 And at the last it chanced so  
 4 That I unto the king's court did go.
- 106.10**  
 1 Then to the king I bowed full low,  
 2 My love and duty for to show,  
 3 And so much favour I did crave  
 4 My love and duty for to show,  
 5 And so much favour I did crave  
 6 My love and duty for to show,  
 7 And so much favour I did crave  
 8 My love and duty for to show,  
 9 And so much favour I did crave  
 10 My love and duty for to show,  
 11 And so much favour I did crave  
 12 That I a serving-man's place might have.
- 106.11**  
 1 'Stand up, brave youth, the king replyd,  
 2 'Thy service shall not be denyd;  
 3 But tell me first what thou canst do;  
 4 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.
- 106.12**  
 1 'Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
 2 To wait upon my nobles all?  
 3 Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,  
 4 To wait on me when I shall dine?'
- 106.13**  
 1 'Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,  
 2 To make my bed both soft and fine?  
 3 Or wilt thou be one of my guard?  
 4 And I will give thee thy reward.'
- 106.14**  
 1 Sweet William, with a smiling face,  
 2 Said to the king, 'If't please your grace  
 3 To show such favour unto me,  
 4 Your chamberlain I fain would be.
- 106.15**  
 1 The king then did the nobles call,  
 2 To ask the counsel of them all,  
 3 Who gave consent Sweet William he  
 4 The king's own chamberlain should be.
- 106.16**  
 1 Now mark what strange things come to pass:  
 2 As the king one day a hunting was,  
 3 With all his lords and noble train,  
 4 Sweet William did at home remain.
- 106.17**  
 1 Sweet William had no company then  
 2 With him at home but an old man;  
 3 And when he saw the coast was clear,  
 4 He took a lute which he had there.  
 5 And when he saw the coast was clear,  
 6 He took a lute which he had there.  
 7 And when he saw the coast was clear,  
 8 He took a lute which he had there.
- 106.18**  
 9 He took a lute which he had there.
- 106.18**  
 1 Upon the lute Sweet William plaid,  
 2 And to the same he sung and said,  
 3 With a pleasant and most noble voice,  
 4 Which made the old man to rejoyce:
- 106.19**  
 1 'My father was as brave a lord  
 2 As ever Europe did afford;  
 1 'My father was as brave a lord  
 2 As ever Europe did afford;  
 3 My mother was a lady bright,  
 4 My husband was a valiant knight.  
 5 My mother was a lady bright,  
 6 My husband was a valiant knight.  
 7 My mother was a lady bright,  
 8 My husband was a valiant knight.
- 106.20**  
 1 'And I my self a lady gay,  
 2 Bedeckt with gorgious rich array;  
 3 The bravest lady in the land  
 4 Had not more pleasures to command.
- 106.21**  
 1 'I had my musick every day,  
 2 Harmonious lessons for to play;  
 3 I had my virgins fair and free,  
 4 Harmonious lessons for to play;  
 5 I had my virgins fair and free,  
 6 Continually to wait on me.  
 7 I had my virgins fair and free,  
 8 Continually to wait on me.
- 106.22**  
 1 'But now, alas! my husband's dead,  
 2 And all my friends are from me fled;  
 3 My former joys are past and gone,  
 4 For now I am a serving-man.'  
 5 My former joys are past and gone,  
 6 For now I am a serving-man.'
- 106.23**  
 1 At last the king from hunting came,  
 2 And presently upon the same  
 3 He called for the good old man,  
 4 And thus to speak the king began.
- 106.24**  
 1 'What news, what news, old man?' quod he;  
 2 'What news hast thou to tell to me?'  
 3 'Brave news,' the old man he did say;  
 4 'Sweet William is a lady gay.'
- 106.25**  
 1 'If this be true thou tellest me  
 2 I'll make thee a lord of high degree;  
 3 But if thy words do prove a lye,  
 4 Thou shalt be hanged up presently.'
- 106.26**  
 1 But when the king the truth had found,  
 2 His joys did more and more abound;  
 3 According as the old man did say,  
 4 Sweet William was a lady gay.
- 106.27**  
 1 Therefore the king without delay  
 2 Put on her glorious rich array,  
 3 And upon her head a crown of gold,  
 4 Which was most famous to behold.
- 106.28**  
 1 And then, for fear of further strife,  
 2 He took Sweet William for his wife;  
 3 The like before was never seen,  
 4 A serving-man to be a queen.
- 107A.1**  
 1 ADLATTIS parke is wyde and broad,  
 2 And grass growes greene in our countrey;  
 1 ADLATTIS parke is wyde and broad,  
 2 And grass growes greene in our countrey;  
 3 Eche man can gett the loue of his ladye,  
 4 But alas, I can gett none of mine!
- 107A.2**  
 1 Itt's by two men I sing my song,  
 2 Their names is *William Stewart* and *Iohn*;  
 3 *William* he is the elder brother,  
 4 But *Iohn* hee is the wiser man.
- 107A.3**  
 1 But *William* he is in care-bed layd,  
 2 And for the loue of a faire ladye;  
 3 If he haue not the loue of the Erle of Mar's  
 daughter,  
 4 In ffaith ffor loue *that* he must dye.
- 107A.4**  
 5 In ffaith ffor loue *that* he must dye.
- 107A.4**  
 1 Then *Iohn* was sorry ffor his brother,  
 2 To see him lye and languish soe;  
 3 'What do you mourne for, brother?' he saies,  
 4 'I pray you tell to me *your* woe.
- 107A.5**  
 1 'Doe [you] mourne for gold, brother?' he saies,  
 2 'Or doe you mourne ffor fee?'  
 3 Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,  
 4 'Or doe you mourne ffor fee?'  
 5 Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,  
 6 You neuer saw her with *your* eye?'  
 7 Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,  
 8 You neuer saw her with *your* eye?'  
 9 Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,  
 10 You neuer saw her with *your* eye?'

## 107A.5

- 11 Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,
- 12 You neuer saw her *with your eye?*

## 107A.6

- 1 'I doe not mourne for gold,' he saies,
- 2 'Nor I doe not mourne for any ffee;
- 3 But I doe mourne for a likesome ladye,
- 4 I neere blinke on her *with mine eye.*'

## 107A.7

- 1 'But when haruest is gotten, my deere  
brother—
- 2 All this is true *that* I tell thee—
- 3 Gentlemen, they loue hunting well,
- 4 And giue wight-men their cloth and ffee.

## 107A.8

- 1 'Then I'le goe a wooing ffor thy sake,
- 2 In all the speed *that* I can gone,
- 3 And for to see this likesome ladye,
- 4 And hope to send thee good tydings home.'

## 107A.9

- 1 John Stewart is gone a wooing for his brother,
- 2 Soe ffarr into ffaire Scotland,
- 3 And left his brother in mikle ffeare,
- 4 Vntill he heard the good tydand.

## 107A.10

- 1 And when he came to the Erle of Mar's his  
house,
- 2 Soe well he could his curtesye,
- 3 And when he came before the erle,
- 4 He kneeled low downe vpon his knee.

## 107A.11

- 1 'O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Stewart,
- 2 Rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee;
- 1 'O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Stewart,
- 2 Rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee;
- 3 How doth thy ffather, Iohn Stewart,
- 4 And all the lords in his countrye?'

## 107A.12

- 1 'And itt please you, my *lord*, my ffather is dead;
- 2 My brother and I cannott agree;
- 3 My brother and I am ffallen att discord,
- 4 And I am come to craue a service of thee.'

## 107A.13

- 1 'O welcome, welcome, Iohn Stewart,
- 2 A welcome man thou art to me;
- 3 I'le make thee chamberlaine to my daughter,
- 4 And ffor to tend of *that* ladye soe ffree.

## 107A.14

- 1 'And if thou wilt haue a better office,
- 2 Aske, and thou shall haue itt of mee;
- 3 And where I giue other men a penny of wage,
- 4 Inffaith, Iohn, thou shalt haue three.'

## 107A.15

- 1 And then bespake him Iohn Stewart,
- 2 And these were the words said hee:
- 3 There is no office in *your* court
- 4 This day *that* better pleaseth mee.

## 107A.16

- 1 The Ffryday is gone, the Sunday is come—
- 2 All this is true *that* I doe say—
- 3 And to the church that they be gone,
- 4 Iohn Stewart and the lady gay.

## 107A.17

- 1 And as they did come home againe—
- 2 I-wis itt was a meeten mile—
- 3 Iohn Stewart and the lady gay.
- 4 They thought itt but a [little] while.

## 107A.18

- 1 'I am a messenger, ladye,' he saies,
- 2 'I am a messenger to thee.'
- 3 'O speake ffor thy selfe, Iohn Stewart,' shee  
saies,
- 4 'A welcome man *that* thou shalt bee.'

## 107A.19

- 1 'Nay, by my ffaith,' saies Iohn Stewart,
- 2 'Which euer, alas *that* may not bee!
- 3 He hath a higher degree in honour,
- 4 Allas, ladye, then euer I!

## 107A.20

- 1 'He is a *lord* now borne by birth,
- 2 And an erle after his ffather doth dye;
- 3 His haire is yellow, his eyes beene gray;
- 4 All this is true *that* I tell yee.

## 107A.21

- 1 'He is ffine in the middle, and small in the wast,
- 2 And pleasant in a woman's eye;
- 3 And more nor this, he dyes for *your* loue,
- 4 Therefore, lady, show some pittye.'

## 107A.22

- 1 'If this be soe,' then saies the lady,
- 2 'If this be true *that* thou tells mee,
- 3 By my ffaith then, Iohn Stewart,
- 4 I can loue him hartilye.

## 107A.23

- 1 'Bidd him meete me att St Patr<i>cke's Church
- 2 On Sunday after St Andrew's day;
- 3 The flower of Scotland will be there,
- 4 And then begins our summer's play.

## 107A.24

- 1 'And bidd him bring with him a hundred  
gunners,
- 2 And rawnke ryders lett them bee,
- 3 And lett them bee of the rankest ryders
- 4 *That* be to be ffound in *that* countrye.

## 107A.25

- 1 'They best and worst, and all in like,
- 2 Bidd him cloth them in one liuerye;
- 3 And ffor his men, greene is the best,
- 4 And greene now lett their liueryes bee.

## 107A.26

- 1 'And clothe himselfe in scarlett redd,
- 2 *That* is soe seemlye ffor to see;
- 3 Ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulour,
- 4 And pleasant allwayes in a woman's eye.

## 107A.27

- 1 'He must play sixteene games att ball,
- 2 Against the men of this countrye,
- 3 And if he winn the greater part,
- 4 Then I shall love him more tenderlye.'

## 107A.28

- 1 What the lady said, Iohn Stewart writt,
- 2 And to Argyle Castle sent it hee;
- 3 And [when] Willie Stewart saw the letter,
- 4 Ffhor of care-bed then lope hee.

## 107A.29

- 1 Hee mustered together his merry men all,
- 2 Hee mustered them soe louelilye;
- 3 Hee thought hee had had scarson halfe a  
hundred,
- 4 Then had hee cleuen score and three.

## 107A.30

- 1 He chose fforth a hundred of the best
- 2 *That* were to be ffound in *that* countrye,
- 3 He cladd them all in one coulour,
- 4 And greene i-wis their liueryes bee.

## 107A.31

- 1 He cladd himselfe in scarlett redd,
- 2 *That* is soe seemlye ffor to see;
- 3 Ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulour,
- 4 And seemlye in a woman's eye.

## 107A.32

- 1 And then towards Patricke Church he went,
- 2 With all his men in braue array,
- 3 To gett a sight, if he might,
- 4 And speake with his lady gay.

## 107A.33

- 1 When they came to Patricke's churche,
- 2 Shee kneeled downe by her mother trulye:
- 3 'O mother, if itt please you to giue me leaue,
- 4 The Stewart's horsse ffaine wold I see.'

## 107A.34

- 1 'I'le giue you leaue, my deere daughter,
- 2 And I and my maide will goe *with* yee.'
- 3 The lady had rather haue gone her selfe
- 4 Then haue had her mother's companye.

## 107A.35

- 1 When they came before Willie Stewart,
- 2 Soe well hee cold his curtesye:
- 3 'I wold kisse *your* daughter, ladye,' he said,
- 4 'And if *your* will *that* soe itt bee.'

## 107A.36

- 1 The ladye's mother was content
- 2 To doe a straunger *that* curtesye;
- 3 And when Willie had gotten a kisse,
- 4 I-wis shee might haue teemed him three.

## 107A.37

- 1 Sixteen games were plaid *that* day there—
- 2 This is the truth as I doe say—
- 3 Willie Stewart and his merry men,
- 4 Thē carryed twelue of them away.

## 107A.38

- 1 And when they games *that* they were done,
- 2 And all they ffolkes away were gone
- 3 But the Erle of Marr and William Stewart,
- 4 The erle wold needs haue William home.

## 107A.39

- 1 And when they came vnto the erle's howse,
- 2 They walked to a garden greene;
- 3 Ffor to conferr of their bussines,
- 4 Into the garden they be gone.

## 107A.40

- 1 'I loue *your* daughter,' saies William Stewart,
- 2 'But I cannott tell whether she loueth mee.'
- 3 'Marry, God defend,' saies the Erle of Mar,
- 4 'That euer soe *that* itt shold bee!

## 107A.41

- 1 'I had rather a gallowes there was made,
- 2 And hange thee ffor my daughter's sake;
- 3 I had rather a ffyer were made att a stake,
- 4 And burne thee ffor my daughter's sake!

## 107A.42

- 1 'To chamber, to chamber, gay ladye,' he saies,
- 2 'In the deull's name now I bidd thee!
- 3 And thou gett thee not to the chamber soone,
- 4 I'le beate thee before the Stewart's eye.'

## 107A.43

- 1 And then bespake William Stewart,
- 2 These were the words said hee:
- 3 'If thou beate thy daughter for my sake,
- 4 Thou'st beate a hundred men and mee.'

## 107A.44

- 1 Then bespake Iohn Stewart—
- 2 *Lord!* an angry man was hee—
- 3 'O churle, if thou wouldest not haue macht wit  
h my brother,
- 4 Thou might haue answerd him curteouslye.'

## 107A.45

- 1 'O hold thy peace, Iohn Stewart,
- 2 And chamber thy words now, I bidd thee;
- 3 If thou chamber not thy words soone,
- 4 Thou'st loose a good service; soe shalt thou do  
e me.'

## 107A.46

- 1 'Marry! hang them *that* cares,' saies Iohn  
Stewart,
- 2 'Either ffor thy service or ffor thee;
- 3 Services can I haue enoughe,
- 4 But brethren wee must euer bee.'

## 107A.47

- 1 William Stewart and his brother Iohn,
- 2 To Argyle Castle gon they bee;
- 3 And when Willye came to Argyle Castle,
- 4 Into care-bedd then lope hee.

## 107A.48

- 1 A parlaiment att Edenborrow was made,
- 2 The *king* and his nobles all mett there;
- 3 Thē sent ffor William Stewart and Iohn,
- 4 To come amongst the other peeres.

## 107A.49

- 1 Their clothing was of scarlett redd,
- 2 *That* was soe seemlye ffor to see;
- 3 Blacke hatts, white ffeathers plewed with gold,
- 4 And sett all on their heads trulye.

## 107A.50

- 1 Their stockings were of twisted silke,
- 2 With garters fringed about with gold;
- 3 Their shoes were of the cordevine,
- 4 And all was comelye to behold.

## 107A.51

- 1 And when they came to Edenborrowe,
- 2 They called ffor Iohn Stewart and Willie:
- 3 'I answer in a *lord*'s roome,' saies Will Stewart,
- 4 'But an erle I hope to bee.'

## 107A.52

- 1 'Come downe, come downe,' saies the *Lord* of  
Marr,
- 2 'I knew not what was thy degree.'
- 3 'O churle, if I might not haue macht with thy  
daughter,
- 4 Itt had not beene long of my degree.

## 107A.53

- 1 'My ffather, hee is the *king* his brother,
- 2 And then the *king* is vnckle to me;
- 3 O churle, if I might not haue macht with thy  
daughter,
- 4 Itt had not beene long of my degree.'

## 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 worsche  
4 Because you are a-kinn to mee.

## 107A.55

1 'I'le make thee an erle with a siluer wande,  
2 And adde more honors still to thee;  
3 Thy brother Iohn shall be a lord,  
4 Of the best att home in his countrie.

## 107A.56

1 'Thy brother Kester shalbe a *knight*,  
2 Lands and liuings I will him giue,  
3 And still hee shall liue in court *with* mee,  
4 And I'le maintaine him whilest he doth liue.'

## 107A.57

1 And when the *parlament* was done,  
2 And all the folkes away were gone,  
3 Willye Stewart and Iohn his brother,  
4 To Argyle Castle they be gone.

## 107A.58

1 But when they came to Argyle Castle,  
2 That was soe farr in *that* countrie,  
3 He thought soe much then of his loue  
4 *That* into care-bedd then lope hee.

## 107A.59

1 Iohn Stewart did see his brother soe ill,  
2 *Lord* in his heart *that* hee was woe!  
3 'I will goe wooing for thy sake  
4 Againe yonder gay ladye to.

## 107A.60

1 'I'le cloth my selfe in strange array,  
2 In a beggar's habbitt I will goe,  
3 *That* when I come before the Erle of Marr  
4 My clothing strange he shall not knowe.'

## 107A.61

1 Iohn hee gott on a clouted cloake,  
2 Soe meete and low then by his knee,  
3 With four garters vpon one legg,  
4 Two aboue, and towe below trulye.

## 107A.62

1 'But if thou be a beggar, brother,  
2 Thou art a beggar *that* is vnknowne;  
3 Ffor thou art one of the stoutest beggars  
4 *That* euer I saw since I was borne.

## 107A.63

1 'Heere, geeue the lady this gay gold ringe,  
2 A token to her *that* well is knowne;  
3 And if shee but aduise itt well,  
4 Shee'le know some time itt was her owne.'

## 107A.64

1 'Stay, by my ffaith, I goe not yett,  
2 Iohn Stewart he can replye;  
3 'I'le haue my bottle full of beere,  
4 The best *that* is in thy butterye.

## 107A.65

1 'I'le haue my sachel filld full of meate,  
2 I am sure, brother, [it] will doe noe harme;  
3 Ffor, before I come to the Erle of Marr's his  
house,  
4 My lipps, I am sure, they wilbe warme.'

## 107A.66

1 And when he came to the Erle of Marr's house,  
2 By chance itt was of the dole-day,  
3 But Iohn cold ffind no place to stand,  
4 Vntill he came to the ladye gaye.

## 107A.67

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 countrie.

## 107A.68

1 And now the dole *that* itt is delte,  
2 And all the beggars he gon away,  
3 Sauing Iohn Stewart, *that* seemed a beggar,  
4 And the ladye *that* was soe gay.

## 107A.69

5 As by my clothes you may thinke *that* I bee;  
6 As by my clothes you may thinke *that* I bee;  
7 I am *your* servant, Iohn Stewart,  
8 And I am sent a messenger to thee.'

## 107A.70

1 'But if thou be Iohn Stewart,  
2 As I doe thinke *that* thou bee,  
3 Avayle thy capp, avayle thy hoode,  
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 countrie?'  
3 'O fyve vpon thee, wicked woman!  
4 My brother he doth the worsche ffor thee.'

## 107A.72

1 With *that* the teares stood in her eyes;  
2 O lord, shee wept soe tenderlye!  
3 Sais, Ligg the blame vnto my ffather;  
4 I pray you, Iohn Stewart, lay itt not to mee.

## 107A.73

1 Comend me to my owne true-loue,  
2 *That* liues soe farr in the North countrie,  
3 And bidd him meete me att Martingsdale,  
4 *That* liues soe farr in the North countrie,  
5 And bidd him meete me att Martingsdale,  
6 Ffullye w<i>thin these dayes three.

## 107A.74

1 Hang them, sais the lady gay,  
2 *That* lets their ffather witting bee!  
3 I'le proue a ladye full of loue,  
4 And be there by the sunn be a quarter highe.

## 107A.75

1 And bidd him bring with him a hundred  
gunners,  
2 And ranke riders lett them bee;  
3 Lett them be of the rankest ryders  
4 *That* be to be ffound in *that* countrie.

## 107A.76

1 The best and worse, and all in like,  
2 Bidd him clothe them in one liuerye;  
3 And for his men, greene is the best,  
4 And greene now lett their lyueryes bee.

## 107A.77

1 And cloth himselfe in scarlett redd,  
2 *That* is soe seemlye ffor to see;  
3 For scarlett is a faire coulour,  
4 And pleasant in a woman's eye.

## 107A.78

1 What they lady sayd, Iohn Stewart writt,  
2 To Argyle Castle sent itt hee;  
3 His bagg and his dish and showing horne,  
4 Unto three beggars he gaue 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* countrie.

## 107A.80

1 He mustered together his merrymen all,  
2 He mustered them soe louinglye;  
3 He thought he had had scarce halfe a hundred,  
4 Then had hee eleuen 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 tooke their horse,  
4 And to Martingsdale posted hee.

## 107A.82

1 And when he came to Martingsdale,  
2 He found his loue staying there trulye,  
3 For shee was a lady true of loue,  
4 And was there by [the] sunn was a qwarter  
highe.

## 107A.83

1 Shee kisst William Stewart and his brother  
Iohn,  
2 Soe did shee *part* of his merry men:  
3 'If the churle, thy ffather, hee were here,  
4 He shold not haue thee backe againe.'

## 107A.84

1 They sent ffor preist, they sent ffor clarke,  
2 And they were marryed there with speede;  
3 William tooke the lady home with him,  
4 And they liued together long time indeed.

## 107A.85

1 And in twelue monthe soe they wrought,  
2 The lady shee was great with childe;  
3 The sent Iohn Stewart to the Erle off Marre,  
4 To come and christen the barne soe milde.

## 107A.86

1 'And if this be soe,' sayes the Erle of Marre,  
2 'Iohn Stewart, as thou tells mee,  
3 I hope in God you haue marryed my daughter,  
4 And put her bodye to honestye.'

## 107A.87

1 'Nay, by my ffaith,' then saies Iohn Stewart,  
2 'Ffor euer alas *that* shall not bee;  
3 Ffor 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 ffaith,' saies the Erle of Marr,  
4 'Her marryage is mardd in our countrie.'

## 107A.89

1 'If this be soe,' then saies Iohn Stewart,  
2 'A marryage soone *that* thou shalt see;  
3 Ffor my brother William, my ffather's heyre,  
4 Shall marry thy daughter before thine eye.'

## 107A.90

1 They sent ffor preist, the sent ffor clarke,  
2 And marryed there they were with speede;  
3 And William Stewart is Erle of Marr,  
4 And his ffather-in-law dwells with him indeed.

## 107B.1

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 gie to thee;  
5 The highest service I can give thee  
6 Is to wait on my daughter Ailly.

## 107B.2

1 '.....  
3 .....  
4 If ever I gie a man a penny wage,  
5 I'm sure, John Stewart, ye shall hae three.'

## 107B.3

1 'I speak not for mysell,' 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 '.....  
2 .....  
3 i'll rather beat fair Ailly in my leather bang,  
4 As lang as she can either stand or gang.'

## 107B.5

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 'Ye hadna beat her before my face  
4 Or ye'll beat three hundred men and me.'

## 107B.6

1 When william came to Mulbery Hall,  
2 He kissd the ladies one and all;  
3 But when he cam to fair Ailly,  
4 She thought he might hae gaen 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 discourse,  
4 And they thought they rode it in a short while,  
5 Chorus: Tring dilly, tring dilly, tring ding dingo,  
6 Tring dilly, tring dilly, dolo dee.

## 108.1

1 AS I walked forth one morninge,  
2 By one place *that* pleased mee,  
3 Wherin I heard a wandering wight,  
4 Sais, 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 counsell to discreene,  
4 Because I wanted companye.

## 108.3

1 'Say on, say on, thou well faire mayd,  
2 Why makest thou moane soe heauilye?'  
3 Sais, All is ffor one wandering wight,  
4 Is banished fforth of his owne countrie.

## 108.4

1 'I am the burgesse of Edenburrow,  
2 Soe am I more of townes three;  
3 I haue money and gold great store,  
4 Come, sweet wench, and ligg thy loue on mee.'

## 108.5

1 The merchant pulled forth a bagg of gold  
2 Which had hundreds two or three;  
3 Sais, Euey day throughout the weeke  
4 I'le comt as much downe on thy knee.

## 108.6

1 'O merchant, take thy gold againe,  
2 A good liuing 'twill purchase thee;  
3 If I be ffalse to *Christopher White*,  
4 Merchant, I cannott be true to thee.'

## 108.7

1 Sais, I haue halls, soe haue I bowers,  
2 Sais, I haue shippes sayling on the sea;  
3 I ame the burgess of Edenburrowe;  
4 Come, sweete wench, ligge thy loue on mee.

## 108.8

1 Come on, come, thou well faire mayde,  
2 Of our matters lett vs goe throughe,  
3 For to-morrowe I'le marry thee,  
4 And thy dwelling shalbe in Edenburrough.

## 108.9

1 The lady shee tooke this gold in her hand,  
2 The teares thè ffell ffast from her eye;  
3 Sais, Siluer and gold makes my hart to turne,  
4 And makes me leaue good companye.

## 108.10

1 They had not beene married  
2 Not ouer monthes two or three,  
3 But tydings came to Edenburrowe  
4 *That* all the merchants must to the sea.

## 108.11

1 Then as this lady sate in a deske,  
2 Shee made a loue-letter ffull round;  
3 She mad a *lettre* to *Christopher White*,  
4 And in itt shee put a hundred pound.

## 108.12

1 She lin'd the letter with gold soe red,  
2 And mony good store in itt was found;  
3 Shee sent itt to *Christopher White*,  
4 *That* was soe ffar in the Scotts ground.

## 108.13

1 Shee bade him then frrankely spend,  
2 And looke *that* hee shold merry bee,  
3 And bid him come to Edenburrowe,  
4 Now all the merchants be to the sea.

## 108.14

1 But *Christopher* came to leeu London,  
2 And there he kneeled lowly downe,  
3 And there hee begd his *pardon* then,  
4 Of our noble *king* *that* ware the crowne.

## 108.15

1 But when he came to his true-loue's house,  
2 *Which* was made both of lime and stone,  
3 Shee tooke him by the lily-white hand,  
4 Sais, True-loue, you are welcome home!

## 108.16

1 Welcome, my honey, welcome, my ioy,  
2 Welcome, my true-loue; home to mee!  
3 Ffor thou art hee *that* will lengthen my dayes,  
4 And I know thou art good companye.

## 108.17

1 *Christopher*, I am a merchant's wiffe;  
2 *Christopher*, the more shall be your gaine;  
3 Siluer and gold you shall haue enough,  
4 Of the merchant's gold *that* is in Spaine.

## 108.18

1 'But if you be a merchant's wiffe,  
2 Something t'o much you are to blame;  
3 I will thee reade a loue-letter  
4 Shall sture thy stumpes, thou noble dame.'

## 108.19

1 'Althoug I be a marchant's wiffe,  
2 . . . shall . . . mine  
3 . . . and g . . .  
4 Into England I'le goe with the.'

## 108.20

1 They packet vp both siluer and plate,  
2 Siluer and gold soe great plentye,  
3 And they be gon into Litle England,  
4 And the marchant must them neuer see.

## 108.21

1 And when the merchants they came home,  
2 Their wiues to eche other can say,  
3 Heere hath beene good *Christopher White*,  
4 And he hath tane thy wiffe away.

## 108.22

1 They haue packett vp spoone and plate,  
2 Siluer and gold great plenty,  
3 And they be gon into Litle England,  
4 And them againe thow must neuer see.

## 108.23

1 'I care nott ffor my siluer and gold,  
2 Nor for my plate soe great plentye,  
3 But I mourne for *that* like-some ladye  
4 *That Christopher White* hath tane ffrom mee.

## 108.24

1 'But one thing I must needs confesse,  
2 This lady shee did say to me,  
3 If shee were ffalse to *Christopher White*,  
4 Shee cold neuer be true to mee.

## 108.25

1 'All young men a warning take,  
2 A warning, looke, you take by mee;  
3 Looke *that* you loue *your* old loues best,  
4 For infaiith they are best companye.'

## 109A.1

1 *all* you lords of Scotland ffaire,  
2 And ladyes alsoe, bright of blee,  
3 There is a ladye amongst them all,  
4 Of her report you shall heare of me.

## 109A.2

1 Of her bewtye shee is soe bright,  
2 And of her colour soe bright of blee;  
3 Shee is daughter to the Lord Arrndell,  
4 His heyre apparrant ffor to bee.

## 109A.3

5 'I'le see *that* bryde,' Lord Phenix sayes,  
6 '*That* is a ladye of hye degree,  
7 And iff I like her countenance well,  
8 The heyre of all my land shee'st bee

## 109A.4

1 To *that* ladye ffayre Lord Phenix came,  
2 And to *that* like-some dame said hee,  
3 Now God thee saue, my ladye ffaire,  
4 The heyre of all my land tho'st bee.

## 109A.5

1 'Leaue of *your* suite,' the ladye sayd;  
2 'You are a lord of honor ffree;  
3 You may gett ladyes enowe att home,  
4 And I haue a lour in mine owne countrye.

## 109A.6

1 'I haue a louer true of mine owne,  
2 A serginge-man of a small degree;  
3 Thomas a Pott, itt is his name,  
4 He is the first loue *that* euer I had, and the last  
*that* hee shalbee.'

## 109A.7

1 'Giue Thomas a Pott then be his name,  
2 I wott I ken him soe readilye;  
3 I can spend forty pounds by weeke,  
4 And hee cannott spend pounds threee.'

## 109A.8

5 'God giue you good of *your* gold,' said the ladye,  
6 Hee was the ffirst loue *that* euer I had,  
7 'And alsoe, *sir*, of *your* fee!  
8 Hee was the ffirst lour *that* euer I had,  
9 And the last, *sir*, shall hee bee.'

## 109A.9

1 *With that* Lord Phenix was sore amoued;  
2 Vnto her ffather then went hee;  
3 Hee told her ffather how itt was proued,  
4 How *that* his daughter's mind was sett.

## 109A.10

1 'Thou art my daughter,' the Erle of Arrndell said,  
2 'They heyre of all my land to bee;  
3 Thou'st be bryde to the Lord Phenix,  
4 Daughter, giue thou'le be heyre to mee.'

## 109A.11

1 For lacke of her loue this ladye must lose,  
2 Her foolish wooing lay all aside;  
3 The day is appoynted, and fireinds are agreede;  
4 Shee is fforcte to be the *Lord* Phenix bryde.

## 109A.12

1 *With that* the lady began to muse—  
2 A greued woman, God wott, was shee—  
3 How shee might *Lord* Phenix beguile,  
4 And scape vnmarried ffrom him *that* day.

## 109A.13

1 Shee called to her her litle ffoote-page,  
2 To Iacke her boy, soe tenderlye;  
3 Sayes, Come thou hither, thou litle ffoote-page,  
4 For indeed I dare trust none but thee.

## 109A.14

1 To Strawberry Castle, boy, thou must goe,  
2 To Thomas Pott there as hee can bee,  
3 And giue him here this letter faire,  
4 And on Guilford Greene bidd him meete me.

## 109A.15

1 Looke thou marke his countenance well,  
2 And his colour tell to mee;  
3 And hye thee ffast, and come againe,  
4 And forty shillings I will giue thee.

## 109A.16

1 For if he blush in his fface,  
2 Then in his hart hee'se sorry bee;  
3 Then lett my ffather say what hee will,  
4 For false to Potts I'le neuer bee.

## 109A.17

1 And giue hee smile then *with* his mouth,  
2 Then in his heart hee'le merry be;  
3 Then may hee gett him a loue where-euer he  
can,  
4 For small of his companye my *part* shalbe.

## 109A.18

1 Then one while *that* the boy hee went,  
2 Another while, God wott, rann hee,  
3 And when hee came to Strawberry Castle,  
4 There Thomas Potts hee see.

## 109A.19

1 Then he gaue him this letter ffaire,  
2 And when he began then for to reade,  
3 They boy had told him by word of mouth  
4 His loue must be the *Lord* Phenix bryde.

## 109A.20

1 *With that*, Thomas a Pott began to blushe,  
2 The teares trickled in his eye:  
3 'Indeed this letter I cannot reede,  
4 Nor neuer a word to see or spye.

## 109A.21

1 'I pray thee, boy, to me thou'le be trew,  
2 And heer's fue marke I will giue thee;  
3 And all these words thou must peruse,  
4 And tell thy lady this ffrom mee.

## 109A.22

1 'Tell her by ffaith and troth shee is mine owne,  
2 By some *part* of *promise*, and soe itt's be  
found;  
3 *Lord* Phenix shall neuer marry her, by night no  
r day,  
4 And bidd *that* ladye ffor mee pray;  
5 *Without* he can winn her *with* his hand.

## 109A.23

1 'On Gilford Greene I will her meete,  
2 And bidd *that* ladye ffor mee pray;  
3 For there I'le loose my liffe soe sweete,  
4 Or else the wedding I will stay.'

## 109A.24

1 Then backe againe the boy he went,  
2 As ffast againe as hee cold hye;  
3 The ladye mett him fue mile on the way:  
4 'Why hast hou stayd soe long?' saies shee.

## 109A.25

1 'Boy,' said the ladye, 'Thou art but younge;  
2 To please my mind thou'le mocke and scorne;  
3 I will not beleeu thee on word of mouth,  
4 Vnlesse on this booke thou wilt be sworne.'

## 109A.26

1 'Marry, by this booke,' the boy can say,  
2 'As *Christ* himselfe be true to mee,  
3 *Thomas* Pott cold not his letter reade  
4 For teares trickling in his eye.'

## 109A.27

1 'If this be true,' the ladye sayd,  
2 'Thou bonny boy, thou tells to mee,  
3 Forty shillings I did thee *promise*,  
4 But heere's ten pounds I'le giue itt thee.

## 109A.28

1 'All my maids,' the lady sayd,  
2 '*That* this day doe waite on mee,  
3 Wee will ffall downe vpon our knees,  
4 For *Thomas* Pott now pray will wee.

## 109A.29

1 'If his ffortune be now ffor to winn—  
2 Wee will pray to *Christ* in Trinitye—  
3 I'le make him the fflower of all his kinn,  
4 Ffor they *Lord* of Arrndale hee shalbe.'

**109A.30**

1 Now lett vs leaue talking of this ladye faire,  
2 In her prayer good where shee can bee;  
3 And I'le tell you hou *Thomas* Pott  
4 For ayd to his *lord* and *master* came hee.

**109A.31**

1 And when hee came *Lord* Iockye before,  
2 He kneeled him low downe on his knee;  
3 Saies, Thou art welcome, *Thomas* Pott,  
4 Thou art allwayes full of thy curtesye.

**109A.32**

1 Has thou slaine any of thy fellowes,  
2 Or hast thou wrought me some villanye?  
3 'Sir, none of my ffellowes I haue slaine,  
4 Nor I haue wrought you noe villanye.

**109A.33**

1 'But I haue a loue in Scotland ffaire,  
2 I doubt I must lose her through pouertye;  
3 If you will not beleuee me by word of mouth,  
4 Behold the letter shee writt vnto mee.'

**109A.34**

1 When *Lord* Iockye looked the letter vpon,  
2 The tender words in itt cold bee,  
3 '*Thomas* Pott, take thou no care,  
4 Thou'st neuer loose her through pouertye.  
5 '*Thomas* Pott, take thou no care,  
6 Thou'st neuer loose her through pouertye.

**109A.35**

1 'Thou shalt haue forty pounds a weeke,  
2 In gold and siluer thou shalt rowe,  
3 And Harbye towne I will thee allowe  
4 As longe as thou dost meane to wooe.

**109A.36**

1 'Thou shalt haue fortye of thy fellowes ffaire,  
2 And forty horsse to goe with thee,  
3 And forty speares of the best I haue,  
4 And I my-selfe in thy companye.'

**109A.37**

1 'I thanke you, *master*,' said *Thomas* Pott,  
2 'Neither man nor boy shall goe with mee;  
3 I wold not ffor a thousand pounds  
4 Take one man in my companye.'

**109A.38**

1 'Why then, God be with thee, *Thomas* Pott!  
2 Thou art well knowen and proued for a man;  
3 Looke thou shedd no guiltlesse bloode,  
4 Nor neuer confound no gentlman.

**109A.39**

1 'But looke thou take with him some truce,  
2 Apoint a place of lybertye;  
3 Lett him *provide* as well as hee cann,  
4 And as well *provided* thou shalt bee.'

**109A.40**

1 And when *Thomas* Pott came to Gilford  
Greene,  
2 And walked there a litle beside,  
3 Then was hee ware of the *lord* Phenix,  
4 And with him Ladye Rozamund his bryde.

**109A.41**

1 Away by the bryde rode *Thomas* of Pott,  
2 But noe word to her *that* he did say;  
1 Away by the bryde rode *Thomas* of Pott,  
2 But noe word to her *that* he did say;  
3 But when he came *Lord* Phenix before,  
4 He gaue him the right time of the day.

**109A.42**

1 'O thou art welcome, *Thomas* a Potts,  
2 How ffares they *lord* and *master* att home,  
3 Thou serving-man, welcome to mee!  
4 How ffares they *lord* and *master* att home,  
5 And all the ladyes in thy cuntrye?'

**109A.43**

1 'Sir, my *lord* and my *master* is in verry good  
health,  
2 I wott I ken itt soe readylye;  
3 I pray you, will you ryde to one outsyde,  
4 A word or towe to talke with mee.

**109A.44**

1 'You are a nobleman,' said *Thomas* a Potts,  
2 'Yee are a borne *lord* in Scotland free;  
3 You may gett ladyes enow at home;  
4 You shall neuer take my loue ffrom mee.'

**109A.45**

1 'Away, away, thou *Thomas* a Potts!  
2 Thou seruing-man, stand thou a-side!  
3 I wott there's not a serving-man this day,  
4 I know, can hinder mee of my bryde.'

**109A.46**

1 'If I be but a seruing-man,' sayd *Thomas*,  
2 'And you are a lord of honor free,  
3 A speare or two I'le with you runn,  
4 Before I'le loose her thus cowardlye.'

**109A.47**

1 'On Gilford Greene,' *Lord* Phenix saies, 'I'le  
thee meete;  
2 Neither man nor boy shall come hither with  
mee;  
3 'And as I am a man,' said *Thomas* a Pott,  
4 'I'le haue as few in my companye.'

**109A.48**

1 With *that* the wedding-day was stayd,  
2 The bryde went vnmarried home againe;  
3 Then to her maydens ffast shee loughe,  
4 And in her hart shee was full ffaine.

**109A.49**

1 'But all my mayds,' they ladye sayd,  
2 'That this day doe waite on mee,  
3 Wee will ffall downe againe vpon our knees,  
4 For *Thomas* a Potts now pray will wee.

**109A.50**

1 'If his ffortune be ffor to winn—  
2 Wee'le pray to Christ in Trynitye—  
3 I'le make him the flower of all his kinn,  
4 For the *lord* of Arrundale hee shall be.'

**109A.51**

1 Now lett vs leaue talking of this lady fayre,  
2 In her prayers good where shee can bee;  
3 I'le tell you the troth how *Thomas* a Potts  
4 For aide to his lord againe came hee.

**109A.52**

1 And when he came to Strawberry Castle,  
2 To try ffor his ladye he had but one weeke;  
3 Alacke, ffor sorrow hee cannott fforbear,  
4 For four dayes then hee fell sicke.

**109A.53**

1 With *that* his *lord* and *master* to him came,  
2 Sayes, I pray thee, *Thomas*, tell mee without all  
I doubt,  
3 Whether hast thou gotten the bonny ladye,  
4 Or thou man gange the ladye withoute.

**109A.54**

1 'Marry, *master*, yett *that* matter is vntryde;  
2 Within two dayes tryed itt must bee;  
3 He is a *lord*, and I am but a seruing-man,  
4 I doubt I must loose her through pouertye.'  
5 'Why, *Thomas* a Pott, take thou no care;  
6 Thou'st neuer loose her through pouertye.'

**109A.55**

1 'Thou shalt haue halfe my land a yeere,  
2 And *that* will raise thee many a pound;  
3 Before thou shalt loose thy bonny ladye,  
4 Thou shalt drop angells with him to the ground.

**109A.56**

1 'And thou shalt haue forty of thy ffellowes  
ffaire,  
2 And forty horsstes to goe with thee,  
3 And forty speres of the best I haue,  
4 And I my-selfe in thy companye.'

**109A.57**

1 'I thanke you, *master*,' sayd *Thomas* a Potts,  
2 'But of one thinge, *sir*, I wold be ffaine;  
3 If I shold loose my bonny ladye,  
4 How shall I increase *your* goods againe?'

**109A.58**

1 'Why, if thou winn thy lady ffaire,  
2 Thou maye well fforth for to pay mee;  
3 If thou loose thy lady, thou hast losse enoughe;  
4 Not one penny I will aske thee.'

**109A.59**

1 '*Master*, you haue thirty horsstes in one hold,  
2 You keepe them ranke and royallye;  
3 There's an old horsse, —for him you doe not  
care—  
4 This day wold sett my lady free.

**109A.60**

1 'That is a white, with a cutt tayle,  
2 Ffull sixteen yeeres of age is hee;  
3 Giffe you wold lend me *that* old horsse,  
4 Then I shold gett her easilye.'

**109A.61**

1 'Thou takes a ffoolish *part*,' the *Lord* Iockye  
sayd,  
2 'And a ffoolish *part* thou takes on thee;  
3 Thou shalt haue a better then euer he was,  
4 *That* forty pounds cost more nor hee.'

**109A.62**

1 'O *master*, those horsstes beene wild and  
wicked,  
2 And litle they can skill of the old traine;  
3 Giffe I be out of my saddle cast,  
4 They beene soe wild they'le neuer be tane  
againe.

**109A.63**

1 'Lett me haue age, sober and wise;  
2 Itt is a *part* of wisdom, you know itt plaine;  
3 If I be out of my saddle cast,  
4 Hee'le either stand still or turne againe.'

**109A.64**

1 'Thou shalt haue *that* horsse with all my hart,  
2 And my cote-plate of siluer ffree,  
3 And a hundred men att thy backe,  
4 For to fight if neede shalbee.'

**109A.65**

1 'I thanke you, *master*,' said *Thomas* a Potts,  
2 'Neither man nor boy shall goe with mee;  
3 As you are a lord off honor borne,  
4 Lett none of my ffellowes know this of mee.

**109A.66**

1 'Ffor if they wott of my goinge,  
2 I wott behind me they will not bee;  
3 Without you keepe them vnder a locke,  
4 Vpon *that* greene I shall them see.'

**109A.67**

1 And when *Thomas* came to Gilford Greene,  
2 And walked there some houres three,  
3 Then was he ware of the *Lord* Phenix,  
4 And four men in his companye.

**109A.68**

1 'You haue broken *your* vow,' sayd *Thomas* a  
Pott,  
2 '*Your* vowe *that* you made vnto mee;  
3 You said you wold come *your* selfe alone,  
4 And you haue brought more then two or three.'

**109A.69**

1 'These are my waiting-men,' *Lord* Phenix sayd,  
2 'That eury day doe waite on mee;  
3 Giffe any of these shold att vs stirr,  
4 My speare shold runn throwe his bodye.'

**109A.70**

1 'I'le runn noe race,' said *Thomas* Potts,  
2 'Till *that* this othe heere made may bee:  
3 If the one of vs be slaine,  
4 The other fforgiuen *that* hee may bee.'

**109A.71**

1 'I'le make a vow,' *Lord* Phenix saies,  
2 'My men shall beare wittnesse with thee,  
3 Giffe thou slay mee att this time,  
4 Neuer the worsse beloued in Scotland thou  
shalt bee.'

**109A.72**

1 Then they turned their horsstes round about,  
2 To run the race fore egarlye;  
3 *Lord* Phenix he was stiffe and stout,  
4 He has runn *Thomas* quite thorrow the thy.

**109A.73**

1 And beere *Thomas* out of his saddle ffaire;  
2 Vpon the ground there did hee lye;  
3 He saies, For my liffe I doe not care,  
4 But ffor the loue of my ladye.

**109A.74**

1 But shall I lose my ladye ffaire?  
2 I thought shee shold haue beene my wiffe;  
3 I pray thee, *Lord* Phenix, ryde not away,  
4 For with thee I will loose my liffe.

**109A.75**

1 Tho *Thomas* a Potts was a seruing-man,  
2 He was also a phisityan good;  
3 He clapt his hand vpon his wound,  
4 With some kind of words hee staunched the blood.

**109A.76**

1 Then into his sadle againe hee leepe;  
2 The blood in his body began to warme;  
3 He mist *Lord* Phenix bodye there,  
4 But he run him quite throw the brawne of the  
arme.

**109A.77**

1 And he bore him quite out of his saddle ffaire;  
 2 Vpon the ground there did he lye;  
 3 He said, I pray thee, *Lord Phenix*, rise and  
 ffight,  
 4 Or else yeeld this ladye sweete to mee.

**109A.78**

1 'To ffight with thee,' quoth *Phenix*, 'I cannott  
 stand.  
 2 Nor ffor to ffight, I cannott, sure;  
 3 Thou hast run me through the browne of the  
 arme;  
 4 Noe longer of thy spere I cannott endure.

**109A.79**

1 'Thou'st haue *that* ladye with all my hart,  
 2 Sith itt was like neuer better to proue,  
 3 Nor neuer a noble-man this day,  
 4 *That* will seeke to take a pore man's 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 thanks 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 you thus,  
 4 But here I'le giue you another choice.

**109A.82**

1 'Heere is a lane of two miles longie;  
 2 Att either end sett wee will bee;  
 3 The ladye shall sitt vs betweene,  
 4 And soe will wee sett this ladye ffree.'

**109A.83**

1 'If thou'le doe soe,' *Lord Phenix* sayes,  
 2 '*Thomas* a *Pott*, as thou dost tell mee,  
 3 Whether I gett her or goe without her,  
 4 Heere's 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 ffaith,' said this ladye ffaire,  
 4 'This day *Thomas* a *Pott* shall haue his owne  
 loue.'

**109A.85**

1 Toward *Thomas* a *Pott* the lady shee went,  
 2 To leape behind him hastily;  
 3 'Nay, abyde a while,' sayd *Lord Phenix*,  
 4 'Ffor better yett proued thou shalt bee.

**109A.86**

1 'Thou shalt stay heere with all thy maids—  
 2 In number with thee thou hast but three—  
 3 *Thomas* a *Pott* and I'le goe beyond yonder wall,  
 4 There the one of vs shall dye.'

**109A.87**

1 And when they came beyond the wall,  
 2 The one wold not the other nye;  
 3 *Lord Phenix* he had giuen his word  
 4 With *Thomas* a *Pott* neuer to ffight.

**109A.88**

1 'Giue me a choice,' *Lord Phenix* sayes,  
 2 '*Thomas* a *Pott*, I doe pray thee;  
 3 Lett mee goe to yonder ladye ffaire,  
 4 To see whether shee be true to thee.'

**109A.89**

1 And when hee came *that* ladye too,  
 2 Vnto that likesome dame sayd hee,  
 3 Now God thee saue, thou ladye ffaire,  
 4 The heyre of all my land thou'st bee.

**109A.90**

1 Ffor this *Thomas* a *Potts* I haue slaine;  
 2 He hath more than deadlye wounds two or  
 three;  
 1 Ffor this *Thomas* a *Potts* I haue slaine;  
 2 He hath more than deadlye wounds two or  
 three;  
 3 Thou art mine owne ladye, he sayd,  
 4 And marryed together wee will bee.

**109A.91**

1 The ladye said, If *Thomas* a *Potts* this day thou  
 haue slaine,  
 2 Thou hast slaine a better man than euer was  
 thee;  
 3 And I'le sell all the state of my lande  
 4 But thou'st be hanged on a gallow-tree.

**109A.92**

1 With *that* they lady shee fell in a soone;  
 2 A greewood woman, I wott, was shee;  
 3 *Lord Phenix* hee was readye there,  
 4 Tooke her in his armes most hastilye.

**109A.93**

1 'O *Lord*, sweete, and stand on thy ffeete,  
 2 'This day *Thomas* a *Pott* aliue can bee;  
 3 I'le send ffor thy father, the *Lord* of *Arrundale*,  
 4 And marryed together I will you see:  
 5 Giffe hee will not maintaine you well,  
 6 Both gold and land you shall haue from me.'

**109A.94**

1 'I'le see *that* wedding,' my *Lord* of *Arrundale*  
 said,  
 2 'Of my daughter's loue *that* is soe ffaire;  
 3 And sith itt will no better be,  
 4 Of all my land *Thomas* a *Pott* shall be my  
 heyre.'

**109A.95**

1 'Now all my maids,' the ladye said,  
 2 'And ladyes of England, faire and free,  
 3 Looke you neuer change *your* old loue for no  
 new,  
 4 Nor neuer change for no pouertye.

**109A.96**

1 'Ffor I had a louer true of mine owne,  
 2 A seruing-man of a small degree;  
 3 Ffrom *Thomas* a *Pott* I'le turne his name,  
 4 And the *Lord* of *Arrundale* hee shall bee.'

**109B.1**

1 OF all the lords in Scotland fair,  
 2 And ladies that been so bright of blee,  
 3 There is a noble lady among them all,  
 4 And report of her you shall hear by me.

**109B.2**

1 For of her beauty she is bright,  
 2 And of her colour very fair;  
 3 She's daughter to *Lord Arundel*,  
 4 And of her colour very fair;  
 5 She's daughter to *Lord Arundel*,  
 6 Approvd his parand and his heir.

**109B.3**

1 'I'le see this bride,' *Lord Phenix* said,  
 2 'That lady of so bright a blee,  
 3 And if I like her countenance well,  
 4 The heir of all my lands she'st be.'

**109B.4**

1 But when he came the lady before,  
 2 Before this comely maid came he,  
 3 'O God thee save, thou lady sweet,  
 4 My heir and parand thou shalt be.'

**109B.5**

1 'Leave off your suit,' the lady said,  
 2 'As you are a lord of high degree;  
 3 And I have a lord in mine own country.

**109B.6**

1 'For I have a lover true of mine own,  
 2 A serving-man of low degree,  
 3 One *Tommy Potts* it is his name,  
 4 My first love and last that ever shall be.'

**109B.7**

1 'If that *Tom Potts* is his name,  
 2 I do ken him right verily;  
 3 I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,  
 4 Where he is not able to spend pounds three.'

**109B.8**

1 'God give you good of your gold,' she said,  
 2 'And ever God give you good of your fee;  
 3 *Tom Potts* was the first love that ever I had,  
 4 And I do mean him the last to be.'

**109B.9**

1 With that *Lord Phenix* soon was movd;  
 2 Towards the lady did he threat;  
 3 He told her father, and so it was provd,  
 4 How his daughter's mind was set.

**109B.10**

1 'O daughter dear, thou art my own,  
 2 The heir of all my lands to be;  
 3 Thou shalt be bride to the *Lord Phenix*,  
 4 If that thou mean to be heir to me.'

**109B.11**

1 'O father dear, I am your own,  
 2 And at your command I needs must be;  
 3 But bind my body to whom you please,  
 4 My heart, *Tom Potts*, shall go with thee.'

**109B.12**

1 Alas! the lady her fondness must leave,  
 2 And all her foolish wooing lay aside;  
 3 The time is come, her friends have appointed,  
 4 That she must be *Lord Phenix* bride.

**109B.13**

1 With that the lady began to weep;  
 2 She knew not well then what to say,  
 3 How she might *Lord Phenix* deny,  
 4 And escape from marriage quite away.

**109B.14**

1 See calld unto her little foot-page,  
 2 Saying, I can trust none but thee;  
 3 Go carry *Tom Potts* this letter fair,  
 4 And bid him on *Guilford Green* meet me.

**109B.15**

1 For I must marry against my mind,  
 2 Or in faith well proved it shall be;  
 3 And tell to him I am loving and kind,  
 4 And wishes him this wedding to see.

**109B.16**

1 But see that thou note his countenance well,  
 2 And his colour, and shew it to me;  
 3 And go thy way and hie thee again,  
 4 And forty shillings I will give thee.

**109B.17**

1 For if he smile now with his lips,  
 2 His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart;  
 3 Then may I seek another true-love,  
 4 For of *Tom Potts* small is my part.

**109B.18**

1 But if he blush now in his face,  
 2 Then in his heart he will sorry be;  
 3 Then to his vow he hath some grace,  
 4 And false to him I will never be.

**109B.19**

1 Away this lacky-boy he ran,  
 2 And a full speed forsooth went he,  
 1 Away this lacky-boy he ran,  
 2 And a full speed forsooth went he,  
 3 Till he came to *Strawberry Castle*,  
 4 And there *Tom Potts* came he to seee.

**109B.20**

1 He gave him the letter in his hand;  
 2 Before that he began to read,  
 3 He told him plainly by word of mouth,  
 4 His love was forc'd to be *Lord Phenix* bride.

**109B.21**

1 When he lookd on the letter fair,  
 2 The salt tears blemished his eye;  
 3 Says, I cannot read this letter fair,  
 4 Nor never a word to see or spy.

**109B.22**

1 My little boy, be to me true,  
 2 Here is five marks I will give thee;  
 3 And all these words I must peruse,  
 4 And tell my lady this from me.

**109B.23**

1 By faith and troth she is my own,  
 2 By some part of promise, so it's to be found;  
 3 *Lord Phenix* shall not have her night nor day,  
 4 Except he can win her with his own hand.

**109B.24**

1 On *Guilford Green* I will her meet;  
 2 Say that I wish her for me to pray;  
 3 For there I'le lose my life so sweet,  
 4 Or else the wedding I mean to stay.

**109B.25**

1 Away this lackey-boy he ran,  
 2 Even as fast as he could hie;  
 3 The lady she met him two miles of the way;  
 4 Says, Why hast thou staid so long, my boy?

**109B.26**

1 My little boy, thou art but young,  
 2 It gives me at heart thou'l mock and scorn;  
 3 I'le not believe thee by word of mouth,  
 4 Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn.

**109B.27**

1 'Now by this book,' the boy did say,  
 2 'And *Jesus Christ* be as true to me,  
 3 *Tom Potts* could not read the letter fair,  
 4 Nor never a word to spy or see.

**109B.28**

1 'He says, by faith and troth you are his own,  
 2 By some part of promise, so it's to be found;  
 3 *Lord Phenix* shall not have you night nor day,  
 4 Except he win you with his own hand.

**109B.29**

1 'On Guilford Green he will you meet;  
2 He wishes you for him to pray;  
3 For there he'l lose his life so sweet,  
4 Or else the wedding he means to stay.'

**109B.30**

1 'If this be true, my little boy,  
2 These tidings which thou tellest to me,  
3 Forty shillings I did thee promise,  
4 Here is ten pounds I will give thee.

**109B.31**

1 'My maidens all,' the lady said,  
2 'That ever wish me well to prove,  
3 Now let us all kneel down and pray  
4 That Tommy Pots may win his love.

**109B.32**

1 'If it be his fortune the better to win,  
2 As I pray to Christ in Trinity,  
3 I'le make him the flower of all his kin,  
4 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

**109B.33**

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.34**

1 But when he came Lord Jockey before,  
2 He kneeled lowly on his knee:  
3 'What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,  
4 Thou art so full of courtesie?'

**109B.35**

1 'What tydings, what tydings, thou Tommy Pots,  
2 Thou art so full of courtesie?  
3 Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,  
4 Or wrought to me some villany.'

**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.37**

1 'If you'l not believe me by word of mouth,  
2 But read this letter, and you shall see,  
3 Here by all these suspicious words  
4 That she her own self hath sent to me.'

**109B.38**

1 But when he had read the letter fair,  
2 Of all the suspicious words in it might be,  
3 'O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,  
4 Thou'st never lose her with poverty.'

**109B.39**

1 'For thou'st have forty pounds a week,  
2 In gold and silver thou shalt row,  
3 And Harvy Town I will give thee  
4 As long as thou intendst to woove.

**109B.40**

1 'Thou'st have forty of thy fellows fair,  
2 And forty horses to go with thee,  
3 Forty of the best spears I have,  
4 And I my self in thy company.'

**109B.41**

1 'I thank you, master,' said Tommy Pots,  
2 'That proffer is too good for me;  
3 But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,  
4 My own hands shall set her free.

**109B.42**

1 'God be with you, master,' said Tommy Pots,  
2 'Now Jesus Christ you save and see;  
3 If ever I come alive again,  
4 Staid the wedding it shall be.'

**109B.43**

1 'O God be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,  
2 Thou art well proved for a man;  
3 See never a drop of blood thou spil,  
4 Nor yonder gentleman confound.

**109B.44**

1 'See that some truce with him you take,  
2 And appoint a place of liberty;  
3 Let him provide him as well as he can,  
4 As well provided thou shalt be.'

**109B.45**

1 But when he came to Guilford Green,  
2 And there had walkt a little aside,  
3 There was he ware of Lord Phenix come,  
4 And Lady Rosamond his bride.

**109B.46**

1 Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,  
2 But never a word to her did say,  
3 Till he the Lord Phenix came before;  
4 He gave him the right time of the day.

**109B.47**

1 'O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Pots,  
2 Thou serving-man of low degree;  
3 How doth thy lord and master at home,  
4 And all the ladies in that country?'

**109B.48**

1 'My lord and master is in good health,  
2 I trust since that I did him see;  
3 Will you walk with me to an out-side,  
4 Two or three words to talk with me?'

**109B.49**

1 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,  
2 'And born a lord in Scotland free;  
3 You may have ladies enough at home,  
4 And never take my love from me.'

**109B.50**

1 'Away, away, thou Tommy Pots;  
2 Thou serving-man, stand thou aside;  
3 It is not a serving-man this day  
4 That can hinder me of my bride.'

**109B.51**

1 'If I be a serving-man,' said Tom,  
2 'And you a lord of high degree,  
3 A spear or two with you I'le run,  
4 Before I'le lose her cowardly.'

**109B.52**

1 'Appoint a place, I will thee meet,  
2 Appoint a place of liberty;  
3 For there I'le lose my life so sweet,  
4 Or else my lady I'le set free.'

**109B.53**

1 'On Guilford Green I will thee meet;  
2 No man nor boy shall come with me:'  
3 'As I am a man,' said Tommy Pots,  
4 'I'le have as few in my company.'

**109B.54**

1 And thus staid the marriage was,  
2 The bride unmarried went home again;  
3 Then to her maids fast did she laugh,  
4 And in her heart she was full fain.

**109B.55**

1 'My maidens all,' the lady said,  
2 'That ever wait on me this day,  
3 Now let us all kneel down,  
4 And for Tommy Pots let us all pray.'

**109B.56**

1 'If it be his fortune the better to win,  
2 As I trust to God in Trinity,  
3 I'le make him the flower of all his kin,  
4 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

**109B.57**

1 When Tom Pots came home again,  
2 To try for his love he had but a week;  
3 For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,  
4 For four days that he fel sick.

**109B.58**

1 With that his master to him came,  
2 Says, Pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if thou doubt  
3 Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,  
4 Or thou must go thy love without.

**109B.59**

1 'O master, yet it is unknown;  
2 Within these two days well try'd it must be;  
3 He is a lord, I am but a serving-man,  
4 I fear I shall lose her with poverty.'

**109B.60**

1 'I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet;  
2 My former promises kept shall be;  
3 As I am a lord in Scotland fair,  
4 Thou'st never lose her with poverty.'

**109B.61**

1 'For thou'st have the half of my lands a year,  
2 And that will raise thee many a pound;  
3 Before thou shalt out-braved be,  
4 Thou shalt drop angels with him on the ground.'

**109B.62**

1 'I thank you, master,' said Tommy Pots,  
2 'Yet there is one thing of you I would fain;  
3 If that I lose my lady sweet,  
4 How I'st restore your goods again?'

**109B.63**

1 'If that thou win the lady sweet,  
2 Thou mayst well forth, thou shalt pay me;  
3 If thou loosest thy lady, thou loosest enough;  
4 Thou shalt not pay me one penny.'

**109B.64**

1 'You have thirty horses in one close,  
2 You keep them all both frank and free;  
3 Amongst them all there's an old white horse  
4 This day would set my lady free.

**109B.65**

1 'That is an old horse with a cut tail,  
2 Full sixteen years of age is he;  
3 If thou wilt lend me that old horse,  
4 Then could I win her easily.'

**109B.66**

1 'That's a foolish opinion,' his master said,  
2 'And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee;  
3 Thou'st have a better then ever he was,  
4 Though forty pounds more it cost me.'

**109B.67**

1 'O your choice horses are wild and tough,  
2 And little they can skill of their train;  
3 If I be out of my saddle cast,  
4 They are so wild they'l ner be tain.'

**109B.68**

1 'Thou'st have that horse,' his master said,  
2 'If that one thing thou wilt tell me;  
3 Why that horse is better than any other,  
4 I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me.'

**109B.69**

1 'That horse is old, of stomach bold,  
2 And well can he skill of his train;  
3 If I be out of my saddle cast,  
4 He'l either stand still or turn again.'

**109B.70**

1 'Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,  
2 And my plate-coat of silver free;  
3 An hundred men to stand at thy back,  
4 To fight if he thy master be.'

**109B.71**

1 'I thank you master,' said Tommy Pots;  
2 'That proffer is too good for me;  
3 I would not, for ten thousand pounds,  
4 Have man or boy in my company.'

**109B.72**

1 'God be with you master,' said Tommy Pots;  
2 'Now, as you are a man of law,  
3 One thing let me crave at your hand;  
4 Let never a one of my fellows know.'

**109B.73**

1 'For if that my fellows they did wot,  
2 Or ken of my extremity,  
3 Except you keep them under a lock,  
4 Behind me I am sure they would not be.'

**109B.74**

1 But when he came to Guilford Green,  
2 He waited hours two or three;  
3 There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,  
4 And four men in his company.

**109B.75**

1 'You have broken your vow,' said Tommy  
Pots,  
2 'The vow which you did make to me;  
3 You said you would bring neither man nor boy,  
4 And now has brought more than two or three.'

**109B.76**

1 'These are my men,' Lord Phenix said,  
2 'Which every day do wait on me;  
3 [If] any of these dare proffer to strike,  
4 I'le run my spear through his body.'

**109B.77**

1 'I'le run no race now,' said Tommy Pots,  
2 'Except now this may be;  
3 If either of us be slain this day,  
4 The other shall forgiven be.'

**109B.78**

1 'I'le make that vow with all my heart,  
2 My men shall bear witness with me;  
3 And if thou slay me here this day,  
4 In Scotland worse belovd thou never shalt be.'

**109B.79**

1 They turnd their horses thrice about,  
2 To run the race so eagerly;  
3 Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,  
4 And ran Tom Pots through the thick o th' thigh.



**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 stancht 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 fair,  
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 Pots,  
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 joyce!  
3 'I'le not take the lady from you thus,  
4 But of her you' st have another choice.

**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' l 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 a woman for to prove,  
3 'By the faith of my body,' the lady said,  
4 'Then Tom Pots must needs have his love.'

**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 That one of us two be proved to dye.'

**109B.94**

1 But when they came behind the wall,  
2 The one came not the other nigh;  
3 For the Lord Phenix had made a vow,  
4 That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

**109B.95**

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.96**

1 When he came from behind the wall,  
2 With his face all bloody as it might be,  
3 'O lady sweet, thou art my own,  
4 For Tom Pots slain have I.

**109B.97**

1 'Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,  
2 And given him death' s wounds two or three;  
3 O lady sweet, thou art my own;  
4 Of all loves, wilt thou live with me?'

**109B.98**

1 'If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots,  
2 And given him death' s wounds two or three,  
3 I' le sell the state of my father' s lands  
4 But hanged shall Lord Phenix be.'

**109B.99**

1 With that the lady fell in a swoond,  
2 For a grieved woman, God wot, was she;  
3 Lord Phenix he was ready then  
4 To take her up so hastily.

**109B.100**

1 'O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,  
2 Tom Pots alive this day may be;  
3 I' le send for thy father, Lord Arundel,  
4 And he and I the wedding will see.

**109B.101**

1 'I' le send for thy father, Lord Arundel,  
2 And he and I the wedding will see;  
3 If he will not maintain you well,  
4 Both lands and livings you' st have of me.'

**109B.102**

1 'I' le see this wedding,' Lord Arundel said,  
2 'Of my daughter' s luck that is so fair;  
3 Seeing the matter will be no better,  
4 Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir.'

**109B.103**

1 With that the lady began for to smile,  
2 For a glad woman, God wot, was she;  
3 'Now all my maids,' the lady said,  
4 'Example you may take by me.'

**109B.104**

1 'But all the ladies of Scotland fair,  
2 And lasses of England that well would prove,  
3 Neither marry for gold nor goods,  
4 Nor marry for nothing but only love.

**109B.105**

1 'For I had a lover true of my own,  
2 A serving-man of low degree;  
3 Now from Tom Pots I' le change his name,  
4 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

**109C.1**

1 IN Scotland there are ladies fair,  
2 There' s ladies of honor and high degree,

**109C.1r**

1 Hey down, down a down derry

**109C.1**

1 But one excels above all the rest,  
3 And the Earl of Arundel' s daughter is she.

**109C.1r**

1 With hey down, derry down,  
3 Lang derry down derry

**109C.2**

1 Both knights and lords of great account  
2 Comes thither a wooing for this ladie' s sake:  
3 It fell on a day that Earl Arundell said,  
4 Daughter, which of these lords will you take?'

**109C.3**

1 Or which of them now likes thee best?  
2 Speak truth to me, but do not lie;  
3 Speak truth to me, and do not jest,  
4 Who must heir my livings when as I die?'

**109C.4**

1 Lord Fenix is a lord of high degree,  
2 And hath both lands and livings free;  
3 I tell thee, daughter, thou shalt him have,  
4 If thou wilt take any counsell at me.

**109C.5**

1 With that the young lady fell down of her knee,  
2 And trickling tears ran down her eye:  
3 'As you are my father, and loves me dear,  
4 My heart is set where it must be.'

**109C.6**

1 'On a serving-man which is so poor,  
2 For all he hath is but pounds three;  
3 He was the first lover that ere I had,  
4 And the last I mean him for to be.'

**109C.7**

1 With that her father was sore offended,  
2 And fast he rode at that same tide,  
3 Untill he to the Lord Fenix came,  
4 And fast he rode at that same tide,

**109C.8**

1 The yong ladie cald up Jack, her foot-boy:  
2 'I dare trust no man alive but thee;  
3 Thou must go my errand to Strawberry Castle,  
4 To the place where Tomy o' th Potts doth lye.

**109C.9**

1 'And carry this letter, in parchment fair,  
2 That I have sealed with mine own hand;  
3 And when Tomey looks this letter upon,  
4 Be sure his countenance thou understand.

**109C.10**

1 'And if he either laugh or smile,  
2 He is not sorry at his heart;  
3 I must seek a new love where I will,  
4 For small of Tomey must be my part.

**109C.11**

1 'But if he wax red in the face,  
2 And tricing tears fall from his eyes,  
3 Then let my father say what he will,  
4 For true to Tomey I' le be always.

**109C.12**

1 'And thou must tell him by word of mouth,  
2 If this letter cannot be read at that tyde,  
3 That this day sennight, and no longer hence,  
4 I must be Lord William Fenix bride.'

**109C.13**

1 The boy took leave of his lady gay,  
2 And to Strawberry Castle he did him fast hie;  
3 A serving-man did guide him the way  
4 To the place where Tomey o' th Potts did lie.

**109C.14**

1 'O Christ thee save, good Tomey o' th Potts,  
2 And Christ thee save as I thee see;  
3 Come read this letter, Tomey o' th Potts,  
4 As thy true-love hath sent to thee.'

**109C.15**

1 Then Tomey he waxed red in the face,  
2 And trickling tears ran down his eyes;  
3 But never a letter could he read,  
4 If he should be hanged on th' gallow-tree.

**109C.16**

1 'Shee bid me tell you by word of mouth,  
2 If this letter could not be read at this tide,  
3 That this day sennight, and no longer hence,  
4 She must be Lord William Fenix bride.'

**109C.17**

1 'Now in faith,' said Tomey, 'She is mine own,  
2 As all hereafter shall understand;  
3 Lord Fenix shall not marry her, by night or day,  
4 Unless he win her by his own hand.'

**109C.18**

1 'For on Gilforth Green I will her meet,  
2 And if she love me, bid her for me pray;  
3 And there I will lose my life so sweet,  
4 Or else her wedding I will stay.'

**109C.19**

1 He cald this boy unto accounts;  
2 Think whether he loved this lady gay!  
3 He gave him forty shilling for his message,  
4 And all he had was but pounds three.

**109C.20**

1 The boy took his leave of Tomey o' th Potts,  
2 Fearing that he had staid too late;  
3 The young lady did wait of his comming,  
4 And met him five miles out of the gate.

**109C.21**

1 'O boney boy, thou art not of age,  
2 Therefore thou canst both mock and scorn;  
3 I will not believe what my love hath said,  
4 Unlesse thou on this book be sworn.'

**109C.22**

1 'Now, in faith, gay lady, I will not lye,  
2 And kist the book full soon did he:  
3 'One letter he could not read at that time,  
4 If he should have been handg at gallo-tree.'

**109C.23**

1 'He said in faith you are his own,  
2 As all hereafter shall understand;  
3 Lord Fenix shall not marry you by night or day,  
4 Unlesse he winn you with his own hand.'

**109C.24**

1 'For on Gilforth Green he will you meet,  
2 And if you love him, you must for him pray;  
3 And there he will lose his life so sweet,  
4 Or else your wedding he will stay.'

**109C.25**

1 Let us leave talking of the boy,  
2 That with his gay lady is turned home;  
3 Now let us go talk of Tomey o' th Potts,  
4 And how to his master he is gone.

**109C.26**

1 When Tomey came his master before,  
2 He kneeled down upon his knee:  
3 'What tidings hast thou brought, my man,  
4 As that thou makes such courtesie?'

**109C.27**

1 'O Christ you save, dear master,' he said,  
2 'And Christ you save as I you see;  
3 For God's love, master, come read me this  
letter,  
4 Which my true love hath sent to me.'

**109C.28**

1 His master took this letter in hand,  
2 And looked ore it with his eye;  
3 'In faith, I am fain, my man,' he said,  
4 'As thou hast a lady so true to thee.'

**109C.29**

1 'I have a lady true to me,  
2 And false to her I'le never be;  
3 But ere this day sennight, and no longer hence,  
4 I must lose my love through povertie.

**109C.30**

1 'Lord Fenix he will her have,  
2 Because he hath more wealth then I':  
3 'Now hold thy tongue, my man,' he said,  
4 'For before that day many a one shall die.'

**109C.31**

1 'O Tomey,' said he, 'I love thee well,  
2 And something for thee I will doo;  
3 For Strawberry Castle shall be thine own  
4 So long as thou dost mean to woo.'

**109C.32**

1 'One half of my lands I'le give thee a year,  
2 The which will raise thee many a pound;  
3 Before that thou lose thy bonny sweet-hart,  
4 Thou shalt drop angels with him to the ground.'

**109C.33**

1 'I have thirty steeds in my stable strong,  
2 Which any of them is good indeed,  
3 And a bunch of spears hangs them among,  
4 And a nag to carry thee swift with speed.'

**109C.34**

1 'My sute of armour thou shalt put on—  
2 So well it becomes thy fair body—  
3 And when thou comst on Gilford Green  
4 Thou'll look more like a lord then he.'

**109C.35**

1 'My men shall all rise and with thee go,  
2 And I my self with thee will ride;  
3 And many a bloody wound will we make  
4 Before that thou shalt lose thy bride.'

**109C.36**

1 'Now Christ reward you, dear master,' he said,  
2 'For the good will you bear to me;  
3 But I trust to God, in a little space,  
4 With my own hands to set her free.'

**109C.37**

1 'I'le none of your horses, master,' he said,  
2 'For they cannot well skill of their trade;  
3 None but your gray nag that hath a cut tail,  
4 For hee'll either stand or turn again.'

**109C.38**

1 'One spear, master, and no more,  
2 No more with me that I will take,  
3 And if that spear it will not serve my turn,  
4 I'le suffer death for my true-love's sake.'

**109C.39**

1 Early in the morning, when day did spring,  
2 On Gilforth Green betime was he;  
3 There did he espie Lord Fenix comming,  
4 And with him a royall company.

**109C.40**

1 Gold chains about their necks threescore,  
2 Full well might seem fine lords to ride;  
3 The young lady followed far behind,  
4 Sore against her will that she was a bride.

**109C.41**

1 There Tomey passed this lady by,  
2 But never a word to her did say;  
3 Then straight to Lord Fenix he is gone,  
4 And gives him the right time of the day.

**109C.42**

1 'O Christ you save, Lord Fenix,' he said,  
2 'And Christ you save as I you see';  
3 'Thou art welcome, Tomey o' th Potts,' he said,  
4 'A serving-man into our company.'

**109C.43**

1 'O how doth thy master, Tomy o' th Potts?  
2 Tell me the truth and do not lye;  
3 'My master is well,' then Tomey replide,  
4 'I thank my lord, and I thank not thee.'

**109C.44**

1 'O Christ you save Lord Fenix,' he said,  
2 'And Christ you save as I you see;  
3 You may have choyce of ladies enough,  
4 And not take my true-love from me.'

**109C.45**

1 With that Lord Fenix was sore offended,  
2 And fast away he rode at that tide;  
3 'God forbid,' Lord Fenix he said,  
4 'A serving-man should hold me from my bride  
'

**109C.46**

1 But afterward Tomey did him meet,  
2 As one that came not thither to flye,  
3 And said, Lord Fenix, take thou my love,  
4 For I will not lose her cowardly.

**109C.47**

1 'O meet me here tomorrow,' he said;  
2 'As thou art a man, come but thy sell;  
3 And if that I come [with] any more,  
4 The divell fetch my soul to hell.'

**109C.48**

1 And so this wedding-day was staid,  
2 The lady and lords they turned home;  
3 The lady made merry her maidens among,  
4 And said, Tomey I wish thou may win thy own.

**109C.49**

1 Early in the morning, when day did spring,  
2 On Gilforth Green betime was he;  
3 He waited long for Lord Fenix comming,  
4 But Lord William Fenix he could not see.

**109C.50**

1 He waited long and very long,  
2 Untill the sun waxed very high;  
3 There was he ware of Lord Fenix coming,  
4 And with him other men three.

**109C.51**

1 'Thou art a false thief, Lord Fenix,' he said,  
2 Thou promisedst me to come by thy self,  
3 And thou hast brought other men three.

**109C.52**

1 'But in regard I call thee thief,  
2 Because thou hast broken promise with me,  
3 I vow, and you were as many more,  
4 Forsaken sure you should not be.'

**109C.53**

1 'These are my men,' Lord Fenix said,  
2 'That every day do wait on me;  
3 If any of them do strike a stroke,  
4 In faith then hanged he shall be.'

**109C.54**

1 They fetcht a race and rode about,  
2 And then they met full eagerly;  
3 Lord Fenix away by Tomey's body glowd,  
4 And he ran him quite thorow the thigh.

**109C.55**

1 Out of his saddle bore him he did,  
2 And laid his body on the ground;  
3 His spear he ran thorow Tomey's thigh,  
4 In which he made a grievous wound.

**109C.56**

1 But Tomey quickly start up again;  
2 For as he was a physitian good,  
3 He laid his hand upon the wound,  
4 And quickly he did stanch the blood.

**109C.57**

1 Full lightly he leaped to his saddle again,  
2 Forth of it long he did not stay;  
3 For he weighed more of the ladie's love  
4 Then of any life he had that day.

**109C.58**

1 They fetched a race and rode about,  
2 The blood in Tomey's body began to warm;  
3 He away by Lord Fenix body glowde,  
4 And he ran him quite through the arm.

**109C.59**

1 Out of his saddle bore him he hath,  
2 Of from his steed that mounted so high;  
3 'Now rise and fight, Lord Fenix,' he said,  
4 'Or else yeeld the lady unto me.'

**109C.60**

1 'I'll yeeld the lady unto thee;  
2 My arm no more my spear will guide;  
3 It was never better likely to prove,  
4 To hold a poor seving-man from his bride.'

**109C.61**

1 'But if thou wilt thus deal then with me,  
2 Lest of this matter should rise any voice,  
3 That I have gotten the victory,  
4 Then thou shalt have another choise.'

**109C.62**

1 'Yonder is a lane of two miles long;  
2 At either end then stand will we;  
3 Wee'l set the lady in the midst,  
4 And whether she come to, take her, for me.'

**109C.63**

1 'If thou wilt thus deal,' said Fenix then,  
2 'Thou'll save my credit and honor high;  
3 And whether I win her, or go without her,  
4 I'le be willing to give ten pounds to thee.'

**109C.64**

1 There was a lane of two miles long;  
2 The lady was set in the middle that tide;  
3 She laught and made merry her maids among,  
4 And said, Tomey o' th Pots, now I'le be thy  
bride.

**109C.65**

1 Now all you ladies of high degree,  
2 And maides that married yet would be,  
3 Marry no man for goods or lands,  
4 Unlessse you love him faithfully.

**109C.66**

1 For I had a love of my own, she said,  
2 At Strawberry Castle there lived he;  
3 I'le change his name from Tomey o' th Potts,  
4 And the yong *Earl* of Arundell now he shall be.

**110A.1**

1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter  
2 Came triping on the way,  
3 And there she met a courteous knight,  
4 Which caused her to stay

**110A.1r**

1 Sing trang sil do lee

**110A.2**

1 'Good morrow to you, beautious maid,'  
2 These words pronounced he;  
3 'O I shall dye this day,' he said,  
4 'If I have not my will of thee.'

**110A.3**

1 'The Lord forbid,' the maid reply'd,  
2 'That such a thing should be,  
3 That ever such a courteous yong knight  
4 Should dye for love of me.'

**110A.4**

1 He took her by the middle so small,  
2 And laid her down on the plain,  
3 And after he had had his will,  
4 He took her up again.

**110A.5**

1 'Now you have had your wil, good sir,  
2 And put my body thus to shame,  
3 Even as you are a courteous knight,  
4 Tel me what is your name.'

**110A.6**

1 'Some men do call me Jack, sweet heart,  
2 And some do call me John,  
3 But when I come to the king's [fair] court,  
4 They call me Sweet William.'

**110A.7**

1 He set his foot in the stirrop,  
2 And away then did he ride;  
3 She tuckt her kirtle about her middle,  
4 And run close by his side.

**110A.8**

1 But when she came to the broad water,  
2 She set her brest and swom,  
3 And when she was got out again,  
4 She took her heels and run.

**110A.9**

1 He never was the courteous knight  
2 To say, Fair maid, will you ride?  
3 Nor she never was so loving a maid  
4 To say, Sir Knight, abide.

**110A.10**

1 But when she came to the king's fair court,  
2 She knocked at the ring;  
3 So ready was the king himself  
4 To let his fair maid in.

**110A.11**

1 'O Christ you save, my gracious leige,  
2 Your body christ save and see!  
3 You have got a knight within your court  
4 This day hath robbed me.

**110A.12**

1 'What hath he robbed thee of, fair maid?  
2 Of purple or of pall?  
3 Or hath he took thy gay gold ring,  
4 From off thy finger small?'

**110A.13**

1 'He hath not robbed me, my liege,  
2 Of purple nor of pall;  
3 But he hath got my maidenhead,  
4 Which grieves me worst of all.'

**110A.14**

1 'Now if he be a batchelor,  
2 His body I'll give to thee;  
3 But if he be a married man,  
4 High hanged shall he be.'

**110A.15**

1 He called down his merry men all,  
2 By one, by two, and by three;  
3 Sweet William was us'd to be the first,  
4 But now the last comes hee.

**110A.16**

1 He brought her down full forty pound,  
2 Ty'd up with<in> a glove:  
3 'Fair maid, I give the same to the,  
4 And seek another love.'

**110A.17**

1 'O I'll have none of your gold,' she said,  
2 'Nor I'll have none of your fee;  
3 But I must have your fair body  
4 The king hath given me.'

**110A.18**

1 Sweet William ran and fetch her then  
2 Five hundred pound in gold,  
3 Saying, Fair maid, take this unto thee;  
4 Thy fault will never be told.

**110A.19**

1 "'Tis not your gold that shall me tempt,'  
2 These words then answered she,  
3 'But I must have your own body;  
4 So the king hath granted me.'

**110A.20**

1 'Would I had drank the fair water  
2 When I did drink the wine,  
3 That ever any shepherd's daughter  
4 Should be a fair lady of mine!

**110A.21**

1 'Would I had drank the puddle-water  
2 When I did drink the ale,  
3 That ever any shepherd's daughter  
4 Should have told me such a tale!'

**110A.22**

1 'A shepheard's daughter as I was,  
2 You might have let me be;  
3 I'd never come to the king's fair court  
4 To have craved any love of thee.'

**110A.23**

1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 And himselfe upon a gray;  
3 He hung a bugle about his neck,  
4 And so they rode away.

**110A.24**

1 But when they came unto the place  
2 Where marriage rites were done,  
3 She provd her selfe a duke's daughter,  
4 And he but a squire's son.

**110A.25**

1 'Now you have married me, sir knight,  
2 Your pleasures may be free;  
3 If you make me lady of one good town,  
4 I'll make you lord of three.'

**110A.26**

1 'Accursed be the gold,' he said,  
2 'If thou hadst not bin true,  
3 That should have parted thee from me,  
4 To have chang'd thee for a new.'

**110A.27**

1 Their hearts being then so linked fast,  
2 And joyning 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 whan he got his will o her  
4 He lift her up again.

**110B.3**

1 'O syne ye've got your will o me,  
2 Your will o me ye've taen,  
3 'Tis all I ask o you, kind sir,  
4 Is to tell to me your name.'

**110B.4**

1 'Sometimes they call me Jack,' he said,  
2 'Sometimes they call me John,  
3 But whan 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 straught 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 lassie, will ye ride?  
3 Nor ever had she the courage to say,  
4 O laddie, will ye bide!

**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 whan I come to deep water,  
4 I can swim as it were an eel.

**110B.9**

1 'I learned it in my mother's bower,  
2 I learned it for my better,  
3 That whan I come to broad water,  
4 I can swim like ony otter.'

**110B.10**

1 He plunged his steed into the ford,  
2 And straught way thro he rade,  
3 And she set in her lilly feet,  
4 And thro the water wade.

**110B.11**

1 And whan she cam to the king's court,  
2 She tirlid on the pin,  
3 And wha sae ready's the king himsel  
4 To let the fair maid in?

**110B.12**

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 This day has robbed me.'

**110B.13**

1 'O has he taen your gold,' he said,  
2 'Or has he taen your fee?  
3 Or has he stown your maidenhead,  
4 The flower of your bodye?'

**110B.14**

1 'He has na taen my gold, kind sir,  
2 Nor as little has he taen my fee,  
3 But he has taen my maidenhead,  
4 The flower of my bodye.'

**110B.15**

1 'O gif he be a married man,  
2 High hangit shall he be,  
3 But gif he be a bachelor,  
4 His body I'll grant thee.'

**110B.16**

1 'Sometimes they call him Jack,' she said,  
2 'Sometimes they call him John,  
3 But whan 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 'O whether will ye marry the bonny may,  
2 Or hang on the gallows-tree?'  
3 'O I will rather marry the bonny may,  
4 Afore that I do die.'

**110B.21**

1 But he took out a purse of gold,  
2 Weel locked in a glove:  
3 'O tak ye that, my bonny may,  
4 And seek anither love.'

**110B.22**

1 'O I will hae none o your gold,' she says,  
2 'Nor as little ony of your fee,  
3 But I will hae your ain body,  
4 The king has granted me.'

**110B.23**

1 O he took out a purse of gold,  
2 A purse of gold and store;  
3 'O tak ye that, fair may,' he said,  
4 'Frae me ye'll neer get mair.'

**110B.24**

1 'O haud your tongue, young man,' she says,  
2 'And I pray you let me be;  
3 For I will hae your ain body,  
4 The king has granted me.'

**110B.25**

1 He mounted her on a bonny bay horse,  
2 Himsel on the silver grey;  
3 He drew his bonnet out oer his een,  
4 He whipt and rade away.

**110B.26**

1 O whan they cam to yon nettle bush,  
2 The nettles they war spread:  
3 'O an my mither war but here,' she says,  
4 'These nettles she wad sued.'

**110B.27**

1 'O an I had drank the wan water  
2 Whan I did drink the wine,  
3 That eer a shepherd's dochter  
4 Should hae been a love o mine!'

**110B.28**

1 'O may be I'm a shepherd's dochter,  
2 And may be I am nane;  
3 But you might hae ridden on your ways,  
4 And hae let me alane.'

**110B.29**

1 O whan they cam unto yon mill,  
2 She heard the mill clap:  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**110B.30**

1 'Clap on, clap on, thou bonny mill,  
2 Weel may thou, I say,  
3 For mony a time thou's filled my pock  
4 Wi baith oat-meal and grey.'

**110B.31**

1 'O an I had drank the wan water  
2 Whan I did drink the wine,  
3 That eer a shepherd's dochter  
4 Should hae been a love o mine!'

**110B.32**

1 'O may be I'm a shepherd's dochter,  
2 And may be I am nane;  
3 But you might hae ridden on your ways,  
4 And hae let me alane.'

**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 yonder hill;  
3 Bye cam a knicht frae the High College,  
4 And he wad hae his will.

**110C.2**

1 Whan he had got his wills o her,  
2 His will as he has 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 my name,  
3 But whan I'm into the king's court,  
4 Mitchcock is my name.'

**110C.4**

1 'Mitchcock! hey!' the lady did say,  
2 And spelt it oure 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 knicht rade on, the lady ran,  
2 A live-lang simmer's day,  
3 Till they cam to a wan water  
4 Was calld the river Tay.

**110C.7**

1 'Jump on behind, ye weill-faurd may,  
2 Or do ye chuse to ride?'  
3 'No thank ye, sir,' the lady said,  
4 'I rather chuse to wade;'  
5 And afore that he was mid-water,  
6 She was at the ither side.

**110C.8**

1 'Turn back, turn back, ye weill-faurd may,  
2 My heart will brak in three;'  
3 'And sae did mine in yon bonny hill-side,  
4 Whan ye wad [na] lat me be.'

**110C.9**

1 'Whare gat ye that gay claithing  
2 This day I see on thee?'  
3 'My mither was a gude milk-nurse,  
4 And a gude nourice was she;  
5 She nursd the Earl of Stockford's daughter,  
6 And gat aw this to me.'

**110C.10**

1 Whan she cam to the king's court,  
2 She rappit wi a ring;  
3 Sae ready as the king himsel  
4 Was to let the lady in!

**110C.11**

1 'There is a knicht into your court  
2 This day has robbed me;'  
3 'O has he taen your gowd,' he says,  
4 'Or has he taen your fee?'

**110C.12**

1 'He has na taen my gowd,' she says,  
2 'Nor yet has he my fee;  
3 But he has taen my maiden-head,  
4 The flour o my fair bodie.'

**110C.13**

1 Then out bespak the queen hersel,  
2 Wha sat by the king's knee:  
3 There's na a knicht in aw our court  
4 Wad hae dune that to thee,  
5 Unless it war my brither, Earl Richard,  
6 And forbid it it war he!

**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 hinmost man that day.

**110C.16**

1 He cam hauping on ane 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 towr-head  
2 And offerd her hunder puns in a glove:  
3 'Gin ye be a courteous maid,  
4 Ye'll choice 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 Whan 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 neebours, 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 on yon bonny hill-side,  
4 Whan ye wad na let me be.'

**110C.22**

1 Whan she cam to yon nettle-dyke,  
2 . . . . .  
3 'An my auld mither she was here,  
4 Sae weill as she wad ye pu.

**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 Whan she cam to Earl Richard's house,  
2 The sheets war holland fine:  
3 'O haud awa thae linen sheets,  
4 And bring to me the linsey clouts  
5 I hae been best used in.'

**110C.25**

1 ['Awa, awa wi your siller spoons,  
2 Haud 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 on yon bonnie hillside,  
4 Whan ye wadna lat 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 'O I wish I'd drank the well-water  
2 Whan first I drank the beer,  
3 That ever a shepherd's dochter  
4 Shoud hae been my only dear!'  
5 . . . . .

**110C.29**

1 'Ye'll turn about, Earl Richard,  
2 And mak some mair o me;  
3 An ye mak me lady o ae puir plow,  
4 I can mak ye laird o three.'

**110C.30**

1 'If ye be the Earl of Stockford's dochter,  
2 As I've taen some thought ye be,  
3 Aft hae I waited at your father's yett,  
4 But your face I could never see.'

**110D.1**

1 . . . . .  
1 AND he was never sae discreet  
2 As bid her loup on and ride,  
3 And she was neer sae meanly bred  
4 As for to bid him bide.

**110D.2**

1 And whan she cam to yon water,  
2 It was running like a flude:  
3 'I've learned it in my mither's bouer,  
4 I've learned it for my gude,  
5 That I can soum this wan water  
6 Like a fish in a flude.

**110D.3**

1 'I've learned it in my father's bouer,  
2 I've learned it for my better,  
3 And I will soum this wan water  
4 As tho I was ane otter.'  
5 . . . . .

**110D.4**

1 'Gude day, gude day, my liege the king,  
2 Gude day, gude day, to thee;'  
3 'Gude day,' quoth he, 'My lady fair,  
4 What want ye wi me?'  
5 . . . . .

**110D.5**

1 'Gin he be a single man,  
2 His bodie I'll gie thee;  
3 But gin he be a married man,  
4 I'll hang him on a tree.'  
5 . . . . .

**110D.6**

1 He's powd out a hundred puns,  
2 Weel lockit in a glove;  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**110D.7**

1 'I'll hae nane o your gowd,' she said,  
2 'Nor either o your fee;  
3 But I will hae your ain bodie  
4 The king has granted me.'

**110D.8**

1 'O was ye gentle gotten, maid?  
2 Or was ye gentle born?  
3 Or hae ye onie gerss growing?  
4 Or hae ye onie corn?

**110D.9**

1 'Or hae ye onie lands or rents,  
2 Lying at libertie?  
3 Or hae ye onie education,  
4 To dance alang wi me?'

**110D.10**

1 'I was na gentle gotten, madam,  
2 Nor was I gentle born;  
3 Neither hae I gerss growing,  
4 Nor hae I onie corn.

**110D.11**

1 'I have na onie lands or rents,  
2 Lying at libertie;  
3 Nor hae I onie education,  
4 To dance alang wi thee.'

**110D.12**

1 He lap on ae milk-white steed,  
2 And she lap on anither,  
3 And then the twa rade out the way  
4 Like sister and like brither.

**110D.13**

1 And whan she cam to Tyne's water,  
2 She wililie did say,  
3 Fareweil, ye mills o Tyne's water,  
4 With thee I bid gude-day.

**110D.14**

1 Fareweil, ye mills o Tyne's water,  
2 To you I bid gud-een,  
3 Whare monie a day I hae filld my pock,  
4 Baith at midnicht and at een.  
5 . . . . .

**110D.15**

1 Whan they cam to her father's yett,  
2 She tirlid on the pin;  
3 And an auld belly-blind man was sitting there,  
4 As they war entering in.

**110D.16**

1 'The meetest marriage,' the belly-blind did cry,  
2 'Atween the ane and the ither,  
3 Atween the Earl of Stockford's dochter  
4 And the Queen o England's brither.'

**110E.1**

1 EARL RICHARD, once upon a day,  
2 And all his valiant men so wight,  
3 He did him down to Barnisdale,  
4 Where all the land is fair and light.

**110E.2**

1 He was aware of a damosel—  
2 I wot fast on she did her bound—  
3 With towers of gold upon her head,  
4 As fair a woman as could be found.

**110E.3**

1 He said, Busk on you, fair ladye,  
2 The white flowers and the red;  
3 For I would give my bonnie ship  
4 To get your maidenhead.

**110E.4**

1 'I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
2 And drown you in the sea;  
3 For all this would not mend the miss  
4 That ye would do to me.'  
5 'The miss is not so great, ladye;  
6 Soon mended it might be.

**110E.5**

1 'I have four an twenty mills in Scotland,  
2 Stands on the water of Tay;  
3 You'll have them, and as much flour  
4 As they'll grind in a day.'

**110E.6**

1 'I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
2 And drown you in the sea;  
3 For all that would not mend the miss  
4 That ye would do to me.'  
5 'The miss is not so great, ladye;  
6 Soon mended it will be.

**110E.7**

1 'I have four an twenty milk-white cows,  
2 All calved in a day;  
3 You'll have them ,and as much haind grass  
4 As they all on can gae.'

**110E.8**

1 'I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
2 And drown you in the sea;  
3 For all that would not mend the miss  
4 That ye would do to me.'  
5 'The miss is not so great, ladye;  
6 Soon mended it might be.

**110E.9**

1 'I have four an twenty milk-white steeds,  
2 All foaled in one year;  
3 You'll have them, and as much red gold  
4 As all their backs can bear.'

**110E.10**

1 She turned her right and round about,  
2 And she swore by the mold;  
3 'I would not be your love,' said she,  
4 'For that church full of gold.'

**110E.11**

1 He turned him right and round about,  
2 And he swore by the mess;  
3 Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,  
4 And gold ye shall have less.

**110E.12**

1 She turned her right and round about,  
2 And she swore by the moon;  
3 'I would not be your love,' says she,  
4 'For all the gold in Rome.'

**110E.13**

1 He turned him right and round about,  
2 And he swore by the moon;  
3 Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,  
4 And gold ye shall have none.

**110E.14**

1 He caught her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 And there has taken his will of her,  
4 Wholly without her leave.

**110E.15**

1 The ladye frownd, and sadly blusht,  
2 And oh, but she thought shame!  
3 Says, If you are a knight at all,  
4 You surely will tell me your name.

**110E.16**

1 'In some places they call me Jack,  
2 In other some they call me John;  
3 But when into the queen's court,  
4 O then Lithcock it is my name!'

**110E.17**

1 'Lithcock! Lithcock!' the ladye said,  
2 And oft she spelt it ower again;  
3 'Lithcock! it's Latin,' the ladye said,  
4 'Richard's the English of that name.'

**110E.18**

1 The knight he rode, the ladye ran,  
2 A live-long summer's day,  
3 Till they came to the wan water  
4 That all men do call Tay.

**110E.19**

1 He set his horse head to the water,  
2 Just thro it for to ride,  
3 And the ladye was as ready as him  
4 The waters for to wade.

**110E.20**

1 For he had never been as kind-hearted  
2 As to bid the ladye ride,  
3 And she had never been so low-hearted  
4 As for to bid him bide.

**110E.21**

1 But deep into the wan water  
2 There stands a great big stone;  
3 He turned his wight horse head about,  
4 Said Ladye fair, will ye loup on?

**110E.22**

1 She's taken the wand was in her hand  
2 And struck it on the faem,  
3 And before he got the middle-stream  
4 The ladye was on dry land:  
5 'By help of God and our Lady,  
6 My help lyes not in your hand!'

**110E.23**

1 'I learned it from my mother dear,  
2 Few are there that have learned better,  
3 When I come to deep water,  
4 I can swim thro like ony otter.

**110E.24**

1 'I learned it from my mother dear,  
2 I find I larned it for my weel,  
3 When I come to a deep water,  
4 I can swim thro like ony eel.'

**110E.25**

1 'Turn back, turn back, you ladye fair,  
2 You know not what I see;  
3 There is a ladye in that castle  
4 That will burn you and me.'  
5 'Betide me weel, betide me wae,  
6 That ladye I will see.'

**110E.26**

1 She took a ring from her finger,  
2 And gave it the porter for his fee;  
3 Says, Take you that, my good porter,  
4 And bid the queen speak to me.

**110E.27**

1 And when she came before the queen,  
2 There she fell low down on her knee;  
3 Says, There is a knight into your court  
4 This day has robbed me.

**110E.28**

1 'O has he robbed you of your gold,  
2 Or has he robbed you of your fee?'  
3 'He has not robbed me of my gold,  
4 He has not robbed me of my fee;  
5 He has robbed me of my maidenhead,  
6 The fairest flower of my bodie.'

**110E.29**

1 'There is no knight in all my court,  
2 That thus has robbed thee,  
3 But you'll have the truth of his right hand,  
4 Or else for your sake he'll die:

**110E.30**

1 'Tho it were Earl Richard, my own brother,  
2 And, Oh, forbid that it be!  
3 Then sighing said the ladye fair,  
4 I wot the same man is he.

**110E.31**

1 The queen called on her merry men,  
2 Even fifty men and three;  
3 Earl Richard used to be the first man,  
4 But now the hindmost man was he.

**110E.32**

1 He's taken out one hundred pounds,  
2 And told it in his glove;  
3 Says, Take you that, my ladye fair,  
4 And seek another love.

**110E.33**

1 'Oh, no! oh, no!' the ladye cried,  
2 'That's what shall never be;  
3 I'll have the truth of your right hand,  
4 The queen it gave to me.'

**110E.34**

1 ['I wish I'd drunken your water, sister,  
2 When I did drink thus of your ale,  
3 That for a carl's fair daughter  
4 It does me gar dree all this bale!]

**110E.35**

1 'I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,  
2 When I did drink your wine,  
3 That for a carle's fair daughter  
4 It does gar me dree all this pine!'

**110E.36**

1 'May be I am a carle's daughter,  
2 And may be never nane;  
3 When ye met me in the greenwood,  
4 Why did you not let me alane?'

**110E.37**

1 'Will you wear the short clothes,  
2 Or will you wear the side?  
3 Or will you walk to your wedding,  
4 Or will you till it ride?'

**110E.38**

1 'I will not wear the short clothes,  
2 But I will wear the side;  
3 I will not walk to my wedding,  
4 But I to it will ride.'

**110E.39**

1 When he was set upon the horse,  
2 The lady him behin,  
3 Then cauld and eerie were the words  
4 The twa had them between.

**110E.40**

1 She said, Good e'en, ye nettles tall,  
2 Just there where ye grow at the dyke;  
3 If the auld carline my mother were here,  
4 Sae weel's she would your pates pyke!

**110E.41**

1 How she would stap you in her poke—  
2 I wot at that she wadna fail—  
3 And boil ye in her auld brass pan,  
4 And of ye make right good kail!

**110E.42**

1 And she would meal you with millering,  
2 That she gathers at the mill,  
3 And make you thick as ony daigh:  
4 And when the pan was brimful,

**110E.43**

1 Would mess you up in scuttle-dishes,  
2 Syne bid us sup till we were fou,  
3 Lay down her head upon a poke,  
4 Then sleep and snore like ony sow.

**110E.44**

1 'Away, away, you bad woman!  
2 For all your vile words grieveth me;  
3 When you hide so little for yourself,  
4 I'm sure ye'll hide far less for me.

**110E.45**

1 'I wish I had drunk your water, sister,  
2 When that I did drink of your wine,  
3 Since for a carle's fair daughter,  
4 It aye gars me dree all this pine.'

**110E.46**

1 'May be I am a carle's daughter,  
2 And may be never nane;  
3 When ye met me in the good greenwood,  
4 Why did you not let me alane?'

**110E.47**

1 'Gude een, gude een, ye heather-berries,  
2 As ye're growing on yon hill;  
3 If the auld carline and her bags were here,  
4 I wot she would get meat her fill.

**110E.48**

1 'Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,  
2 With even four an twenty knots;  
3 And in the morn at breakfast time  
4 I'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

**110E.49**

1 'Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,  
2 With even four an twenty strings;  
3 And if you look to my white fingers,  
4 They have as many gay gold rings.'

**110E.50**

1 'Away, away, ye ill woman!  
2 So sore your vile words grieveth me;  
3 When you hide so little for yourself,  
4 I'm sure ye'll hide far less for me.

**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 cloathing  
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 Then Earl Richard and this ladye  
4 In ae bed they were laid.

**110E.56**

1 He turned his face unto the stock,  
2 And she her's to the stane,  
3 And cauld and dreary 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 brither?

**110E.60**

1 'And is she the king o Scotland's fair dochter?  
2 This day, O weel is me!  
3 For seven times has my steed 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 LITHGOW he's a hunting gane,  
2 Upon a summer's day,  
3 And he's fa'en in with a weel-far'd maid,  
4 Was gathering at the slaes.

**110F.2**

1 He's taen 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 spelld it ower again;  
3 Says, Litchcock is a Latin word,  
4 But Lithgow is your name.

**110F.6**

1 The lassie being well learned,  
2 She spelld it ower again;  
3 Says, Lithgow is a gentle word,  
4 But Richard is your name.

**110F.7**

1 She has kilted her green claithing  
2 A little abeen 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 learned it in my mother's bower,  
2 I wish I had learned it better,  
3 When I came to this wan water,  
4 To swim like ony otter.

**110F.10**

1 'I learned it in my mother's bower,  
2 I wish I had learned it weel,  
3 That when I came to a wan water,  
4 To swim like ony eel.'

**110F.11**

1 She has kilted her green claithing  
2 A little abeen her knee;  
3 The gentleman rode, the lassie swam,  
4 Thro 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 'If ye'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 ae 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, my 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 And let this lady in.'

**110F.22**

1 Now she has gane ben thro ae room,  
2 And she's gane ben thro twa,  
3 And she gaed 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;  
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 hinna will it be he;  
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 Stane blind upon an ee;  
3 And sighd and said Earl Richard,  
4 I doubt this calls for me.

**110F.31**

1 He's laid down a brand, a brand,  
2 And next laid down a ring;  
3 It's thrice she minted to the brand,  
4 But she's taen up the ring:  
5 There's not a knight in a' the court,  
6 But calld her a wise woman.

**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 be gane.

**110F.33**

1 'I will hae nane o your purse<s> o 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 taen out another purse,  
2 And tauld it on his knee;  
3 Said, 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 claithing,  
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 hae the short claithing,  
2 But I will hae the side;  
3 I winna gang to my wedding,  
4 But to it I will ride.'

**110F.40**

1 The first town that they came till  
2 They made the mass be sung,  
3 And the next town that they came till  
4 They made the bells be rung.

**110F.41**

1 And the next town that they came till  
2 He bought her gay claithing,  
3 And the next town that they came till  
4 They held a fair wedding.

**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,' she says,  
2 'She woud 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 sow.'

**110F.45**

1 When she came to yon mill-dams,  
2 Says, Well may ye clap;  
3 I wyte my minnie neer gaed by you  
4 Wanting mony a lick.

**110F.46**

1 He's drawn his hat out ower his face,  
2 Muckle shame thought he;  
3 She's driven her cap out 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 hersell,  
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 speens,  
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 flee.

**110F.52**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' men bound for rest,  
3 Earl Richard and the beggar's daughter  
4 In ae chamber were placed.

**110F.53**

1 'Had far awa your fine claithing,  
2 Had them far awa frae me,  
3 And bring to me my fleachy 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 canvas 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 nane;  
3 But when ye got me in good greenwood,  
4 How letna you 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 claithing  
4 You brought to greenwood with thee?'

**110F.59**

1 'My mother was an auld nourice,  
2 She nursed bairns three;  
3 And whiles she got, and whiles she staw.  
4 And she kept them a' for me;  
5 And I put them on in good greenwood,  
6 To beguile fause squires like thee.'

**110F.60**

1 It's out then spake the Billy-Blin,  
2 Says, I speak nane out of time;  
3 If ye make her lady o nine cities,  
4 She'll make you lord o ten.

**110F.61**

1 Out it spake the Billy-Blin,  
2 Says, The one may serve the other;  
3 The King of Gosford's ae daughter,  
4 And the Queen of Scotland's brother.

**110F.62**

1 'Wae but worth you, Billy-Blin,  
2 An ill death may ye die!  
3 My bed-fellow he'd been for seven years  
4 Or he'd kend sae muckle frae me.'

**110F.63**

1 'Fair fa ye, ye Billy-Blin,  
2 And well may ye aye be!  
3 In my stable is the ninth horse I've killd,  
4 Seeking this fair ladie:  
5 Now we're married, and now we're bedded,  
6 And in each other's arms shall lie.'

**110G.1**

1 JOJANET has to the greenwood gane,  
2 Wi a' her maidens free,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .  
5 ' . . . . .

**110G.2**

1 'Some ca me Jack, some ca me John,  
2 Some ca me Jing-ga-lee,  
3 But when I am in the queen's court  
4 Earl Hitchcock they ca me.'

**110G.3**

1 'Hitchcock, Hitchcock,' Jo Janet she said,  
2 An spelled it ower agane,  
3 'Hitchcock it's a Latin word;  
4 Earl Richard is your name.'

**110G.4**

1 But when he saw she was book-learned,  
2 Fast to his horse hied he;  
3 But she kilted up her gay claithing,  
4 An fast, fast followed she.

**110G.5**

1 Aye he rade, an aye she ran,  
2 The live-lang simmer's day,  
3 Till they came to the wan water,  
4 An a' men call it Tay.

**110G.6**

1 She has tane the narrow fuird,  
2 An he has tane the wide,  
3 An ere he was in the middle-water,  
4 Jo Janet was at the ither side.

**110G.7**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 . . . . .  
4 As swift as eel or otter.

**110G.8**

1 An when she cam to the queen's court  
2 She tirlt at the pin,  
3 An wha sae ready as the queen hersel  
4 To let Jo Janet in!

**110G.9**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'There is a knicht into your court  
4 This day has robbed me.'

**110G.10**

1 'Has he robbed you o your gold, fair may,  
2 Or robbed you o your fee?  
3 Or robbed you o your maidenhead,  
4 The flower o your bodie?'

**110G.11**

1 'He has nae robbed me o my gold,' she said,  
2 'Nor o my weel won fee,  
3 But he has robbed me o my maidenhead,  
4 The flower o my bodie.'

**110G.12**

1 'It's if he be a married knight,  
2 It's hanged he shall be;  
3 But if he be a single knight,  
4 It's married ye sall be.

**110G.13**

1 'There's but three knichts into my court  
2 This day hae been frae me,  
3 An ane is Earl Richard, my brither,  
4 An I hope it is na he:'  
5 Then sichin said Jo Janet,  
6 The very same man is he.

**110G.14**

1 The queen has called on her merry men  
2 By thirty and by three;  
3 He wont to be the foremost man,  
4 But hinmost in cam he.

**110G.15**

1 'If this your tricks abroad, Richard,  
2 Is this your tricks abroad,  
3 Wheneer ye meet a bonny may  
4 To lay her on the road?'

**110G.16**

1 But he took out a purse o gold,  
2 . . . . .  
3 Says, Tak you that, my bonny may,  
4 An seek nae mair o me.

**110G.17**

1 'I winna hae your gold,' she said,  
2 'I winna hae your fee;  
3 I'll hae the troth o your right hand  
4 The queen has promised me.'

**110G.18**

1 As they rade bye yon bonny mill-town  
2 Sae fair's the nettles grew;  
3 Quoth she, If my auld mither were here,  
4 Sae finely's she wad you pu.

**110G.19**

1 She wad you nip, she wad you clip,  
2 Sae finely's she wad you pu,  
3 An pit you on in a wee, wee pat,  
4 An sup till she were fu,  
5 Syne rowe her heid in her gown-tail,  
6 An sleep like ony soo.

**110G.20**

1 He drew his hat down ower his broos,  
2 An a doon look gae he,  
3 But she threw her locks out ower her cocks,  
4 An nae ways dung was she.

**110G.21**

1 'It's if ye be a beggar's brat,  
2 As I dout na but ye be,  
3 It's where gat ye the gay claithing  
4 That hings down to your knee?'

**110G.22**

1 'My mither was nurse to Earl Marshall's  
2 dother,  
3 An a fine lady is she,  
4 An aye when she gets new claithing  
5 She casts the auld to me:'  
6 An sichin said Earl Richard,  
7 My ain true-love is she!

**110G.23**

1 But if you be a beggar's brat,  
2 As I doutna but ye be,  
3 Where got ye the Latin words  
4 Ye said in greenwood to me?'

**110G.24**

1 'My mither was a bad woman,  
2 She served sic men as thee,  
3 An a' the gear at ever she got  
4 She waired it a' on me,  
5 An learned me weel the Latin tongue,  
6 To beguile sic sparks as thee.'

**110G.25**

1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
2 An ill death mat ye dee!  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**110G.26**

1 When they were a' at supper set,  
2 An siller spoons gaen roun,  
3 It's, 'Haud awa yer siller spoons,  
4 Haud them far awa frae me,

**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 doun ower his broos,  
2 An a doun look gae he,  
3 But she threw her locks out ower 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  
4 In ae bed they were laid.

**110G.30**

1 He turned his face unto the stock,  
2 An sair, sair did he weep;  
3 She turned her face unto the wa,  
4 An sound she fell asleep.

**110G.31**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 .....  
4 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 An ill death mat ye dee!  
3 For mony's the mare and mare's foal  
4 I've bursten seekin thee.'

**110G.34**

1 ... a cup o wine,  
2 Quoth, Here's to thee and me!  
3 If ye mak me lady o ae puir pleugh,  
4 I'll mak ye lord o three.

**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 'O take you that, fair may,' he says,  
4 'There's nae mair o me to be seen.'

**110H.3**

1 'Since ye have taen your wills o me,  
2 Your wills o me you've taen,  
3 Since ye have taen your wills o me,  
4 Pray tell to me your name.'

**110H.4**

1 'O some they call me Jack, lady,  
2 And others call me John;  
3 But when I'm in the king's court,  
4 Sweet William is my name.'

**110H.5**

1 She's kilted up her green clothing  
2 A little below her knee,  
3 And she is to the king's court,  
4 As fast as she could gae.

**110H.6**

1 And when she came unto the king,  
2 She knelt low on her knee:  
3 'There is a man into your court  
4 This day has robbed me.'

**110H.7**

1 'Has he robbd you of your gold,' he says,  
2 'Or of your white monie?'  
3 Or robbed you of the flowery branch,  
4 The flower of your bodie?'

**110H.8**

1 'He has not robbd me of my gold,' she says,  
2 'Nor of my white monie,  
3 But he's robbd me of the flowery branch,  
4 The flower of my bodie.'

**110H.9**

1 'O if he be a bond-man,  
2 High hanged shall he be;  
3 But if he be a free man,  
4 He'se well provide for thee.'

**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 Of her you took your will.'

**110H.12**

1 And he's taen 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 taen 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 neither have your gold,' she says,  
2 'Nor yet your white monie,  
3 But I will have the king's grant,  
4 That he has granted me.'

**110H.15**

1 Then he's taen her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himsell upon another,  
3 And to his castle they have rode,  
4 Like sister and like brother.

**110H.16**

1 O ilka nettle that they came to,  
2 'O well mote you grow!  
3 For mony a day's my minny and me  
4 Pilkit at your pow.'

**110H.17**

1 O ilka mill that they came to,  
2 'O well mote you clack!  
3 For monie a day's my minnie and me  
4 Buckled up our lap.'

**110H.18**

1 'You're the king of England's ae brother,  
2 I trust well that you be;  
3 I'm the Earl of Stampford's ae daughter,  
4 And he has nae mair but me.'

**110H.19**

1 O saw you eer such a near marriage,  
2 Between the one and the other,  
3 The Earl of Stampford's ae daughter,  
4 And the King of England's brother!

**110L.1**

1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter,  
2 Kept flocks on yonder hill,  
3 And by there cam a courteous knight,  
4 Wud fain and hae his will.

**110L.2**

1 'Some do ca me Jock,' he said,  
2 'And some do ca me John,  
3 But when I do ride i the king's high court,  
4 Gulelmus is my name.'

**110L.3**

1 And when she came to the kinges court  
2 She tirlid at the pin,  
3 And wha was there but the king himsel,  
4 To lat this fair maid in!

**110L.4**

1 'Now Christ you save, my lord,' she said,  
2 'Now Christ you save and see;  
3 There is a knicht into your court  
4 This day has robbed me.'

**110L.5**

1 'He's na robbed me o my silken purse,  
2 Nor o my white money,  
3 But he's robbed me o my maidenheid,  
4 The flower o my bodie.'

**110L.6**

1 'O gin he be a single man,  
2 Weel married sall ye be,  
3 But an he be a married man,  
4 He's hang upon a tree.'

**110L.7**

1 Then he called up his merry men a',  
2 By one, by two, and by three,  
3 And William should a been the first,  
4 But the hindmost man was he.

**110L.8**

1 And he cam hirplin on a stick,  
2 And blin upon an ee,  
3 But sighand said that gay ladie,  
4 That same man robbed me.

**110L.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.'

**110L.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.'

**110L.11**

1 She set upon a milk-white steed,  
2 An himsel on a dapple grey,  
3 An she had as much lan in fair Scotlan  
4 'S ye cud ride in a lang simmer's day.

**110J.1**

1 .....  
1 'SOME ca'ss 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.'

**110J.2**

1 The lassie being well beuk-learned,  
2 She spelled it ower again;  
3 Says, Lispcock in a Latin beuk  
4 Spells Erl Richard in plain.

**110J.3**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 The lassie kilted up her green clathing,  
4 And fast, fast followed on.

**110J.4**

1 Till they cam till a wide water,  
2 .....  
3 He's turned his hie horse head about,  
4 Says, Lassie will ye ride?

**110J.5**

1 'I learned it in my mother's bower,  
2 I wish I'd learned it better,  
3 Whanever I cam to any wide water,  
4 To soum like ony otter.'

**110J.6**

1 The laird he chused the ford to ride,  
2 The ladie the pot to swim,  
3 And or the laird was half water,  
4 The ladie was on dry lan.

**110J.7**

1 O he rade on to yon hie castell,  
2 He rade it richt and roun about;  
3 The laird gaed in at ae back-door,  
4 But the ladie beet to knock.

**110J.8**

1 Out it cam the proud porter,  
2 Wi his hat into his han,  
3 .....  
4 .....

**110J.9**

1 She's pitten her hand in her pocket,  
2 Pullid out guineas three,  
3 And that she's given to the proud porter,  
4 To cause her to get entrance there.

**110J.10**

1 The proud porter ran up the stair,  
2 O fifteen steps he made but three:  
3 'The prettiest lady stands at yer yetts  
4 That ever my een did see.'

**110J.11**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 'Goe doun, goe doun, you proud porter,  
4 Cause her to cum up to me.'



**110J.12**

1 When she gaed in before the queen,  
 2 She fell low down on her knee:  
 3 ‘There is a man into your courts  
 4 This day has robbed me.’

**110J.13**

1 ‘Has he robbed you o your fine clothing,  
 2 Or o your white monie?  
 3 Or taen frae you your maidenhead,  
 4 The flower o your bodie?’

**110J.14**

1 ‘He hasna robbed me o my fine clothing,  
 2 Nor o my white monie,  
 3 But he’s taen frae me my maidenhead,  
 4 The flower o my bodie.’

**110J.15**

1 ‘O gin he be a married man,  
 2 High hanged sall he be;  
 3 And gin he be a batchelere,  
 4 Well wedded shall ye be.’

**110J.16**

1 O she has called in her merry young men,  
 2 By thirties and by threes;  
 3 Earl Richard should hae been the foremost man,  
 4 But the hindmost man was he.

**110J.17**

1 He cam limpin on a staff,  
 2 And blinkin on an ee,  
 3 And sichand says that gay ladie,  
 4 That samen man is he.  
 5 ‘ ’ ’ ’ ’

**110K.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.

**110K.1r**

1 We’ll go no more a roving,  
 2 A roving in the night,  
 3 We’ll go no more a roving,  
 4 Let the moon shine neer so bright.  
 5 O we’ll go [no] more a roving.

**110K.2**

1 He took her by the middle so small,  
 2 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
 3 He bended her body unto the ground,  
 4 And of her parents he askd no leave.

**110K.3**

1 ‘Now since you’ve got your will o me,  
 2 And brought my fair bodie to shame,  
 3 All the request I ask of you is,  
 4 Pray tell me what’s your name.’

**110K.4**

1 ‘O some do call me Jack,’ he says,  
 2 ‘And some do call me John,  
 3 But when I am in the king’s court,  
 4 My name is Sweet William.’

**110K.5**

1 She took her petticoats by the band,  
 2 Her mantle oer her arm,  
 3 And she’s awa to the king’s court,  
 4 As fast as she could run.

**110K.6**

1 When she came to the king’s court,  
 2 She tinkled at the ring;  
 3 Who was so ready as the king himsel  
 4 To let this fair maid in!

**110K.7**

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?’

**110K.8**

1 . . . . .  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 ‘There is a knight into your court  
 4 This day has robbed me.’

**110K.9**

1 ‘If he robbed you of your gold,’ he said,  
 2 ‘It’s hanged he must be;  
 3 If he’s robbed you of your maidenhead,  
 4 His body I grant to thee.’

**110K.10**

1 ‘He’s not robbed me of my gold,’ she said,  
 2 ‘Nor of my white money,  
 3 But he’s robbed me of my maidenhead,  
 4 The flower of my bodie.’

**110K.11**

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.12**

1 He took a long purse of gold  
 2 And wrapped it in a glove:  
 3 ‘Here’s to thee, my dearest dear,  
 4 Go seek some other love.’

**110K.13**

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.14**

1 ‘I wish I was drinking the well-water  
 2 When I drank of the ale,  
 3 Before a shepherd’s daughter  
 4 Would tell me such a tale.’

**110K.15**

1 He got her on a milk-white steed,  
 2 Himself upon a grey,  
 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 happer.

**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 ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘  
 1 ‘I LEARNED it in my father’s bower,  
 2 And I learned it for the better,  
 3 That every water I couldna wade,  
 4 I swam it like an otter,  
 5 With my low silver ee.

**110L.2**

1 ‘I learned it in my father’s bower,  
 2 And I learned it for my weel,  
 3 That every water I couldna wade,  
 4 I swam it like an eel.’  
 5 ‘ ’ ’ ’ ’

**110L.3**

1 And he cam hirpling on a stick,  
 2 And leaning on a tree:  
 3 ‘Be he cripple, or be he blind,  
 4 The same man is he.’

**110[M.1]**

1 There was a shepherd’s daughter  
 2 Kept hogs upo yon hill,  
 3 By cam her a gentle knight,  
 4 And he would hae his will.

**110[M.2]**

1 Whan his will o her he had,  
 2 [His will] as he had taen,  
 3 ‘Kind sir, for yer courtesy,  
 4 Will ye tell me yer name?’

**110[M.3]**

1 ‘Some they ca me Jock,’ he says,  
 2 ‘And some they ca me John;  
 3 But whan ’m in our king’s court  
 4 Hitchcock is my name.’

**110[M.4]**

1 They lady being well book-read  
 2 She spelt it oer again:  
 3 ‘Hitchcock in our king’s court  
 4 Is Earl Richard at hame.’

**110[M.5]**

1 He pat his leg out-oer his steed  
 2 And to the get he’s gane;  
 3 She keltit up her green clothing,  
 4 And fast, fast followed him.

**110[M.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.’

**110[M.7]**

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.8]**

1 Whan 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?

**110[M.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.’

**110[M.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.

**110[M.11]**

1 ‘Whar gat ye that, ye cerl’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.’

**110[M.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.

**110[M.13]**

1 She gade to our king hersel,  
 2 She fell low down upon her knee:  
 3 ‘There is a knight into your court  
 4 This day has robbed me.’

**110[M.14]**

1 ‘Has he robbd ye o your goud?  
 2 Or o yer well-won fee?  
 3 Or o yer maidenhead,  
 4 The flower o yer body?’

**110[M.15]**

1 ‘He has na robbd me o my goud,  
 2 For I ha nane to gee;  
 3 But he has robbd me o my maidenhead,  
 4 The flower o my body.’

**110[M.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.’

**110[M.17]**

1 ‘An he be a married man,  
 2 High hanged sall 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.’

**110[M.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.

**110[M.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.

**110[M.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.

**110[M.21]**

1 ‘I’ll gi ye five hundred pounds,  
 2 To mak yer marriage we,  
 3 An ye’ll turn back, ye cerl’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 nathing but yersel  
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'l 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 nathing but yersel  
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 Sh<e> 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<e>],  
4 So clean as she wud them pick!'

**110[M.27]**

1 'I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
2 'Whan 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 wiss I had druken 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 It's what I'm used tee.

**110[M.33]**

1 'O an my mukle dish wer here,  
2 And sine we hit were fu,  
3 I wud sup file I am saerd,  
4 An sine lay down me head and sleep wi ony  
sow.'

**110[M.34]**

1 'I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
2 'Whan I drank the ale,  
3 That any 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 leugh she.

**110[M.37]**

1 'Bot an ye be a beggar geet,  
2 As I trust well ye be,  
3 Whar gat ye their 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[M.39]**

1 Whan bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
2 And aa man bound to bed,  
3 Earl Richard and the carl's daughter  
4 In a chammer were laid.

**110[M.40]**

1 'Lie yont, lie yont, ye carl's daughter,  
2 Yer hot skin burns me;  
3 It sets na carl's daughters  
4 In earls' beds to be.'

**110[M.41]**

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.'

**110[M.42]**

1 Up it starts the Belly Blin,  
2 Just at their bed-feet.

**110[M.43]**

1 'I think it is a meet marriage  
2 Atween the taen and the tither,  
3 The Earl of Hertford's ae daughter  
4 And the Queen of England's brither.'

**110[M.44]**

1 'An this be the Earl of Hertford's ae daughter,  
2 As I trust well it be,  
3 Mony a gude horse ha I ridden  
4 For the love o thee.'

**110[N.1]**

1 Ther was a sheperd's daughter  
2 Keeped hogs upon yon hill,  
3 An by came [t>her a gentell knight,  
4 An he wad haa his will.

**110[N.2]**

1 Fan his will  
2 Of her he had taini,  
3 'Kind sir, for your curtisy,  
4 Will ye tell me yer name?'

**110[N.3]**

1 'Some they caa me Joke,  
2 An some caa me John,  
3 Bat fan I am in our king's court  
4 Hichkoke is my name.'

**110[N.4]**

1 The lady bieng well book-read  
2 She spealled it our agen:  
3 'Hichkoke in Latin  
4 Is Earl Richerd att heam.'

**110[N.5]**

1 He patt his liag out-our his stead  
2 An to the gate has gain;  
3 She kilted up her green clathing  
4 An fast followed she.

**110[N.6]**

1 'Turn back, ye carl's dother,  
2 An dinnë follou me;  
3 It setts no carl's dothers  
4 King's courts to see.'

**110[N.7]**

1 'Perhaps I am a carle's dother,  
2 Perhaps I am nean,  
3 Bat fan ye gat me in free forest  
4 Ye sud haa latten alean.'

**110[N.8]**

1 Fan they came to yon wan water  
2 That a' man cas Clide,  
3 He loked our his left shoulder,  
4 Says, Fair maid, will ye ride?'

**110[N.9]**

1 'I learned it in my mother's bour,  
2 I watt I learned it well,  
3 Fan I came to wan water  
4 To soum as dos the eall.

**110[N.10]**

1 'I learned it in my mother's bour,  
2 I wiss I had learned it better,  
3 Fan I came to wan watter  
4 To sume as dos the otter.'

**110[N.11]**

1 She touk a golden comb,  
2 Combed out her yallow hear,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**110[N.12]**

1 'Far gatt ye that, ye carl's dother,  
2 I pray ye tell to me;  
3 'I gatt it fra my mither,' she says,  
4 'To begulle sick sparks as ye.'

**110[N.13]**

1 'Gin ye be a carl's gett,  
2 As I trou well ye be,  
3 Far gatt ye a' that fine clothing,  
4 To cloath yer body we?'

**110[N.14]**

1 'My mother was an ill woman,  
2 An ill woman was she,  
3 An she gatt a' that fine clathing,  
4 Frae sick chaps as ye.'

**110[N.15]**

1 Fan they came to our king's court,  
2 She fell lou down on her knee:  
3 'Win up, ye fair may,  
4 What may ye want we me?'  
5 'Ther is a knight in your court  
6 This day has robbed me.'

**110[N.16]**

1 'Has he robbed you of your goud?  
2 Or of your whit monie?  
3 Or of your meadhead,  
4 The flour of your body?'

**110[N.17]**

1 'He has no robbed me of my goud,  
2 Nor yet of my fiee,  
3 Bat he has robed me of my madinhead,  
4 The flour of my body.'

**110[N.18]**

1 'Wad ye keen the knight,  
2 If ye did him see?'  
3 'I wad keen him well by his well-fared face  
4 An the blieth blink of his eay.'  
5 An sighan says the king,  
6 I wiss it binë my brother Richie!

**110[N.19]**

1 The king called on his merry men a',  
2 By an, by tua, by three;  
3 Earl Richerd had ay ben the first,  
4 Bat the last man was he.

**110[N.20]**

1 By that ye might a well kent  
2 The gulty man was he;  
3 She took him by the hand,  
4 Says, That same is hee.

**110[N.21]**

1 Ther was a brand laid down to her,  
2 A brand batt an a ring,  
3 Three times she minted to the brand,  
4 Bat she took up the ring;  
5 A' that was in the court  
6 'S counted her a wise woman.

**110[N.22]**

1 'I will gee ye five hundred pound,  
2 To make yer marriage we,  
3 An ye gie hame, ye carl's dother,  
4 An fash na mare we me.'

**110[N.23]**

1 'Ye keep yer five hundred pound,  
2 To make yer marreg we,  
3 For I will ha nathing bat yer sell,  
4 The king he promised me.'

**110[N.24]**

1 'I ill gee ye a thousand poun,  
2 To make yer marriage we,  
3 An ye gae hame, ye carl's gett,  
4 An fash na mare we me.'

**110[N.25]**

1 'Ye keep yer thousand pound,  
2 To make yer marreg we,  
3 For I ill ha nathing batt yer sell,  
4 The king he promised me.'

**110[N.26]**

1 He toke her down  
2 An clothed her in green;  
3 Fan she cam up,  
4 She was fairer then the quin.

**110[N.27]**

1 Fan they gaid to Mary Kirk,  
2 The nettels grue by dike:  
3 'O gin my midder war hear,  
4 Sai clean as she wad them peak!'

## 110[N.28]

1 He drue his hat out-our his eayn,  
2 The tear blinded his eay;  
3 She drue back her yallou loaks,  
4 An a light laughter luke she.

## 110[N.29]

1 Fan she came by yon mill-toun,  
2 . . . . .  
3 'O well may the mill goo,  
4 An well matt she be!  
5 For aften ha ye filled my poke  
6 We the whit meall an the gray.'

## 110[N.30]

1 'I wiss I had druken the water  
2 Fan I drank the aill,  
3 Or any carl's dother  
4 Suld ha tald me siken a teall.'

## 110[N.31]

1 'Perhaps I am a carl's dother,  
2 Perhaps I am nean;  
3 Fan ye gatt me in frie forest,  
4 Ye sud ha latten alean.  
5 . . . . .

## 110[N.32]

1 'Take awa yer silver spon,  
2 Far awa fra me,  
3 An ye gee me t[he] ram-horn [s>]pons,  
4 Them I am best used we.

## 110[N.33]

1 'Ye take awa yer tabel-cloths,  
2 Far awa fra me,  
3 An ye gee me a mukell dish  
4 I am best used we.

## 110[N.34]

1 'For if I had my mukel dish hear,  
2 An sayn an it war fou,  
3 I wad sup till I war sared,  
4 An sayn lay doun my head an slep like ony sou.

## 110[N.35]

1 'Ye take away yer hollan shits,  
2 Far awa fra me,  
3 An ye bring me a cannas,  
4 It's the thing I ben eased we.'

## 110[N.36]

1 Fan bells wer rung, an mess was sung,  
2 An a' man bout to bed,  
3 Earl Richerd an the carl's dother  
4 In a bed [were laid].

## 110[N.37]

1 'Lay yond, lay yond, ye carl's dother,  
2 Your hot skin . . me;  
3 It setts na carl's dothers  
4 In earls' beds to be.'

## 110[N.38]

1 'Perhaps I am a carl's dother,  
2 Perhaps I am nean;  
3 Bat fan ye gat me in free forest  
4 Ye might a latten alean.'

## 110[N.39]

1 Up starts the Bellie Blind,  
2 Att ther bed-head:  
3 'I think it is a meatt marriage  
4 Betuen the ane an the eather,  
5 The Earl of Heartfourds ae daughter  
6 An the Quien of England's brother.'

## 110[N.40]

1 'If this be the Earl of Heartfourd's ae daughter,  
2 As I trust well it be,  
3 Mony a gued hors have I redded  
4 For the love of the.'

## 110[O.1]

1 There was a shepherd's daughter  
2 Who kept sheep on yon hill;  
3 There came a young man riding by,  
4 Who swore he'd have his will.

## 110[O.1b]

1 Fol lol lay  
2 Fol lol di diddle lol di day

## 110[O.2]

1 He took her by the lilly-white hand  
2 And by her silken sleeve,

## 110[O.3]

4 Or tell to me your name.

## 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 milk-white hand  
2 An by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 He's laid her doon at the fit o a bush,  
4 An neer ance speired her leave.

## 111.1

1 THROUGHE a forest as I can ryde,  
2 To take my sporte yn an mornynge,  
3 I cast my eye on euery syde,  
4 I was ware of a bryde syngynge.

## 111.2

1 I sawe a faire mayde come rydyng;  
2 I speake to hur of loue, I trowe;  
3 She answered me all yn scornynge,  
4 And sayd, The crowe shall byte yow.

## 111.3

1 'I pray yow, damesell, scorne me nott;  
2 To wyn *your* loue ytt ys my wyll;  
3 For *your* loue I haue dere bought,  
4 And I wyll take good hede thertyll.'

## 111.4

1 'Nay, for God, *ser*, that I nyll;  
2 I tell the, Jenken, as I trowe,  
3 Thou shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll;  
4 Therefore the crowe shall byte yow.'

## 111.5

1 He toke then owt a good golde ryng,  
2 A *purse* of velweytt, that was soo fyne:  
3 'Haue ye thys, my dere swetyng,  
4 With that ye wylbe lemman myn.'

## 111.6

1 'Be Cryst, I dare nott, for my dame,  
2 To dele with hym *pat* I doo nott knowe;  
3 For soo I myght dyspyse my name;  
4 Therefore the crow shall byte yow.'

## 111.7

1 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,  
2 That was soo faire of hyde and hewe;  
3 He kyssed hur cheke as whyte as whall,  
4 And *prayed* hur *pat* she wolde vpon hym rewe.

## 111.8

1 She scornyd hym, and callyd hym Hew;  
2 *His* loue was as a paynted blowe:  
3 'To-day me, to-morrowe a newe;  
4 Therefore the crow shall byte yow.'

## 111.9

1 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,  
2 And layd hur downe vpon the grene;  
3 Twys or thrys he *served* hur soo withall,  
4 He wolde nott stynt yet, as I wene.

## 111.10

1 'But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,  
2 Ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe:'  
3 'I wyll be aduysed, Gyll,' sayd he,  
4 'For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.'

## 111.11

1 'But sythe ye haue i-leyn me by,  
2 And brought my body vnto shame,  
3 Some of *your* good ye wyll part with me,  
4 Or elles, be Cryst, ye be to blame.'

## 111.12

1 'I wylbe aduysed,' he sayde;  
2 'Je wynde ys wast *pat* thow doyst blowe;  
3 I haue a-noder *pat* most be payde;  
4 Therefore the pye hathe pecked yow.'

## 111.13

1 'Now sythe ye haue i-leyn 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 Clerkenwell,  
2 At Leycester, Cambyrge, at myrre Brystowe;  
3 Some call me Rychard, Robart, Jacke, and  
Wyll;  
4 For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.

## 111.15

1 'But, all medons, be ware be rewe,  
2 And lett no man downe yow throwe;  
3 For and yow doo, ye wyll ytt rewe,  
4 For then pe pye wyll pecke yow.'

## 111.16

1 'Farewell, corteor, ouer the medoo,  
2 Pluke vp *your* helys, I yow beshrew!  
3 *Your* trace, wher so euer ye ryde or goo,  
4 Crystes curse goo wythe yow!

## 111.17

1 'Thoughe a knave hathe by me layne,  
2 Yet am I *noder* dede nor slowe;  
3 I trust to recouer my harte agayne,  
4 And Crystes curse goo wythe yow!'

## 112A.1

1 YONDER comes a courteous knight,  
2 Lustely raking ouer the lay;  
3 He was well ware of a bonny lasse,  
4 As she came wandring ouer the way.

## 112A.1r

1 Then she sang downe a downe, hey downe  
derry (*bis*)

## 112A.2

1 'Ioue you speed, fayre lady,' he said,  
2 'Among the leaues that be so greene;  
3 If I were a king, and wore a crowne,  
4 Full soone, fair lady, shouldst thou be a queen.

## 112A.3

1 'Also Ioue saue you, faire lady,  
2 Among the roses that be so red;  
3 If I haue not my will of you,  
4 Full soone, faire lady, shall I be dead.'

## 112A.4

1 Then he lookt east, then hee lookt west,  
2 Hee lookt north, so did he south;  
3 He could not finde a priuy place,  
4 For all lay in the diuel's mouth.

## 112A.5

1 'If you will carry me, gentle sir,  
2 A mayde vnto my father's hall,  
3 Then you shall haue your will of me,  
4 Vnder purple and vnder paule.'

## 112A.6

1 He set her vp vpon a steed,  
2 And him selfe vpon another,  
3 And all the day he rode her by,  
4 As though they had been sister and brother.

## 112A.7

1 When she came to her father's hall,  
2 It was well walled round about;  
3 She yode in at the wicket-gate,  
4 And shut the foure-eard foole without.

## 112A.8

1 'You had me,' quoth she, æbroad in the field,  
2 Among the corne, amidst the hay,  
3 Where you might had your will of mee,  
4 For, in good faith, sir, I neuer said nay.

## 112A.9

1 'Ye had me also amid the field,  
2 Among the rushes that were so browne,  
3 Where you might had your will of me,  
4 But you had not the face to lay me downe.'

## 112A.10

1 He pulled out his nut-browne sword,  
2 And wipt the rust off with his sleeue,  
3 And said, Ioue's curse come to his heart  
4 That any woman would beleue!

## 112A.11

1 When you haue you owne true-loue  
2 A mile or twaine out of the towne,  
3 Spare not for her gay clothing,  
4 But lay her body flat on the ground.

## 112B.1

1 THERE was a knight, and he was young,  
2 A riding along the way, sir,  
3 And there he met a lady fair,  
4 Among the cocks of hay, sir.

**112B.2**

1 Quoth he, Shall you and I, lady,  
2 Among the grass lye down a?  
3 And I will have a special care  
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 streight 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 You shall not when you will, sir.'

**112C.1**

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 cocks of hay, sir.

**112C.2**

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.

**112C.3**

1 'There is a great dew upon the grass,  
2 And if you shoud lay me down, sir,  
3 You would spoil my gay clothing,  
4 That has cost me many a pound, sir.'

**112C.4**

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.5**

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.6**

1 'Oh yonder stands my milk-white steed,  
2 And among the cocks of hay, sir;  
3 If the king's pinner should chance to come,  
4 He'll take my steed away, sir.

**112C.7**

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.8**

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.'

**112C.9**

1 He sate her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself upon another,  
3 And then they rid along the way,  
4 Like sister and like brother.

**112C.10**

1 But when she came to her father's house,  
2 Which was moated all round about, sir,  
3 She slid herself within the gate,  
4 And she lockd 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 believe a man, sir!

**112C.14**

1 We have a tree 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 We have a flower in our garden,  
2 Some call it a marygold, sir,  
3 And he that would not when he might,  
4 He shall not when he would, sir.

**112C.16**

1 But if you chance for to meet a maid,  
2 A little below the town, sir,  
3 You must not fear her gay cloathing,  
4 Nor the wrinkling of her gown, sir.

**112C.17**

1 And if you chance for to meet a maid,  
2 A little below the hill, sir,  
3 You need not fear her screeking out,  
4 For she quickly will lye still, sir.

**112C.18**

1 The baffld knight was by the lass  
2 Ingeniously outwitted,  
3 And since that time it came to pass  
4 He was again well fitted.

**112C.19**

1 As he was riding cross a plain,  
2 In boots, spurs, hat and feather,  
3 He met that lady fair again;  
4 They talkd a while together.

**112C.20**

1 He said, Tho you did serve me so,  
2 And cunningly decoy me,  
3 Yet now, before you further go,  
4 I must and will enjoy thee.

**112C.21**

1 'twas near a spacious river's side,  
2 Where rushes green were growing,  
3 And Neptune's silver streams did glide,  
4 Four fathom waters flowing.

**112C.22**

1 The lady blusht like scarlet red,  
2 And trembled at this stranger;  
3 'How shall I guard my maidenhead  
4 From this approaching danger!'

**112C.23**

1 With a lamenting sigh, said she,  
2 To dye I now am ready;  
3 Must this dishonour fall on me?  
4 A most unhappy lady!

**112C.24**

1 He from his saddle did alight,  
2 In gaddy rich attire,  
3 And cried, I am a noble knight,  
4 Who do your charms admire.

**112C.25**

1 He took the lady by the hand,  
2 Who seemingly consented,  
3 And woud no more disputing stand:  
4 She had a plot invented.

**112C.26**

1 How she might baffle him again,  
2 With much delight and pleasure,  
3 And eke unspotted still remain,  
4 With her pure virgin treasure.

**112C.27**

1 'Look yonder, good sir knight, I pray:  
2 Methinks I do discover,  
3 Well mounted on a dapple-grey,  
4 My true, entire lover.'

**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 run;  
2 The waters strait he sounded;  
3 He cry'd out, Love, what have you done!  
4 Help! help! or I am drowned.

**112C.30**

1 Said she, Sir knight, farewell, adieu;  
2 You see what comes of fooling;  
3 That is the fittest place for you,  
4 Whose courage wanted cooling.

**112C.31**

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.32**

1 She rid home to her father's house,  
2 For speedy expedition,  
3 While the gay knight was soakd like souce,  
4 In a sad wet condition.

**112C.33**

1 When he came mounted to the plain  
2 He was in rich attire,  
3 Yet when he back returnd again  
4 He was all muck and mire.  
5 Yet when he back returnd again  
6 He was all muck and mire.

**112C.34**

1 A solemn vow he there did make,  
2 Just as he came from swimming,  
3 He'd love no lady, for her sake,  
4 Nor any other women.

**112C.35**

1 The baffld knight was foold once more,  
2 You'll find by this pleasant ditty,  
3 For she whose charms he did adore  
4 Was wonderful sharp and witty.

**112C.36**

1 Returning from her father's park,  
2 Just close by a summer bower,  
3 She chanc'd to meet her angry spark,  
4 Who gave her a frowning lower.

**112C.37**

1 The thoughts of what she twice had done  
2 Did cause him to draw his rapier,  
3 And at the lady then he run,  
4 And thus he began to vapour:

**112C.38**

1 'You chousd me at your father's gate,  
2 Then tumbld me into the river;  
3 I seek for satisfaction straight;  
4 Shall I be a fool forever?'

**112C.39**

1 He came with resolution bent  
2 That evening to enjoy her,  
3 And if she did not give consent,  
4 That minute he would destroy her.

**112C.40**

1 'I pray, sir knight, and why so hot  
2 Against a young silly woman?  
3 Such crimes as these might be forgot;  
4 For merry intrigues are common.'

**112C.41**

1 'What! do you count it mirth,' he cry'd,  
2 'To tumble me in and leave me?  
3 What if I drowned there had dy'd?  
4 A dangerous jest, believe me.'

**112C.42**

1 'Well, if I pardon you this day  
2 Those injuries out of measure,  
3 It is because without delay  
4 I mean to enjoy the pleasure.'

**112C.43**

1 'Your suit,' she said, 'is not deny'd,  
2 But think of your boots of leather,  
3 And let me pull them off,' she cry'd,  
4 'Before we lye down together.'

**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 tumble.

**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 stood 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 laughed outright, as well she might,  
2 With merry conceits of scorning,  
3 And left him there to sit all night,  
4 Untill the approaching morning.

**112C.51**

1 The fourth part of the baffld 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 rouling 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 shoud so brave a knight as I  
4 Be foold 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 revengd,' 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 My baffled, blasted honour.'

**112C.58**

1 Unto her father's house he came,  
2 Which every side was moated;  
3 The fair sweet youthful charming dame,  
4 His angry brows she noted.

**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 foild him;  
3 Therefore once more, I do protest,  
4 With flattering I'll beguile him.

**112C.61**

1 The bridge was drawn, the gates lockd 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 seventeen foot 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 provd 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.1r**

1 Sing, Fal deral, etc.

**112D.2**

1 He looked east, he looked west,  
2 Then gave an under-look,  
3 And there he spyed a lady fair,  
4 Swimming in a brook.

**112D.3**

1 He raisd his head frae his green bed,  
2 And then approachd the maid;  
3 'Put on your claihts, my dear,' he says,  
4 'And be ye not afraid.'

**112D.4**

1 'Tis fitter for a lady fair  
2 To sew her silken seam  
3 Than to get up in a May morning  
4 And strive against the stream.'

**112D.5**

1 'If you'll not touch my mantle,  
2 And let my claihts alane,  
3 Then I'll give you as much money  
4 As you can carry hame.'

**112D.6**

1 'O I'll not touch your mantle,  
2 And I'll let your claihts alane;  
3 But I'll tak you out of the clear water,  
4 My dear, to be my ain.'

**112D.7**

1 And when she out of the water came,  
2 He took her in his arms:  
3 'Put on your claihts, my dear,' he says,  
4 'And hide those lovely charms.'

**112D.8**

1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself upon anither,  
3 And all along the way they rode,  
4 Like sister and like brither.

**112D.9**

1 When she came to her father's yate  
2 She tirl'd at the pin,  
3 And ready stood the porter there,  
4 To let this fair maid in.

**112D.10**

1 And when the gate was opened,  
2 So nimbly's she whipt in;  
3 'Pough! you're a fool without,' she says,  
4 'And I'm a maid within.'

**112D.11**

1 'Then fare ye well, my modest boy,  
2 I thank you for your care;  
3 But had you done what you should do,  
4 I neer had left you there.'

**112D.12**

1 'Oh I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,  
2 And let my feet gae bare,  
3 And gin I meet a bonny lass,  
4 Hang me if her I spare.'

**112D.13**

1 'In that do as you please,' she says,  
2 'But you shall never more  
3 Have the same opportunity;  
4 With that she shut the door.'

**112D.14**

1 There is a gude auld proverb,  
2 I've opten heard it told,  
3 He that would not when he might,  
4 He should not when he would.

**112E.1**

1 THERE was a knight, was drunk with wine,  
2 Came riding along the way, sir;  
3 He would have had a lady gay  
4 Among the quiles of hay, sir.

**112E.2**

1 'What if I should lay thee down,  
2 Among the quiles of hay, maid?  
3 Sheets nor blankets have I none,  
4 To keep thy cloathing clean, maid.'

**112E.3**

1 'The wind blows east, the wind blows west,  
2 The wind blows owre yon thorn, sir;  
3 Weel may I wash my cloathing clear,  
4 And dry them on the morn, sir.'

**112E.4**

1 'What if I should lay thee down,  
2 Among the rigs of corn, maid?  
3 Then the king's life-guard will come,  
4 And steal our steeds away, maid.'

**112E.5**

1 'I have ten gold rings on my hand,  
2 They're all gold but the stone, sir;  
3 I'll give them to the king's life-guard,  
4 If he'll let our steeds alone, sir.'

**112E.6**

1 'But see you not yon sunny bank,  
2 Over yon lily lea, sir,  
3 Where you and I may crack a while,  
4 And never one may see, sir?'

**112E.7**

1 He was on a milk-white steed,  
2 And she was on another,  
3 And all the live-long winter night  
4 They rode like sister and brother.

**112E.8**

1 When they came to that sunny bank,  
2 He began to lay her down, sir;  
3 'O no, O no, kind sir,' she says,  
4 'Ye'll ruffle all my gown, sir.'

**112E.9**

1 'My gown it cost my father dear,  
2 'twas many a mark and pound, sir;  
3 And if that ye do lay me down,  
4 Ye'll ruffle all my gown, sir.'

**112E.10**

1 'But see ye na yon fair castel,  
2 Over yon lily lea, sir,  
3 Where you and I may crack a while,  
4 And never one may see, sir?'

**112E.11**

1 He was on a milk-white steed,  
2 And she was on another,  
3 And all the live-long winter night  
4 They rode like sister and brother.

**112E.12**

1 When they came to that fair castel,  
2 She was at her father's yet, sir;  
3 She jumped in at her father's door,  
4 And left this knight without, sir.

**112E.13**

1 She says, I am a maid within,  
2 You're but a knave without, sir;  
3 There were neer a butcher's son  
4 Put me in so much doubt, sir.

**112E.14**

1 'Oh if I had thee out,' he said,  
2 'But two miles from the town, maid,  
3 I would lay thee down,' he said,  
4 'And never mind thy gown, maid.'

**112E.15**

1 'There is a flower in my father's garden,  
2 The name o't marigold, sir,  
3 And he that would not when he might,  
4 He shall not when he wold, sir.'

**112E.16**

1 'But when eer ye meet a pretty maid,  
2 And two miles from a town, sir,  
3 Ye may lay her down,' she says,  
4 And never mind her gown, sir.'

**112E.17**

1 'Ye're like unto my father's steed;  
2 He's standing in the lone, sir;  
3 He hings his head above the sheaf,  
4 But daur not venture on, sir.'

**112E.18**

1 'When eer ye meet a pretty maid,  
2 And two miles from the town, sir,  
3 Ye may lay her down,' she says,  
4 'And never mind her gown, sir.'

**112E.19**

1 'There is a cock in my father's flock,  
2 He wears a double comb, sir,  
3 He claps his wings, but craweth not;  
4 I fear you be like him, sir.'

**112E.20**

1 'But when eer you meet a pretty maid,  
2 And two miles from a town, sir,  
3 You may lay her down,' she said,  
4 'And never mind her gown, sir.'

**113.1**

1 AN eartly nourris sits and sing,  
2 And aye she sings, Ba, lily wean!  
3 Little ken I my bairnis father,  
4 Far less the land that he staps in.

**113.2**

1 Then ane arose at her bed-fit,  
2 An a grumly guest I'm sure was he:  
3 'Here am I, thy bairnis father,  
4 Although that I be not comelie.'

**113.3**

1 'I am a man, upo the lan,  
2 An I am a silkie in the sea;  
3 And when I'm far and far frae lan,  
4 My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie.'

**113.4**

1 'It was na weel,' quo the maiden fair,  
2 'It was na weel, indeed,' quo she,  
3 'That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie  
4 Suld hae come and aught a bairn to me.'

**113.5**

1 Now he has taen a purse of goud,  
2 And he has pat it upo her knee,  
3 Sayin, Gie to me my little young son,  
4 An tak thee up thy nourris-fee.

**113.6**

1 An it sall come to pass on a simmer's day,  
2 When the sin shines het on evera stane,  
3 That I will tak my little young son,  
4 An teach him for to swim the faem.

**113.7**

1 An thu sall marry a proud gunner,  
2 An a proud gunner I'm sure he'll be,  
3 An the very first schot that ere he schoots,  
4 He'll schoot baith my young son and me.

**114A.1**

1 JOHNNY he has risen up i the morn,  
2 Calls for water to wash his hands;  
3 But little knew he that his bloody hounds  
4 Were bound in iron bands. bands  
5 Were bound in iron bands

**114A.2**

1 Johnny's mother has gotten word o that,  
2 And care-bed she has taen:  
3 'O Johnny, for my benison,  
4 I beg you'l stay at hame;  
5 For the wine so red, and the well baken bread,  
6 My Johnny shall want nane.

**114A.3**

1 'There are seven forsters at Pickeram Side,  
2 At Pickeram where they dwell,  
3 And for a drop of thy heart's bluid  
4 They had ride the fords of hell.'

**114A.4**

1 Johnny he's gotten word of that,  
2 And he's turnd wondrous keen;  
3 He's put off the red scarlett,  
4 And he's put on the Lincoln green.

**114A.5**

1 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,  
2 And a bent bow in his hand,  
3 He's mounted on a prancing steed,  
4 And he has ridden fast oer the strand.

**114A.6**

1 He's up i Braidhouplee, and down i Bradyslee,  
2 And under a buss o broom,  
3 And there he found a good dun deer,  
4 Feeding in a buss of ling.

**114A.7**

1 Johnny shot, and the dun deer lap,  
2 And she lap wondrous wide,  
3 Until they came to the wan water,  
4 And he stemd her of her pride.

**114A.8**

1 He 'as taen out the little pen-knife,  
2 'Twas full three quarters long,  
3 And he has taen out of that dun deer  
4 The liver bot and the tongue.

**114A.9**

1 They eat of the flesh, and they drank of the  
blood,  
2 And the blood it was so sweet,  
3 Which caused Johnny and his bloody hounds  
4 To fall in a deep sleep.

**114A.10**

1 By then came an old palmer,  
2 And an ill death may he die!  
3 For he's away to Pickram Side,  
4 As fast as he can drie.

**114A.11**

1 'What news, what news?' says the Seven  
Forsters,  
2 'What news have ye brought to me?'  
3 'I have noe news,' the palmer said,  
4 'But what I saw with my eye.'

**114A.12**

1 'High up i Bradyslee, low down i Bradyslee,  
2 And under a buss of scroggs,  
3 O there I spied a well-wight man,  
4 Sleeping among his dogs.'

**114A.13**

1 'His coat it was of light Lincoln,  
2 And his breeches of the same,  
3 His shoes of the American leather,  
4 And gold buckles tying them.'

**114A.14**

1 Up bespake the Seven Forsters,  
2 Up bespake they ane and a':  
3 O that is Johnny o Cockleys Well,  
4 And near him we will draw.

**114A.15**

1 O the first y stroke that they gae him,  
2 They struck him off by the knee;  
3 Then up bespake his sister's son:  
4 'O the next 'll gar him die!'

**114A.16**

1 'O some they count ye well-wight men,  
2 But I do count ye nane;  
3 For you might well ha wakend me,  
4 And askd gin I wad be taen.

**114A.17**

1 'The wildest wolf in aw this wood  
2 Wad not ha done so by me;  
3 She'd ha wet her foot ith wan water,  
4 And sprinkled it oer my brae,  
5 And if that wad not ha wakend me,  
6 She wad ha gone and let me be.'

**114A.18**

1 'O bows of yew, if ye be true,  
2 In London, where ye were bought,  
3 Fingers five, get up belive,  
4 Manhuid shall fail me nought.'

**11jA.19**

1 He has killd the Seven Forsters,  
2 He has killd them all but ane,  
3 And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,  
4 To carry the bode-words hame.

**114A.20**

1 'Is there never a boy in a' this wood  
2 That will tell what I can say;  
3 That will go to Cockleys Well,  
4 Tell my mither to fetch me away?'

**114A.21**

1 There was a boy into that wood,  
2 That carried the tidings away,  
3 And many ae was the well-wight man  
4 At the fetching o Johnny away.

**114B.1**

1 FIFTEEN foresters in the Braid alow,  
2 And they are wondrous fell;  
3 To get a drop of Johnny's heart-bluid,  
4 They would sink a' their souls to hell.

**114B.2**

1 Johnny Cock has gotten word of this,  
2 And he is wondrous keen;  
3 He<'s] custan off the red scarlet,  
4 And on the Linkum green.

**114B.3**

1 And he is ridden oer muir and muss,  
2 And over mountains high,  
3 Till he came to yon wan water,  
4 And there Johnny Cock did lie.

**114B.4**

1 They have ridden oer muir and muss,  
2 And over mountains high,  
3 Till they met wi' an old palmer,  
4 Was walking along the way.

**114B.5**

1 'What news, what news, old palmer?  
2 What news have you to me?'  
3 'Yonder is one of the proudest wed sons  
4 That ever my eyes did see.'  
5 '\*\*\*\*\*'

**114B.6**

1 He's taen out a horn from his side,  
2 And he blew both loud and shrill,  
3 Till a' the fifteen foresters  
4 Heard Johnny Cock blaw his horn.

**114B.7**

1 They have sworn a bluidy oath,  
2 And they swore all in one,  
3 That there was not a man among them a'  
4 Would blaw such a blast as yon.

**114B.8**

1 And they have ridden oer muir and muss,  
2 And over mountains high,  
3 Till they came to yon wan water,  
4 Where Johnny Cock did lie.

**114B.9**

1 They have shotten little Johnny Cock,  
2 A little above the ee:  
3 '\*\*\*\*\*'  
4 'For doing the like to me.'

**114B.10**

1 'There's not a wolf in a' the wood  
2 Woud 'ha' done the like to me;  
3 'She'd ha' dipped her foot in coll water,  
4 And strinkled above my ee,  
5 And if I would not have waked for that,  
6 'She'd ha' gane and let me be.'

**114B.11**

1 'But fingers five, come here, [come here,]  
2 And faint heart fail me nought,  
3 And silver strings, value me sma things,  
4 Till I get all this vengeance rowght!'

**114B.12**

1 He ha<s] shot a' the fifteen foresters,  
2 Left never a one but one,  
3 And he broke the ribs a that ane's side,  
4 And let him take tiding home.

**114B.13**

1 '... a bird in a' the wood  
2 Could sing as I could say,  
3 It would go in to my mother's bower,  
4 And bid her kiss me, and take me away.'

**114C.1**

1 JOHNNY COCK, in a May morning,  
2 Sought water to wash his hands,  
3 And he is awa to louse his dogs,  
4 That's tied wi iron bans.  
5 That's tied wi iron bans.

**114C.2**

1 His coat it is of the light Lincum green,  
2 And his breiks are of the same;  
3 His shoes are of the American leather,  
4 Silver buckles tying them.

**114C.3**

1 'He' hunted up, and so did 'he' down,  
2 Till 'he' came to yon bush of scroggs,  
3 And then to yon wan water,  
4 Where he slept among his dogs.  
5 '\*\*\*\*\*'

**114C.4**

1 Johnny Cock out-shot a' the foresters,  
2 And out-shot a the three;  
3 Out shot a' the foresters,  
4 Wounded Johnny about the bree.

**114C.5**

1 'Woe be to you, foresters,  
2 And an ill death may you die!  
3 For there would not a wolf in a' the wood  
4 Have done the like to me.

**114C.6**

1 'For' 'twould ha' put its foot in the coll water  
2 And ha strinkled it on my bree,  
3 And gin that would not have done,  
4 Would have gane and lett me be.

**114C.7**

1 'I often took to my mother  
2 The dandoo and the roe,  
3 But now I'll take to my mother  
4 Much sorrow and much woe.

**114C.8**

1 'I often took to my mother  
2 The dandoo and the hare,  
3 But now I'll take to my mother  
4 Much sorrow and much care.'

**114D.1**

1 UP Johnie raise in a May morning,  
2 Calld for water to wash his hands,  
3 And he has calld for his gude gray hunds,  
4 That lay bund in iron bands. bands  
5 That lay bund in iron bands

**114D.2**

1 'Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,  
2 Ye'll busk and mak them boun,  
3 For I'm going to the Braidscaur hill,  
4 To ding the dun deer doun.'

**114D.3**

1 Whan Johnie's mither gat word o that,  
2 On the very bed she lay,  
3 Says, Johnie, for my malison,  
4 I pray ye at hame to stay.

**114D.4**

1 Your meat sall be of the very, very best,  
2 Your drink sall be the same,  
3 And ye will win your mither's benison,  
4 Gin ye wad stay at hame.

**114D.5**

1 But Johnie has cast aff the black velvet,  
2 And put on the Lincoln twine,  
3 And he is on to gude greenwud,  
4 As fast as he could gang.

**114D.6**

1 His mither's counsel he wad na tak,  
2 He's aff, and left the toun,  
3 He's aff unto the Braidscaur hill,  
4 To ding the dun deer doun.

**114D.7**

1 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,  
2 And he lookit aneath the sun,  
3 And there he spied the dun deer sleeping,  
4 Aneath a buss of whun.

**114D.8**

1 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
2 And he's scaithd him in the side,  
3 And atween the water and the wud  
4 He laid the dun deer's pride.

**114D.9**

1 They ate sae meikle o the venison,  
2 And drank sae meikle o the blude,  
3 That Johnie and his twa gray hunds  
4 Fell asleep in yonder wud.

**114D.10**

1 By ther cam a silly auld man,  
2 And a silly auld man was he,  
3 And he's aff to the proud foresters,  
4 As fast as he could dree.

**114D.11**

1 'What news, what news, my silly auld man?  
2 What news? come tell to me.'  
3 'I heard na news, I speird na news  
4 But what my een did see.

**114D.12**

1 'As I cam in by Braidsbanks,  
2 And doun among the whuns,  
3 The bonniest youngster eer I saw  
4 Lay sleepin among his hunds.

**114D.13**

1 'His cheeks war like the roses red,  
2 His neck was like the snaw;  
3 His sark was o the holland fine,  
4 And his jerkin lac'd fu brow.'

**114D.14**

1 Up bespak the first forester,  
2 The first forester of a':  
3 O this is Johnie o Cockerslee;  
4 Come draw, lads, we maun draw.

**114D.15**

1 Up bespak the niest forester,  
2 The niest forester of a':  
3 An this be Johnie o Cockerslee,  
4 To him we winna draw.

**114D.16**

1 The first shot that they did shoot,  
2 They woundit him on the bree;  
3 Up bespak the uncle's son,  
4 'The niest will gar him die.'

**114D.17**

1 The second shot that eer they shot,  
2 It scaithd him near the heart;  
3 'I only wauken,' Johnie cried,  
4 'Whan first I find the smart.

**114D.18**

1 'Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,  
2 Stand stout, and dinna flee;  
3 Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,  
4 And we will gar them die.'

**114D.19**

1 He has killed six o the proud foresters,  
2 And wounded the seventh sair:  
3 He laid his leg out owre his steed,  
4 Says, I will kill na mair.

**114D.20**

1 'Oh wae befa thee, silly auld man,  
2 An ill death may thee dee!  
3 Upon thy head be a' this blude,  
4 For mine, I ween, is free.'

**114E.1**

1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,  
2 Calld for water to wash his hands,  
3 And he has calld for his gud gray hunds,  
4 That lay bund in iron bands. bands  
5 That lay bund in iron bands

**114E.2**

1 'Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,  
2 Ye'll busk and mak them boun,  
3 For I'm gaing to the Broadspair hill,  
4 To ding the dun deer doun.'

**114E.3**

1 Whan Johnie's mither heard o this,  
2 She til her son has gane:  
3 'Ye'll win your mither's benison,  
4 Gin ye wad stay at hame.

**114E.4**

1 'Your meat sall be o the very, very best,  
2 And your drink o the finest wine;  
3 And ye will win your mither's benison,  
4 Gin ye wad stay at hame.'

**114E.5**

1 His mither's counsel he wad na tak,  
2 Nor wad he stay at hame;  
3 But he's on to the Broadspair hill,  
4 To ding the dun deer doun.

**114E.6**

1 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,  
2 And a little below the sun,  
3 And there he spied the dun deer lying sleeping,  
4 Aneath a buss o brume.

**114E.7**

1 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
2 And he has woundit him in the side,  
3 And atween the water and the wud  
4 He laid the dun deer's pride.

**114E.8**

1 They ate sae meikle o the venison,  
2 And drank sae meikle o the blude,  
3 That Johnie and his twa gray hunds  
4 Fell asleep in yonder wud.

**114E.9**

1 By ther cam a silly auld man,  
2 A silly auld man was he,  
3 And he's aff to the proud foresters,  
4 To tell what he did see.

**114E.10**

1 'What news, what news, my silly auld man,  
2 What news? come tell to me.'  
3 'Na news, na news,' said the silly auld man,  
4 'But what mine een did see.'

**114E.11**

1 'As I cam in by yon greenwud,  
2 And doun among the scrogs,  
3 The bonniest youth that ere I saw  
4 Lay sleeping atween twa dogs.

**114E.12**

1 'The sark that he had on his back  
2 Was o the holland sma,  
3 And the coat that he had on his back  
4 Was laced wi gowd fu brow.'

**114E.13**

1 Up bespak the first forester,  
2 The first forester ava:  
3 'An this be Johnie o Cocklesmuir,  
4 It's time we war awa.'

**114E.14**

1 Up bespak the niest forester,  
2 The niest forester ava:  
3 'An this be Johnie o Cocklesmuir,  
4 To him we winna draw.'

**114E.15**

1 The first shot that they did shoot,  
2 They woundit him on the thie;  
3 Up bespak the uncle's son,  
4 The niest will gar him die.

**114E.16**

1 'Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,  
2 Stand stout, and dinna flee;  
3 Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,  
4 And we will mak them dee.'

**114E.17**

1 He has killed six o the proud foresters,  
2 And he has woundit the seventh sair;  
3 He laid his leg out owre his steed,  
4 Says, I will kill na mair.

**114F.1**

1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,  
2 Called for water to wash his hands:  
3 'Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs,  
4 That are bound wi iron bands.'

**114F.2**

1 When Johnie's mother gat word o that,  
2 Her hands for dule she wrang:  
3 'O Johnie, for my bennison,  
4 To the grenewood dinna gang!

**114F.3**

1 'Enough ye hae o the gude wheat-bread,  
2 And enough o the blude-red wine,  
3 And therefore for nae vennison, Johnie,  
4 I pray ye, stir frae hame.'

**114F.4**

1 But Johnie's buskt up his gude bend bow,  
2 His arrows, ane by ane,  
3 And he has gane to Durrisdeer,  
4 To hunt the dun deer doun.

**114F.5**

1 As he came down by Merriemass,  
2 And in by the benty line,  
3 There has he espied a deer lying,  
4 Aneath a bush of ling.

**114F.6**

1 Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,  
2 And he wounded her on the side,  
3 But atween the water and the brae,  
4 His hounds they laid her pride.

**114F.7**

1 And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae weel  
2 That he's had out her liver and lungs,  
3 And wi these he has feasted his bludey hounds  
4 As if they had been erl's sons.

**114F.8**

1 They eat sae much o the vennison,  
2 And drank sae much o the blude,  
3 That Johnie and his bludey hounds  
4 Fell asleep as they had been dead.

**114F.9**

1 And by there came a silly auld carle,  
2 An ill death mote he die!  
3 For he's awa to Hislinton,  
4 Where the Seven Foresters did lie.

**114F.10**

1 'What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle?  
2 What news bring ye to me?'  
3 'I bring nae news,' said the gray-headed carle,  
4 'Save what these eyes did see.'

**114F.11**

1 'As I came down by Merriemass,  
2 And down among the scroggs,  
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 Johnnie 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 Johnnie 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 Johnnie's set his back against an aik,  
2 His fute against a stane,  
3 And he has slain the Seven Foresters,  
4 He has slain them a' but ane.

**114F.18**

1 He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,  
2 But and his collar bane;  
3 He's laod 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's bower,  
4 And tell to fetch Johnnie away?'

**114F.20**

1 The starling flew to his mother's window-stane,  
2 It whistled and it sang,  
3 And aye the ower-word o the tune  
4 Was, Johnnie 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 Johnnie.

**114F.22**

1 Then out and spake his auld mother,  
2 And fast her teirs did fa;  
3 Ye wad nae be warnd, my son Johnnie,  
4 Frae the hunting to bide awa.

**114F.23**

1 'Aft 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 An ill death shall he die;  
3 For the highest tree on Merriemass  
4 Shall be his morning's fee.'

**114F.25**

1 Now Johnnie's gude bend bow is broke,  
2 And his gude graie dogs are slain,  
3 And his bodie lies dead in Durrissdeer,  
4 And his hunting it is done.

**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 Waur bound in iron bands,  
5 Waur bound in iron bands

**114G.2**

1 Johnnie's taen his gude bent bow,  
2 Bot an his arrows kene,  
3 An strippit 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 nane;  
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 Aneath a bush o brume.

**114G.7**

1 The firsten shot that Johnnie shot,  
2 He wounded her in the side;  
3 The nexten shot that Johnnie shot,  
4 I wat he laid her 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 in among the scroggs,  
3 The bonniest boy that ere I saw  
4 Lay sleepin atween his dogs.'

**114G.11**

1 The firsten shot that Johnnie shot,  
2 He shot them a' but ane,  
3 An he flang him owre a milk-white steed,  
4 Bade him bear tidings hame.

**114H.1**

1 JOHNNIE raise up in a May morning,  
2 Calld for water to wash his hands,  
3 And he's commant his bluidy dogs  
4 To be loosd frae their iron bands,  
5 To be loosd frae their iron bands

**114H.2**

1 'Win up, win up, my bluidy dogs,  
2 Win up, and be unbound,  
3 And we will on to Bride's Braidmuir,  
4 And ding the dun deer down.'

**114H.3**

1 When his mother got word o that,  
2 Then she took bed and lay;  
3 Says, Johnnie, my son, for my blessing,  
4 Ye'll stay at hame this day.

**114H.4**

1 There's baken bread and brown ale  
2 Shall be at your command;  
3 Ye'll win your mither's blythe blessing,  
4 To the Bride's Braidmuir nae gang.

**114H.5**

1 Mony are my friends, mither,  
2 Though thousands were my foe;  
3 Betide me life, betide me death,  
4 To the Bride's Braidmuir I'll go.

**114H.6**

1 The sark that was on Johnnie's back  
2 Was o the cambric fine;  
3 The belt that was around his middle  
4 Wi pearlins it did shine.

**114H.7**

1 The coat that was upon his back  
2 Was o the linsey brown;  
3 And he's awa to the Bride's Braidmuir,  
4 To ding the dun deer down.

**114H.8**

1 Johnnie lookd east, Johnnie lookd west,  
2 And turnd him round and round,  
3 And there he saw the king's dun deer,  
4 Was cowing the bush o brune.

**114H.9**

1 Johnnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
2 He wounded her in the side;  
3 Between him and yon burnie-bank,  
4 Johnnie he laid her pride.

**114H.10**

1 He ate sae muckle o the venison,  
2 He drank sae muckle bleed,  
3 Till he lay down between his hounds,  
4 And slept as he'd been dead.

**114H.11**

1 But by there came a stane-auld man,  
2 An ill death mat he dee!  
3 For he is on to the Seven Foresters,  
4 As fast as gang could he.

**114H.12**

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.13**

1 'As I gaed i yon rough thick hedge,  
2 Amang yon bramly scroggs,  
3 The fairest youth that eer I saw  
4 Lay sleeping between his dogs.

**114H.14**

1 'The sark that was upon his back  
2 Was o the cambric fine;  
3 The belt that was around his middle  
4 Wi pearlins it did shine.'

**114H.15**

1 Then out it speaks the first forester:  
2 Whether this be true or no,  
3 O if it's Johnnie o Cocklesmuir,  
4 Nae forder need we go.

**114H.16**

1 Out it spake 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.17**

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.18**

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.19**

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.20**

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.21**

1 His mother's parrot in window sat,  
2 She whistled and she sang,  
3 And aye the owerturn o the note,  
4 'Young Johnnie's biding lang.'

**114H.22**

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.23**

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.24**

1 Then he's calld Johnnie up to court,  
2 Treated him handsomelie,  
3 And now to hunt in the Bride's Braidmuir,  
4 For life has license free.

**114I.1**

1 JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,  
2 Called for water to wash his hands, hands  
3 And he is awa to Braidisbanks,  
4 To ding the dun deer down, down  
5 To ding the dun deer down



## 114I.2

1 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,  
2 And it's lang before the sun,  
3 And there he did spy the dun deer lie,  
4 Beneath a bush of brume.

## 114I.3

1 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
2 And he's woundit her in the side;  
3 Out then spake his sister's son,  
4 'And the neist will lay her pride.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 114I.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 gif that they were dead.  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 114I.5

1 'It's doun, and it's doun, and it's doun, doun,  
2 And it's doun among the scrogs,  
3 And there ye'll espy twa bonnie boys lie,  
4 Asleep among their dogs.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 114I.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 a stout heart fail me not!'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 114J.1

1 HIS coat was o the scarlet red,  
2 His vest was o the same;  
3 His stockings were o the worsed lace,  
4 And buckles tied to the same.

## 114J.2

1 Out then spoke one, out then spoke two,  
2 Out then spoke two or three;  
3 Out spoke the master forester,  
4 'It's Johnie o Braidislee.

## 114J.3

1 'If this be true, thou silly auld man,  
2 Which you tell unto me,  
3 Five hundred pounds of yearly rent  
4 It shall not pay your fee.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 114J.4

1 'O wae be to you seven foresters!  
2 I wonder ye dinna think shame,  
3 You being seven sturdy men,  
4 And I but a man my lane.

## 114J.5

1 'Now fail me not, my ten fingers,  
2 That are both long and small!  
3 Now fail me not, my noble heart!  
4 For in thee I trust for all.

## 114J.6

1 'Now fail me not, my good bend bow,  
2 That was in London coft!  
3 Now fail me not, my golden string,  
4 Which my true lover wrocht!'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 114J.7

1 He has tossed him up, he has tossed him doun,  
2 He has broken his collar-bone;  
3 He has tied him to his bridle reins,  
4 Bade him carry the tidings home.

## 114K.1

1 'THERE 's no a bird in a' this foreste  
2 Will do as meikle for me  
3 As dip its wing in the wan water  
4 An straik it on my ee-bree.'

## 114L.1

1 BUT aye at ilka ae mile's end  
2 She fand a cat o clay,  
3 An written upon the back o it  
4 'Tak your son Johnnie Brod away.'

## 114M.1

1 'O busk ye, O busk ye, my three bluidy hounds,  
2 O busk ye, and go with me,  
3 For there's seven foresters in yon forest,  
4 And them I want to see.' see  
5 And them I want to see

## 115A.1

1 I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk,  
2 Al at zome wodes ende,  
3 Of gode Robyn and Gandeleyn;

## 115A.1

4 Was *per non oþer þyng*.  
5 Robynn lyth in grene wode bowndyn

## 115A.2

1 Stronge theuys wern þo chylderin non,  
2 But bowmen gode and hende;  
3 He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,  
4 If God wold it hem sende.

## 115A.3

1 Al day wentyn þo chylderin too,  
2 And fleych fowndyn he non,  
3 Til it were a-geyn euyñ;  
4 Þe chylderin wold gon hom.

## 115A.4

1 Half an honderid of fat falyf der  
2 He comyn a-zon,  
3 And alle he wern fayr and fat i-now,  
4 But markyd was *per non*:  
5 'Be dere God,' seyde 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 Þe fattest der of alle  
4 Þe herte he clef a to.

## 115A.6

1 He hadde not þe der i-flawe,  
2 Ne half out of þe hyde,  
3 There cam a schrewde arwe out of þe west,  
4 þat felde Robertes pryde.

## 115A.7

1 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west,  
2 Be euery syde:  
3 'Hoo hat myn mayster slayin?  
4 Ho hat don þis dede?  
5 Xal I neuer out of grene wode go  
6 Til I se [his] sydis blede.'

## 115A.8

1 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd west,  
2 And sownt vnder þe sunne;  
3 He saw a lytil boy  
4 He clepyn Wrennok of Donne.

## 115A.9

1 A good bowe in his hond,  
2 A brod arwe *per* ine,  
3 And fowre and twenti goode arwys,  
4 Trusyd in a prumme:  
5 'Be war þe, war þe, Gandeleyn,  
6 Her-of þu xalt han summe.

## 115A.10

1 'Be war þe, war þe, Gandeleyn,  
2 Her of þu gyst plente:'  
3 'Euer on for an oþer,' seyde Gandeleyñ;  
4 'Mysaunter haue he xal fle.

## 115A.11

1 'Qwer-at xal *our* marke be?'  
2 Seyde Gandeleyñ:  
3 'Eueryche at oþeris herte,'  
4 Seyde Wrennok ageyn.

## 115A.12

1 Ho xal zeue þe ferste schote?'  
2 Seyde Gandeleyñ:  
3 'And I xul zeue þe on be-forn,'  
4 Seyde Wrennok ageyn.

## 115A.13

1 Wrennok schette a ful good schote,  
2 And he schet not to hye;  
3 Þrow þe sanchoþis of his bryk;  
4 It towchyd neyþer thye.

## 115A.14

1 'Now hast þu zouyn me on be-forn,'  
2 Al þus to Wrennok seyde he,  
3 'And þrow þe myzt of *our* lady  
4 A bettere I xal zeue þe.'

## 115A.15

1 Gandeleyñ bent his goode bowe,  
2 And set *per* in a flo;  
3 He schet þrow his grene certyl,  
4 His herte he clef on too.

## 115A.16

1 'Now xalt þu neuer zelpe, Wrennok,  
2 At ale ne at wyn,  
3 þat þu hast slawe goode Robyn,  
4 And his knaue Gandeleyñ.

## 115A.17

1 'Now xalt þu neuer zelpe, Wrennok,  
2 At wyn ne at ale,  
3 þat þu hast slawe goode Robyn,  
4 And Gandeleyñ his knaue.'  
5 Robyn lyth in grene wode bowndyn

## 116A.1

1 MERY it was in grene forest,  
2 Amonge the leues grene,  
3 Where that men walke both east and west,  
4 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

## 116A.2

1 To ryse the dere out of theyr denne;  
2 Suche sightes as hath ofte bene sene,  
3 As by th<cr>e yemen of the north cuntry,  
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 thyrd was William of Cloudesly,  
4 An archer good ynough.

## 116A.4

1 They were outlawed for venyson,  
2 These thre yemen euerechone;  
3 They swore them brethen vpon a day,  
4 To Englysshe-wood for to gone.

## 116A.5

1 Now lith and lysten, gentylnen,  
2 And that of myrthes loueth to here:  
3 Two of them were single men,  
4 The third had a wedded fere.

## 116A.6

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,

## 116A.7

1 For to speke with fayre Else hys wife,  
2 And with hys chyldren thre:  
3 'By my trouth,' sayde Adam Bel,  
4 'Not by the counsell of me.

## 116A.8

1 'For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,  
2 And from thys wylde wode wende,  
3 If the justice mai you take,  
4 Your lyfe were at an ende.'

## 116A.9

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.10

1 He toke hys leaue of hys brethen two,  
2 And to Carlel he is gone;  
3 There he knocked at hys owne wyndowe,  
4 Shortlye and anone.

## 116A.11

1 'Wher be you, fayre Alyce, my wyfe,  
2 And my chyldren thre?  
3 Lyghtly let in thyne husbände,  
4 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'

## 116A.12

1 'Alas!' then sayde fayre Alyce,  
2 And syghed wonderous sore,  
3 'Thys place hath ben besette for you  
4 Thys halfe yere and more.'

## 116A.13

1 'Now am I here,' sayde Cloudesle,  
2 'I woulde that I in were;  
3 Now feche vs meate and drynke ynoughe,  
4 And let vs make good chere.'

## 116A.14

1 She feched him meat and drynke plenty,  
2 Lyke a true wedded wyfe,  
3 And pleased hym with that she had,  
4 Whome she loued as her lyfe.

## 116A.15

1 There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
2 A lytle besyde the fyre,  
3 Whych Wyllyam had found, of cheryte,  
4 More then seuen yere.

## 116A.16

1 Up she rose, and walked full styll,  
2 Eucl mote she spede therefoore!  
3 For she had not set no fote on ground  
4 In seuen yere before.

**116A.17**

1 She went vnto the justice hall,  
2 As fast as she could hye:  
3 'Thys nyght is come vn to thys town  
4 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'

**116A.18**

1 Thereof the iustice was full fayne,  
2 And so was the shirife also:  
3 'Thou shalt not trauaile hether, *dame*, for  
nought;  
4 Thy meed thou shalt haue or thou go.'

**116A.19**

1 They gaue to her a ryght good goune,  
2 Of scarlat it was, as I heard say<n>e;  
3 She toke the gyft, and home she wente,  
4 And couched her doune agayne.

**116A.20**

1 They rysed the towne of mery Carlel,  
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 euery syde;  
3 Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
4 That heytherward they hyed.

**116A.22**

1 Alyce opened a shot-wyndow,  
2 And loked all about;  
3 She was ware of the justice and the shrife  
bothe,  
4 Wyth a full great route.

**116A.23**

1 'Alas! treason,' cried Alyce,  
2 'Euer wo may thou be!  
3 Go into my chambre, my husband,' she sayd,  
4 'Swete Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'

**116A.24**

1 He toke hys sward and hys bucler,  
2 Hys bow and hy<s> chylidren thre,  
3 And wente into hys strongest chamber,  
4 Where he thought surest to be.

**116A.25**

1 Fayre Alice folowed *him* as a louer 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 Cloudesle bent a wel good bowe,  
2 That was of trusty tre,  
3 He smot the iustise on the brest,  
4 That hys arrowe brest in thre.

**116A.27**

1 'God's curse on his hartt,' saide William,  
2 'Thys day thy 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 iustise,  
2 'And thy bowe *and* thy arrowes the fro:'  
3 'Gods curse on hys hart,' sayde fair Al<i>ce,  
4 'That my husband councelleth so.'

**116A.29**

1 'Set fyre on the house,' saide the sherife,  
2 'Syth it wyll no better be,  
3 And brenne we therin William,' he saide,  
4 'Hys wyfe and chylidren thre.'

**116A.30**

1 They fyred the house in many a place,  
2 The fyre flew vpon hys;  
3 'Alas!' than cryed fayr Alice,  
4 'I se we shall here dy.'

**116A.31**

1 William openyd hys backe wyndow,  
2 That was in hys chambre on hys,  
3 And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,  
4 And hys chylidren thre.

**116A.32**

1 'Haue here my treasure,' sayde William,  
2 'My wyfe and my chylidren thre;  
3 For Christes loue do them no harme,  
4 But wreke you all on me.'

**116A.33**

1 Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,  
2 Tyll hys arrowes were all go,  
3 And the fyre so fast vpon hym fell,  
4 That hys bo<w>stryng brent in two.

**116A.34**

1 The spercles brent and fell hym on,  
2 Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle;  
3 But than was he a wofull man, and sayde,  
4 Thys is a cowardes death to me.

**116A.35**

1 'Leuer I had,' sayde Wyllyam,  
2 'With my sworde in the route to renne,  
3 Then here among myne ennemyes wode  
4 Thus cruelly to brent.'

**116A.36**

1 He toke hys sward and hys buckler,  
2 And among them all he ran;  
3 Where the people were most in prece,  
4 He smot downe many a man.

**116A.37**

1 There myght no man stand hys stroke,  
2 So fersly on them he ran;  
3 Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,  
4 And so toke that good yeman.

**116A.38**

1 There they hym bounde both hand and fote,  
2 And in depe dongeon hym cast;  
3 'Now, Cloudesle,' sayde the hys justice,  
4 'Thou shalt be hanged in hast.'

**116A.39**

1 'One vow shal I make,' sayde the sherife,  
2 'A payre of new galowes shall I for the make,  
3 And al the gates of Caerlel shalbe shutte,  
4 There shall no man come in therat.'

**116A.40**

1 'Then shall not helpe Clim of the Cloughe,  
2 Nor yet Adam Bell,  
3 Though they came with a thousand mo,  
4 Nor all the deuels in hell.'

**116A.41**

1 Early in the mornynge the justice vprose,  
2 To the gates fast gan he gon,  
3 And commaunded to be shut full cloce  
4 Lightile euerychone.

**116A.42**

1 Then went he to the market-place,  
2 As fast as he coulede hys;  
3 A payre of new gallous there dyd he vp set,  
4 Besyde the pyllory.

**116A.43**

1 A lytle boy stod them amonge,  
2 And asked what meant that gallow-tre;  
3 They sayde, To hange a good yeaman,  
4 Called Wyllyam of Cloudesle.

**116A.44**

1 That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,  
2 And kept fayre Alyce swyne;  
3 Full oft he had sene Cloudesle in the wodde,  
4 And geuen hym there to dyne.

**116A.45**

1 He went out of a creues in the wall,  
2 And lightly to the woode dyd gone;  
3 There met he with these wyght yonge men,  
4 Shortly and anone.

**116A.46**

1 'Alas!' then sayde that lytle boye,  
2 'Ye tary here all to longe;  
3 Cloudesle is taken and dampned to death,  
4 All readye for to hong.'

**116A.47**

1 'Alas!' then sayde good Adam Bell,  
2 'That euer we see thys daye!  
3 He myght her with vs haue dwelled,  
4 So ofte as we dyd him praye.'

**116A.48**

1 'He myght haue taryed in grene foreste,  
2 Under the shadowes sheene,  
3 And haue kepte both hym and vs in reaste,  
4 Out of trouble and teene.'

**116A.49**

1 Adam bent a ryght good bow,  
2 A great hart sone had he slayne;  
3 'Take that, chylde,' he sayde, 'To thy dynner,  
4 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.'

**116A.50**

1 'Now go we hence,' sayed these wight yong  
*men*,  
2 'Tary we no longer here;  
3 We shall hym borowe, by Gods grace,  
4 Though we bye it full dere.'

**116A.51**

1 To Caerlel went these good yemen,  
2 In a mery mornynge of Maye:  
3 Her is a fyt of Cloudesli,  
4 And another is for to saye.

**116A.52**

1 And when they came to mery Caerlell,  
2 In a fayre mornynge-tyde,  
3 They founde the gates shut them vntyll,  
4 Round about on euery syde.

**116A.53**

1 'Alas!' than sayd good Adam Bell,  
2 'That euer we were made men!  
3 These gates be shyt so wonderly well,  
4 That we may not come here in.'

**116A.54**

1 Than spake Clymme of the Cloughe:  
2 With a wyle we wyll vs in brynge;  
3 Let vs say we be messengers,  
4 Streyght comen from oure kynge.

**116A.55**

1 Adam sayd, I haue a lettre wryten wele,  
2 Now let vs wysely werke;  
3 We wyll say we haue the kynges seale,  
4 I holde the porter no clerke.

**116A.56**

1 Than Adam Bell bete on the gate,  
2 With str'okes greate and stronge;  
3 The porter herde suche a noyse therate,  
4 And to the gate faste he thronge.

**116A.57**

1 'Who is there nowe,' sayd the porter,  
2 'That maketh all this knockynge?  
3 'We be two messengers,' sayd Clymme of the  
Cloughe,  
4 'Be comen streyght frome oure kynge.'

**116A.58**

1 'We haue a lettre,' sayd Adam Bell,  
2 'To the justyce we must it brynge;  
3 Let vs in, oure message to do,  
4 That that we were agayne to our kynge.'

**116A.59**

1 'Here cometh no man in,' sayd the porter,  
2 'By hym that dyed on a tre,  
3 Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
4 Called Wyllyam of Clowdysle.'

**116A.60**

1 Than spake that good [yeman Clym of the  
Cloughe,  
2 And swore by Mary fre,  
3 If that we stande long wythout,  
4 Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.]

**116A.61**

1 [Lo here] we haue got the kynges seale;  
2 [What! l>ordane, arte thou wode?  
3 [The p>orter had wende it had been so,  
4 [And l>yghtly dyd of his hode.

**116A.62**

1 '[Welco>me be my lordes seale,' sayd he,  
2 '[For] that shall ye come in:'  
3 [He] opened the gate ryght shortly,  
4 [An] eyull openynge for hym!

**116A.63**

1 '[N>owe we are in,' sayd Adam Bell,  
2 '[T>herof we are full fayne;  
3 [But] Cryst knoweth that herowed hell,  
4 [H>ow we shall come oute agayne.'

**116A.64**

1 '[Had] we the keys,' sayd Clym of the Clowgh,  
2 'Ryght well than sholde we spede;  
3 [Than] myght we come out well ynough,  
4 [Whan] we se tyme and nede.'

**116A.65**

1 [They] called the porter to a counsell,  
2 [And] wronge hys necke in two,  
3 [And] kest hym in a depe dongeon,  
4 [And] toke the keys hym fro.

**116A.66**

1 '[N>ow am I porter,' sayd Adam Bell;  
2 '[Se], broder, the keys haue we here;  
3 [The] worster porter to mery Carlell,  
4 [That ye] had this hondreth yere.

**116A.67**

5 '[Now] wyll we oure bowes bende,  
6 [Into the t>owne wyll we go,  
7 [For to deluyer our dere] broder,  
8 [Where he lyeth in care and wo.'

- 116A.68**  
 1 Then they bent they good yew bowes,  
 2 And loked theyr stringes were round;]  
 3 The market-place of mery Carlyll,  
 4 They beset in that stounde.
- 116A.69**  
 1 And as they loked them besyde,  
 2 A payre of neue galowes there they se,  
 3 And the iustyce, with a quest of swerers,  
 4 That had iuged Clowdysle there hangd to be.
- 116A.70**  
 1 And Clowdysle hymselfe lay redy in a carte,  
 2 Fast bounde bothe fote and hande,  
 3 And a strong rope aboute his necke,  
 4 All redy for to be hangde.
- 116A.71**  
 1 The iustyce called to hym a ladde;  
 2 Clowdysles clothes sholde he haue,  
 3 To take the mesure of that good yoman,  
 4 And thereafter to make his graue.
- 116A.72**  
 1 'I haue sene as greate a merueyll,' sayd  
 Clowd<esle],  
 2 'As bytwene this and pryme,  
 3 He that maketh thys graue for me,  
 4 Hymselfe may lye therin.'
- 116A.73**  
 1 'Thou spekest proudly,' sayd the iustyce;  
 2 'I shall hange the with my hande:'  
 3 Full well that herde his bretheren two,  
 4 There styl as they dyd stande.
- 116A.74**  
 1 Than Clowdysle cast hys eyen asyde,  
 2 And sawe hys bretheren stande,  
 3 At a corner of the market-place,  
 4 With theyr good bowes bent in theyr hand,  
 5 Redy the iustyce for to chase.
- 116A.75**  
 1 'I se good comfote,' sayd Clowdysle,  
 2 'Yet hope I well to fare;  
 3 If I myght haue my handes at wyll,  
 4 [Ryght l>yttel wolde I care.'
- 116A.76**  
 1 [Than b>espake good Adam Bell,  
 2 [To Clym]me of the Clowgh so fre;  
 3 [Broder], se ye marke the iustyce well;  
 4 [Lo yon>der ye may him se.
- 116A.77**  
 1 [And at] the sheryf shote I wyll,  
 2 [Stron>gly with an arowe kene;  
 3 [A better] shotte in mery Carlyll,  
 4 [Thys se>uen yere was not sene.
- 116A.78**  
 1 [They lo>used theyr arowes bothe at ones,  
 2 [Of no] man had they drede;  
 3 [The one] hyt the iustyce, the other the sheryf,  
 4 [That b>othe theyr sydes gan blede.
- 116A.79**  
 1 [All men] voyded, that them stode nye,  
 2 [Whan] the iustyce fell to the grounde,  
 3 [And the] sheryf fell nyghe hym by;  
 4 [Eyther] had his dethes wounde.
- 116A.80**  
 1 [All the c>ytezeyns fast gan fle,  
 2 [They du>rste no lenger abyde;  
 3 [There ly>ghtly they loused Clowdysle,  
 4 [Where he] with ropes lay tyde.
- 116A.81**  
 1 [Wyllyam] sterte to an offycer of the towne,  
 2 [Hys axe] out his hande he wronge;  
 3 [On eche] syde he smote them downe,  
 4 [Hym tho>ught he had taryed to longe.
- 116A.82**  
 1 [Wyllyam] sayd to his bretheren two,  
 2 [Thys daye] let vs togyder lye and deye;  
 3 [If euer you] haue nede as I haue nowe,  
 4 [The same] shall ye fynde by me.
- 116A.83**  
 1 [They] shyt so well in that tyde,  
 2 For theyr strynges were of sylke full sure,  
 3 That they kepthe the stretes on euery syde;  
 4 That batayll dyd longe endure.
- 116A.84**  
 1 They fought togyder as bretheren true,  
 2 Lyke hardy men and bolde;  
 3 Many a man to the grounde they threwe,  
 4 And made many an hertē colde.
- 116A.85**  
 1 But whan theyr arowes were all gone,  
 2 Men presyd on them full fast;  
 3 They drewe theyr swerdēs than anone,  
 4 And theyr bowēs from them caste.
- 116A.86**  
 1 They wente lyghtly on theyr waye,  
 2 With swerdes and buckelers rounde;  
 3 By that it was the myddes of the daye,  
 4 They had made many a wounde.
- 116A.87**  
 1 There was many a noute-horne in Carlyll  
 blowen,  
 2 And the belles backwarde dyd they rynge;  
 3 Many a woman sayd alas,  
 4 And many theyr handes dyd wrynge.
- 116A.88**  
 1 The mayre of Carlyll forth come was,  
 2 And with hym a full grete route;  
 3 These thre yomen dredde hym full sore,  
 4 For theyr lyeuēs stode in doubte.
- 116A.89**  
 1 The mayre came armed, a full greate pace,  
 2 With a polaxe in his hande;  
 3 Many a stronge man with hym was,  
 4 There in that stoure to stande.
- 116A.90**  
 1 The mayre smote at Clowdysle with his byll,  
 2 His buckeler he brast in two;  
 3 Full many a yoman with grete yll,  
 4 '[Al>as, treason!' they cryed for wo.  
 5 '[Ke>pe we the gates fast,' they bad,  
 6 '[T>hat these traytours theroute not go.'
- 116A.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.
- 116A.92**  
 1 'Haue here your keys,' sayd Adam Bell,  
 2 'Myne offyce I here forsake;  
 3 Yf ye do by my councell,  
 4 A newē porter ye make.'
- 116A.93**  
 1 He threwe the keys there at theyr hedes,  
 2 And bad them evyll to thryue,  
 3 And all that letteth any good yoman  
 4 To come and comfote his wyue.
- 116A.94**  
 1 Thus be these good yomen gone to the wode,  
 2 As lyght as lefe on lynde;  
 3 They laughe and be mery in theyr mode,  
 4 Theyr enemyes were farre behynde.
- 116A.95**  
 1 Whan they came to Inglyswode,  
 2 Under theyr trusty-tre,  
 3 There they founde bowēs full gode,  
 4 And arowēs greate plentē.
- 116A.96**  
 1 'So helpe me God,' sayd Adam Bell,  
 2 And Clymme of the Clowgh so fre,  
 3 'I wolde we were nowe in mery Carlell,  
 4 [Be>fore that fayre meynē.'
- 116A.97**  
 1 They set them downe and made good chere,  
 2 And ate an<d dr>anke full well:  
 3 Here is a fyttē [of] these wyght yongemen,  
 4 And another I shall you tell.
- 116A.98**  
 1 As they sat in Inglyswode,  
 2 Under theyr trusty-tre,  
 3 Them thought they herde a woman [wepe],  
 4 But her they myght not se.
- 116A.99**  
 1 Sore syghed there fayre Alyce, and sayd,  
 2 Alas that euer I se this daye!  
 3 For now is my dere husbonde slayne,  
 4 Alas and welawaye!
- 116A.100**  
 1 Myght I haue spoken wyth hys dere  
 breth<eren],  
 2 With eyther of them twayne,  
 3 [To shew to them what him befell]  
 4 My herte were out of payne.
- 116A.101**  
 1 Clowdysle walked a lytell besyde,  
 2 And loked vnder the grene wodde lynde;  
 3 He was ware of his wyfe and his chyldre<n  
 thre],  
 4 Full wo in herte and mynde.
- 116A.102**  
 1 'Welcome, wyfe,' than sayd Wyllyam,  
 2 'Unto this trusty-tre;  
 3 I had wende yesterdaye, by swete Sai<nt John],  
 4 Thou sholde me neuer haue se.'
- 116A.103**  
 1 'Now wele is me,' she sayd, 'That [ye be here],  
 2 My herte is out of wo:'  
 3 'Dame,' he sayd, 'Be mery and glad,  
 4 And thanke my bretheren two.'
- 116A.104**  
 1 'Here of to speke,' sayd Ad<am] Bell,  
 2 'I-wys it [is no bote];  
 3 The me[at that we must sup]p withall,  
 4 It runneth yet fast on fote.'
- 116A.105**  
 1 Then went they down into a launde,  
 2 These noble archares all thre,  
 3 Eche of the]m slewe a harte of grece,  
 4 [The best t<hey coude there se.
- 116A.106**  
 1 '[Haue here the] best, Alyce my wyfe,'  
 2 [Sayde Wyllya>m of Clowdysle,  
 3 '[By cause ye so] boldely stode me by,  
 4 [Whan I w>as slayne full nye.'
- 116A.107**  
 1 [Than they] wente to theyr souper,  
 2 [Wyth suc>he mete as they had,  
 3 [And than>ked God of theyr fortune;  
 4 [They we>re bothe mery and glad.
- 116A.108**  
 1 [And whan] they had souped well,  
 2 [Certayne] withouten leace,  
 3 [Clowdysle] sayde, We wyll to oure kyngne,  
 4 [To get v>s a chartre of peace.
- 116A.109**  
 1 [Alyce shal] be a soiournynge,  
 2 [In a nunry] here besyde;  
 3 [My tow sonn>es shal] with her go,  
 4 [And ther the>y shal] abyde.
- 116A.110**  
 1 [Myne eldest so>ne shall go with me,  
 2 [For hym haue I] no care,  
 3 [And he shall breng] you worde agayne  
 4 [How that we do fare.
- 116A.111**  
 1 Thus be these wig>ht men to London gone,  
 2 [As fast as they ma]lye hie,  
 3 [Tyll they came to the kynges] palays,  
 4 There they woulde nedēs be.
- 116A.112**  
 1 And whan they came to the kyngēs courte,  
 2 Unto the pallace gate,  
 3 Of no man wold they aske leue,  
 4 But boldly went in therat.
- 116A.113**  
 1 They preceid prestly into the hall,  
 2 Of no man had they dreade;  
 3 The porter came after and dyd them call,  
 4 And with them began to [chyde.]
- 116A.114**  
 1 The vssher sayd, Yemen, what wolde ye haue?  
 2 I praye you tell me;  
 3 Ye myght thus make offycers shent:  
 4 Good syrs, of whens be ye?
- 116A.115**  
 1 'Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,  
 2 Certayne withouten leace,  
 3 And hyther we be come to our kyngne,  
 4 To get vs a charter of peace.'
- 116A.116**  
 1 And whan they came before our kyngne,  
 2 As it was the lawe of the lande,  
 3 They kneled downe without lettynge,  
 4 And eche helde vp his hande.
- 116A.117**  
 1 They sayd, Lorde, we beseche you here,  
 2 That ye wyll graunte vs grace,  
 3 For we haue slayne your fatte falowe dere,  
 4 In many a sondry place.

**116A.118**

1 'What is your names?' than sayd our kyng,  
2 'Anone that you tell me.'  
3 They sayd, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,  
4 And Wylliam of Clowdesle.

**116A.119**

1 'Be ye those theues,' than sayd our kyng,  
2 'That men haue told of to me?'  
3 Here to God I make a vowe,  
4 Ye shall be hanged all thre.

**116A.120**

1 'Ye shall be dead without mercy,  
2 As I am kyng of this lande.'  
3 He commanded his officers euerichone  
4 Fast on them to lay hand.

**116A.121**

1 There they toke these good yemen,  
2 And arrested them all thre:  
3 'So may I thryue,' sayd Adam Bell,  
4 'Thys game lyketh not me.'

**116A.122**

1 'But, good lorde, we beseche you nowe,  
2 That ye wyll graunte vs grace,  
3 In so moche as we be to you commen;  
4 Or elles that we may fro you passe,

**116A.123**

1 'With suche weapons as we haue here,  
2 Tyll we be out of your place;  
3 And yf we lyue this hondred yere,  
4 We wyll aske you no grace.'

**116A.124**

1 'Ye speke proudly,' sayd the kyng,  
2 'Ye shall be hanged all thre.'  
3 'That were great pity,' sayd the quene,  
4 'If any grace myght be.'

**116A.125**

1 'My lorde, whan I came fyrst in to this lande,  
2 To be your wedded wyfe,  
3 The fyrst bone that I wolde aske,  
4 Ye wolde graunte me belyfe.'

**116A.126**

1 'And I asked you neuer none tyll nowe,  
2 Therefore, good lorde, graunte it me.'  
3 'Nowe aske it, madame,' sayd the kyng,  
4 'And graunted shall it be.'

**116A.127**

1 'Than, good lorde, I you beseche,  
2 The yemen graunte you me.'  
3 'Madame, ye myght haue asked a bone  
4 That sholde haue ben worthe them thre.'

**116A.128**

1 'Ye myght haue asked towres and towne[s],  
2 Parkes and forestes plentie.'  
3 'None so pleasaunt to mi pay,' she said,  
4 'Nor none so lefe to me.'

**116A.129**

1 'Madame, sith it is your desyre,  
2 Your asking graunted shalbe;  
3 But I had leuer haue geuen you  
4 Good market-townes thre.'

**116A.130**

1 The quene was a glad woman,  
2 And sayd, Lord, gramarcy;  
3 I dare vndertake for them  
4 That true men shall they be.

**116A.131**

1 But, good lord, speke som mery word,  
2 That comfort they may se:  
3 'I graunt you grace,' then said our king,  
4 'Wasshe, folos, and to meate go ye.'

**116A.132**

1 They had not setten but a whyle,  
2 Certayne without lesynge,  
3 There came messengers out of the north,  
4 With letters to our kyng.

**116A.133**

1 And whan the came before the kyng,  
2 The kneled downe vpon theyr kne,  
3 And sayd, Lord, your offycers grete you wel,  
4 Of Caerlel in the north cuntre.

**116A.134**

1 'How fare-[th] my justice,' sayd the kyng,  
2 'And my sherife also?'  
3 'Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,  
4 And many an officer mo.'

**116A.135**

1 'Who hath them slayne?' sayd the kyng,  
2 'Anone thou tell me.'  
3 'Adam Bel, and Clime of the Clough,  
4 And shall wylliam of Clowdesle.'

**116A.136**

1 'Alas for rewth!' then sayd our kyng,  
2 'My hart is wonderous sore;  
3 I had leuer [th>an a thousand pounde  
4 I had knowne of thys before.'

**116A.137**

1 'For I haue y-graunted them grace,  
2 And that forthynketh me;  
3 But had I knowne all thys before,  
4 They had ben hanged all thre.'

**116A.138**

1 The kyng opened the letter anone,  
2 Hym selfe he red it tho,  
3 And founde how these thre outlawes had slaine  
4 Thre hundred men and mo.

**116A.139**

1 Fyrst the justice and the sheryfe,  
2 And the mayre of Caerlel towne;  
3 Of all the constables and catchipolles  
4 Alyue were left not one.

**116A.140**

1 The baylyes and the bedyls both,  
2 And the sergeauntes of the law,  
3 And forty fosters of the fe  
4 These outlawes had y-slaw;

**116A.141**

1 And broken his parks, and slaine his dere;  
2 Ouer all they chose the best;  
3 So perelous outlawes as they were  
4 Walked not by easte nor west.

**116A.142**

1 Whan the kyng this letter had red,  
2 In hys harte he syghed sore;  
3 'Take vp the table,' anone he bad,  
4 'For I may eate no more.'

**116A.143**

1 The kyng called hys best archars,  
2 To the buttes with hym to go;  
3 'I wyll se these felowes shote,' he sayd,  
4 'That in the north haue wrought this wo.'

**116A.144**

1 The kynges bowmen buske them blyue,  
2 And the quenes archers also,  
3 So dyd these thre wyght yemen,  
4 Wyth them they thought to go.

**116A.145**

1 There twyse or thryse they shote about,  
2 For to assay theyr hande;  
3 There was no shote these thre yemen shot  
4 That any prycke might them stand.

**116A.146**

1 Then spake Wylliam of Clowdesle;  
2 By God that for me dyed,  
3 I hold hym neuer no good archar  
4 That shuteth at buttes so wyde.

**116A.147**

1 'Wherat?' then sayd our kyng,  
2 'I pray thee tell me.'  
3 'At suche a but, syr,' he sayd,  
4 'As men vse in my cuntrye.'

**116A.148**

1 Wylliam wente into a fyeld,  
2 And his to brothern with him;  
3 There they set vp to hasell roddes,  
4 Twenty score paces betwene.

**116A.149**

1 'I hold him an archar,' said Clowdesle,  
2 'That yonder wande cleueth in two.'  
3 'Here is none suche,' sayd the kyng,  
4 'Nor none that can so do.'

**116A.150**

1 'I shall assaye, syr,' sayd Clowdesle,  
2 'Or that I farther go.'  
3 Clowdesle, with a bearyng arow,  
4 Clause the wand in to.

**116A.151**

1 'Thou art the best archer,' then said the king,  
2 'Forsothe that euer I se.'  
3 'And yet for your loue,' sayd Wylliam,  
4 'I wyll do more maystry.'

**116A.152**

1 'I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde;  
2 He is to me full deare;  
3 I wyll hym tye to a stake,  
4 All shall se that be here;

**116A.153**

1 'And lay an apple vpon hys head,  
2 And go syxe score paces hym fro,  
3 And I my selfe, with a brode arow,  
4 Shall cleue the apple in two.'

**116A.154**

1 'Now hast the,' then sayd the kyng;  
2 'By him that dyed on a tre,  
3 But yf thou do not as thou hest sayde,  
4 Hanged shalt thou be.'

**116A.155**

1 'And thou touche his head or gowne,  
2 In syght that men may se,  
3 By all the sayntes that be in heaven,  
4 I shall hange you all thre.'

**116A.156**

1 'That I haue promised,' said William,  
2 'I wyl it neuer forsake';  
3 And there euen before the kyng,  
4 In the earth he droue a stake;

**116A.157**

1 And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
2 And bade hym stande styll therat,  
3 And turned the childes face fro him,  
4 Because he shuld not sterte.

**116A.158**

1 An apple vpon his head he set,  
2 And then his bowe he bent;  
3 Syxe score paces they were outmet,  
4 And thether Clowdesle went.

**116A.159**

1 There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe;  
2 Hys bowe was great and longe;  
3 He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
4 That was both styffe and stronge.

**116A.160**

1 He prayed the people that was there  
2 That they would styll stande;  
3 'For he that shooteth for such a wager,  
4 Behoueth a stedfast hand.'

**116A.161**

1 Muche people prayed for Clowdesle,  
2 That hys lyfe saued myght be,  
3 And whan he made hym redy to shote,  
4 There was many a wepyng eye.

**116A.162**

1 Thus Clowdesle clefte the apple in two,  
2 That many a man it se;  
3 'Ouer goddes forbode,' sayd the kyng,  
4 'That thou sholdest shote at me!'

**116A.163**

1 'I gyue the .xviii. pens a daye,  
2 And my bowe shalte thou bere,  
3 And ouer all the north cuntrye  
4 I make the chefe rydere.'

**116A.164**

1 'And I gyue the .xii. pens a day,' sayd the  
que<ne],  
2 'By God and by my faye;  
3 Come fetche thy payment whan thou wylt,  
4 No man shall say the naye.'

**116A.165**

1 'Wylliam, I make the gentylman  
2 Of clothyng and of fee,  
3 And thy two brethren yemen of my chambr<e],  
4 For they are so semely to se.'

**116A.166**

1 'Your sone, for he is tendre of age,  
2 Of my wine-seller shall he be,  
3 And whan he commeth to mann's state,  
4 Better auanced shall he be.'

**116A.167**

1 'And, Wylliam, bryng me your wyfe,' sayd  
th<e quene];  
2 Me longeth sore here to se;  
3 She shall be my chefe gentylwoman,  
4 And gouerne my nurserye.'

**116A.168**

1 The yemen thanked them full courtesly,  
2 And sayd, To Rome streyght wyll we wende,  
3 [Of all the synnes that we haue done  
4 To be assoyled of his hand.

- 116A.169**  
1 So forth>e be gone these good yemen,  
2 [As fast a>s they myght hye,  
3 [And aft>er came and dwelled with the kyng,  
4 [And dye>d good men all thre.
- 116A.170**  
1 [Thus e>ndeth the lyues of these good yemen,  
2 [God sen>de them eternall blysse,  
3 [And all] that with hande-bowe shoteth,  
4 [That of] heuen they may neuer mysse!
- 117A.1**  
1 LYTHE and listin, gentilmen,  
2 That be of frebore blode;  
3 I shall you tel of a gode yeman,  
4 His name was Robyn Hode.
- 117A.2**  
1 Robyn was a prude outlaw,  
2 [Whyles he walked on grounde;  
3 So curteyse an outlawe] as he was one  
4 Was never non founde.
- 117A.3**  
1 Robyn stode in Bernesdale,  
2 And lenyd hym to a tre;  
3 And bi hym stode Littell Johnn,  
4 A gode yeman was he.
- 117A.4**  
1 And alsoo dyd gode Scarlok,  
2 And Much, the miller's son;  
3 There was none ynch of his bodi  
4 But it was worth a grome.
- 117A.5**  
1 Than bespake Lytell Johnn  
2 All vntoo Robyn Hode:  
3 Maister, and ye wolde dyne betyme  
4 It wolde doo you moche gode.
- 117A.6**  
1 Than bespake hym gode Robyn:  
2 To dyne haue I noo lust,  
3 Till that I haue som bolde baron,  
4 Or som vnkouth gest.
- 117A.7**  
1 . . . . .  
2 That may pay for the best,  
3 Or som knyght or [som] squyer,  
4 That dwelleth here bi west.
- 117A.8**  
1 A gode maner than had Robyn;  
2 In londe where that he were,  
3 Euery day or he wold dyne  
4 Thre messis wolde he here.
- 117A.9**  
1 The one *in* the worship of the *Fader*,  
2 And another of the Holy Gost,  
3 The thirde of Our derē Lady,  
4 That he loued allther moste.
- 117A.10**  
1 Robyn loued Oure derē Lady;  
2 For dout of dydly synne,  
3 Wolde he neuer do *comp*ani harme  
4 That any woman was *in*.
- 117A.11**  
1 'Maistar,' than sayde Lytil Johnn,  
2 'And we our borde shal sprede,  
3 Tell vs wheder that we shal go,  
4 And what life that we shall lede.
- 117A.12**  
1 'Where we shall take, where we shall leue,  
2 Where we shall abide behynd;  
3 Where we shall robbe, where we shal reue,  
4 Where we shal bete and bynde.'
- 117A.13**  
1 'Therof no force,' than sayde Robyn;  
2 'We shall do well inowe;  
3 But loke ye do no husbonde harme,  
4 That tilleth with his ploughe.
- 117A.14**  
1 'No more ye shall no gode yeman  
2 That walketh by grenē-wode shawe;  
3 Ne no knyght ne no squyer  
4 That wol be a gode felawe.
- 117A.15**  
1 'These bisshoppes and these archebisshoppes,  
2 Ye shall them bete and bynde;  
3 The hyē sherif of Notyngham,  
4 Hym holde ye in your mynde.'
- 117A.16**  
1 'This worde shalbe holde,' sayde Lytell Johnn,  
2 'And this lesson we shall here;  
3 It is fer dayes; God sende vs a gest,  
4 That we were at oure dynere!'
- 117A.17**  
1 'Take thy gode bowe in thy honde,' sayde  
Rob<yn];  
2 'Late Much *wende* with the;  
3 And so shal Willyam Scarlo<k],  
4 And no man abyde with me.
- 117A.18**  
1 'And walke vp to the Saylis,  
2 And so to Watlingr Stret<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 His dyner shall be dight.'
- 117A.20**  
1 They wente vp to the Saylis,  
2 These yeman all thre;  
3 They loked est, they loke<d] weest;  
4 They myght no man see.
- 117A.21**  
1 But as they loked *in* to Bernysdale,  
2 Bi a dernē strete,  
3 Than came a knyght ridinghe;  
4 Full sone they gan hym mete.
- 117A.22**  
1 All dreri was his semblaunce,  
2 And lytell was his pryde;  
3 His one fote in the styrop stode,  
4 That othere wauyd beside.
- 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 Littell Johnn was full curteyes,  
2 And sette hym on his kne:  
3 'Welcom be ye, gentyll knyght,  
4 Welcom ar ye to me.
- 117A.25**  
1 'Welcom be thou to grenē wode,  
2 Hendē knyght and fre;  
3 My maister hath abiden you fastinge,  
4 Syr, al these ourēs thre.'
- 117A.26**  
1 'Who is thy maister?' sayde the knyght;  
2 Johnn sayde, Robyn Hode;  
3 'He is [a] gode yoman,' sayde the knyght,  
4 'Of hym haue I herde moche gode.
- 117A.27**  
1 'I graunte,' he sayde, 'with you to wende,  
2 My bretherne, all in fere;  
3 My purpos was to haue dyned to day  
4 At Blith or Dancastere.'
- 117A.28**  
1 Furth than went this gentyl knight,  
2 With a carefull chere;  
3 The teris oute of his iyen ran,  
4 And fell downe by his lere.
- 117A.29**  
1 They brought hym to the lodgē-dore;  
2 Whan Robyn hym gan see,  
3 Full curtesly dyd of his hode  
4 And sette hym on his knee.
- 117A.30**  
1 'Welcome, sir knight,' than sayde Robyn,  
2 'Welcome art thou to me;  
3 I haue abyden you fastinge, sir,  
4 All these ouris thre.'
- 117A.31**  
1 Than answered the gentyll knight,  
2 With wordēs fayre and fre;  
3 God the saue, goode Robyn,  
4 And all thy fayre meynē.
- 117A.32**  
1 They washed togeder and wyped bothe,  
2 And sette to theyr dynere;  
3 Brede and wyne they had right ynoughe,  
4 And noubles of the dere.
- 117A.33**  
1 Swannes and fessauntes they had full gode,  
2 And foules of the ryuere;  
3 There fayled none so littel a birde  
4 That euer was bred on bryre.
- 117A.34**  
1 'Do gladly, sir knight,' sayde Robyn;  
2 'Gramarcy, sir,' sayde he;  
3 'Suche a dinere had I nat  
4 Of all these wekys thre.
- 117A.35**  
1 'If I come ageyne, Robyn,  
2 Here by thys contrē,  
3 As gode a dynere I shall the make  
4 As that thou haest made to me.'
- 117A.36**  
1 'Gramarcy, knyght,' sayde Robyn;  
2 'My dynere whan that I it haue,  
3 I was neuer so gredy, bi dere worthy God,  
4 My dynere for to craue.
- 117A.37**  
1 'But pay or ye wende,' sayde Robyn;  
2 'Me thynketh it is gode ryght;  
3 It was neuer the maner, by dere worthi God,  
4 A yoman to pay for a knyght.'
- 117A.38**  
1 'I haue nought *in* my coffers,' saide the knyght,  
2 'That I may profer for shame:'  
3 'Littell Johnn, go loke,' sayde Robyn,  
4 'Ne let nat for no blame.
- 117A.39**  
1 'Tel me truth,' than saide Robyn,  
2 'So God haue parte of the:'  
3 'I haue no more but ten shelynges,' sayde the  
knyght,  
4 'So God haue parte of me.'
- 117A.40**  
1 If thou hast no more,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'I woll nat one peny;  
3 And yf thou haue nede of any more,  
4 More shall I lend the.
- 117A.41**  
1 'Go nowe furth, Littell Johnn,  
2 The truth tell thou me;  
3 If there be no more but ten shelynges,  
4 No peny that I se.'
- 117A.42**  
1 Lyttell Johnn sprede downe hys mantell  
2 Full fayre vpon the grounde,  
3 And there he fonde in the knyghtēs cofer  
4 But euen halfe [a] pounce.
- 117A.43**  
1 Littell Johnn let it lye full styll,  
2 And went to hys maysteer [full] lowe;  
3 'What tidyngēs, Johnn?' sayde Robyn;  
4 'Sir, the knyght is true inowe.'
- 117A.44**  
1 'Fyll of the best wine,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'The knyght shall begynne;  
3 Moche wonder thynketh me  
4 Thy clot<h>yngē is so thin<n>e.
- 117A.45**  
1 'Tell me [one] worde,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'And counsel shal it be;  
3 I trowe thou warte made a knyght of force,  
4 Or ellys of yemanry.
- 117A.46**  
1 'Or ellys thou hast bene a sori husbunde,  
2 And luyed in stroke and stryfe;  
3 An okerer, or ellis a lechoure,' sayde Robyn,  
4 'Wyth wronge hast led thy lyfe.'
- 117A.47**  
1 'I am none of those,' sayde the knyght,  
2 'By God that madē me;  
3 An hundred wynter here before  
4 Myn auncetres knyghtes haue be.
- 117A.48**  
1 'But oft it hath befall, 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 neighbours well it knowe,  
3 Foure hundred pounce of gode money  
4 Ful well than myght I spende.'

**117A.50**

1 'Nowe haue I no gode,' saide the knyght,  
2 'God hath shaped such 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 rychesse?'  
3 'For my greatë foly,' he sayde,  
4 'And for my kynd<ë>nesse.'

**117A.52**

1 'I hade a sone, forsoth, Robyn,  
2 That shulde hau<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 Lancaster,  
2 And a squyer bolde;  
3 For to saue hym in his ryght  
4 My godes both sette and solde.'

**117A.54**

1 'My londes both sette to wedde, Robyn,  
2 Vntyll a certayn day,  
3 To a ryche abbot here besyde  
4 Of Seynt Mari Abbey.'

**117A.55**

1 'What is the som?' sayde Robyn;  
2 'Trowth than tell thou me;'  
3 'Sir,' he sayde, 'Foure hundred pounde;  
4 The abbot told it to me.'

**117A.56**

1 'Nowe and thou lese thy lond,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'What woll fall of the?'  
3 'Hastely I wol me buske,' said the knyght,  
4 'Ouer the saltë see,

**117A.57**

1 'And se w<h>ere Criste was quyke and dede,  
2 On the mount of Caluerë;  
3 Fare wel, frende, and haue gode day;  
4 It may no better be.'

**117A.58**

1 Teris fell out of hys iyen two;  
2 He wolde haue gone hys way:  
3 'Farewel, frende, and haue gode day;  
4 I ne haue no more to pay.'

**117A.59**

1 'Where be thy frendës?' sayde Robyn:  
2 'Syr, neuer one wol me knowe;  
3 While I was ryche ynowe 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 ruthe thanne wept Litell Johnn,  
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 woldë 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 Wenest thou I wolde haue God to borowe,  
4 Peter, Poule, or Johnn?'

**117A.64**

1 'Nay, by hym that me made,  
2 And shope both sonne 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 sothe for to say,  
3 But yf yt be Our derë Lady;  
4 She fayled me neuer or thys day.'

**117A.66**

1 'By dere worthy God,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'To seche all Englonde thorowe,  
3 Yet fonde I neuer to my pay  
4 A moche better borowe.'

**117A.67**

1 'Come nowe furth, Litell Johnn,  
2 And go to my tresourë,  
3 And bringe me foure hundred pound,  
4 And loke well tolde it be.'

**117A.68**

1 Furth than went Litell Johnn,  
2 And Scarlok went before;  
3 He tolde oute foure hundred pounde  
4 By eight and twenty score.'

**117A.69**

1 'Is thys well tolde?' sayde [litell] Much;  
2 Johnn sayde, 'What gre<ue>th the?'  
3 It is almus to helpe a gentyll knyght,  
4 That is fal in pouertë.'

**117A.70**

1 'Master,' than sayde Lityll John,  
2 'His clothinge is full thynne;  
3 Ye must gyue the knight a lyueray,  
4 To lappe his body therin.'

**117A.71**

1 'For ye haue scarlet and grene, mayster,  
2 And man<y> a riche aray;  
3 Ther is no marchaut in mery Englund  
4 So ryche, I dare well say.'

**117A.72**

1 'Take hym thre yerdes of euery colour,  
2 And loke well mete that it be;'  
3 Lytell Johnn toke none other mesure  
4 But his bowë-tree.'

**117A.73**

1 And at euery handfull that he met  
2 He lepëd footës three;  
3 'What deuyllës drapar,' said litell Muche,  
4 'Thynkest thou for to be?'

**117A.74**

1 Scarlok stode full stil and loughe,  
2 And sayd, By God Almyght,  
3 Johnn may gyue hym gode mesure,  
4 For it costeth hym but lyght.'

**117A.75**

1 'Mayster,' than said Litell Johnn  
2 To gentill Robyn Hode,  
3 'Ye must giue the knig<h>t a hors,  
4 To lede home this gode.'

**117A.76**

1 'Take hym a gray coursar,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'And a saydle newe;  
3 He is Oure Ladye's messangere;  
4 God graunt that he be true.'

**117A.77**

1 'And a gode palfray,' sayde lytell Much,  
2 'To mayntene hym in his right;'  
3 'And a peyre of botës,' sayde Scarlock,  
4 'For he is a gentyll knight.'

**117A.78**

1 'What shalt thou gyue hym, Litell John?' said  
2 Robyn;  
3 'Sir, a peyre of gilt sporis clene,  
4 To pray for all this company;  
5 God bringe hym out of tene.'

**117A.79**

1 'Whan shal mi day be,' said the knight,  
2 'Sir, and your wyl be?'  
3 'This day twelue moneth,' saide Robyn,  
4 'Vnder this grenë-wode tre.'

**117A.80**

1 'It were greate shamë,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'A knight alone to ryde,  
3 Withoutë squyre, yoman, or page,  
4 To walkë by his syde.'

**117A.81**

1 'I shall the lende Litell John, my man,  
2 For he shalbe thy knaue;  
3 In a yema<n>'s stede he may the stande,  
4 If thou greate nedë haue.'

**117A.82**

1 Now is the knight gone on his way;  
2 This game hym thought full gode;  
3 Whanne he lokod on Bernesdale  
4 He blyssyd Robyn Hode.'

**117A.83**

1 And whanne he thought on Bernysdale,  
2 On Scarlok, Much, and Johnn,  
3 He blyssyd them for the best company  
4 That euer he in come.'

**117A.84**

1 Then spake that gentyll knyght,  
2 To Lytel Johan gan he saye,  
3 To-morrowe I must to Yorke toune,  
4 To Saynt Mary abbay.'

**117A.85**

1 And to the abbot of that place  
2 Foure hundred pounde I must pay;  
3 And but I be there vpon this nyght  
4 My londe is lost for ay.'

**117A.86**

1 The abbot sayd to his couent,  
2 There he stode on grounde,  
3 This day twelue moneth came there a knyght  
4 And borowed foure hondred pounde.'

**117A.87**

1 [He borowed foure hondred pounde,]  
2 Upon all his londë fre;  
3 But he come this ylkë day  
4 Dyssheryte shall he be.'

**117A.88**

1 'It is full erely,' sayd the pryoure,  
2 'The day is not yet ferre gone;  
3 I had leuer to pay an hondred pounde,  
4 And lay downe anone.'

**117A.89**

1 'The knyght is ferre beyonde the see,  
2 In Englonde is his ryght,  
3 And suffreth honger and colde,  
4 And many a sory nyght.'

**117A.90**

1 'It were grete pytë,' said the pryoure,  
2 'So to haue his londe;  
3 And ye be so lyght of your consyence,  
4 Ye do to hym moch wronge.'

**117A.91**

1 'Thou arte euer in my berde,' sayd the abbot,  
2 'By God and Saynt Rycharde;'  
3 With that cam in a fat-heded monke,  
4 The heygh selerer.'

**117A.92**

1 'He is dede or hanged,' sayd the monke,  
2 'By God that bought me dere,  
3 And we shall haue to spende in this place  
4 Foure hondred pounde by yere.'

**117A.93**

1 The abbot and the hy selerer  
2 Stertë forthe full bolde,  
3 The [hye] iustyce of Englonde  
4 The abbot there dyde holde.'

**117A.94**

1 The hyë iustyce and many mo  
2 Had take in to they<r> honde  
3 Holy all the knyghtës det,  
4 To put that knyght to wronge.'

**117A.95**

1 They demed the knyght wonder sore,  
2 The abbot and his meynë:  
3 'But he come this ylkë day  
4 Dyssheryte shall he be.'

**117A.96**

1 'He wyll not come yet,' sayd the iustyce,  
2 'Idare well vndertake;'  
3 But in sorowe tymë for them all  
4 The knyght came to the gate.'

**117A.97**

1 Than bespake that gentyll knyght  
2 Untyll his meynë:  
3 Now put on your symple wedes  
4 That ye brought fro the see.'

**117A.98**

1 [They put on their symple wedes,]  
2 They came to the gates anone;  
3 The porter was rely hymselfe,  
4 And welcomed them euerychone.'

**117A.99**

1 'Welcome, syr knyght,' sayd the porter;  
2 'My lorde to mete is he,  
3 And so is many a gentyll man,  
4 For the loue of the.'

**117A.100**

1 The porter swore a full grete othe,  
2 'By God that madë me,  
3 Here be the best coressed hors  
4 That euer yet sawe I me.'

- 117A.101**  
1 'Lede them in to the stable,' he sayd,  
2 'That eased myght they be;'  
3 'They shall not come therin,' 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 kneled 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 pay?'
- 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 'Syr iustyce, drynke to me.'
- 117A.105**  
1 'What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot,  
2 'But thou haddest brought thy pay?'  
3 'For God,' than sayd the knyght,  
4 'To pray of a lenger daye.'
- 117A.106**  
1 'Thy daye is broke,' sayd the iustyce,  
2 'Londe getest thou none;'  
3 'Now, good syr iustyce, be my frende,  
4 And fende me of my fone!'
- 117A.107**  
1 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustyce,  
2 'Both with cloth and fee;'  
3 'Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende!'  
4 'Nay, for God,' sayd he.
- 117A.108**  
1 'Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,  
2 For thy curteysë,  
3 And holde my londës in thy honde  
4 Tyll I haue made the gree!
- 117A.109**  
1 'And I wyll be thy true seruaunte,  
2 And trewely seruë the,  
3 Tyl ye haue four hundred pounce  
4 Of money good and free.'
- 117A.110**  
1 The abbot sware a full grete othe,  
2 'By God that dyed on a tree,  
3 Get the londe where thou may,  
4 For thou getest none of me.'
- 117A.111**  
1 'By dere worthy God,' then sayd the knyght,  
2 'That all this worldë wrought,  
3 But I haue my londe agayne,  
4 Full dere it shall be bought.
- 117A.112**  
1 'God, that was of a mayden borne,  
2 Leue vs well to spede!  
3 For it is good to assay a frende  
4 Or that a man haue nede.'
- 117A.113**  
1 The abbot lothely on hym gan loke,  
2 And vylaynesly hym gan call;  
3 'Out,' he sayd, 'Thou falsë knyght,  
4 Spede the out of my hall!'
- 117A.114**  
1 'Thou lystest,' then sayd the gentyll knyght,  
2 'Abbot, in thy hal;  
3 False knyght was I neuer,  
4 By God that made vs all.'
- 117A.115**  
1 Vp then stode that gentyll knyght,  
2 To the abbot sayd he,  
3 To suffre a knyght to knele so longe,  
4 Thou canst no curteysye.
- 117A.116**  
1 In ioustës and in tournament  
2 Full ferre than haue I be,  
3 And put my selfe as ferre in prees  
4 As ony that euer 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 safly swere  
4 Ye holde neuer your londe in pees.'
- 117A.118**  
1 'An hondred pounce,' sayd the abbot;  
2 The justice 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 neuer be myn heyre  
4 Abbot, iustice, ne frere.'
- 117A.120**  
1 He stert hym to a borde anone,  
2 Tyll a table rounde,  
3 And there he shoke oute of a bagge  
4 Euen four hundred pounce.
- 117A.121**  
1 'Haue here thi golde, sir abbot,' saide the knyght,  
2 'Which that thou lentest me;  
3 Had thou ben curtes at my comynge,  
4 Rewarded shuldest thou haue be.'
- 117A.122**  
1 The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,  
2 For all his ryall fare;  
3 He cast his hede on his shulder,  
4 And fast began to stare.
- 117A.123**  
1 'Take me my golde agayne,' saide the abbot,  
2 'Sir iustice, that I toke the;'  
3 'Not a peni,' said the iustice,  
4 'Bi Go<d, that dy<ed on tree.'
- 117A.124**  
1 'Sir [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 clothyng,  
4 The other he left there.
- 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 At home in Verysdale.
- 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 soulë be in blysse:  
2 He holpe me out of tene;  
3 Ne had be his kyndënesse,  
4 Beggars had we bene.
- 117A.129**  
1 'The abbot and I accorded ben,  
2 He is seruëd of his pay;  
3 The god yoman lent it me,  
4 As I cam by the way.'
- 117A.130**  
1 This knight than dwelled fayre at home,  
2 The sothe for to saye,  
3 Tyll he had gete four hundred pounce,  
4 Al redy for to pay.
- 117A.131**  
1 He purueyed *him* an hundred bowes,  
2 The stryngës well ydyght,  
3 An hundred shere of arowës gode,  
4 The hedys burnished full bryght;
- 117A.132**  
1 And euery arowe an ellë longe,  
2 With pecok wel idyght,  
3 Inocked all *with* whyte siluer;  
4 It was a semely syght.
- 117A.133**  
1 He purueyed hym an [hondreth men],  
2 Well harness<ed in that stede],  
3 And hym selfe in that same sete,  
4 And clothed in whyte and rede.
- 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 Vnto Bernysdale.
- 117A.135**  
1 But as he went at a brydge ther was a wastelyng,  
2 And there taryed was he,  
3 And there was all the best yemen  
4 Of all the west coundree.
- 117A.136**  
1 A full fayre game there was vp set,  
2 A whyte bulle vp i-pyght,  
3 A grete courser, with saddle and brydil,  
4 With golde burnysst full bryght.
- 117A.137**  
1 A payre of gloues, a rede golde ryng,  
2 A pype of wyne, in fay;  
3 What man that bereth hym best i-wys  
4 The pryce shall bere away.
- 117A.138**  
1 There was a yoman in that place,  
2 And best worthy was he,  
3 And for he was ferre and frembd bested,  
4 Slayne he shulde haue be.
- 117A.139**  
1 The knight had ruthe of this yoman,  
2 In placë where he stode;  
3 He sayde that yoman shulde haue no harme,  
4 For loue of Robyn Hode.
- 117A.140**  
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.141**  
1 They shulderd all and made hym rome,  
2 To wete what he wolde say;  
3 He toke the yeman bi the hande,  
4 And gaue hym al the play .
- 117A.142**  
1 He gaue hym fyue marke for his wyne,  
2 There it lay on the molde,  
3 And bad it shulde be set a broche,  
4 Drynkë who so wolde.
- 117A.143**  
1 Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght,  
2 Tyll that play was done;  
3 So longe abode Robyn fastinge,  
4 Thre hourës after the none.
- 117A.144**  
1 Lyth and lystyn, gentilmen,  
2 All that nowe be here;  
3 Of Litell *Johnn*, that was the knightës man,  
4 Goode myrth ye shall here.
- 117A.145**  
1 It was vpon a mery day  
2 That yonge men wolde go shete;  
3 Lytell *Johnn* fet his bowe anone,  
4 And sayde he wolde them mete.
- 117A.146**  
1 Thre tymes Litell *Johnn* shet aboute,  
2 And alway he slet the wande;  
3 The proudë sherif of Notingham  
4 By the markës can stande.
- 117A.147**  
1 The sherif swore a full grete othe:  
2 'By *hym* that dyede on a tre,  
3 This *man* is the best arschëre  
4 That euer yet sawe I [me.]
- 117A.148**  
1 'Say me now, wight yonge man,  
2 What is now thy name?  
3 In what coundree were thou borne,  
4 And where is thy wonynge wane?'
- 117A.149**  
1 'In Holdernes, sir, I was borne,  
2 I-wys al of my dame;  
3 *Men* cal me Reynolde Grenëlef  
4 Whan I am at home.'
- 117A.150**  
1 'Sey me, Reyno<l>de Grenëlefe,  
2 Wolde thou dwell with me?  
3 And euery yere I woll the gyue  
4 Twenty marke to thy fee.'
- 117A.151**  
1 'I haue a maister,' sayde Litell *Johnn*,  
2 'A curteys knyght is he;  
3 May ye leuë gete of hym,  
4 The better may it be.'

**117A.152**

1 The sherif gate Litell John  
2 Twelue monethës of the knight;  
3 Therfore he gauë him right anone  
4 A gode hors and a wight.

**117A.153**

1 Nowe is Litell John the sherifës man,  
2 God lende vs well to spede!  
3 But alwey thought Lytell John  
4 To quyte hym wele his mede.

**117A.154**

1 'Nowe so God me helpë,' sayde Litell John,  
2 'And by my true leutyë,  
3 I shall be the worst seruaunt to hym  
4 That euer yet had he.'

**117A.155**

5 It fell vpon a Wednesday  
6 The sherif on huntynge was gone,  
7 And Litel John lay in his bed,  
8 And was foriete at home.

**117A.156**

1 Therfore he was fastinge  
2 Til it was past the none;  
3 'Gode sir stuarde, I pray to the,  
4 Gyue me my dynere,' saide Litell John.

**117A.157**

1 'It is longe for Grenëlefe  
2 Fastinge thus for to be;  
3 Therfor I pray the, sir stuarde,  
4 Mi dynere gif me.'

**117A.158**

1 'Shalt thou neuer ete ne drynke,' saide the  
stuarde,  
2 'Tyll my lorde be come to towne:'  
3 'I make myn auowe to God,' saide Litell John,  
4 'I had leuer to crake thy crowne.'

**117A.159**

1 The boteler was full vncurteys,  
2 There he stode on flore;  
3 He start to the botery  
4 And shet fast the dore.

**117A.160**

1 Lytell Johnn gauë the boteler suche a tap  
2 His backe went nere in two;  
3 Though he liued an hundred ier,  
4 The wors shuld he go.

**117A.161**

1 He sporned the dore *with* his fote;  
2 It went *open* wel and fyne;  
3 And there he made large lyuercay,  
4 Bothe of ale and of wyne.

**117A.162**

1 'Sith ye wol nat dyne,' sayde Litell John,  
2 'I shall gyue you to drinke;  
3 And though ye lyue an hundred wynter,  
4 On Lytel Johnn ye shall thinke.'

**117A.163**

1 Litell John ete, and Litel John drank,  
2 The whilë that he wolde;  
3 The sherife had *in* his kechyn a coke,  
4 A stoute man and a bolde.

**117A.164**

1 'I make myn auowe to God,' saide the coke,  
2 'Thou arte a shrewde hynde  
3 In ani hous for to dwell,  
4 For to askë *thus* to dyne.'

**117A.165**

1 And there he lent Litell John  
2 God<ë] strokis thre;  
3 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Lytell John,  
4 'These strokis lyked well me.'

**117A.166**

1 'Thou arte a bolde man and hardy,  
2 And so thin<keth me;  
3 And or I pas fro this place  
4 Assayed better shalt thou be.'

**117A.167**

1 Lytell Johnn drew a ful gode sworde,  
2 The coke toke another in hande;  
3 They thought no thyng for to fle,  
4 But stiffly for to stande.

**117A.168**

1 There they faught sore togedere  
2 Two mylë way and well more;  
3 Myght neyther other harme done,  
4 The mountnaunce of an owre.

**117A.169**

1 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Litell  
Johnn,  
2 And by my true lewtë,  
3 Thou art one of the best sworde-men  
4 That euer yit sawe I [me.]

**117A.170**

1 'Cowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,  
2 To grenë wode thou shuldest with me,  
3 And two times in the yere thy clothinge  
4 Chauged shuldë be;

**117A.171**

1 'And euery yere of Robyn Hode  
2 Twenty merke to thy fe:'  
3 'Put vp thy swerde,' saide the coke,  
4 'And felowës woll we be.'

**117A.172**

1 Thanne he fet to Lytell Johnn  
2 The nowmbles of a do,  
3 Gode brede, and full gode wyne;  
4 They ete and drank theretoo.

**117A.173**

1 And when they had dronkyn well,  
2 Theyre trouthës togeder they plight  
3 That they wo<[>de be with Robyn  
4 That ylkë samë nyght.

**117A.174**

1 They dyd them to the tresoure-hows,  
2 As fast as they myght gone;  
3 The lökkës, that were of full gode stele,  
4 They brake them euerichone.

**117A.175**

1 They toke away the siluer vessell,  
2 And all that they mig<h>t get;  
3 Pecis, masars, ne sponis,  
4 Wolde thei not forget.

**117A.176**

1 Also [they] toke the godë pens,  
2 Thre hundred pounde and more,  
3 And did them st<[>eyte to Robyn Hode,  
4 Under the grenë wode hore.

**117A.177**

1 'God the saue, my derë mayster,  
2 And Criste the saue and se!'  
3 And thanne sayde Robyn to Litell Johnn,  
4 Welcome myght thou be.

**117A.178**

1 'Also be that fayre yeman  
2 Thou bryngest there with the;  
3 What tydyngës fro Noty<[>gham?  
4 Lytell Johnn, tell thou me.'

**117A.179**

1 'Well the greth the proudë sheryf,  
2 And sende<[th] the here by me  
3 His coke and his siluer vessell,  
4 And thre hundred pounde and thre.'

**117A.180**

1 'I make myne avowe to God,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'And to the Trenytë,  
3 It was neuer by his gode wyll  
4 This gode is come to me.'

**117A.181**

1 Lytyll Johnn there hym bethought  
2 On a shrewde wyle;  
3 Fyue myle *in* the forest he ran,  
4 Hym happed all his wyll.

**117A.182**

1 Than he met the proudë sheref,  
2 Huntynge with houndes and horne;  
3 Lytell Johnn coude of curtesye,  
4 And knelyd hym beforne.

**117A.183**

1 'God the saue, my derë mayster,  
2 And Criste the saue and se!  
3 'Reynolde Grenëlefe,' sayde the shryef,  
4 'Where hast thou nowe be?'

**117A.184**

1 'I haue be in this forest;  
2 A fayre syght can I se;  
3 It was one of the fayrest syghtes  
4 That euer yet sawe I me.'

**117A.185**

1 'Yonder I sawe a ryght fayre harte,  
2 His coloure is of grene;  
3 Seuen score of dere vpon a herde  
4 Be with hym all bydene.

**117A.186**

1 'Their tyndës are so sharpe, maister,  
2 Of sixty, and well mo,  
3 That I durst not shote for drede,  
4 Lest they wolde me slo.'

**117A.187**

1 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde the shyref,  
2 'That syght wolde I fayne se:'  
3 'Buske you thyderwarde, mi derë mayster,  
4 Anone, and wende *with* me.'

**117A.188**

1 The sherif rode, and Litell Johnn  
2 Of fote he was smerte,  
3 And whane they came before Robyn,  
4 'Lo, sir, here is the mayster-herte.'

**117A.189**

1 Still stode the proudë sherief,  
2 A sory man was he;  
3 'Wo the worthe, Raynolde Grenëlefe,  
4 Thou hast betrayed nowe me.'

**117A.190**

1 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Litell  
Johnn,  
2 'Mayster, ye be to blame;  
3 I was myssserued of my dynere  
4 Whan I was *with* you at home.'

**117A.191**

1 Sone he was to souper sette,  
2 And serued well *with* siluer white,  
3 And whan the sherif sawe his vessell,  
4 For sorowe he myght nat ete.

**117A.192**

1 'Make glad chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,  
2 'Sherif, for charitë,  
3 And for the loue of Litill Johnn  
4 Thy lufe I graunt to be.'

**117A.193**

1 Whan they had souped well,  
2 The day was al gone;  
3 Robyn *commaunde*<[d] Litell Johnn  
4 To drawe of his hosen and his shone;

**117A.194**

1 His kirtell, and his cote of pie,  
2 That was fured well and fine,  
3 And to<[ke] hym a grene mantel,  
4 To lap his body therin.

**117A.195**

1 Robyn *commaundyd* his wight yonge men,  
2 Vnder the grenë-wode tree,  
3 They shuldë lye in that same sute,  
4 That the sherif myght them see.

**117A.196**

1 All nyght lay the proudë sherif  
2 In his breche and in his [s>]chert;  
3 No wonder it was, in grenë wode,  
4 Though his sydës gan to smerte.

**117A.197**

1 'Make glade chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,  
2 'Sheref, for charitë;  
3 For this is our ordre i-wys,  
4 Vnder the grenë-wode tree.'

**117A.198**

1 'This is harder order,' sayde the sherief,  
2 'Than any ankir or frere;  
3 For all the golde in mery Englonde  
4 I wolde nat longe dwell her.'

**117A.199**

1 'All this twelue monthes,' sayde Robin,  
2 'Thou shalt dwell with me;  
3 I shall the techë, proudë sherif,  
4 An outlawë for to be.'

**117A.200**

1 'Or I be here another nyght,' sayde the sherif,  
2 'Robyn, nowe pray I the,  
3 Smyte of mijn hede rather to-morowe,  
4 And I forgyue it the.'

**117A.201**

1 'Lat me go,' than sayde the sherif,  
2 'For sayntë charitë,  
3 And I woll be the best<[ë] frende  
4 That euer yet had ye.'

**117A.202**

1 'Thou shalt swere me an othe,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'On my bright bronde;  
3 Shalt thou neuer awayte me scathe,  
4 By water ne by lande.'



## 117A.203

1 'And if thou fynde any of my men,  
2 By nyght or [by] day,  
3 Vpon thyn othē thou shalt swere  
4 To helpe them tha[ct] thou may.'

## 117A.204

1 Nowe hathe the sherif sworne his othe,  
2 And home he began to gone;  
3 He was as full of grenē wode  
4 As euer was hepe of stone.

## 117A.205

1 The sherif dwelled in Notingham;  
2 He was fayne he was agone;  
3 And Robyn and his mery men  
4 Went to wode anone.

## 117A.206

1 'Go we to dyner,' sayde Littell John;  
2 Robyn Hode sayde, Nay;  
3 For I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,  
4 Foe she sent me nat my pay.

## 117A.207

1 'Hauē no doute, maister,' sayde Litell John;  
2 'Yet is nat the sonne at rest;  
3 For I dare say, and sauely swere,  
4 The knight is true and truste.'

## 117A.208

1 'Take thy bowe in thy hande,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'Late Much wende with the,  
3 And so shal Wyllyam Scarlok,  
4 And no man abyde with me.'

## 117A.209

1 'And walke vp vnder the Sayles,  
2 And to Watlynge-strete,  
3 And wayte after some vnketh gest;  
4 Vp-chaunce ye may them mete.'

## 117A.210

1 'Whether he be messengere,  
2 Or a man that myrthēs can,  
3 Of my good he shall haue some,  
4 Yf he be a porē man.'

## 117A.211

1 Forth then stert Lytel Johan,  
2 Half in tray and tene,  
3 And gyrde hym with a full good swerde,  
4 Under a mantel of grene.

## 117A.212

1 They went vp to the Sayles,  
2 These yemen all thre;  
3 They loked est, they loked west,  
4 They myght no man se.

## 117A.213

1 But as [t>he<y] loked in Bernysdale,  
2 By the hyē waye,  
3 Than were they ware of two blacke monkes,  
4 Eche on a good palferay.

## 117A.214

1 Then bespake Lytell Johan,  
2 To Much he gan say,  
3 I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,  
4 That [these] monkes haue brought our pay.

## 117A.215

1 'Make glad chere,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
2 'And frese your bowes of ewe,  
3 And loke your hertēs be seker and sad,  
4 Your stryngēs trusty and trewe.'

## 117A.216

1 'The monke hath two and fifty [men,]  
2 And seuen somers full stronge;  
3 There rydeth no bysshop in this londe  
4 So ryally, I vnderstond.'

## 117A.217

1 'Brethern,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
2 'Here are no more but we thre;  
3 But we bryngē them to dyner,  
4 Our mayster dare we not se.'

## 117A.218

1 'Bende your bowes,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
2 'Make all yon prese to stonde;  
3 The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth  
4 Is closed in my honde.'

## 117A.219

1 'Abyde, chorle monke,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
2 'No ferther that thou gone;  
3 Yf thou doost, by dere worthy God,  
4 Thy deth is in my honde.'

## 117A.220

1 'And euyll thryfte on thy hede,' sayd Lytell  
Johan,  
2 'Ryght vnder thy hattēs bonde;  
3 For thou hast made our mayster wroth,  
4 He is fastyngē so longe.'

## 117A.221

1 'Who is your mayster?' sayd the monke;  
2 Lytell Johan sayd, Robyn Hode;  
3 'He is a stronge thefe,' sayd the monke,  
4 'Of hym herd I neuer good.'

## 117A.222

1 'Thou lyeest,' than sayd Lytell Johan,  
2 'And that shall rewē the;  
3 He is a yeman of the forest,  
4 To dyne he hath bodē the.'

## 117A.223

1 Much was redy with a bolte,  
2 Redly and anone,  
3 He set the monke to-fore the brest,  
4 To the grounde that he can gone.

## 117A.224

1 Of two and fyfty wyght yonge yemen  
2 There abode not one,  
3 Saf a lytell page and a grome,  
4 To lede the somers with Lytel Johan.

## 117A.225

1 They brought the monke to the lodgē-dore,  
2 Whether he were loth or lefe,  
3 For to speke with Robyn Hode,  
4 Maugre in theyr tethe.

## 117A.226

1 Robyn dyde adowne his hode,  
2 The monke whan that he se;  
3 The monke was not so curtēyse,  
4 His hode then let he be.

## 117A.227

1 'He is a chorle, mayster, by dere worthy God,'  
2 Than sayd Lytell Johan:  
3 'Thereof no force,' sayd Robyn,  
4 'For curtesy can he none.'

## 117A.228

1 'How many men,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'Had this monke, Johan?'  
3 'Fyfty and two whan that we met,  
4 But many of them be gone.'

## 117A.229

1 'Let blowe a horne,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'That felashyp may vs knowe';  
3 Seuen score of wyght yemen  
4 Came prykyngē on a rowe.

## 117A.230

1 And euerych of them a good mantell  
2 Of scarlet and of raye;  
3 All they came to good Robyn,  
4 To wyte what he wolde say.

## 117A.231

1 They made the monke to wasshe and wype,  
2 And syt at his denere,  
3 Robyn Hode and Lytell Johan  
4 They serued him both in-ferre.

## 117A.232

1 'Do gladly, monke,' sayd Robyn.  
2 'Gramercy, syr,' sayd he.  
3 'Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,  
4 And who is your avowē?'

## 117A.233

1 'Saynt Mary abbay,' sayd the monke,  
2 'Though I be symple here.'  
3 'In what offyce?' sayd Robyn:  
4 'Syr, the hyē selerer.'

## 117A.234

1 'Ye be the more welcome,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'So euer mote I the;  
3 Fyll of the best wyne,' sayd Robyn,  
4 'This monke shall drynke to me.'

## 117A.235

1 'But I haue grete meruayle,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'Of all this longē day;  
3 I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,  
4 She sent me not my pay.'

## 117A.236

1 'Hauē no doute, mayster,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
2 'Ye haue no nede, I saye;  
3 This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,  
4 For he is of her abbay.'

## 117A.237

1 'And she was a borowe,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'Betwene a knyght and me,  
3 Of a lytell money that I hym lent,  
4 Under the g'Rene-wode tree.'

## 117A.238

1 'And yf thou hast that syluer ibrought,  
2 I pray the let me se;  
3 And I shall helpē the eftsones,  
4 Yf thou haue nede to me.'

## 117A.239

1 The monke swore a full grete othe,  
2 With a sory chere,  
3 'Of the borowehode thou spekest to me,  
4 Herde I neuer ere.'

## 117A.240

1 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'Monke, thou art to blame;  
3 For God is holde a ryghtwys man,  
4 And so is his dame.'

## 117A.241

1 'Thou toldest with thyn ownē tonge,  
2 Thou may not say nay,  
3 How thou arte her seruaunt,  
4 And seruest her euery day.'

## 117A.242

1 'And thou art made her messengere,  
2 My money for to pay;  
3 Therefore I cun the morē thanke  
4 Thou arte come at thy day.'

## 117A.243

1 'What is in your cofers?' sayd Robyn,  
2 'Trewē than tell thou me';  
3 'Syr,' he sayd, 'Twenty marke,  
4 Al so mote I the.'

## 117A.244

1 'Yf there be no more,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'I wyll not one peny;  
3 Yf thou hast myster of ony more,  
4 Syr, more I shall lende to the.'

## 117A.245

1 'And yf I fyndē [more,' sayd] Robyn,  
2 'I-wys thou shalte it for gone;  
3 For of thy spendyngē-syluer, monke,  
4 Thereof wyll I ryght none.'

## 117A.246

1 'Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,  
2 And the truth tell thou me;  
3 If there be no more but twenty marke,  
4 No peny that I se.'

## 117A.247

1 Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,  
2 As he had done before,  
3 And he tolde out of the monkēs male  
4 Eyght [hondred] pounce and more.

## 117A.248

1 Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,  
2 And went to his mayster in hast;  
3 'Syr,' he sayd, 'The monke is trewe ynowe,  
4 Our Lady hath doubled your cast.'

## 117A.249

1 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn——  
2 'Monke, what tolde I the?——  
3 Our Lady is the trewest woman  
4 That euer yet founde I me.'

## 117A.250

1 'By dere worthy God,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'To seche all Englund thorowe,  
3 Yet founde I neuer to my pay  
4 A moche better borowe.'

## 117A.251

1 'Fyll of the best wyne, and do hym drynke,'  
sayd Robyn,  
2 'And grete well thy lady hende,  
3 And yf she haue nede to Robyn Hode,  
4 A frende she shall hym fynde.'

## 117A.252

1 'And yf she nedeth ony more syluer,  
2 Come thou agayne to me,  
3 And, by this token she hath me sent,  
4 She shall haue such thre.'

## 117A.253

1 The monke was goyngē to London ward,  
2 There to holde grete mote,  
3 The knyght that rode so hye on hors,  
4 To bryngē hym vnder fote.

**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 moch wronge.'

**117A.255**

1 'Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
2 And harken to my tale;  
3 A better yemen I knowe none,  
4 To seke a monkës 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 bydde a man to dyner,  
2 And syth hym bete and bynde.'  
3 'It is our oldë maner,' 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 'Askë to drynkë,' than sayd Robyn,  
4 'Or that ye forther ryde.'

**117A.259**

1 'Nay, for God,' than sayd the monke,  
2 'Me reweth I cam so nere;  
3 For better chepe I myght haue dyned  
4 In Blythe or in Dankestere.'

**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 still,  
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 him streyt to Bernysdale,  
2 Under the grenë-wode tre,  
3 And he founde there Robyn Hode,  
4 And all his mery meynë.

**117A.263**

1 The knyght lyght doune of his good palfray;  
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 sauë, Robyn Hode,  
2 And all this company:'  
3 'Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,  
4 And ryght welcome to me.'

**117A.265**

1 Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,  
2 To that knyght so fre:  
3 'What nedë dryueth the to grenë wode?'  
4 I praye the, syr knyght, tell me.

**117A.266**

1 'And welcome be thou, ge<n>tyll knyght,  
2 Why hast thou be so longe?'  
3 'For the abbot and the hyë iustyce  
4 Wolde haue had my londe.'

**117A.267**

1 'Hast thou thy londe [a>gayne?]' sayd Robyn;  
2 'Treuth than tell thou me.'  
3 'Ye, for God,' sayd the knyght,  
4 'And that thanke I God and the.

**117A.268**

1 'But take not a grefe,' sayd the knyght, 'That I  
haue be so longe;  
2 I came by a wrastelynge,  
3 And there I holpe a porë yeman,  
4 With wronge was put behynde.'

**117A.269**

1 'Nay, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'Syr knyght, that thanke I the;  
3 What man that helpeth a good yeman,  
4 His frende than wyll I be.'

**117A.270**

1 'Haue here foure hondred ponde,' than sayd  
the knyght,  
2 'The whiche ye lent to me;  
3 And here is also twenty marke  
4 For your curteysy.'

**117A.271**

1 'Nay, for God,' than sayd Robyn,  
2 'Thou broke it well for ay;  
3 For Our Lady, by her [hyë] selerer,  
4 Hath sent to me my pay.'

**117A.272**

1 'And yf I toke it i-twyse,  
2 A shame it were to me;  
3 But trewely, gentyll knyght,  
4 Welcom arte thou to me.'

**117A.273**

1 Whan 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 'Broke it well,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'Thou gentyll knyght so fre;  
3 And welcome be thou, ge<n>tyll knyght,  
4 Under my trystell-tre.

**117A.275**

1 'But what shall these bowës do?' sayd Robyn,  
2 'And these arowës ifedred fre?'  
3 'By God,' than sayd the knyght,  
4 'A porë present to the.'

**117A.276**

1 'Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
2 And go to my treasurë,  
3 And brynge me there foure hondred ponde;  
4 The monke ouer-tolde it me.

**117A.277**

1 'Haue here foure hondred ponde,  
2 Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,  
3 And bye hors and harnes good,  
4 And gylte thy spores all newe.

**117A.278**

1 'And yf thou fayle ony spendyng,  
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 the,  
3 And make thy selfe no more so bare,  
4 By the counsell of me.'

**117A.280**

1 Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,  
2 The knyght all of his care:  
3 God, that syt 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 Dwelled styll full many a day.

**117A.282**

1 Lyth and lysten, gentil men,  
2 And herken what I shall say,  
3 How the proud<ë> sheryfe of Notyngham  
4 Dyde crye a full fayre play;

**117A.283**

1 That all the best archers of the north  
2 Sholde come vpon a day,  
3 And [he] that shoteth allther best  
4 The game shall bere a way.

**117A.284**

1 He that shoteth allther best,  
2 Furthest fayre and lowe,  
3 At a payre of fynly buttes,  
4 Under the grenë-wode shawe,

**117A.285**

1 A ryght good arowe he shall haue,  
2 The shaft of syluer whyte,  
3 The hede and the feders of ryche red golde,  
4 In England is none lyke.

**117A.286**

1 This than herde good Robyn,  
2 Under his trystell-tre:  
3 'Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men;  
4 That shotyng wyll I se.

**117A.287**

1 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,  
2 Ye shall go with me;  
3 And I wyll wete the shryuës fayth,  
4 Trewe and yf he be.'

**117A.288**

1 Whan they had their bowes i-bent,  
2 Theyr takles fedred fre,  
3 Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
4 Stode by Robyns knee.

**117A.289**

1 Whan they cam to Notyngham,  
2 The buttes were fayre and longe;  
3 Many was the bolde archere  
4 That shoted with bowës stronge.

**117A.290**

1 'There shall but syx shote with me;  
2 The other shal kepe my he<ue>de,  
3 And standë with good bowës bent,  
4 That I be not desceyued.'

**117A.291**

1 The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,  
2 And that was Robyn Hode,  
3 And that behelde the proud<ë> sheryfe,  
4 All by the but [as] he stode.

**117A.292**

1 Thryës Robyn shot about,  
2 And alway he slist the wand,  
3 And so dyde good Gylberte  
4 Wyth the whytë hande.

**117A.293**

1 Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke  
2 Were archers good and fre;  
3 Lytell Much and good Reynolde,  
4 The worste wolde they not be.

**117A.294**

1 Whan they had shot aboute,  
2 These archours fayre and good,  
3 Euermore was the best,  
4 For soth, Robyn Hode.

**117A.295**

1 Hym was delyuered the good arowe,  
2 For best worthy was he;  
3 He toke the yeft so curteysly,  
4 To grenë wode wolde he.

**117A.296**

1 They cryed out on Robyn Hode,  
2 And grete hornës gan they blowe:  
3 'Wo worth the, treason!' sayd Robyn,  
4 'Full euyl thou art to knowe.'

**117A.297**

1 'And wo be thou! thou proudë sheryf,  
2 Thus gladdyng thy gest;  
3 Other wyse thou behotë me  
4 In yonder wylde forest.

**117A.298**

1 'But had I the in grenë wode,  
2 Under my trystell-tre,  
3 Thou sholdest leue me a better wedde  
4 Than thy trewe lewtë.'

**117A.299**

1 Full many a bowë there was bent,  
2 And arowës let they glyde;  
3 Many a kyrtell there was rent,  
4 And hurt many a syde.

**117A.300**

1 The outlawes shot was so stronge  
2 That no man myght them dryue,  
3 And the proud<ë> sheryfës men,  
4 They fled away full blyue.

**117A.301**

1 Robyn sawe the bussument to-broke,  
2 In grenë wode he wolde haue be;  
3 Many an arowe there was shot  
4 Amonge that company.

**117A.302**

1 Lytell Johan was hurte full sore,  
2 With an arowe in his knee,  
3 That he myght neyther go nor ryde;  
4 It was full grete pytë.

**117A.303**

1 'Mayster,' then sayd Lytell Johan,  
2 'If euer thou loue<d>st me,  
3 And for that ylkë lordës loue  
4 That dyed vpon a tre,

## 117A.304

1 'And for the medes of my seruyce,  
2 That I haue serued the,  
3 Lete neuer the proudë sheryf  
4 Alyue now fyndë me.

## 117A.305

1 'But take out thy brownë swerde,  
2 And smyte all of my hede,  
3 And gyue me woundës depe and wyde;  
4 No lyfe on me be leftë.'

## 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 forbede,' sayd Lytell Much,  
2 'That dyed on a tre,  
3 That thou sholdest, Lytell Johan,  
4 Parte our company.'

## 117A.308

1 Up he toke hym on his backe,  
2 And bare hym well a myle;  
3 Many a tyme he layd hym downe,  
4 And shot another whyle.

## 117A.309

5 Then was there a fayre castell,  
6 A lytell within the wode;  
7 Double-dyched it was about,  
8 And walled, by the rode.

## 117A.310

1 And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,  
2 Syr Rychard at the Lee,  
3 That Robyn had lent his good,  
4 Under the grenë-wode tree.

## 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 And of thy curteysye,  
3 And of thy gretë kyndënesse,  
4 Under the grenë-wode tre.

## 117A.313

1 'I loue no man in all this worlde  
2 So much as I do the;  
3 For all the proud<ë> sheryf of Notyngham,  
4 Ryght here shalt thou be.

## 117A.314

1 'Shyt the gates, and drawe the brydge,  
2 And let no man come in,  
3 And arme you well, and make you redy,  
4 And to the walles ye wynne.

## 117A.315

1 'For one thyng, Robyn, I the behote;  
2 Iswere by Saynt Quynntyne,  
3 These forty dayes thou wonest with me,  
4 To soupe, etc, and dyne.'

## 117A.316

1 Bordes were layde, and clothes were spredde,  
2 Redely and anone;  
3 Robyn Hode and his mery men  
4 To metë can they gone.

## 117A.317

1 Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,  
2 And herkun to your songe;  
3 Howe the proudë shyref of Notyngham,  
4 And men of armys stronge,

## 117A.318

1 Full fast cam to the hyë shyref,  
2 The contrë vp to route,  
3 And they besette the knyghtës castell,  
4 The wallës all aboute.

## 117A.319

1 The proudë shyref loude gan crye,  
2 And sayde, Thou traytour knyght,  
3 Thou kepest here the kynges enemys,  
4 Agaynst the lawe and right.

## 117A.320

1 'Syr, I wyll auowe that I haue done,  
2 The dedys that here be dyght,  
3 Vpon all the landës that I haue,  
4 As I am a trewë knyght.

## 117A.321

1 'Wende furth, sirs, on your way,  
2 And do no more to me  
3 Tyll ye wyt oure kyngës wille,  
4 What he wyll say to the.'

## 117A.322

1 The shyref thus had his answer,  
2 Without any lesynge;  
3 [Fu>rth he yede to London towne,  
4 All for to tel our kinge.

## 117A.323

1 Ther he telde *him* of that knyght,  
2 And eke of Robyn Hode,  
3 And also of the bolde archars,  
4 That were soo noble and gode.

## 117A.324

1 'He wyll auowe that he hath done,  
2 To mayntene the outlawes stronge;  
3 He wyll be lorde, and set you at nought,  
4 In all the northe londe.'

## 117A.325

1 'I wil be at Notyngham,' saide our kynge,  
2 'Within this fourteenyght,  
3 And take I wyll Robyn Hode,  
4 And so I wyll *that* knyght.

## 117A.326

1 'Go now home, shyref,' sayde our kynge,  
2 'And do as I byd the;  
3 And ordeyn gode archers ynowe,  
4 Of all the wydë contrë.'

## 117A.327

1 The shyref had his leue i-take,  
2 And went hym on his way,  
3 And Robyn Hode to grenë wode,  
4 Vpon a certen day.

## 117A.328

1 And Lytel John was hole of the arowe  
2 That shot was in his kne,  
3 And dyd hym streyght to Robyn Hode,  
4 Vnder the grene-wodë tree.

## 117A.329

1 Robyn Hode walked in the forest,  
2 Vnder the leuys grene;  
3 The proudë shyref of Notyngham  
4 Thereof he had grete tene.

## 117A.330

1 The shyref there fayled of Robyn Hode,  
2 He myght not haue his pray;  
3 Than he awayted this gentyll knyght,  
4 Bothe by nyght and day.

## 117A.331

1 Euer he wayted the gentyll knyght,  
2 Syr Richard at the Lee,  
3 As he went on haukyng by the ryuer-syde,  
4 And let [his] haukës fle.

## 117A.332

1 Toke he there this gentyll knyght,  
2 With men of armys stronge,  
3 And led hym to Notyngham warde,  
4 Bounde bothe fote and hande.

## 117A.333

1 The sheref sware a full grete othe,  
2 Bi *hym* *that* dyed on rode,  
3 He had leuer *than* an hundred pound  
4 That he had Robyn Hode.

## 117A.334

1 This harde the knyghtës wyfe,  
2 A fayr lady and a free;  
3 She set hir on a gode palfrey,  
4 To gre'Ne wode anone rode she.

## 117A.335

1 Whanne she *cam* in the forest,  
2 Vnder the grenë-wode tree,  
3 Fonde she there Robyn Hode,  
4 And al his fayre menë.

## 117A.336

1 'God the sauë, godë Robyn,  
2 And all thy company;  
3 For Our derë Ladyes sake,  
4 A bonë graunte thou me.

## 117A.337

1 'Late neuer my wedded lorde  
2 Shamefully slayne be;  
3 He is fast bowne to Notyngham warde,  
4 For the loue of the.'

## 117A.338

1 Anone than saide goode Robyn  
2 To that lady so fre,  
3 What man hath your lorde [i->take?  
4 . . . . .

## 117A.339

1 . . . . .  
2 'For soth as I the say;  
3 He is nat yet thre mylës  
4 Passed on his way.'

## 117A.340

1 Vp than sterte gode Robyn,  
2 As man that had ben wode:  
3 'Buske you, my mery men,  
4 For hym that dyed on rode.

## 117A.341

1 'And he that this sorowe forsaketh,  
2 By hym that dyed on tre,  
3 Shall he neuer in grenë wode  
4 No lenger dwel with me.'

## 117A.342

1 Sone there were gode bowës bent,  
2 Mo than seuen score;  
3 Hedge ne dyche spared they none  
4 That was them before.

## 117A.343

1 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'The sherif wolde I fayne see;  
3 And if I may *hym* take,  
4 I-quitte shall it be.'

## 117A.344

1 And whan they came to Notyngham,  
2 They walked *in* the strete;  
3 And *with* the proudë sherif i-wys  
4 Sonë can they mete.

## 117A.345

1 'Abyde, thou proudë sherif,' he sayde,  
2 'Abyde, and speke with me;  
3 Of some tidings of oure kinge  
4 I wolde fayne here of the.

## 117A.346

1 'This seuen yere, by dere worthy God,  
2 Ne yede I this fast on fote;  
3 I make myn auowe to God, thou proudë sherif,  
4 It is nat for thy gode.'

## 117A.347

1 Robyn bent a full goode bowe,  
2 An arrowe he drowe at wyll;  
3 He hit so the proudë sherife  
4 Vpon the grounde he lay full still.

## 117A.348

1 And or he myght vp aryse,  
2 On his fete to stonde,  
3 He smote of the sherifs hede  
4 With his bright<ë> bronde.

## 117A.349

1 'Lye thou there, thou proudë sherife,  
2 Euyll mote thou cheue!  
3 There myght no man to the truste  
4 The whyles thou were a lyue.'

## 117A.350

1 His men drewe out theyr bryght swerdes,  
2 That were so sharpe and kene,  
3 And layde on the sheryues men,  
4 And dryued them downe bydene.

## 117A.351

1 Robyn stert to that knyght,  
2 And cut a two his bonde,  
3 And toke hym in his hand a bowe,  
4 And bad hym by hym stonde.

## 117A.352

1 'Leue thy hors the behynde,  
2 And lerne for to renne;  
3 Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,  
4 Through myrë, mosse, and fenne.

## 117A.353

1 'Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,  
2 Without ony leasyng,  
3 Tyll that I haue gete vs grace  
4 Of Edward, our comly kynge.'

## 117A.354

1 The kynge came to Notynghame,  
2 With knyghtës in grete araye,  
3 For to take that gentyll knyght  
4 And Robyn Hode, and yf he may.

**117A.355**

1 He asked men of that countrē  
2 After Robyn Hode,  
3 And after that gentyll knyght,  
4 That was so bolde and stout.

**117A.356**

1 Whan they had tolde hym the case  
2 Our kynge vnderstode ther tale,  
3 And seased in his honde  
4 The knyghtēs londēs all.

**117A.357**

1 All the passe of Lancasshyre  
2 He went both ferre and nere,  
3 Tyll he came to Plomton Parke;  
4 He faylyd many of his dere.

**117A.358**

1 There our kynge was wont to se  
2 Herdēs many one,  
3 He coud vnneth fynde one dere,  
4 That bare ony good horne.

**117A.359**

1 The kynge was wonder wroth withall,  
2 And swore by the Trynytē,  
3 'I wolde I had Robyn Hode,  
4 With eyen I myght hym se.

**117A.360**

1 'And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtēs hede,  
2 And brynge it to me,  
3 He shall haue the knyghtēs londes,  
4 Syr Rycharde at the Le.

**117A.361**

1 'I gyue it hym with my charter,  
2 And sele it [with] my honde,  
3 To haue and holde for euer more,  
4 In all mery Englonde.'

**117A.362**

1 Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,  
2 That was treue in his fay:  
3 A, my leegē lorde the kynge,  
4 One worde I shall you say.

**117A.363**

1 There is no man in this countrē  
2 May haue the knyghtēs londes,  
3 Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde of gone,  
4 And bere a bowe in his hondes,

**117A.364**

1 That he ne shall lese his hede,  
2 That is the best ball in his hode:  
3 Giue it no man, my lorde the kynge,  
4 That ye wyll any good.

**117A.365**

1 Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge  
2 In Notyngham, and well more;  
3 Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,  
4 In what countrē that he were.

**117A.366**

1 But alway went good Robyn  
2 By halke and eke by hyll,  
3 And alway slewe the kyngēs dere,  
4 And welt them at his wyll.

**117A.367**

1 Than bespake a proude fostere,  
2 That stode by our kyngēs kne;  
3 Yf ye wyll se good Robyn,  
4 Ye must do after me.

**117A.368**

1 Take fyue of the best knyghtēs  
2 That be in your lede,  
3 And walke downe by yon abbay,  
4 And gete you monkēs wede.

**117A.369**

1 And I wyll be your ledēs-man,  
2 And lede you the way,  
3 And or ye come to Notyngham,  
4 Myn hede then dare I lay,

**117A.370**

1 That ye shall mete with good Robyn,  
2 On lyue yf that he be;  
3 Or ye come to Notyngham,  
4 With eyen ye shall hym se.

**117A.371**

1 Full hast<ē>ly our kynge was dyght,  
2 So were his knyghtēs fyue,  
3 Euerych of them in monkēs wede,  
4 And hasted them thyder blyue.

**117A.372**

1 Our kynge was grete aboue his cole,  
2 A brode hat on his crowne,  
3 Ryght as he were abbot-lyke,  
4 They rode up in-to the towne.

**117A.373**

1 Styf botēs our kynge had on,  
2 Forsoth as I you say;  
3 He rode syngynge to grenē wode,  
4 The couent was clothed in graye.

**117A.374**

1 His male-hors and his gretē somers  
2 Folved our kynge behynde,  
3 Tyll they came to grenē wode,  
4 A myle vnder the lynde.

**117A.375**

1 There they met with good Robyn,  
2 Stodynge on the waye,  
3 And so dyde many a bolde archere,  
4 For soth as I you say.

**117A.376**

1 Robyn toke the kyngēs hors,  
2 Hastēly in that stede,  
3 And sayd, Syr abbot, by your leue,  
4 A whyle ye must abyde.

**117A.377**

1 'We be yemen of this foreste,  
2 Vnder the grenē-wode tre;  
3 We lyue by our kyngēs dere,  
4 [Other shyft haue not wee.]

**117A.378**

1 'And ye haue chyrches and rentēs both,  
2 And gold full grete plentē;  
3 Gyue vs some of your spendynge,  
4 For saynt<ē> charytē.'

**117A.379**

1 Than bespake our cumly kynge,  
2 Anone than sayd he;  
3 I brought no more to grenē wode  
4 But forty pounde with me.

**117A.380**

1 I haue layne at Notyngham  
2 This fourtynyght with our kynge,  
3 And spent I haue full moche good,  
4 On many a grete lordynge.

**117A.381**

1 And I haue but forty pounde,  
2 No more than haue I me;  
3 But yf I had an hondred pounde,  
4 I wolde vouch it safe on the.

**117A.382**

1 Robyn toke the forty pounde,  
2 And departed it in two partye;  
3 Halfendell he gaue his mery men,  
4 And bad them mery to be.

**117A.383**

1 Full curteysly Robyn gan say;  
2 Syr, haue this for your spendyng;  
3 We shall mete another day;  
4 'Gramercy,' than sayd our kynge.

**117A.384**

1 'But well the greteth Edwarde, our kynge,  
2 And sent to the his seale,  
3 And byddeth the com to Notyngham,  
4 Both to mete and mele'

**117A.385**

1 He toke out the brodē targe,  
2 And sone he lete hym se;  
3 Robyn coud his courteysy,  
4 And set hym on his kne.

**117A.386**

1 'I loue no man in all the worlde  
2 So well as I do my kynge;  
3 Welcome is my lordēs seale;  
4 And, monke, for thy tydyng,

**117A.387**

1 'Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,  
2 To day thou shalt dyne with me,  
3 For the loue of my kynge,  
4 Under my trustell-tre.'

**117A.388**

1 Forth he lad our comly kynge,  
2 Full fayre by the honde;  
3 Many a dere there was slaynē,  
4 And full fast dyghtande.

**117A.389**

1 Robyn toke a full grete horne,  
2 And loude he gan blowe;  
3 Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
4 Came reddy on a rowe.

**117A.390**

1 All they kneled on theyr kne,  
2 Full fayre before Robyn:  
3 The kynge sayd hym selfe vntyll,  
4 And swore by Saynt Austyn,

**117A.391**

1 'Here is a wonder semely syght;  
2 Me thynketh, by Goddēs pyne,  
3 His men are more at his byddyng  
4 Than my men be at myn.'

**117A.392**

1 Full hast<ē>ly was theyr dyner idyght,  
2 And therto gan they gone;  
3 They serued our kynge with al theyr myght,  
4 Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.

**117A.393**

1 Anone before our kynge was set  
2 The fattē venyson,  
3 The good whyte brede, the good rede wyne,  
4 And therto the fyne ale and browne.

**117A.394**

1 'Make good chere,' said Robyn,  
2 'Abbot, for charytē;  
3 And for this ylkē tydyng,  
4 Blyssed mote thou be.

**117A.395**

1 'Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede,  
2 Or thou hens wende;  
3 Than thou may enfourme our kynge,  
4 Whan ye togyder lende.'

**117A.396**

1 Up they stertē all in hast,  
2 Theyr bowēs were smartly bent;  
3 Our kynge was neuer so sore agast,  
4 He wende to haue be shente.

**117A.397**

1 Two yerdēs there were vp set,  
2 Therto gan they gange;  
3 By fyfty pase, our kynge sayd,  
4 The merkēs were to longe.

**117A.398**

1 On euery syde a rose-garlonde,  
2 They shot vnder the lyne:  
3 'Who so fayleth of the rose-garlonde,' sayd  
4 Robyn,  
5 'His takyll he shall tyne,

**117A.399**

1 'And yelde it to his mayster,  
2 Be it neuer so fyne;  
3 For no man wyll I spare,  
4 So drynke I ale or wyne:

**117A.400**

1 'And bere a buffet on his hede,  
2 I-wys ryght all bare.'  
3 And all that fell in Robyns lote,  
4 He smote them wonder sare.

**117A.401**

1 Twyse Robyn shot aboute,  
2 And euer he cleued the wande,  
3 And so dyde good Gylberte  
4 With the Whytē Hande.

**117A.402**

1 Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,  
2 For nothyng wolde they spare;  
3 When they fayled of the garlonde,  
4 Robyn smote them full sore.

**117A.403**

1 At the last shot that Robyn shot,  
2 For all his frendēs fare,  
3 Yet he fayled of the garlonde  
4 Thre fyngers and mare.

**117A.404**

1 Than bespake good Gylberte,  
2 And thus he gan say;  
3 'Mayster,' he sayd, 'your takyll is lost,  
4 Stande forth and take your pay.'

**117A.405**

1 'If it be so,' sayd Robyn,  
2 'That may no better be,  
3 Syr abbot, I delyuer the myn arowe,  
4 I pray the, syr, serue thou me.'

**117A.406**

1 'It falleth not for myn ordre,' sayd our kynge,  
 2 'Robyn, by thy leue,  
 3 For to smyte no good yeman,  
 4 For doute I sholde hym greue.'

**117A.407**

1 'Smyte on boldely,' sayd Robyn,  
 2 'I giue the largē leue:'  
 3 Anone our kynge, with that worde,  
 4 He folde vp his sleue,

**117A.408**

1 And sych a buffet he gauē Robyn,  
 2 To grounde he yede full nere:  
 3 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,  
 4 'Thou arte a stalworthe frere.'

**117A.409**

1 'There is pith in thyn arme,' sayd Robyn,  
 2 'I trowe thou canst well shete:'  
 3 Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode  
 4 Togeder gan they mete.

**117A.410**

1 Robyn beheld our comly kynge  
 2 Wystly in the face,  
 3 So dyde Syr Rycharde at the Le,  
 4 And kneled downe in that place.

**117A.411**

1 And so dyde all the wyldē outlawes,  
 2 Whan they se them knele:  
 3 'My lorde the kyngē of Englonde,  
 4 Now I knowe you well.'

**117A.412**

1 'Mercy then, Robyn,' sayd our kynge,  
 2 'Vnder your trustyll-tre,  
 3 Of thy goodnesse and thy grace,  
 4 For my men and me!'

**117A.413**

1 'Yes, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
 2 'And also God me saue,  
 3 I askē mersy, my lorde the kyngē,  
 4 And for my men I craue.'

**117A.414**

1 'Yes, for God,' than sayd our kynge,  
 2 'And therto sent I me,  
 3 With that thou leue the grenē wode,  
 4 And all thy company;

**117A.415**

1 'And come home, syr, to my courte,  
 2 And there dwell with me.'  
 3 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,  
 4 'And ryght so shall it be.'

**117A.416**

1 'I wyll come to your courte,  
 2 Your seruyse for to se,  
 3 And brynge with me of my men  
 4 Seuen score and thre.

**117A.417**

1 'But me lykē well your seruyse,  
 2 I [wyll] come agayne full soone,  
 3 And shote at the donnē dere,  
 4 As I am wonte to done.'

**117A.418**

1 'Haste thou ony grenē cloth,' sayd our kynge,  
 2 'That thou wylte sell nowe to me?'  
 3 'Ye, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
 4 'Thyrtē yerdēs and thre.'

**117A.419**

1 'Robyn,' sayd our kynge,  
 2 'Now pray I the,  
 3 Sell me some of that cloth,  
 4 To me and my meynē.'

**117A.420**

1 'Yes, for God,' then sayd Robyn,  
 2 'Or elles I were a fole;  
 3 Another day ye wyll me clothe,  
 4 I trowe, ayenst the Yole.'

**117A.421**

1 The kyngē kest of his colē then,  
 2 A grene garment he dyde on,  
 3 And euery knyght also, i-wys,  
 4 Another had full sone.

**117A.422**

1 Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,  
 2 They keste away theyr graye;  
 3 'Now we shall to Notyngham,'  
 4 All thus our kynge gan say.

**117A.423**

1 They bente theyr bowes, and forth they went,  
 2 Shotyngē all in-fere,  
 3 Towarde the towne of Notyngham,  
 4 Outlawes as they were.

**117A.424**

1 Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder,  
 2 For soth as I you say,  
 3 And they shote plucke-buffet,  
 4 As they went by the way.

**117A.425**

1 And many a buffet our kynge wan  
 2 Of Robyn Hode that day,  
 3 And nothyngē spared good Robyn  
 4 Our kynge in his pay.

**117A.426**

1 'So God me helpē,' sayd our kynge,  
 2 'Thy game is nought to lere;  
 3 I sholde not get a shote of the,  
 4 Though I shote all this yere.'

**117A.427**

1 All the people of Notyngham  
 2 They stode and behelde;  
 3 They sawe nothyngē but mantels of grene  
 4 That couered all the felde.

**117A.428**

1 Than euery man to other gan say,  
 2 I drede our kyngē be slone;  
 3 Comē Robyn Hode to the towne, i-wys  
 4 On lyue he leftē neuer one.'

**117A.429**

1 Full hast<ē>ly they began to fle,  
 2 Both yemen and knaues,  
 3 And olde wyues that myght euyll goo,  
 4 They hypped on theyr stauēs.

**117A.430**

1 The kyngē l<o>ughe full fast,  
 2 And commaunded them agayne;  
 3 Whan they se our comly kynge,  
 4 I-wys they were full fayne.

**117A.431**

1 They ete and dranke, and made them glad,  
 2 And sange with notēs hye;  
 3 Than bespake our comly kynge  
 4 To Syr Rycharde at the Lee.

**117A.432**

1 He gauē hym there his londe agayne,  
 2 A good man he bad hym be;  
 3 Robyn thanked our comly kynge,  
 4 And set hym on his kne.

**117A.433**

1 Had robyn dwelled in the kyngēs courte  
 2 But twelue monethes and thre,  
 3 That [he had] spent an hondred pounde,  
 4 And all his mennes fe.

**117A.434**

1 In euery place where Robyn came  
 2 Euer more he layde downe,  
 3 Both for knyghtēs and for squyres,  
 4 To gete hym grete renowne.

**117A.435**

1 By than the yere was all agone  
 2 He had no man but twayne,  
 3 Lytell Johan and good Scathlocke,  
 4 With hym all for to gone.

**117A.436**

1 Robyn sawe yonge men shote  
 2 Full fayre vpon a day;  
 3 'Alas!' than sayd good Robyn,  
 4 'My welthe is went away.'

**117A.437**

1 'Somytyme I was an archere good,  
 2 A styffe and eke a stronge;  
 3 I was compted the best archere  
 4 That was in mery Englonde.'

**117A.438**

1 'Alas!' then sayd good Robyn,  
 2 'Alas and well a woo!  
 3 Yf I dwele lenger with the kyngē,  
 4 Sorowe wyll me sloo.'

**117A.439**

1 Forth than went Robyn Hode  
 2 Tyll he came to our kyngē:  
 3 'My lorde the kyngē of Englonde,  
 4 Graunte me myn askyngē.'

**117A.440**

1 'I made a chapell in Bernysdale,  
 2 That semely is to se,  
 3 It is of Mary Magdaleyne,  
 4 And thereto wolde I be.'

**117A.441**

1 'I myght neuer in this seuen nyght  
 2 No tyme to slepe ne wynke,  
 3 Nother all these seuen dayes  
 4 Nother ete ne drynke.'

**117A.442**

1 'Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,  
 2 I may not be therfro;  
 3 Barefote and wolwarde I haue hyght  
 4 Thyder for to go.'

**117A.443**

1 'Yf it be so,' than sayd our kynge,  
 2 'It may no better be,  
 3 Seuen nyght I gyue the leue,  
 4 No lengre, to dwell fro me.'

**117A.444**

1 'Gramercy, lorde,' then sayd Robyn,  
 2 And set hym on his kne;  
 3 He toke his leuē full courteysly.  
 4 To grenē wode then went he.

**117A.445**

1 Whan he came to grenē wode,  
 2 In a mery mornyngē,  
 3 There he herde the notēs small  
 4 Of byrdēs mery syngyngē.

**117A.446**

1 'It is ferre gone,' sayd Robyn,  
 2 'That I was last here;  
 3 Me lystē a lytell for to shote  
 4 At the donnē dere.'

**117A.447**

1 Robyn slewe a full grete harte;  
 2 His horne than gan he blow,  
 3 That all the outlawes of that forest  
 4 That horne coud they knowe,

**117A.448**

1 And gadred them togyder,  
 2 In a lytell throue.  
 3 Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
 4 Came redy on a rowe,

**117A.449**

1 And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,  
 2 And set them on theyr kne:  
 3 'Welcome,' they sayd, 'our [derē] mayster,  
 4 Under this grenē-wode tre.'

**117A.450**

1 Robyn dwelled in grenē wode  
 2 Twenty yere and two;  
 3 For all drede of Edwarde our kynge,  
 4 Agayne wolde he not goo.

**117A.451**

1 Yet he was begyled, i-wys,  
 2 Through a wycked woman,  
 3 The pryoresse of Kyrkēsly,  
 4 That nye was of hys kynne:

**117A.452**

1 For the loue of a knyght,  
 2 Syr Roger of Donkesly,  
 3 That was her ownē speciall;  
 4 Full euyll motē they the!

**117A.453**

1 They toke togyder theyr counsell  
 2 Robyn Hode for to sle,  
 3 And how they myght best do that dede,  
 4 His banis for to be.

**117A.454**

1 Than bespake good Robyn,  
 2 In place where as he stode,  
 3 'To morow I muste to Kyrke<s>ly,  
 4 Craftely to be leten blode.'

**117A.455**

1 Syr Roger of Donkestere,  
 2 By the pryoresse he lay,  
 3 And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,  
 4 Through theyr falsē playe.

**117A.456**

1 Cryst haue mercy on his soule,  
 2 That dyed on the rode!  
 3 For he was a good outlawe,  
 4 And dyde pore men moch god.





**119A.44**

1 'So did he me,' seid þe munke,  
2 'Of a hundred pound and more;  
3 I layde furst hande hym anon,  
4 ʒe may thonke me *perfore*.'

**119A.45**

1 'I pray God thanke you,' seid Litull John,  
2 'And we wil when we may;  
3 We wil go *with* you, *with your* leve,  
4 And bryng yow on *your* way.

**119A.46**

1 'Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,  
2 I tell you in certen;  
3 If þei wist ʒe rode þis way,  
4 In feith ʒe shulde be slayn.'

**119A.47**

1 As þei went talking be þe way,  
2 The munke and Litull John,  
3 John toke þe munkis horse be þe hede,  
4 Fful sone and anon.

**119A.48**

1 Johne toke þe munkis horse be þe hed,  
2 Ffor soþe as I yow say;  
3 So did Much þe litull page,  
4 Ffor he shulde not scape away.

**119A.49**

1 Be þe golett of þe hode  
2 John pulled þe munke down;  
3 John was nothyng of hym agast,  
4 He lete hym falle on his crown.

**119A.50**

1 Litull John was so<re> agrevyd,  
2 And drew owt his swerde in hye;  
3 This munke saw he shulde be ded,  
4 Lowd mercy can he crye.

**119A.51**

1 'He was my maister,' seid Litull John,  
2 'þat þou hase browʒt in bale;  
3 Shalle þou *neuer cum* at our kyng,  
4 Ffor to telle hym tale.'

**119A.52**

1 John smote of þe munkis hed,  
2 No longer wolde he dwell;  
3 So did Moch þe litull page,  
4 Ffor ferd lest he wolde tell.

**119A.53**

1 þer þei beryed hem boþe,  
2 In nouþer mosse nor lyng,  
3 And Litull John and Much infere  
4 Bare þe letturs to oure kyng.

**119A.54**

1 . . . .  
2 He knelid down vpon his kne:  
3 'God ʒow saue, my lege lorde,  
4 Ihesus yow saue and se!

**119A.55**

1 'God yow saue, my lege kyng!'  
2 To speke John was full bolde;  
3 He gaf hym þe letturs in his hond,  
4 The kyng did hit vnfold.

**119A.56**

1 þe kyng red þe letturs anon,  
2 And seid, So mot I the,  
3 þer was *neuer ʒoman* in mery Ingland  
4 I longut so sore to se.

**119A.57**

1 'Wher is þe munke þat pese shuld haue brouʒt?'  
2 Oure kyng can say:  
3 'Be my trouth,' seid Litull John,  
4 'He dyed after þe way.'

**119A.58**

1 þe kyng gaf Moch and Litul Jon  
2 Twenti pound in *sertan*,  
3 And made þeim ʒemen of þe crown,  
4 And bade þeim go agayn.

**119A.59**

1 He gaf John þe seel in hand,  
2 The sheref for to bere,  
3 To bryng Robyn hym to,  
4 And no man do hym dere.

**119A.60**

1 John toke his leve at oure kyng,  
2 þe sothe as I yow say;  
3 þe next way to Notyngham  
4 To take, he ʒede þe way.

**119A.61**

1 When John came to Notyngham  
2 The ʒatis were spared ychon;  
3 John callid vp þe porter,  
4 He answerid sone anon.

**119A.62**

1 'What is þe cause,' seid Litul Jon,  
2 'þou sparris þe ʒates so fast?'  
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' seid [þe] porter,  
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

**119A.63**

1 'John and Moch and Wyll Scathlok,  
2 Ffor sothe as I yow say,  
3 þei slew oure men vpon our wallis,  
4 And sawten vs *euery* day.'

**119A.64**

1 Litull John spyrrid after þe schereff,  
2 And sone he hym fonde;  
3 He oppnyed þe kyngus priue seell,  
4 And gaf hym in his honde.

**119A.65**

1 Whan þe scheref saw þe kyngus seell,  
2 He did of his hode anon:  
3 'Wher is þe munke þat bare þe letturs?'  
4 He seid to Litull John.

**119A.66**

1 'He is so fayn of hym,' seid Litul John,  
2 'Ffor soþe as I yow say,  
3 He has made hym abot of Westmyenster,  
4 A lorde of þat abbay.'

**119A.67**

1 The scheref made John gode chere,  
2 And gaf hym wyne of the best;  
3 At nyʒt þei went to her bedde,  
4 And *euery* man to his rest.

**119A.68**

1 When þe scheref was on slepe,  
2 Dronken of wyne and ale,  
3 Litul John and Moch for soþe  
4 Toke þe way vnto þe jale.

**119A.69**

1 Litul John callid vp þe jayler,  
2 And bade hym rise anon;  
3 He seyð Robyn Hode had brokyn prison,  
4 And out of hit was gon.

**119A.70**

1 The porter rose anon *sertan*,  
2 As sone as he herd John calle;  
3 Litul John was redy *with* a swerd,  
4 And bare hym to þe walle.

**119A.71**

1 'Now wil I be porter,' seid Litul John,  
2 'And take þe keyes in honde:'  
3 He toke þe way to Robyn Hode,  
4 And sone he hym vnbonde.

**119A.72**

1 He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,  
2 His hed [ther]with for to kepe,  
3 And ther as þe walle was lowyst  
4 Anon down can þei lepe.

**119A.73**

1 Be þat þe cok began to crow,  
2 The day began to spryng;  
3 The scheref fond þe jayler ded,  
4 The comyn bell made he ryng.

**119A.74**

1 He made a crye thoroout al þe tow[n],  
2 Wheder he be ʒoman or knave,  
3 þat cowpe bryng hym Robyn Hode,  
4 His warison he shuld haue.

**119A.75**

1 'Ffor I dar *neuer*,' said þe scheref,  
2 'Cum before oure kyng;  
3 Ffor if I do, I wot *serten*  
4 Ffor soþe he wil me heng.'

**119A.76**

1 The scheref made to seke Notyngham,  
2 Bothe be strete and stye,  
3 And Robyn was in mery Scherwode,  
4 As liʒt as lef on lynde.

**119A.77**

1 Then bespake gode Litull John,  
2 To Robyn Hode can he say,  
3 I haue done þe a gode turne for an euyll,  
4 Quyte þe whan þou may.

**119A.78**

1 'I haue done þe a gode turne,' seid Litull John,  
2 'Ffor sothe as I yow say;  
3 I haue brouʒt þe vnder grene-wode lyne;  
4 Ffare wel, and haue gode day.'

**119A.79**

1 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Robyn Hode,  
2 'So shall hit *neuer* be;  
3 I make þe maister,' seid Robyn Hode,  
4 'Off alle my men and me.'

**119A.80**

1 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Litull John,  
2 'So shalle hit *neuer* be;  
3 But lat me be a felow,' seid Litull John,  
4 'No noder kepe I be.'

**119A.81**

1 Thus John gate Robyn Hod out of prison,  
2 *Sertan* withoutyn layn;  
3 Whan his men saw hym hol and sounde,  
4 Ffor sothe they were full fayne.

**119A.82**

1 They filled in wyne, and made hem glad,  
2 Vnder þe levys smale,  
3 And ʒete pastes of venyson,  
4 þat gode was *with* ale.

**119A.83**

1 Than worde came to oure kyng  
2 How Robyn Hode was gon,  
3 And how þe scheref of Notyngham  
4 Durst *neuer* loke hym vpon.

**119A.84**

1 Then bespake oure cumly kyng,  
2 In an angur hye:  
3 Litull John hase begyled þe schereff,  
4 In faith so hase he me.

**119A.85**

1 Litul John has begyled vs bothe,  
2 And þat full wel I se;  
3 Or ellis þe schereff of Notyngham  
4 Hye hongut shulde he be.

**119A.86**

1 'I made hem ʒemen of þe crowne,  
2 And gaf hem fee *with* my hond;  
3 I gaf hem grith,' seid oure kyng,  
4 'Thorowout all mery Ingland.'

**119A.87**

1 'I gaf them grith,' þen seid oure kyng;  
2 'I say, so mot I the,  
3 Ffor sothe soch a ʒeman as he is on  
4 In all Ingland ar not thre.

**119A.88**

1 'He is trew to his maister,' seid our kyng;  
2 'I sey, be swete Seynt John,  
3 He louys better Robyn Hode  
4 Then he dose vs ychon.

**119A.89**

1 'Robyn Hode is *euer* bond to hym,  
2 Bothe in strete and stalle;  
3 Speke no more of the *mater*,' seid oure kyng,  
4 'But John has begyled vs alle.'

**119A.90**

1 Thus endys the talking of the munke  
2 And Robyn Hode i-wysse;  
3 God, þat is *euer* a crowned kyng,  
4 Bryng vs all to his blisse!

**120A.1**

1 'I WILL *neuer* eate oor drinke,' Robin Hood  
said,  
2 'Nor meate will doo me noe good,  
3 Till I haue beene at merry Churchlees,  
4 My vaines for to let blood.'

**120A.2**

1 'That I reade not,' said Will Scarlett,  
2 'Master, by the assente of me,  
3 Without halfe a hundred of *your* best bowmen  
4 You take to goe with yee.

**120A.3**

1 'For there a good yeoman doth abide  
2 Will be sure to quarrell *with* thee,  
3 And if thou haue need of vs, *master*,  
4 In faith we will not flee.'

**120A.4**

1 'And thou be feard, thou *William* Scarlett,  
2 Att home I read thee bee:'  
3 'And you be wrothe, my deare *master*,  
4 You shall *neuer* heare more of mee.'  
5 ' . . . . '



**120A.5**

1 'For there shall noe man with me goe,  
2 Nor man with mee ryde,  
3 And Litle Iohn shall be my man,  
4 And beare my benbow by my side.'

**120A.6**

1 'You'st beare your bowe, *master*, your selfe,  
2 And shoote for a peny with mee:'  
3 'To that I doe assent,' Robin Hood sayd,  
4 'And soe, Iohn, lett it bee.'

**120A.7**

1 They two bolde children shotten together,  
2 All day theire selfe in ranke,  
3 Vntill they came to blacke water,  
4 And over it laid a planke.

**120A.8**

1 Vpon it there kneeled an old woman,  
2 Was banning Robin Hoode;  
3 'Why dost thou bann Robin Hoode?' said  
4 Robin,  
5 . . . . .  
6 ' . . . . .'

**120A.9**

1 . . . . .  
2 'To giue to Robin Hoode;  
3 Wee weepen for his deare body,  
4 *That* this day must be lett bloode.'

**120A.10**

1 'The dame prior is my aunts daughter,  
2 And nie vnto my kinne;  
3 I know shee wold me noe harme this day,  
4 For all the world to winne.'

**120A.11**

1 Forth then shotten these children two,  
2 And they did neuer lin,  
3 Vntill they came to merry Churchlees,  
4 To merry Churchlee<s> with-in.

**120A.12**

1 And when they came to merry Churchlees,  
2 They knoced vpon a pin;  
3 Vpp then rose dame prioresse,  
4 And lett good Robin in.

**120A.13**

1 Then Robin gaue to dame prioresse  
2 Twenty pound in gold,  
3 And bad her spend while that wold last,  
4 And shee shold haue more when shee wold.

**120A.14**

1 And downe then came dame prioresse,  
2 Downe she came in that ilke,  
3 With a *pair* off blood-irons in her hands,  
4 Were wrapped all in silke.

**120A.15**

1 'Sett a chaffing-dish to the fyer,' said dame  
2 prioresse,  
3 'And stripp thou vp thy sleewe:'  
4 I hold him but an vnwise man  
5 *That* will noe warning leeu.

**120A.16**

1 Shee laid the blood-irons to Robin Hoods vaine,  
2 Alacke, the more pite!  
3 And pearct the vaine, and let out the bloode,  
4 That full red was to see.

**120A.17**

1 And first it bled, the thicke, thicke bloode,  
2 And afterwards the thinne,  
3 And well then wist good Robin Hoode  
4 Treason there was within.

**120A.18**

1 'What cheere my *master*?' said Litle Iohn;  
2 'In faith, Iohn, litle goode;'  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .  
5 ' . . . . .'

**120A.19**

1 'I haue upon a gowne of greene,  
2 Is cut short by my knee,  
3 And in my hand a bright browne brand  
4 *That* will well bite of thee.'

**120A.20**

1 But forth then of a shot-windowe  
2 Good Robin Hood he could glide;  
3 Red Roger, with a grounden glaue,  
4 Thrust him through the milke-white side.

**120A.21**

1 But Robin was light and nimble of foote,  
2 And thought to abate his pride,  
3 Ffor betwixt his head and his shoulders  
4 He made a wound full wide.

**120A.22**

1 Says, Ly there, ly there, Red Roger,  
2 The doggs they must thee eate;  
3 'For I may haue my houzle,' he said,  
4 'For I may both goe and speake.'

**120A.23**

1 'Now giue me mood,' Robin said to Litle Iohn,  
2 'Giue me mood with thy hand;  
3 I trust to God in heauen soe hye  
4 My houzle will me bestand.'

**120A.24**

1 'Now giue me leaue, giue me leaue, *master*,' h  
2 e said,  
3 'For Christs loue giue leaue to me,  
4 To set a fier within this hall,  
5 And to burne vp all Churchlee.'

**120A.25**

1 'That I reade not,' said Robin Hoode then,  
2 'Litle Iohn, for it may not be;  
3 If I shold doe any widow hurt, at my latter end,  
4 God,' he said, 'wold blame me;

**120A.26**

1 'But take me vpon thy backe, Litle Iohn,  
2 And beare me to yonder streete,  
3 And there make me a full fayre graue,  
4 Of grauell and of greete.

**120A.27**

1 'And sett my bright sword at my head,  
2 Mine arrowes at my feete,  
3 And lay my vew-bow by my side,  
4 My met-yard wi . .

**120B.1**

1 WHEN Robin Hood and Little John  
2 Down a down a down a down  
3 Went oer yon bank of broom,  
4 Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,  
5 We have shot for many a pound.  
6 Hey, etc.

**120B.2**

1 But I am not able to shoot one shot more,  
2 My broad arrows will not flee;  
3 But I have a cousin lives down below,  
4 Please God, she will bleed me.

**120B.3**

1 Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,  
2 As fast as he can win;  
3 But before he came there, as we do hear,  
4 He was taken very ill.

**120B.4**

1 And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,  
2 He knockd all at the ring,  
3 But none was so ready as his cousin herself  
4 For to let bold Robin in.

**120B.5**

1 'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' sh  
2 e said,  
3 'And drink some beer with me?'  
4 'No, I will neither eat nor drink,  
5 Till I am blooded by thee.'

**120B.6**

1 'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,  
2 'Which you did never see,  
3 And if you please to walk therein,  
4 You blooded by me shall be.'

**120B.7**

1 She took him by the lily-white hand,  
2 And led him to a private room,  
3 And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,  
4 While one drop of blood would run down.

**120B.8**

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.

**120B.9**

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.

**120B.10**

1 He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,  
2 Which hung low down to his knee;  
3 He set his horn unto his mouth,  
4 And blew out weak blasts three.

**120B.11**

1 Then Little John, when hearing him,  
2 As he sat under a tree,  
3 'I fear my master is now near dead,  
4 He blows so wearily.'

**120B.12**

1 Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,  
2 As fast as he can dre;  
3 But when he came to Kirkly-hall,  
4 He broke locks two or three:

**120B.13**

1 Until he came bold Robin to see,  
2 Then he fell on his knee;  
3 'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,  
4 'Master, I beg of thee.'

**120B.14**

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.'

**120B.15**

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.'

**120B.16**

1 'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
2 Nor at mine end shall it be;  
3 But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
4 And a broad arrow I'll let flee;  
5 And where this arrow is taken up,  
6 There shall my grave digged be.'

**120B.17**

1 'Lay me a green sod under my head,  
2 And another at my feet;  
3 And lay my bent bow by my side,  
4 Which was my music sweet;  
5 And make my grave of gravel and green,  
6 Which is most right and meet.'

**120B.18**

1 'Let me 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.'

**120B.19**

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.

**121A.1**

1 IN schomer, when the leues spryng,  
2 The bloschoms on euery bowe,  
3 So merey doyt the berdys syng  
4 Yn wodys merey now.

**121A.2**

1 Herkens, god yemen,  
2 Comley, corteys, and god,  
3 On of the best *pat yeuer* bare bowe,  
4 Hes name was Roben Hode.

**121A.3**

1 Roben Hood was the yeman's name,  
2 That was boyt corteys and ffire;  
3 Ffor the loffe of owre ladey,  
4 All wemen werschepyd he.

**121A.4**

1 Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,  
2 Among hes mery maney,  
3 He was ware of a prowde potter,  
4 Cam dryfyng owyr the ley.

**121A.5**

1 'Yonder comet a prod potter,' seyde Roben,  
2 'That long hayt hantyd *pis* wey;  
3 He was neuer so corteys a man  
4 On peney of pawage to pay.'

**121A.6**

1 'Y met hem bot at Went-breg,' seyde Lytyll  
2 John,  
3 'And therefore yeffell mot he the!  
4 Seche thre strokes he me gafe,  
5 Yet by my seydays cleffe *pey*.

**121A.7**

1 'Y ley forty shillings,' seyde Lytyll John,  
2 'To pay het thes same day,  
3 Ther ys nat a man among hus all  
4 A wed schall make hem ley.'

**121A.8**

1 'Here ys forty shillings,' seyde Roben,  
2 'More, and thow dar say,  
3 þat y schall make þat prowde potter,  
4 A wed to me schall he ley.'

**121A.9**

1 There thes money they leyde,  
2 They toke het a yeman to kepe;  
3 Roben beffore the potter he breyde,  
4 A<nd] bad hem stonde stell.

**121A.10**

1 Handys apon hes hors he leyde,  
2 And bad the potter stonde foll stell;  
3 The potter schorteley to hem seyde,  
4 Ffelow, what ys they well?

**121A.11**

1 'All thes thre yer, and more, potter,' he seyde,  
2 'Thow hast hantyd thes wey,  
3 Yet were tow neuer so cortys a man  
4 On peney of pauage to pay.'

**121A.12**

1 'What ys they name,' seyde þe potter,  
2 'Ffor pauage thow aske of me?'  
3 'Roben Hod ys mey name,  
4 A wed schall thow leffe me.'

**121A.13**

1 'Wed well y non leffe,' seyde þe potter,  
2 'Nor pavag well y non pay;  
3 Away they honde ffro mey hors!  
4 Y well the tene eyls, be mey ffay.'

**121A.14**

1 The potter to hes cart he went,  
2 He was not to seke;  
3 A god to-hande staffe þerowt he hent,  
4 Beffore Roben he leppyd.

**121A.15**

1 Roben howt *with* a swerd bent,  
2 A bokeler en hes honde;  
3 The potter to Roben he went,  
4 And seyde, Ffelow, let mey hors go.

**121A.16**

1 Togeder then went thes to yemen,  
2 Het was a god seyt to se;  
3 Thereof low Robyn hes men,  
4 There they stod onder a tre.

**121A.17**

1 Leytell John to hes ffelowe<s] seyde,  
2 'Yend potter well steffeley stonde:'  
3 The potter, *with* a acward stroke,  
4 Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde.

**121A.18**

1 A<nd] ar Roben meyt get het agen  
2 Hes bokeler at hes ffette,  
3 The potter yn the neke hem toke,  
4 To the gronde sone he yede.

**121A.19**

5 That saw Roben hes men,  
6 As thay stod onder a bow;  
7 'Let vs helpe owre master,' seyde Lytell John,  
8 'Yonder potter,' seyde he, ðis well hem slo.'

**121A.20**

1 Thes yemen went *with* a breyde,  
2 To ther mast<er] they cam.  
3 Leytell John to hes mast<er] seyde,  
4 He haet the wager won?

**121A.21**

1 'Schall y haffe yowre forty shillings,' seyde  
Lytll John,  
2 'Or ye, master, schall haffe myne?'  
3 'Yeff they were a hundred,' seyde Roben,  
4 'Y ffeythe, they ben all theyne.'

**121A.22**

1 'Het ys fol leytell cortesy,' seyde þe potter,  
2 'As y haffe harde weyse men saye,  
3 Yeffe a pore yeman com drywyng on the wey,  
4 To let hem of hes gorney.'

**121A.23**

1 'Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt,' seyde Roben,  
2 'Thow seys god yeme<n>rey;  
3 And thow dreyffe fforthe yeuery day,  
4 Thow schalt neuer be let ffor me.

**121A.24**

1 'Y well prey the, god potter,  
2 A ffelischepe well thow haffe?  
3 Geffe me they clothyng, and þow schalt hafe  
myne;  
4 Y well go to Notynggam.'

**121A.25**

1 'Y gra<n>t thereto,' seyde the potter,  
2 'Thow schalt ffeynde me a ffelow gode;  
3 Bot thow can sell mey pottys well,  
4 Com ayen as thow yode.'

**121A.26**

1 'Nay, be mey trowt,' seyde Roben,  
2 'And then y bescro mey hede,  
3 Yeffe y bryng eny pottys ayen,  
4 And eney weyffe well hem chepe.'

**121A.27**

1 Than spake Leytell John,  
2 And all hes ffelowhes heynd,  
3 'Master, be well ware of the screffe of  
Notynggam,  
4 Ffor he ys leytell howr ffrende.'

**121A.28**

1 'Heyt war howtel!' seyde Roben,  
2 Ffelowhes, let me a lone;  
3 Thorow the helpe of Howr Ladey,  
4 To Notynggam well y gon.'

**121A.29**

1 Robyn went to Notynggam,  
2 Thes pottys ffor to sell;  
3 The potter abode *with* Robens men,  
4 There he ffered not eyll.

**121A.30**

1 Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,  
2 So merey ower the londe:  
3 Her es more, and affter ys to saye,  
4 The best ys beheynde.

**121A.31**

1 When Roben cam to Notynggam,  
2 The soyt yef y scholde saye,  
3 He set op hes hors anon,  
4 And gaffe hem hotys and haye.

**121A.32**

1 Yn the medys of the towne,  
2 There he schowed hes ware;  
3 'Pottys! pottys!' he gan crey foll sone,  
4 'Haffe hansell ffor the mare!'

**121A.33**

1 Ffoll effen agenest the screffey's gate  
2 Schowed he hes chaffare;  
3 Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,  
4 And chepyd ffast of hes ware.

**121A.34**

1 Yet, 'Pottys, gret chepe!' creyed Robyn,  
2 'Y loffe yeffell thes to stonde:'  
3 And all that say hem sell  
4 Seyde he had be no potter long.

**121A.35**

1 The pottys that were werthe pens ffeyffe,  
2 He solde tham ffor pens thre;  
3 Preveley seyde man and weyffe,  
4 'Ywnder potter schall neuer the.'

**121A.36**

1 Thos Roben solde ffolll ffast,  
2 Tell he had pottys bot ffeyffe;  
3 Op he hem toke of hes care,  
4 And sende hem to the screffey's weyffe.

**121A.37**

1 Thereof sche was ffolll ffayne,  
2 'Gereamarsey, SER,' than seyde sche;  
3 'When ye com to thes contre ayen,  
4 Y schall bey of the<y] pottys, so mot y the.'

**121A.38**

1 'Ye schall haffe of the best,' seyde Roben,  
2 And sware be the Treneytē;  
3 Ffolll cortesylys [sc>]he gan hem call,  
4 'Com deyne *with* the screffe and me.'

**121A.39**

1 'God amarsey,' seyde Roben,  
2 'Yowre bedyng schall be doyn;'  
3 A mayden yn the pottys gan bere,  
4 Roben and þe screffe weyffe ffolowed anon.

**121A.40**

1 Whan Roben yn to the hall cam,  
2 The screffē sone he met;  
3 The potter cowed of cortesyey,  
4 And sone the screffē he gret.

**121A.41**

1 'Lo, ser, what thes potter hayt geffe yow and  
me;  
2 Fffeyffe pottys smalle and grete!'  
3 'He ys ffolll wellcom,' seyde the screffe;  
4 'Let os was, and go to mete.'

**121A.42**

1 As they sat at her methē,  
2 *With* a nobell chere,  
3 To of the screffes men gan speke  
4 Off a gret wager;

**121A.43**

1 Off a schotyng, was god and ffeyne,  
2 Was made the thother daye,  
3 Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,  
4 Who scholde thes wager wen.

**121A.44**

1 Styll than sat thes prowde potter,  
2 Thos than thowt he;  
3 As y am a trow cerstyn man,  
4 Thes schotyng well y se.

**121A.45**

1 Whan they had ffared of the best,  
2 *With* bred and ale and weyne,  
3 To the bottys the made them prest,  
4 *With* bowes and boltys ffolll ffeyne.

**121A.46**

1 The screffes men schot ffolll ffast,  
2 As archares þat weren godde;  
3 There cam non ner ney the marke  
4 Bey halffe a god archares bowe.

**121A.47**

1 Stell then stod the prowde potter,  
2 Thos than seyde he;  
3 And y had a bow, be the rode,  
4 On schot scholde yow se.

**121A.48**

1 'Thow schall haffe a bow,' seyde the screffe,  
2 'The best þat thow well cheys of thre;  
3 Thou semyst a stalward and a stronge,  
4 Assay schall thow be.'

**121A.49**

1 The screffe commandyd a yeman þat stod hem  
bey  
2 Affter bowhes to weynde;  
3 The best bow þat the yeman browthe  
4 Roben set on a stryng.

**121A.50**

1 'Now schall y wet and thow be god,  
2 And polle het op to they nere;'  
3 'So god me helpe,' seyde the prowde potter,  
4 'þys ys bot rygzt weke gere.'

**121A.51**

1 To a quequer Roben went,  
2 A god bolt owthe he toke;  
3 So ney on to the marke he went,  
4 He ffayled not a fothe.

**121A.52**

1 All they schot abowthe agen,  
2 The screffes men and he;  
3 Off the marke he welde not ffayle,  
4 He cleffed the preke on thre.

**121A.53**

1 The screffes men thowt gret schame  
2 The potter the mastry wan;  
3 The screffē lowe and made god game,  
4 And seyde, Potter, thow art a man.

**121A.54**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 Thow art worthy to bere a bowe  
4 Yn what plas that þow goe.

**121A.55**

1 'Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,  
2 Ffor soyt,' he seyde, 'ænd that a godde;  
3 Yn mey cart ys the bow  
4 That gaffe me Robyn Hode.'

**121A.56**

1 'Knowest thow Robyn Hode?' seyde the  
screffe,  
2 'Potter, y prey the tell thow me;'  
3 'A hundred torne y haffe schot *with* hem,  
4 Vnder hes tortyll-tre.'

## 121A.57

1 'Y had leuer nar a hundred ponde,' seyde þe  
screffe,  
2 'And sware be the Trenitē,  
3 . . . .  
4 þat the ffals outelawe stod be me.'

## 121A.58

1 'And ye well do afftyr mey red,' seyde þe  
potter,  
2 'And boldeley go *with* me,  
3 And to morow, or we het bryde,  
4 Roben Hode well we se.'

## 121A.59

1 'Y wel queyt the,' kod the screffe,  
2 'Y swere be God of meythe;'  
3 Schetyng thay left, and hom þey went,  
4 Her soper was redde deythe.

## 121A.60

1 Vpon the morow, when het was day,  
2 He boskyd hem fforthe to reyde;  
3 The potter hes cart fforthe gan ray,  
4 And wolde not leffe beheynde.

## 121A.61

1 He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,  
2 And thankyd her of all thyng;  
3 'Dam. ffor mey loffe and ye well pys were,  
4 Y geffe yow here a golde ryng.'

## 121A.62

1 'Gramarsey,' seyde the weyffe,  
2 'Ser, god eyldet het he;  
3 The screffes hart was neuer so leythe,  
4 The ffeyre fforeyst to se.

## 121A.63

1 And when he cam yn to the fforeyst,  
2 Yonder the leffes grene,  
3 Berdys there sange on bowhes prest,  
4 Het was gret goy to se.

## 121A.64

1 'Here het ys merey to be,' seyde Roben,  
2 'Ffor a man that had hawt to spende;  
3 Be mey home I schall awet  
4 Yeff Roben Hode be here.'

## 121A.65

1 Roben set hes home to hes mowthe,  
2 And blow a blast þat was ffol god;  
3 þat herde hes men þat pere stode,  
4 Ffer downe yn the wodde.

## 121A.66

1 'I her mey master blow,' seyde Leytell John,  
2 . . . .  
3 . . . .  
4 They ran as thay were wode.

## 121A.67

1 Whan thay to thar master cam,  
2 Leytell John wold not spare;  
3 'Master, how haffe yow ffare yn Notynggam?  
4 How haffe yow solde yowre ware?'

## 121A.68

1 'Ye, be mey trowthe, Leyty<ll> John,  
2 Loke thow take no care;  
3 Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,  
4 Ffor all howre chaffare.'

## 121A.69

1 'He ys ffol wellcom,' seyde Lytyll John,  
2 'Thes tydyng ys ffol godde;  
3 The screffe had leuer nar a hundred ponde  
4 He had [neuer sene Roben Hode.]

## 121A.70

1 '[Had I] west þat befforen,  
2 At Notynggam when we were,  
3 Thow scholde not com yn ffeyre fforest  
4 Of all thes thowsande eyre.'

## 121A.71

1 'That wot y well,' seyde Roben,  
2 'Y thanke God that ye be here;  
3 Therefore schall ye leffe yowre hors *with* hos,  
4 And all yowre hother gere.'

## 121A.72

1 'That ffend I Godys fforbod,' kod the screffe,  
2 'So to lese mey godde;  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

## 121A.73

1 'Hether ye cam on hors ffol hey,  
2 And hom schall ye go on frote;  
3 And gret well they weyffe at home,  
4 The woman ys ffol godde.

## 121A.74

5 'Y schall her sende a wheyt palfrey,  
6 Het ambellet be mey ffey,  
7 . . . .  
8 . . . .

## 121A.75

9 'Y schall her sende a wheyt palfrey,  
10 Het hambellet as the weynde;  
11 Nere ffor the loffe of yowre weyffe,  
12 Off more sorow scholde yow seyng.'

## 121A.76

13 Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe;  
14 To Nptynggam he toke the waye;  
15 Hes weyffe ffeyre welcomed hem hom,  
16 And to hem gan sche saye:

## 121A.77

1 Seyr, how haffe yow ffared yn grene fforeyst?  
2 Haffe ye browt Roben hom?  
3 'Dam, the deyell spede hem, bothe bodey and  
bon;  
4 Y haffe had a ffol gret skorne.

## 121A.78

1 'Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,  
2 He hayt take het ffor me;  
3 All bot thes ffeyre palfrey,  
4 That he hayt sende to the.'

## 121A.79

1 *With þat* sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,  
2 And swhare be hem þat deyed on tre,  
3 'Now haffe yow payed ffor all þe pottys  
4 That Roben gaffe to me.

## 121A.80

1 'Noe ye be com hom to Notynggam,  
2 Ye schall haffe god yowwe;  
3 Now speke we of Roben Hode,  
4 And of the pottyr ondyr the grene bowhe.

## 121A.81

1 'Potter, what was they pottys worthe  
2 To Notynggam þat y ledde *with* me?'  
3 'They wer worthe to nobellys,' seyde he,  
4 'So mot y treyffe or the;  
5 So cowde y [haffe] had ffor tham,  
6 And y had there be.'

## 121A.82

1 'Thow schalt hafe ten ponde,' seyde Roben,  
2 'Of money ffeyre and ffre;  
3 And yeuer whan thow comest to grene wod,  
4 Wellcom, potter, to me.'

## 121A.83

1 Thes partyd Robyn, the screffe, and the potter,  
2 Ondernethe the grene-wod tre;  
3 God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,  
4 And saffe all god yemanry!

## 122A.1

1 BUT Robin he walkes in the g<reene> fforrest,  
2 As merry as bird on boughe,  
3 But he that feitches good Robins head,  
4 Hee'le find him game enoughe.

## 122A.2

1 But Robine he walkes in the greene fforrest,  
2 Vnder his trusty-tree;  
3 Sayes, Hearken, hearken, my merrymen all,  
4 What tydings is come to me.

## 122A.3

1 The sheriffe he hath made a cry,  
2 Hee'le have my head i-wis;  
3 But ere a tweluemonth come to an end  
4 I may chance to light on his.

## 122A.4

1 Robin he marcht in the greene forrest,  
2 Vnder the greenwood scray,  
3 And there he was ware of a proud bucher,  
4 Came driuing flesh by the way.

## 122A.5

1 The bucher he had a cut-taild dogg,  
2 And at Robins face he flew;  
3 But Robin he was a good sword,  
4 The bucher's dogg he slew.

## 122A.6

1 'Why slayes thou my dogg?' sayes the bucher,  
2 'For he did none ill to thee;  
3 By all the *saints* that are in heaven  
4 Thou shalt haue buffetts three.'

## 122A.7

1 He tooke his staffe then in his hand,  
2 And he turnd him round about:  
3 'Thou hast a litle wild blood in thy head,  
4 Good fellow, thou'st haue it letten out.'

## 122A.8

1 'He that does that deed,' sayes Robin,  
2 'I'le count him for a man;  
3 But that while will I draw my sword,  
4 And fend it if I can.'

## 122A.9

1 But Robin he stroke att the bloody bucher,  
2 In place were he did stand,  
3 . . . .

## 122A.10

1 'I [am] a yonge bucher,' sayes Robin,  
2 'Yow fine dames am I come amonge;  
3 But euer I beseech you, good Mrs Sheriffe,  
4 Yow must see me take noe wronge.'

## 122A.11

1 'Thou art verry welcome,' said *Master* Sherriff  
's wiffe,  
2 'Thy inne heere up [to] take;  
3 If any good ffellow come in thy companie,  
4 Hee'st be welcome for thy sake.'

## 122A.12

1 Robin called ffor ale, soe did he for wine,  
2 And for it he did pay:  
3 'I must to my markett goe,' says Robin,  
4 'For I hold time itt of the day.'

## 122A.13

1 But Robin is to the markett gone,  
2 Soe quickly and beliue,  
3 He sold more flesh for one peny  
4 Then othe<r> buchers did for fiue.

## 122A.14

1 The drew about the yonge bucher,  
2 Like sheepe into a fold;  
3 Yea neuer a bucher had sold a bitt  
4 aTill Robin he had all sold.

## 122A.15

1 When Robin Hood had his markett made,  
2 His flesh was sold and gone;  
3 Yea he had received but a litle mony,  
4 But thirty pence and one.

## 122A.16

1 Seaven buchers, the garded Robin Hood,  
2 Ffull many time and oft;  
3 Sayes, We must drinke *with* you, brother  
bucher,  
4 It's custome of our crafte.

## 122A.17

1 'If that be the custome of *your* crafte,  
2 As heere you tell to me.  
3 Att four of the clocke in the afternoone  
4 At the sheriffs hall I wilbe.'

## 122A.18

1 . . . .  
2 'If thow doe like it well;  
3 Yea heere is more by three hundred pound  
4 Then thou hast beasts to sell.'

## 122A.19

1 Robyn sayd naught, the more he thought:  
2 'Mony neere comes out of time;  
3 If once I catch thee in the greene fforest,  
4 *That* mony it shall be mine.'

## 122A.20

1 But on the next day seuen butchurs  
2 Came to guard the sheriffe that day;  
3 But Robin he was the whigh[t]est man,  
4 He led them all the way.

## 122A.21

1 He led them into the greene fforest,  
2 Vnder the trusty tree;  
3 Yea, there were harts, and ther were hynds,  
4 and staggs with heads full high.

## 122A.22

1 Yea, there were harts and there were hynds,  
2 And many a goodly ffawne;  
3 'Now praised be God,' says bold Robin,  
4 'All these they be my owne.

## 122A.23

1 'These are my horned beasts,' says Robin,  
2 '*Master* Sherriffe, *which* must make the stake;'  
3 'But euer alacke, now,' said the sheriffe,  
4 '*That* tydings comes to late!'

**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 raking on a row.

**122A.25**

1 But when the came befor bold Robin,  
2 Even there the stood all bare:  
3 'You are welcome, *master*, from Nottingham:  
4 How haue you sold your ware?'  
5 ' . . . . '

**122A.26**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 . . . .  
4 It proues bold Robin Hood.

**122A.27**

1 'Yea, he hath robbed me of all my gold  
2 And siluer *that* euer I had;  
3 But that I had a verry good wife at home,  
4 I shold haue lost my head.

**122A.28**

1 'But I had a verry good wife at home,  
2 Which made him gentle cheere,  
3 And therfor, for my wifes sake,  
4 I shold haue better favor heere.

**122A.29**

1 'But such favor as he shewed me  
2 I might haue of the devills dam,  
3 That will rob a man of all he hath,  
4 And send him naked home.'

**122A.30**

1 'That is very well done,' then dsays his wiffe,  
2 'Itt is well done, I say;  
3 You might haue tarryed att Nottingham,  
4 Soe fayre as I did you pray.'

**122A.31**

1 'I haue learned wisdom,' sayes the sherriffe,  
2 'And, wife, I haue learned of thee;  
3 But if Robin walke easte, or he walke west,  
4 He shall neuer be sought for me.'

**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,  
5 A song I intend for to sing.

**122B.2**

1 Upon a time it chancëd so  
2 Bold Robin in forrest did spy  
3 A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,  
4 With his flesh to the market did hye.

**122B.3**

1 'Good morrow, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'What food hast? tell unto me;  
3 And thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost  
dwell,  
4 For I like well thy company.'

**122B.4**

1 The butcher he answered jolly Robin:  
2 No matter where I dwell;  
3 For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham  
4 I am going, my flesh to sell.

**122B.5**

1 'What is [the] price of thy flesh?' said jolly  
Robin,  
2 'Come, tell it soon unto me;  
3 And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,  
4 For a butcher fain would I be.'

**122B.6**

1 'The price of my flesh,' the butcher repli'd,  
2 'I soon will tell unto thee;  
3 With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,  
4 Four mark thou must give unto me.'

**122B.7**

1 'Four mark I will give thee,' saith jolly Robin,  
2 'Four mark it shall be thy fee;  
3 Thy mony come count, and let me mount,  
4 For a butcher I fain would be.'

**122B.8**

1 Now Robin is to Notingham gone,  
2 His butcher's trade for to begin;  
3 With good intent, to the sheriff he went,  
4 And there he took up his inn.

**122B.9**

1 When other butchers they opened their meat,  
2 Bold Robin he then begun;  
3 But how for to sell he knew not well,  
4 For a butcher he was but young.

**122B.10**

1 When other butchers no meat could sell,  
2 Robin got both gold and fee;  
3 For he sold more meat for one peny  
4 Than others could do for three.

**122B.11**

1 But when he sold his meat so fast,  
2 No butcher by him could thrive;  
3 For he sold more meat for one peny  
4 Than others could do for five.

**122B.12**

1 Which made the butchers of Notingham  
2 To study as they did stand,  
3 Saying, surely he was some prodigal,  
4 That had sold his father's land.

**122B.13**

1 The butchers they stepped to jolly Robin,  
2 Acquainted with him for to be;  
3 'Come, brother,' one said, 'we be all of one  
trade,  
4 Come, will you go dine with me?'

**122B.14**

1 'Accurst of his heart,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'That a butcher doth deny;  
3 I will go with you, my brethren true,  
4 And as fast as I can hie.'

**122B.15**

1 But when to the sheriff's house they came,  
2 To dinner they hied apace,  
3 And Robin he the man must be  
4 Before them all to say grace.

**122B.16**

1 'Pray God bless us all,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'And our meat within this place;  
3 A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,  
4 And so do I end my grace.

**122B.17**

1 'Come fill us more wine,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'Let us merry be while we do stay;  
3 For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,  
4 I vow I the reckning will pay.

**122B.18**

1 'Come, brother[s], be merry,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'Let us drink, and never give ore;  
3 For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,  
4 If it cost me five pounds and more.'

**122B.19**

1 'This is a mad blade,' the butchers then said;  
2 Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal,  
3 That some land has sold, for silver and gold,  
4 And now he doth mean to spend all.

**122B.20**

1 'Hast thou any horn-beasts,' the sheriff repli'd,  
2 'Good fellow, to sell unto me?'  
3 'Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff,  
4 I have hundreds two or three.

**122B.21**

1 'And a hundred aker of good free land,  
2 If you please it to see;  
3 And I'll make you as good assurance of it  
4 As ever my father made me.'

**122B.22**

1 The sheriff he saddled a good palfrey,  
2 With three hundred pound in gold,  
3 And away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
4 His horned beasts to behold.

**122B.23**

1 Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,  
2 To the forrest of merry Sherwood;  
3 Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day  
4 From a man they call Robin Hood!

**122B.24**

1 But when that a little further they came,  
2 Bold Robin he chancëd to spy  
3 A hundred head of good red deer,  
4 Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

**122B.25**

1 'How like you my horned beasts, good Master  
Sheriff;  
2 They be fat and fair for to see;  
3 'I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
4 For I like not thy company.'

**122B.26**

1 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
2 And blew but blasts three;  
3 Then quickly anon there came Little John,  
4 And all his company.

**122B.27**

1 'What is your will?' then said Little John,  
2 'Good master come tell it to me;'  
3 'I have brought hither the sheriff of Notingham,  
4 This day to dine with thee.'

**122B.28**

1 'He is welcome to me,' then said Little John,  
2 'I hope he will honestly pay;  
3 I know he has gold, if it be but well told,  
4 Will serve us to drink a whole day.'

**122B.29**

1 Then Robin took his mantle from his back,  
2 And laid it upon the ground,  
3 And out of the sheriffe's portmantle  
4 He told three hundred pound.

**122B.30**

1 Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,  
2 And set him on his dapple gray:  
3 'O haue me commended to your wife at home;'  
4 So Robin went laughing away.

**123A.1**

1 BUT how many merry monthes be in the yeere?  
2 There are thirteen, I say;  
3 The midsummer moone is the merriest of all,  
4 Next to the merry month of May.

**123A.2**

1 In May, when mayds beene fast weepand,  
2 Young men their hands done wringe,  
3 ' . . . . '

**123A.3**

1 'I'll . . . pe . . .  
2 Over may noe man for villanie;  
3 'I'll never eate nor drinke,' *Robin Hood sa<id*],  
4 'Till I that cutted friar see.'

**123A.4**

1 He builded his men in a brake of fearne,  
2 A litle from that nunery;  
3 Sayes, If you heare my litle horn blow,  
4 Then looke you come to me.

**123A.5**

1 When Robin came to Fontaines Abey,  
2 Whereas that fryer lay,  
3 He was ware of the fryer where he stood,  
4 And to him thus can he say.

**123A.6**

1 A payre of blacke breeches the yeoman had on,  
2 His coppe all shone of steele,  
3 A fayre sword and a broad buckeler  
4 Beseemed him very weell.

**123A.7**

1 'I am a wet weary man,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'Good fellow, as thou may see;  
3 Wilt beare [me] over this wild water,  
4 Ffor sweete *Saint* Charity?'

**123A.8**

1 The fryer bethought him of a good deed;  
2 He had done none of long before;  
3 He hent up Robin Hood on his backe,  
4 And over he did him beare.

**123A.9**

1 But when he came over *that* wild water,  
2 A longe sword there he drew:  
3 'Beare me backe againe, bold outlawe,  
4 Or of this thou shalt have enoughe.'

**123A.10**

1 Then Robin Hood hent the fryar on his back,  
2 And neither sayd good nor ill;  
3 Till he came ore that wild water,  
4 The yeoman he walked still.

**123A.11**

1 Then Robin Hood wett his fayre greene hoze,  
2 A span about his knee;  
3 S<ay>s, Beare me ore againe, thou cutted  
f<ryer>  
4 ' . . . . '

**123A.12**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 . . . good bowmen  
4 [C>ame raking all on a rowe.

**123A.13**

1 'I beshrew thy head,' said the cutted 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 giue me leau to whistle another;  
3 I cold not bidd thee noe better play  
4 And thou wert my owne borne brother.'

**123A.15**

1 'Now fute on, fute on, thou cutted fryar,  
2 I pray God thou neere be still;  
3 It is not the futing in a fryers fist  
4 *That* can doe me any ill.'

**123A.16**

1 The fryar 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 'Euery dogg to a man,' said the cutted fryar,  
4 'And I my selfe to Robin Hood.'

**123A.18**

1 'Over God's forbott,' said Robin Hood,  
2 *That* euer *that* soe shold bee;  
3 I had rather be mached with three of the tikes  
4 Ere I wold be matched on thee.

**123A.19**

1 'But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said,  
2 'And freindshipp I'll haue with thee;  
3 But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said,  
4 'And saue good yeomanry.'

**123A.20**

1 The fryar he sett his neave to his mouth,  
2 A lowd blast he did blow;  
3 The doggs 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 will goe to merry greenwood,  
4 . . . .'

**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 Scadlock he killd a buck,  
2 And midge he killd a do,  
3 And Little John killd 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 caud Will Scadlock to laugh,  
2 He laughed full heartily;  
3 'There lives a curtal frier in Fountains Abby  
4 Will beat both him and thee.

**123B.7**

1 'That curtal frier in Fountains Abby  
2 Well 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 fryer had on a 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.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 fryer 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 flye;  
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 all were 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 ith' 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'll 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 'Come 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'll 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 half 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 Every Sunday throughout the year,  
4 A noble shall be thy fee.

**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;

**124A.2**

1 'There is neither knight nor squire,' said the  
pinder,  
2 'Nor baron that is so bold,  
3 'Nor baron that is so bold,  
4 Dare make a trespasse to the town of  
Wakefield,  
5 But his pledge goes to the pinfold.'  
6 But his pledge goes to the pinfold.'

**124A.3**

1 All this beheard three witty young men,  
2 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;  
3 With that they spyed the jolly pinder,  
4 As he sate under a thorn.

**124A.4**

1 'Now turn again, turn again,' said the pinder,  
2 'For a wrong way have you gone;  
3 For you have forsaken the king his highway,  
4 And made a path over the corn.'

**124A.5**

1 'O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'We being three, and thou but one.'  
3 The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,  
4 'Twas thirty good foot and one.

**124A.6**

1 He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
2 And his foot unto a stone,  
3 And there he fought a long summer's day,  
4 A summer's day so long,  
5 Till that their swords, on their broad bucklers,  
6 Were broken fast unto their hands.  
7 . . . . .

**124A.7**

1 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin  
Hood,  
2 'And my merry men euery one;  
3 For this is one of the best pinders  
4 That ever I try'd with sword.

**124A.8**

1 'And wilt thou forsake thy pinder his craft,  
2 And live in [the] green wood with me?  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**124A.9**

1 'At Michaelmas next my covnant comes out,  
2 When every man gathers his fee;  
3 I'll take my blew blade all in my hand,  
4 And plod to the green wood with thee.'

**124A.10**

1 'Hast thou either meat or drink,' said Robin  
Hood,  
2 'For my merry men and me?  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**124A.11**

1 'I have both bread and beef,' said the pinder,  
2 'And good ale of the best';  
3 'And that is meat good enough,' said Robin  
Hood,  
4 'For such unbidden guest.

**124A.12**

5 'O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,  
6 And go to the green wood with me?  
7 Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,  
8 The one green, the other brown [shall be].'

**124A.13**

1 'If Michaelmas day were once come and gone  
2 And my master had paid me my fee,  
3 Then would I set as little by him  
4 As my master doth set by me.'

**124B.1**

1 . . . . .  
1 'BUT hold y . . . hold y . . . ' says Robin,  
2 'My merry men, I bid yee,  
3 For this [is] one of the best pindars  
4 That euer I saw with mine eye.

**124B.2**

1 'But hast thou any meat, thou iolly pindar,  
2 For my merry men and me?  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**124B.3**

1 'But I haue bread and cheese,' sayes the pindar,  
2 'And ale all on the best';  
3 'That's cheere good enough,' said Robin,  
4 'For any such vnbidden guest.

**124B.4**

1 'But wilt be my man?' said good Robin,  
2 'And come and dwell with me?  
3 And twice in a yeere thy clothing [shall] be  
changed  
4 If my man thou wilt bee,  
5 The tone shall be of light Lincolne greene,  
6 The tother of Picklory.'

**124B.5**

1 'Att Michallmas comes a well good time,  
2 When men haue gotten in their ffee;  
3 I'll sett as litle by my *master*  
4 As he now settis by me,  
5 I'll take my benbowe in my hande,  
6 And come into the grenwoode to thee.'

**125A.1**

1 WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years  
old,  
2 With a hey down down and a down  
3 He happend to meet Little John,  
4 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,  
5 For he was a lusty young man.

**125A.2**

1 Tho he was calld Little, his limbs they were  
large,  
2 And his stature was seven foot high;  
3 Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his name,  
4 For soon he would make them to fly.

**125A.3**

1 How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,  
2 If you will but listen a while;  
3 For this very jest, amongst all the rest,  
4 I think it may cause you to smile.

**125A.4**

1 Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,  
2 Pray tarry you here in this grove;  
3 And see that you all observe well my call,  
4 While thorough the forest I rove.

**125A.5**

1 We have had no sport for these fourteen long  
days,  
2 Therefore now abroad will I go;  
3 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,  
4 My horn I will presently blow.

**125A.6**

1 Then did he shake hands with his merry men  
all,  
2 And bid them at present good b'w'ye;  
3 Then, as near a brook his journey he took,  
4 A stranger he chanced to espy.

**125A.7**

1 They happend to meet on a long narrow bridge,  
2 And neither of them would give way;  
3 Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,  
4 I'll show you right Nottingham play.

**125A.8**

1 With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,  
2 A broad arrow with a goose-wing;  
3 The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,  
4 If thou offerst to touch the string.

**125A.9**

1 Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like  
an ass,  
2 For were I to bend but my bow,  
3 I could send a dart quite thro thy proud heart,  
4 Before thou couldst strike me one blow.

**125A.10**

1 'Thou talkst like a coward,' the stranger reply  
'd;  
2 'Well armed with a long bow you stand,  
3 To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,  
4 Have nought but a staff in my hand.'

**125A.11**

1 'The name of a coward,' quoth Robin, 'I scorn,  
2 Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;  
3 And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,  
4 The truth of thy manhood to try.'

**125A.12**

1 Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,  
2 And chose him a staff of ground-oak;  
3 Now this being done, away he did run  
4 To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

**125A.13**

1 Lo! see my staff, it is lusty and tough,  
2 Now here on the bridge we will play;  
3 Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
4 The battel, and so we'll away.

**125A.14**

1 'With all my whole heart,' the stranger reply'd;  
2 'I scorn in the least to give out';  
3 This said, they fell to't without more dispute,  
4 And their staffs they did flourish about.

**125A.15**

1 And first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,  
2 So hard that it made his bones ring:  
3 The stranger he said, This must be repaid,  
4 I'll give you as good as you bring.

**125A.16**

1 So long as I'm able to handle my staff,  
2 To die in your debt, friend, I scorn:  
3 Then to it each goes, and followd their blows,  
4 As if they had been threshing of corn.

**125A.17**

1 The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,  
2 Which caused the blood to appear;  
3 Then Robin, enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,  
4 And followd his blows more severe.

**125A.18**

1 So thick and so fast dic he lay it on him,  
2 With a passionate fury and ire,  
3 At every stroke, he made him to smoke,  
4 As if he had been all on fire.

**125A.19**

1 O then into fury the stranger he grew,  
2 And gave him a damnable look,  
3 And with it a blow that laid him full low,  
4 And tumbld him into the brook.

**125A.20**

1 'I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?'  
2 The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd;  
3 Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the  
flood,  
4 And floating along with the tide.

**125A.21**

1 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul;  
2 With thee I'll no longer contend;  
3 For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,  
4 Our battel shall be at an end.

**125A.22**

1 Then unto the bank he did presently wade,  
2 And pulld himself out by a thorn;  
3 Which done, at the last, he blowd a loud blast  
4 Straitway on his fine bugle-horn.

**125A.23**

1 The echo of which through the vallies did fly,  
2 At which his stout bowmen appeard,  
3 All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen;  
4 So up to their master they steerd.

**125A.24**

1 'O what's the matter?' quoth William Stutely;  
2 'Good master, you are wet to the skin';  
3 'No matter,' quoth he; 'The lad which you see,  
4 In fighting, hath tumbld me in.'

**125A.25**

1 'He shall not go scot-free,' the others reply'd;  
2 So strait they were seizing him there,  
3 To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,  
4 He is a stout fellow, forbear.

**125A.26**

1 There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not  
afraid;  
2 These bowmen upon me do wait;  
3 There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be  
mine,  
4 Thou shalt have my livery strait.

**125A.27**

1 And other accoutrements fit for a man;  
2 Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;  
3 I'll teach you also the use of the bow,  
4 To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.

**125A.28**

1 'O here is my hand,' the stranger reply'd,  
2 'I'll serve you with all my whole heart;  
3 My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;  
4 Nere doubt me, for I'll play my part.'

**125A.29**

1 His name shall be alterd,' quoth William  
Stutely,  
2 'And I will his godfather be;  
3 Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,  
4 For we will be merry,' quoth he.

**125A.30**

1 They presently fetchd in a brace of fat does,  
2 With humming strong liquor likewise;  
3 They lov'd what was good; so, in the  
greenwood,  
4 This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

**125A.31**

1 He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,  
2 And, may be, an ell in the waste;  
3 A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;  
4 Bold Robin the christning grac'd.

**125A.32**

1 With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,  
2 And were of the Notti-<n>gham breed;  
3 Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,  
4 And did in this manner proceed.

**125A.33**

1 'This infant was called John Little,' quoth he,  
2 'Which name shall be changed anon;  
3 The words we'll transpose, so where-ever he  
goes,  
4 His name shall be call'd Little John.'

**125A.34**

1 They all with a shout made the elements ring,  
2 So soon as the office was ore;  
3 To feasting they went, with true merriment,  
4 And tippl'd strong liquor gillore.

**125A.35**

1 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,  
2 And cloath'd him from top to the toe  
3 In garments of green, most gay to be seen,  
4 And gave him a curious long bow.

**125A.36**

1 'Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,  
2 And range in the greenwood with us;  
3 Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,  
4 While bishops have ought in their purse.

**125A.37**

1 'We live here like squires, or lords of renown,  
2 Without ere a foot of free land;  
3 We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale and  
beer,  
4 And evry thing at our command.'

**125A.38**

1 Then musick and dancing did finish the day;  
2 At length, when the sun waxed low,  
3 Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,  
4 And unto their caves they did go.

**125A.39**

1 And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,  
2 Altho he was proper and tall,  
3 Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,  
4 Still Little John they did him call.

**126A.1**

1 IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,  
2 With a hey down down a down down  
3 His name is Arthur a Bland;  
4 There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire  
5 Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

**126A.2**

1 With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,  
2 So well he can clear his way;  
3 By two and by three he makes them to flee,  
4 For he hath no list to stay.

**126A.3**

1 And as he went forth, in a summer's morning,  
2 Into the forrest of merry Sherwood,  
3 To view the red deer, that range here and there,  
4 There met he with bold Robin Hood.

**126A.4**

1 As soon as bold Robin Hood did him espy,  
2 He thought some sport he would make;  
3 Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,  
4 And thus to him he spake:

**126A.5**

1 Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow,  
2 That ranges so boldly here?  
3 In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,  
4 That comes to steal our king's deer.

**126A.6**

1 For I am a keeper in this forrest;  
2 The king puts me in trust  
3 To look to his deer, that range here and there,  
4 Therefore stay thee I must.

**126A.7**

1 'If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,  
2 And hast such a great command,  
3 Yet thou must have more partakers in store,  
4 Before thou make me to stand.'

**126A.8**

1 'Nay, I have no more partakers in store,  
2 Or any that I do need;  
3 But I have a staff of another oke graff,  
4 I know it will do the deed.'

**126A.9**

1 'For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,  
2 Nor all thine arrows to boot;  
3 If I get a knop upon thy bare scop,  
4 Thou canst as well shite as shoote.'

**126A.10**

1 'Speak clearly, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'And give better terms to me;  
3 Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,  
4 And make thee more mannerly.'

**126A.11**

1 'Marry gep with a wenion!' quoth Arthur a  
Bland,  
2 'Art thou such a goodly man?  
3 I care not a fig for thy looking so big;  
4 Mend thou thyself where thou can.'

**126A.12**

1 Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,  
2 He laid down his bow so long;  
3 He took up a staff of another oke graff,  
4 That was both stiff and strong.

**126A.13**

1 'I'll yield to thy weapon,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'Since thou wilt not yield to mine;  
3 For I have a staff of another oke graff,  
4 Not half a foot longer then thine.

**126A.14**

1 'But let me measure,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'Before we begin our fray;  
3 For I'll not have mine to be longer then thine,  
4 For that will be called foul play.'

**126A.15**

1 'I pass not for length,' bold Arthur reply'd,  
2 'My staff is of oke so free;  
3 Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,  
4 And I hope it will knock down thee.'

**126A.16**

1 Then Robin Hood could no longer forbear;  
2 He gave him such a knock,  
3 Quickly and soon the blood came down,  
4 Before it was ten a clock.

**126A.17**

1 Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,  
2 And gave him such a knock on the crown,  
3 That on every hair of bold Robin Hoods head,  
4 The blood came trickling down.

**126A.18**

1 Then Robin Hood raged like a wild bore,  
2 As soon as he saw his own blood;  
3 Then Bland was in hast, he laid on so fast,  
4 As though he had been staking of wood.

**126A.19**

1 And about, and about, and about they went,  
2 Like two wild bores in a chase;  
3 Striving to aim each other to maim,  
4 Leg, arm, or any other place.

**126A.20**

1 And knock for knock they lustily dealt,  
2 Which held for two hours and more;  
3 That all the wood rang at every bang,  
4 They ply'd their work so sore.

**126A.21**

1 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin  
Hood,  
2 'And let our quarrel fall;  
3 For here we may thresh our bones into mesh,  
4 And get no coyn at all.

**126A.22**

1 'And in the forrest of merry Sherwood  
2 Hereafter thou shalt be free.'  
3 'God-a-mercy for naught, my freedom I bought,  
4 I may thank my good staff, and not thee.'

**126A.23**

1 'What tradesman art thou?' said jolly Robin,  
2 'Good felow, I prethee me show:  
3 And also me tell in what place thou dost dwell,  
4 For both these fain would I know.'

**126A.24**

1 'I am a tanner,' bold Arthur reply'd,  
2 'In Nottingham long have I wrought;  
3 And if thou'lt come there, I vow and do swear  
4 I will tan thy hide for naught.'

**126A.25**

1 'God a mercy, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,  
2 'Since thou art so kind to me;  
3 And if thou wilt tan my hide for naught,  
4 I will do as much for thee.

**126A.26**

1 'But if thou'lt forsake thy tanners trade,  
2 And live in green wood with me,  
3 My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the rood  
4 I will give thee both gold and fee.'

**126A.27**

1 'If thou be Robin Hood,' bold Arthur reply'd,  
2 'As I think well thou art,  
3 Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur a  
Bland,  
4 We two will never depart.

**126A.28**

1 'But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?  
2 Of him fain would I hear;  
3 For we are alide by the mothers side,  
4 And he is my kinsman near.'

**126A.29**

1 Than Robin Hood blew on the beagle horn,  
2 He blew full lowd and shrill,  
3 But quickly anon appear'd Little John,  
4 Come tripping down a green hill.

**126A.30**

1 'O what is the matter?' then said Little John,  
2 'Master, I pray you tell;  
3 Why do you stand with your staff in your hand?  
4 I fear all is not well.'

**126A.31**

1 'O man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand,  
2 The tanner that stands thee beside;  
3 He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,  
4 For soundly he hath tand my hide.'

**126A.32**

1 'He is to be commended,' then said Little John,  
2 'If such a feat he can do;  
3 If he be so stout, we will have a bout,  
4 And he shall tan my hide too.'

**126A.33**

1 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin  
Hood,  
2 'For as I do understand,  
3 He's a yeoman good, and of thine own blood,  
4 For his name is Arthur a Bland.'

**126A.34**

1 Then Little John threw his staff away,  
2 As far as he could it fling,  
3 And ran out of hand to Arthur a Bland,  
4 And about his neck did cling.

**126A.35**

1 With loving respect, there was no neglect,  
2 They were neither nice nor coy,  
3 Each other did face, with a lovely grace,  
4 And both did weep for joy.

**126A.36**

1 Then Robin Hood took them both by the hand,  
2 And danc'd round about the oke tree;  
3 'For three merry men, and three merry men,  
4 And three merry men we be.

**126A.37**

1 'And ever hereafter, as long as I live,  
2 We three will be all one;  
3 The wood shall ring, and the old wife sing,  
4 Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.'

**127A.1**

1 IN summer time, when leaves grow green,  
2 Down a down a down  
3 And birds sing on every tree,  
4 Hey down a down a down  
5 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,  
6 Down a down a down  
7 As fast as hee could dree.  
8 Hey down a down a down

**127A.2**

1 And as hee came to Nottingham  
2 A Tinker he did meet,  
3 And seeing him a lusty blade,  
4 He did him kindly greet.

**127A.3**

1 'Where dost thou live?' quoth Robin Hood,  
2 'I pray thee now mee tell;  
3 Sad news I hear thee is abroad,  
4 I fear all is not well.'

**127A.4**

1 'What is that news?' the Tinker said;  
2 'Tell mee without delay;  
3 I am a tinker by my trade,  
4 And do live at Banbura.'

**127A.5**

1 'As for the news,' quoth Robin Hood,  
2 'It is but as I hear;  
3 Two tinkers they were set ith' stocks,  
4 For drinking ale and bear.'

**127A.6**

1 'If that be all,' the Tinker said,  
2 'As I may say to you,  
3 Your news it is not worth a fart,  
4 Since that they all bee true.'

**127A.7**

1 'For drinking of good ale and bear,  
2 You wil not lose your part.'  
3 'No, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,  
4 'I love it with all my heart.'

**127A.8**

1 'What news abroad?' quoth Robin Hood;  
2 'Tell mee what thou dost hear;  
3 Being thou goest from town to town,  
4 Some news thou need not fear.'

**127A.9**

1 'All the news,' the Tinker said,  
2 'I hear, it is for good;  
3 It is to seek a bold outlaw,  
4 Which they call Robin Hood.'

**127A.10**

1 'I have a warrant from the king,  
2 To take him where I can;  
3 If you can tell me where hee is,  
4 I will make you a man.'

**127A.11**

1 'The king will give a hundred pound  
2 That hee could but him see;  
3 And if wee can but now him get,  
4 It will serve you and mee.'

**127A.12**

1 'Let me see that warrant,' said Robin Hood;  
2 'I'll see if it bee right;  
3 And I will do the best I can  
4 For to take him this night.'

**127A.13**

1 'That will I not,' the Tinker said;  
2 'None with it I will trust;  
3 And where hee is if you'l not tell,  
4 Take him by force I must.'

**127A.14**

1 But Robin Hood perceiving well  
2 How then the game would go,  
3 'If you will go to Nottingham,  
4 Wee shall find him I know.'

**127A.15**

1 The Tinker had a crab-tree staff,  
2 Which was both good and strong;  
3 Robin hee had a good strong blade,  
4 So they went both along.

**127A.16**

1 And when they came to Nottingham,  
2 There they both tooke one inn;  
3 And they calld for ale and wine,  
4 To drink it was no sin.

**127A.17**

1 But ale and wine they drank so fast  
2 That the Tinker hee forgot  
3 What thing he was about to do;  
4 It fell so to his lot

**127A.18**

1 That while the Tinker fell asleep,  
2 Hee made then haste away,  
3 And left the Tinker in the lurch,  
4 For the great shot to pay.

**127A.19**

1 But when the Tinker wakened,  
2 And saw that he was gone,  
3 He calld then even for his host,  
4 And thus hee made his moan.

**127A.20**

1 'I had a warrant from the king,  
2 Which might have done me good,  
3 That is to take a bold outlaw,  
4 Some call him Robin Hood.'

**127A.21**

1 'But now my warrant and mony's gone,  
2 Nothing I have to pay;  
3 And he that promised to be my friend,  
4 He is gone and fled away.'

**127A.22**

1 'That friend you tell on,' said the host,  
2 'They call him Robin Hood;  
3 And when that first hee met with you,  
4 He ment you little good.'

**127A.23**

1 'Had I known it had been hee,  
2 When that I had him here,  
3 Th' one of us should have tri'd our strength  
4 Which should have paid full dear.'

**127A.24**

1 'In the mean time I must away;  
2 No longer here I'll bide;  
3 But I will go and seek him out,  
4 What ever do me betide.'

**127A.25**

1 'But one thing I would gladly know,  
2 What here I have to pay;  
3 'Ten shillings just,' then said the host;  
4 'I'll pay without delay.'

**127A.26**

1 'Or elce take here my working-bag,  
2 And my good hammer too;  
3 And if that I light but on the knave,  
4 I will then soon pay you.'

**127A.27**

1 'The onely way,' then said the host,  
2 'And not to stand in fear,  
3 Is to seek him among the parks,  
4 Killing of the kings deer.'

**127A.28**

1 The Tinker hee then went with speed,  
2 And made then no delay,  
3 Till he had found then Robin Hood,  
4 That they might have a fray.

**127A.29**

1 At last hee spy'd him in a park,  
2 Hunting then of the deer;  
3 'What knave is that,' quoth Robin Hood,  
4 'That doth come mee so near?'

**127A.30**

1 'No knave, no knave,' the Tinker said,  
2 'And that you soon shall know;  
3 Whether of us hath done most wrong,  
4 My crab-tree staff shall show.'

**127A.31**

1 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
2 Made then of trusty steel;  
3 But the Tinker laid on him so fast  
4 That he made Robin reel.

**127A.32**

1 Then Robins anger did arise;  
2 He fought full manfully,  
3 Vntil hee made the Tinker  
4 Almost then fit to fly.

**127A.33**

1 With that they had a bout again,  
2 They ply'd their weapons fast;  
3 The Tinker threshed his bones so sore  
4 He made him yeeld at last.

**127A.34**

1 'A boon, a boon,' Robin hee cries,  
2 'If thou wilt grant it mee;  
3 'Before I do it,' the Tinker said,  
4 'I'll hang thee on this tree.'

**127A.35**

1 But the Tinker looking him about,  
2 Robin his horn did blow;  
3 Then came unto him Little John,  
4 And William Scadlock too.

**127A.36**

1 'What is the matter,' quoth Little John,  
2 'You sit in th' highway side?'  
3 'Here is a Tinker that stands by,  
4 That hath paid well my hide.'

**127A.37**

1 'That Tinker,' then said Little John,  
2 'Fain that blade I would see,  
3 And I would try what I could do,  
4 If hee'l do as much for mee.'

**127A.38**

1 But Robin hee then wishd them both  
2 They should the quarrel cease,  
3 'That henceforth wee may bee as one,  
4 And ever live in peace.'

**127A.39**

1 'And for the jovial Tinker's part,  
2 A hundred pound I'll give,  
3 In th' year to maintain him on,  
4 As long as he doth live.'

**127A.40**

1 'In manhood hee is a mettle man,  
2 And a mettle man by trade;  
3 I never thought that any man  
4 Should have made me so fraid.'

**127A.41**

1 'And if hee will bee one of us,  
2 Wee will take all one fare,  
3 And whatsoever wee do get,  
4 He shall have his full share.'

**127A.42**

1 So the Tinker was content  
2 With them to go along,  
3 And with them a part to take,  
4 And so I end my song.

**128A.1**

1 COME listen a while, you gentlemen all,  
2 With a hey down down a down down  
3 That are in this bower within,  
4 For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood  
5 I purpose now to begin.

**128A.2**

1 'What time of the day?' quoth Robin Hood  
2 then;  
2 Quoth Little John, 'Tis in the prime;  
3 'Why then we will to the green wood gang,  
4 For we have no vittles to dine.'

**128A.3**

1 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along——  
2 It was in the mid of the day——  
3 There was he met of a deft young man  
4 As ever walkt on the way.

**128A.4**

1 His doublet it was of silk, he said,  
2 His stockings like scarlet shone,  
3 And he walkt on along the way,  
4 To Robin Hood then unknown.

**128A.5**

1 A herd of deer was in the bend,  
2 All feeding before his face:  
3 'Now the best of ye I'll have to my dinner,  
4 And that in a little space.'

**128A.6**

1 Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,  
2 But he bends and a right good bow,  
3 And the best buck in the herd he slew,  
4 Forty good yards him full froe.

**128A.7**

1 'Well shot, well shot,' quoth Robin Hood then,  
2 'That shot it was shot in time;  
3 And if thou wilt accept of the place,  
4 Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.'

**128A.8**

1 'Go play the chiven,' the stranger said,  
2 'Make haste and quickly go;  
3 Or with my fist, be sure of this,  
4 I'll give thee buffets store.'

**128A.9**

1 'Thou hadst not best buffet me,' quoth Robin  
2 Hood,  
2 'For though I seem forlorn,  
3 Yet I can have those that will take my part,  
4 If I but blow my horn.'

**128A.10**

1 'Thou wast not best wind thy horn,' the  
2 stranger said,  
2 'Beest thou never so much in hast,  
3 For I can draw out a good broad sword,  
4 And quickly cut the blast.'



**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 Robins head
- 4 The blood ran trickling down.

**128A.16**

- 1 'God a mercy, good fellow!' quoth Robin Hood then,
- 2 'And for this thou hast done;
- 3 Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
- 4 Tell me where thou doest woon.'

**128A.17**

- 1 The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
- 2 I'll tell thee where I did dwell;
- 3 In Maxfield was I bred and born,
- 4 My name is Young Gamwell.

**128A.18**

- 1 For killing of my own fathers steward,
- 2 I am forc'd to this English wood,
- 3 And for to seek an vnclde of mine;
- 4 Some call him Robin Hood.

**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 then 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 greet!
- 3 And they went all that summers day,
- 4 And Little John did meet.

**128A.21**

- 1 But when they met with Little John,
- 2 He there unto [him] did say,
- 3 O master, where have you been,
- 4 You have tarried so long away?

**128A.22**

- 1 'I met with a stranger,' quoth Robin Hood then,
- 2 'Full sore he hath beaten me:'
- 3 'Then I'll have a bout with him,' quoth Little John,
- 4 'And try if he can beat me.'

**128A.23**

- 5 'Oh [no], oh no,' quoth Robin Hood then,
- 6 'Little John, it may [not] be so;
- 7 For he's my own dear sisters son,
- 8 And cousins I have no mo.

**128A.24**

- 1 'But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
- 2 My chief man next to thee;
- 3 And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
- 4 And Scarlet he shall be:

**128A.25**

- 1 'And wee'll be three of the bravest outlaws
- 2 That is in the North Country.'
- 3 If you will have any more of bold Robin Hood,
- 4 In his second part it will be.

**129A.1**

- 1 NOW Robin Hood, Will Scadlock and Little John
- 2 Are walking over the plain,
- 3 With a good fat buck which Will Scadlock
- 4 With his strong bow had slain.

**129A.2**

- 1 'Jog on, jog on,' cries Robin Hood,
- 2 'The day it runs full fast;
- 3 For though my nephew me a breakfast gave,
- 4 I have not yet broke my fast.

**129A.3**

- 1 'Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
- 2 I think it wondrous good,
- 3 Where my nephew by my bold yeomen
- 4 Shall be welcomd unto the green wood.'

**129A.4**

- 1 With that he took the bugle-horn,
- 2 Full well he could it blow;
- 3 Streight from the woods came marching down
- 4 One hundred tall fellows and mo.

**129A.5**

- 1 'Stand, stand to your arms!' crys Will Scadlock,
- 2 'Lo! the enemies are within ken:'
- 3 With that Robin Hood he laughd aloud,
- 4 Crys, They are my bold yeomen.

**129A.6**

- 1 Who, when they arriv'd and Robin espy'd,
- 2 Cry'd, Master, what is your will?
- 3 We thought you had in danger been,
- 4 Your horn did sound so shrill.

**129A.7**

- 1 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
- 2 'The danger is past and gone;
- 3 I would have you to welcome my nephew here,
- 4 That hath paid me two for one.'

**129A.8**

- 1 In feasting and sporting they passed the day,
- 2 Till Phoebus sunk into the deep;
- 3 Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
- 4 His guard there for to keep.

**129A.9**

- 1 Long had they not walked within the green wood,
- 2 But Robin he was espy'd
- 3 Of a beautiful damsel all alone,
- 4 That on a black palfrey did ride.

**129A.10**

- 1 Her riding-suit was of sable hew black,
- 2 Sypress over her face,
- 3 Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
- 4 All with a comely grace.

**129A.11**

- 1 'Come, tell me the cause, thou pritty one,'
- 2 Quoth Robin, ænd tell me aright,
- 3 From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,
- 4 All in this mournful plight?'

**129A.12**

- 1 'From London I came,' the damsel reply'd,
- 2 'From London upon the thames,
- 3 Which circled is, O grief to tell!
- 4 Besieg'd with forraign arms.

**129A.13**

- 1 '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:

**129A.14**

- 1 'Except that champions can be found
- 2 That dare fight three to three,
- 3 Against the prince and giants twain,
- 4 Most horrid for to see:

**129A.15**

- 1 'Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
- 2 Strike terrour where they come,
- 3 With serpents hissing on their helms,
- 4 Instead of feathered plume.

**129A.16**

- 1 'The princess shall be the victors prize,
- 2 The king hath vowd and said,
- 3 And he that shall the conquest win
- 4 Shall have her to his bride.

**129A.17**

- 1 '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 find these champions forth.

**129A.18**

- 1 '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 lady fair.'

**129A.19**

- 1 'When is the day?' quoth Robin Hood,
- 2 'Tell me this and no more:'
- 3 'On Midsummer next,' the damsel said,
- 4 'Which is June the twenty-four.'

**129A.20**

- 1 With that the teares trickled down her cheeks,
- 2 And silent was her tongue;
- 3 With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
- 4 Away her palfrey sprung.

**129A.21**

- 1 This news struck Robin to the heart,
- 2 He fell down on the grass;
- 3 His actions and his troubled mind
- 4 Shedd he perplexed was.

**129A.22**

- 1 'Where lies your grief?' quoth Will Scadlock,
- 2 'O master, tell to me;
- 3 If the damsels eyes have piercd your heart,
- 4 I'll fetch her back to thee.'

**129A.23**

- 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.

**129A.24**

- 1 'I will go fight the giants all
- 2 To set the lady free:'
- 3 'The devil take my soul,' quoth Little John,
- 4 'If I part with thy company.'

**129A.25**

- 1 'Must I stay behind?' quoth Will Scadlock;
- 2 'No, no, that must not be;
- 3 I'll make the third man in the fight,
- 4 So we shall be three to three.'

**129A.26**

- 1 These words cheerd Robin at the heart,
- 2 Joy shone within his face;
- 3 Within his arms he huggd them both,
- 4 And kindly did imbrace.

**129A.27**

- 1 Quoth he, We'll put on mothly gray,
- 2 With long staves in our hands,
- 3 A scrip and bottle by our sides,
- 4 As come from the Holy Land.

**129A.28**

- 1 So may we pass along the high-way;
- 2 None will ask from whence we came,
- 3 But take us pilgrims for to be,
- 4 Or else some holy men.

**129A.29**

- 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:

**129A.30**

- 1 To be deliverd to the prince,
- 2 Who in the list did stand,
- 3 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
- 4 His lady by the hand.

**129A.31**

- 1 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.

**129A.32**

- 1 'This is the four and twentieth day,
- 2 The day prefixt upon;
- 3 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
- 4 I swear by Acaron.'

**129A.33**

- 1 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 forc'd to forsake.

**129A.34**

- 1 With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
- 2 Crys, My liege, it must not be so;
- 3 Such beauty as the fair princess
- 4 Is not for a tyrants mow.

**129A.35**

1 The prince he then began to storm;  
 2 Crys, Fool, fanatick, baboon!  
 3 How dares thou stop my valours prize?  
 4 I'll kill thee with a frown.

**129A.36**

1 'Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,'  
 2 Thus Robin began to reply,  
 3 'Thy frowns I scorn; lo! here's my gage,  
 4 And thus I thee defie.

**129A.37**

1 'And for these two Goliahs there,  
 2 That stand on either side,  
 3 Here are two little Davids by,  
 4 That soon can tame their pride.'

**129A.38**

1 Then did the king for armour send,  
 2 For lances, swords, and shields:  
 3 And thus all three in armour bright  
 4 Came marching to the field.

**129A.39**

1 The trumpets began to sound a charge,  
 2 Each singled out his man;  
 3 Their arms in pieces soon were hewd,  
 4 Blood sprang from every vain.

**129A.40**

1 The prince he reacht Robin a blow——  
 2 He struck with might and main——  
 3 Which forced him to reel about the field,  
 4 As though he had been slain.

**129A.41**

1 'God-a-mercy,' quoth Robin, 'For that blow!  
 2 The quarrel shall soon be try'd;  
 3 This stroke shall shew a full divorce  
 4 Betwixt thee and thy bride.'

**129A.42**

1 So from his shoulders he's cut his head,  
 2 Which on the ground did fall,  
 3 And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,  
 4 To be so dealt withal.

**129A.43**

1 The giants then began to rage,  
 2 To see their prince lie dead:  
 3 'Thou's be the next,' quoth Little John,  
 4 'Unless thou well guard thy head.'

**129A.44**

1 With that his faulchion he whirld about——  
 2 It was both keen and sharp——  
 3 He clove the giant to the belt,  
 4 And cut in twain his heart.

**129A.45**

1 Will Scadlock well had playd his part,  
 2 The giant he had brought to his knee;  
 3 Quoth he, The devil cannot break his fast,  
 4 Unless he have you all three.

**129A.46**

1 So with his faulchion he run him through,  
 2 A deep and gashly wound;  
 3 Who damd and foamd, cursd and blasphemd,  
 4 And then fell to the ground.

**129A.47**

1 Now all the lists with cheers were filld,  
 2 The skies they did resound,  
 3 Which brought the princess to herself,  
 4 Who was fain in a swound.

**129A.48**

1 The king and queen and princess fair  
 2 Came walking to the place,  
 3 And gave the champions many thanks,  
 4 And did them further grace.

**129A.49**

1 'Tell me,' quoth the king, 'whence you are,  
 2 That thus disguised came,  
 3 Whose valour speaks that noble blood  
 4 Doth run through every vain.'

**129A.50**

1 'A boon, a boon,' quoth Robin Hood,  
 2 'On my knees I beg and crave:'  
 3 'By my crown,' quoth the king, 'I grant;  
 4 Ask what, and thou shalt have.'

**129A.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.'

**129A.52**

1 'Art thou Robin Hood?' then quoth the king;  
 2 'For the valour you have shewn,  
 3 Your pardons I doe freely grant,  
 4 And welcome every one.

**129A.53**

1 'The princess I promised the victors prize;  
 2 She cannot have you all three;;  
 3 'She shall chuse,' quoth Robin; saith Little  
 John,  
 4 Then little share falls to me.

**129A.54**

1 Then did the princess view all three,  
 2 With a comely lovely grace,  
 3 Who took Will Scadlock by the hand,  
 4 Quoth, Here I make my choice.

**129A.55**

1 With that a noble lord stept forth,  
 2 Of Maxfield earl was he,  
 3 Who lookt Will Scadlock in the face,  
 4 Then wept most bitterly.

**129A.56**

1 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,  
 2 Whom I lov'd wondrous well;  
 3 But he is gone, or rather dead;  
 4 His name is Young Gamwell.

**129A.57**

1 Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,  
 2 Cries, Father! father! here,  
 3 Here kneels your son, your Young Gamwell  
 4 You said you lov'd so dear.

**129A.58**

1 But, lord! what imbracing and kissing was  
 there,  
 2 When all these friends were met!  
 3 They are gone to the wedding, and so to  
 bedding,  
 4 And so I bid you good night.

**130A.1**

1 THEN bold Robin Hood to the north he would  
 go,  
 2 With a hey down down a down down  
 3 With valour and mickle might,  
 4 With sword by his side, which oft had been tri  
 'd,  
 5 To fight and recover his right.

**130A.2**

1 The first that he met was a bony bold 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.3**

1 'Thou hast not bin true to sire nor cuz:'  
 2 'Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,  
 3 'As true as your heart, I'll never part,  
 4 Gude master, be not afraid.'

**130A.4**

1 Then Robin Hood turnd 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.'

**130A.5**

1 The battel grows hot on every side,  
 2 The Scotchman made great moan;  
 3 Quoth Jockey, Gude faith, they fight on each  
 side;  
 4 Would I were with my wife Ione!

**130A.6**

1 The enemy compast brave Robin about,  
 2 'Tis long ere the battel ends;  
 3 Ther's neither will yeeld nor give up the field,  
 4 For both are supplied with friends.

**130A.7**

1 This song it was made in Robin Hoods dayes;  
 2 Let's pray unto Iove above  
 3 To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,  
 4 And war may give place unto love.

**130B.1**

1 NOW bold Robin Hood to the north would go,  
 2 With valour and mickle might,  
 3 With sword by his side, which oft had been try  
 'd,  
 4 To fight and recover his right.

**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.

**130B.3**

1 'Thou hast not been true to sire or cuz;'  
 2 'Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,  
 3 'As true as your heart, I never will part;  
 4 Good master, be not afraid.'

**130B.4**

1 'But eer I employ you,' said bold Robin Hood,  
 2 'With you I must have a bout;'  
 3 The Scotchman reply'd, Let the battle be try'd,  
 4 For I know I will beat you out.

**130B.5**

1 Thus saying, the contest did quickly begin,  
 2 Which lasted two hours and more;  
 3 The blows Sawney gave bold Robin so brave  
 4 The battle soon made him give oer.

**130B.6**

1 'Have mercy, thou Scotchman,' bold Robin  
 Hood cry'd,  
 2 'Full dearly this boon have I bought;  
 3 We will both agree, and my man you shall be,  
 4 For a stouter I never have fought.'

**130B.7**

1 Then Sawny consented with Robin to go,  
 2 To be of his bowmen so gay;  
 3 Thus ended the fight, and with mickle delight  
 4 To Sherwood they hasted away.

**131A.1**

1 WHEN Ph'qbus had melted the sickles of ice,  
 2 With a hey down, &c.  
 3 And likewise the mountains of snow,  
 4 Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,  
 5 To frolick abroad with his bow.

**131A.2**

1 He left all his merry men waiting behind,  
 2 Whilst through the green vallies he passd;  
 3 There did he behold a forester bold,  
 4 Who cry'd out, Friend, whither so fast?

**131A.3**

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.4**

1 'You'd best have a care,' said the forester then,  
 2 'For these are his majesty's deer;  
 3 Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,  
 4 For I am head-forester here.'

**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.

**131A.6**

1 'This forest,' quoth Robin, 'I think is my own,  
 2 And so are the nimble deer too;  
 3 Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,  
 4 I wont be affronted by you.'

**131A.7**

1 The forester he had a long quarter-staff,  
 2 Likewise a broad sword by his side;  
 3 Without more ado, he presently drew,  
 4 Declaring the truth should be try'd.

**131A.8**

1 Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,  
 2 Thus, eer he would take any wrong,  
 3 His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,  
 4 And thus they fell to it ding dong.

**131A.9**

1 The very first blow that the forester gave,  
 2 He made his broad weapon cry twang;  
 3 'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,  
 4 O that was a damnable bang!

**131A.10**

1 But Robin soon did recover himself,  
 2 And bravely fell to it again;  
 3 The very next stroke their weapons were broke,  
 4 Yet never a man there was slain.

**131A.11**

1 At quarter-staff then they resolved to play,  
2 Because they would have t'other bout;  
3 And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,  
4 Unwilling he was to give out.

**131A.12**

1 Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,  
2 The other returned them as fast;  
3 At every stroke their jackets did smoke,  
4 Three hours the combat did last.

**131A.13**

5 At length in a rage the bold forester grew  
6 And cudgeld bold Robin so sore  
7 That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,  
8 He said, Let us freely give oer.

**131A.14**

1 Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess  
2 I never knew any so good;  
3 Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,  
4 And range in the merry green wood.

**131A.15**

1 I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,  
2 For bravely thou'st acted thy part;  
3 That man that can fight, in him I delight,  
4 And love him with all my whole heart.

**131A.16**

1 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,  
2 A blast he merrily blows;  
3 His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,  
4 A hundred, with trusty long bows.

**131A.17**

1 Now Little John came at the head of them all,  
2 Cloathd in a rich mantle of green;  
3 And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,  
4 A delicate sight to be seen.

**131A.18**

1 'Lo, these are my yeomen,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'And thou shalt be one of the train;  
3 A mantle and bow, a quiver also,  
4 I give them whom I entertain.'

**131A.19**

1 The forester willingly enterd the list,  
2 They were such a beautiful sight;  
3 Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,  
4 And made a rich supper that night.

**131A.20**

1 What singing and dancing was in the green  
wood,  
2 For joy of another new mate!  
3 With mirth and delight they spent the long  
night,  
4 And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

**131A.21**

5 The forester neer was so merry before  
6 As then he was with these brave souls,  
7 Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,  
8 To take off their cherishing bowls.

**131A.22**

1 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,  
2 Broad arrows, and a curious long bow;  
3 This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,  
4 He marched them all on a row.

**131A.23**

1 Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to your  
trust,  
2 And then we may range the woods wide:  
3 They all did declare, and solemnly swear,  
4 They'd conquer, or die by his side.

**132A.1**

1 THERE chanced to be a pedlar bold,  
2 A pedlar bold he chanced to be;  
3 He rolled his pack all on his back,  
4 And he came tripping oer the lee.  
5 Down a down a down a down,  
6 Down a down a down

**132A.2**

1 By chance he met two troublesome blades,  
2 Two troublesome blades they chanced to be;  
3 The one of them was bold Robin Hood,  
4 And the other was Little John so free.

**132A.3**

1 'O pedlar, pedlar, what is in thy pack?  
2 Come speedilie and tell to me:'  
3 'I've several suits of the gay green silks,  
4 And silken bow-strings two or three.'

**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 heartilie;  
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 '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.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 From my country I was forced to flee.'

**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 merrilie they did agree;  
3 They went to a tavern, and there they dined,  
4 And bottles cracked most merrilie.

**133A.1**

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'll tell unto you,  
5 If that you will but draw near.

**133A.2**

1 In elder times, when merriment was,  
2 And archery was holden good,  
3 There was an outlaw, as many did know,  
4 Which men called Robin Hood.

**133A.3**

1 Vpon 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.

**133A.4**

1 Then he got vp on a gallant brave steed,  
2 The which was worth angels ten;  
3 With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,  
4 He left all his merry men.

**133A.5**

1 And riding towards fair Nottingham,  
2 Some pastime for to spy,  
3 There was he aware of a jolly beggar  
4 As ere he beheld with his eye.

**133A.6**

1 An old patcht coat the beggar had on,  
2 Which he daily did vse for to wear;  
3 And many a bag about him did wag,  
4 Which made Robin Hood to him repair.

**133A.7**

1 'God speed, God speed,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'What countryman? tell to me:'  
3 'I am Yorkshire, sir; but, ere you go far,  
4 Some charity give vnto me.'

**133A.8**

1 'Why, what wouldst thou have?' said Robin  
Hood,  
2 'I pray thee tell vnto me:'  
3 'No lands nor livings,' the beggar he said,  
4 'But a penny for charitie.'

**133A.9**

1 'I have no money,' said Robin Hood then,  
2 'But, a ranger within the wood,  
3 I am an outlaw, as many do know,  
4 My name it is Robin Hood.'

**133A.10**

1 'But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,  
2 That a bout with [thee] I must try;  
3 Thy coat of gray, lay down I say,  
4 And my mantle of green shall lye by.'

**133A.11**

1 'Content, content,' the beggar he cry'd,  
2 'Thy part it will be the worse;  
3 For I hope this to give thee the rout,  
4 And the have at thy purse.'

**133A.12**

1 The beggar he had a mickle long staffe,  
2 And Robin had a nut-brown sword;  
3 So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,  
4 But gave him never a word.

**133A.13**

1 'Fight on, fight on,' said Robin Hood then,  
2 'This game well pleaseth me:'  
3 For every blow that Robin did give,  
4 The beggar gave buffets three.

**133A.14**

1 And fighting there full hard and sore,  
2 Not far from Nottingham town,  
3 They never fled, till from Robin's head  
4 The blood came trickling down.

**133A.15**

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.'

**133A.16**

1 'Nay a change, a change,' cri'd Robin Hood;  
2 'Thy bags and coat give me,  
3 And this mantle of mine I'll to thee resign,  
4 My horse and my braverie.'

**133A.17**

1 When Robin Hood had got the beggars clothes,  
2 He looked round about;  
3 'Methinks,' said he, 'I seem to be  
4 A beggar brave and stout.'

**133A.18**

1 'For now I have a bag for my bread,  
2 So have I another for corn;  
3 I have one for salt, and another for malt,  
4 And one for my little horn.'

**133A.19**

1 'And now I will a begging goe,  
2 Some charitie for to find:'  
3 And if any more of Robin you'll know,  
4 In this second part it's behind.

**133A.20**

1 Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,  
2 With his bags hanging down to his knee,  
3 His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,  
4 Yet merrilie passed he.

**133A.21**

1 As Robin he passed the streets along,  
2 He heard a pittifull cry;  
3 Three brethren deer, as he did hear,  
4 Condemned were to dye.

**133A.22**

5 Then Robin he highed to the sheriffs [house],  
6 Some reliefe for to seek;  
7 He skipt, and leapt, and capored full high,  
8 As he went along the street.

**133A.23**

1 But when to the sheriffs doore he came,  
2 There a gentleman fine and brave,  
3 'Thou beggar,' said he, 'Come tell vnto me  
4 What is it that thou wouldest have?'

**133A.24**

1 'No meat, nor drink,' said Robin Hood then,  
2 'That I come here to crave;  
3 But to beg the lives of yeomen three,  
4 And that I fain would have.'

**133A.25**

1 'That cannot be, thou bold beggar,  
2 Their fact it is so cleer;  
3 I tell to thee, hanged they must be,  
4 For stealing of our kings deer.'

**133A.26**

1 But when to the gallows they did come,  
2 There was many a weeping eye:  
3 'O hold your peace,' said Robin then,  
4 'For certainly they shall not dye.'

**133A.27**

1 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
2 And he blew but blastes three,  
3 Till a hundred bold archers brave  
4 Came kneeling down to his knee.

**133A.28**

1 'What is your will, master?' they said,  
2 'We are here at your command:'  
3 'Shoot east, shoot west,' said Robin Hood then,  
4 'And look that you spare no man.'

**133A.29**

1 Then they shot east, and they shot west;  
2 Their arrows were so keen  
3 The sheriffe he, and his companie,  
4 No longer must be seen.

**133A.30**

1 Then he stept to these brethren three,  
2 And away he had them tane;  
3 But the sheriff was crost, and many a man lost,  
4 That dead lay on the plain.

**133A.31**

1 And away they went into the merry green  
wood,  
2 And sung with a merry glee,  
3 And Robin took these brethren good  
4 To be of his yeomandrie.

**134A.1**

1 LYTH and listen, gentlemen,  
2 That's come of high born blood;  
3 I'll tell you of a brave booting  
4 That befel Robin Hood.

**134A.2**

1 Robin Hood upon a day,  
2 He went forth him alone,  
3 And as he came from Barnesdale  
4 Into a fair evening,

**134A.3**

1 He met a beggar on the way,  
2 That sturdily could gang;  
3 He had a pike-staff in his hand,  
4 That was baith stark and strang.

**134A.4**

1 A clouted cloak about him was,  
2 That held him from the cold;  
3 The thinnest bit of it, I guess,  
4 Was more than twenty fold.

**134A.5**

1 His meal-pock hang about his neck,  
2 Into a leathern fang,  
3 Well fasteneg with a broad buckle,  
4 That was both stark and strang.

**134A.6**

1 He had three hats upon his head,  
2 Together sticked fast;  
3 He cared neither for wind nor weet,  
4 In lands wherever he past.

**134A.7**

1 Good Robin coost him in his way,  
2 To see what he might be;  
3 If any beggar had money,  
4 He thought some part had he.

**134A.8**

1 'Tarry, tarry,' good Robin says,  
2 'Tarry, and speak with me;'  
3 He heard him as he heard [him] not,  
4 And fast his way can hie.

**134A.9**

1 'It be's not so,' says good Robin,  
2 'Nay, thou must tarry still;'  
3 'By my troth,' says the bold beggar,  
4 'Of that I have no will.'

**134A.10**

1 'It is far to my lodging-house,  
2 And it is growing late;  
3 If they have supt ere I come in,  
4 I will look wondrous blate.'

**134A.11**

1 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
2 'I see well by thy fare,  
3 If thou chear well to thy supper,  
4 Of mine thou takes no care;

**134A.12**

1 'Who wants my dinner all the day,  
2 And wots not where to lie,  
3 And should I to the tavern go,  
4 I want money to buy.'

**134A.13**

1 'Sir, thou must lend me some money,  
2 Till we two meet again;'  
3 The beggar answerd cankerdly,  
4 I have no money to lend.

**134A.14**

1 Thou art as young a man as I,  
2 And seems to be as sweer;  
3 If thou fast till thou get from me,  
4 Thou shalt eat none this year.

**134A.15**

1 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
2 'Since we are sembled so,  
3 If thou have but a small farthing,  
4 I'll have it ere thou go.'

**134A.16**

1 Therefore, lay down thy clouted cloak,  
2 And do no longer stand,  
3 And loose the strings of all thy pocks:  
4 I'll ripe them with my hand.

**134A.17**

1 'And now to thee I make a vow,  
2 If thou make any din,  
3 I shall see if a broad arrow  
4 Can pierce a beggar's skin.'

**134A.18**

1 The beggar smil'd, and answer made:  
2 Far better let me be;  
3 Think not that I will be afraid  
4 For thy nip crooked tree.

**134A.19**

1 Or that I fear thee any whit  
2 For thy curn nips of sticks;  
3 I know no use for them so meet  
4 As to be pudding-pricks.

**134A.20**

1 Here I defy thee to do me ill,  
2 For all thy boistrous fare;  
3 Thou's get nothing from me but ill,  
4 Would thou seek it evermair.

**134A.21**

1 Good Robin bent his noble bow——  
2 He was an angry man——  
3 And in it set a broad arrow;  
4 Yet er 'twas drawn a span,

**134A.22**

1 The beggar, with his noble tree,  
2 Reacht him so round a rout  
3 That his bow and his broad arrow  
4 In flinders flew about.

**134A.23**

1 Good Robin bound him to his brand,  
2 But that provd likewise vain;  
3 The beggar lighted on his hand  
4 With his pike-staff again.

**134A.24**

1 I wot he might not draw a sword  
2 For forty days and more;  
3 Good Robin could not speak a word,  
4 His heart was never so sore.

**134A.25**

1 He could not fight, he could not flee,  
2 He wist not what to do;  
3 The beggar, with his noble tree,  
4 Laid lusty flaps him to.

**134A.26**

1 He paid good Robin back and side,  
2 And beft him up and down,  
3 And with his pike-staff still on laid  
4 Till he fell in a swoon.

**134A.27**

1 'Fy! stand up, man,' the beggar said,  
2 "'Tis shame to go to rest;  
3 Stay still till thou get thy mony [told],  
4 I think it were the best.'

**134A.28**

1 'And syne go to the tavern-house,  
2 And buy both wine and ale;  
3 Hereat thy friends will crack full crouse,  
4 Thou has been at a dale.'

**134A.29**

1 Good Robin answerd never a word,  
2 But lay still as a stane;  
3 His cheeks were white as any clay,  
4 And closed were his eyne.

**134A.30**

1 The beggar thought him dead but fail,  
2 And boldly bownd away;  
3 I would you had been at the dale,  
4 And gotten part of the play.

**134A.31**

1 Now three of Robin's men, by chance,  
2 Came walking on the way,  
3 And found their master in a trance,  
4 On ground where he did lie.

**134A.32**

1 Up have they taken good Robin,  
2 Making a piteous bier,  
3 Yet saw they no man there at whom  
4 They might the matter spear.

**134A.33**

1 They looked him all round about,  
2 But wounds on him saw none,  
3 Yet at his mouth came bocking out  
4 The blood of a good vein.

**134A.34**

1 Cold water they have taken syne,  
2 And cast into his face;  
3 Then he began to lift his eyne,  
4 And spake within short space.

**134A.35**

1 'Tell us, dear master,' says his men,  
2 'How with you stands the case?'  
3 Good Robin sighd ere he began  
4 To tell of his disgrace.

**134A.36**

1 'I have been watchman in this wood  
2 Near hand this forty year,  
3 Yet I was never so hard bestead  
4 As you have found me here.'

**134A.37**

1 'A beggar with a clouted cloak,  
2 In whom I feard no ill,  
3 Hath with a pike-staff clawed my back;  
4 I fear 't shall never be well.'

**134A.38**

1 'See, where he goes out oer yon hill,  
2 With hat upon his head;  
3 If ever you lovd your master well,  
4 Go now revenge this deed.'

**134A.39**

1 'And bring him back again to me,  
2 If it lie in your might,  
3 That I may see, before I die,  
4 Him punisht in my sight.'

**134A.40**

1 'And if you may not bring him back,  
2 Let him not go loose on;  
3 For to us all it were great shame  
4 If he escapt again.'

**134A.41**

1 'One of us shall with you remain,  
2 Because you're ill at ease;  
3 The other two shall bring him back,  
4 To use him as you please.'

**134A.42**

1 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
2 'I trow there's enough said;  
3 If he get scouth to weild his tree,  
4 I fear you'll both be paid.'

**134A.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.

**134A.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 he be,  
5 To see if you will have him slain,  
6 Or hanged on a tree.'

**134A.45**

1 'But cast you sliily in his way,  
2 Before he be aware,  
3 And on his pike-staff first lay hands;  
4 You'll speed the better far.'

**134A.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.

**134A.47**

1 Now pass we to the bold beggar,  
2 That raked oer the hill,  
3 Who never mended his pace no more  
4 Nor he had done no ill.

**134A.48**

1 The young men knew the country well,  
2 So soon where he would be,  
3 And they have taken another way,  
4 Was nearer by miles three.

**134A.49**

1 They rudely ran with all their might,  
2 Spar'd neither dub nor mire,  
3 They stirred neither at laigh nor hight,  
4 No travel made them tire,

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.52**

1 And as he was betwixt them past,  
2 They leapt upon him baith;  
3 The one his pike-staff gripped fast,  
4 They feared for its scaith.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.55**

1 The beggar was the feardest man  
2 Of one that ever might be;  
3 To win away no way he can,  
4 Nor help him with his tree.

**134A.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.

**134A.57**

1 'Grant me my life,' the beggar said,  
2 'For him that died on tree,  
3 And take away that ugly knife,  
4 Or then for fear I'll die.

**134A.58**

1 'I grievd 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.'

**134A.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.

**134A.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.'

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.63**

1 Then he bethought him on a wife,  
2 If it could take effect,  
3 How he the young men might beguile,  
4 And give them a begeck.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.66**

1 It was but in my own defence,  
2 If he hath gotten skaith;  
3 But I will make a recompence,  
4 Much better for you baith.

**134A.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,

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.73**

1 And yet we will not have thee back,  
2 Come after what so may,  
3 If thou will do that which thou spake,  
4 And make us present pay.

**134A.74**

1 O then loosd his clouted cloak,  
2 And spread it on the ground,  
3 And thereon he laid many a pock,  
4 Betwixt them and the wind.

**134A.75**

1 He took a great bag from his hase;  
2 It was near full of meal;  
3 Two pecks in it at least there was,  
4 And more, I wot full well.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.80**

1 Or any one of them could red their eyne,  
2 Or yet a glimmering could see,  
3 Ilk one of them a dozen had,  
4 Well laid on with the tree.

**134A.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.

**134A.82**

1 'What ails this haste?' the beggar said,  
2 'May ye not tarry still,  
3 Until your money be receivd?  
4 I'll pay you with good will.

**134A.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 ripe them out full clean.'

**134A.84**

1 The young men answerd neer a word,  
2 They were dumb as a stane;  
3 In the thick wood the beggar fled,  
4 Eer they ripped their eyne.

**134A.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.

**134A.86**

1 Good Robin speard how they had sped;  
2 They answerd him, Full ill;  
3 'That cannot be,' good Robin says;  
4 'Ye have been at the mill.

**134A.87**

1 'The mill is a meatrix place,  
2 They may lick what they please;  
3 Most like ye have been at that art,  
4 Who would look to your cloaths.'

**134A.88**

1 They handg their heads, and droped down,  
2 A word they could not speak:  
3 Robin said, Because I fell a-swoon,  
4 I think you'll do the like.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.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.

**134A.92**

1 And how they scarcely could win home,  
2 Their bones were beft so sore:  
3 Good Robin cry'd, Fy! out, for shame!  
4 We're sham'd for evermore.

**134A.93**

1 Altho 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.

**135A.1**

1 ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,  
2 Down a down a down a down  
3 I wish you to draw near;  
4 For a story of gallant brave Robin Hood  
5 Vnto you I wil declare.  
6 Down, etc.

**135A.2**

1 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,  
2 Some pastime for to spie,  
3 There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,  
4 That on the ground did lie.

**135A.3**

1 'Arise, arise,' cried jolly Robin,  
2 'And now come let me see  
3 What is in thy bag and bottle, I say;  
4 Come tell it unto me.'

**135A.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.'

**135A.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 breed thee wo.'

**135A.6**

1 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,  
2 Of my bottle thou shalt see,  
3 Untill thy valour here be tried,  
4 Whether thou wilt fight or flee.'

**135A.7**

1 'What shall we fight for?' cries bold Robin  
Hood;  
2 'Come tell it soon to me;  
3 Here is twenty pounds in good red gold;  
4 Win it, and take it thee.'

**135A.8**

1 The Shepherd stood all in a maze,  
2 And knew not what to say:  
3 'I have no money, thou proud fellow,  
4 But bag and bottle I'le lay.'

**135A.9**

1 'I am content, thou shepherd-swain,  
2 Fling them down on the ground;  
3 But it will breed thee mickle pain,  
4 To win my twenty pound.'

**135A.10**

1 'Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,  
2 Thou stands too long to prate;  
3 This hook of mine shall let thee know  
4 A coward I do hate.'

**135A.11**

1 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore;  
2 It was in a summers day;  
3 From ten till four in the afternoon  
4 The Shepherd held him play.

**135A.12**

1 Robins buckler proved his chief defence,  
2 And saved him many a bang,  
3 For every blow the Shepherd gave  
4 Made Robins sword cry twang.

**135A.13**

5 Many a sturdy blow the Shepherd gave,  
6 And that bold Robin found,  
7 Till the blood ran trickling from his head;  
8 Then he fell to the ground.

**135A.14**

1 'Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,  
2 And thou shalt have fair play,  
3 If thou wilt yield, before thou go,  
4 That I have won the day.'

**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 shouldest 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 he 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 with thee I mean 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 dismayd.'

**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 flye.'

**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'le fight before I'le flee.'

**135A.26**

1 With that to thrash Little John like mad  
2 The Shepherd he begun;  
3 'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,  
4 'And I'le yield 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.

**136A.1**

1 THERE is some will talk of lords and knights,  
2 Doun a doun a doun a doun  
3 And some of yeoman good,  
4 But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,  
5 Little John and Robin Hood.  
6 Doun a doun a doun a doun

**136A.2**

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 forrest of merry Sheerwood.

**136A.3**

1 Vpon 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.

**136A.4**

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.

**136A.5**

1 With brave long fauchcons by their sides,  
2 And forest-bills in hand,  
3 They calld aloud to those bold outlaws,  
4 And charged them to stand.

**136A.6**

1 'Why, who are you,' cry'd bold Robin,  
2 'That speaks so boldly here?'  
3 'We three belong to King Henry,  
4 And are keepers of his deer.'

**136A.7**

1 'The devil thou art!' says Robin Hood,  
2 'I am sure that it is not so;  
3 We be the keepers of this forest,  
4 And that you soon shall know.'

**136A.8**

1 'Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,  
2 And so will we all three,  
3 And take your swords and bucklers round,  
4 And try the victory.'

**136A.9**

1 'We be content,' the keepers said,  
2 'we be three, and you no less;  
3 Then why should we be of you afraid,  
4 And we never did transgress?'

**136A.10**

1 'Why, if you be three keepers in this forest,  
2 Then we be three rangers good,  
3 And we will make you to know, before you do  
go,  
4 You meet with bold Robin Hood.'

**136A.11**

1 'We be content, thou bold outlaw,  
2 Our valour here to try,  
3 And we will make you know, before we do go,  
4 We will fight before we will fly.'

**136A.12**

1 'Then, come draw your swords, you bold  
outlaws,  
2 And no longer stand to prate,  
3 But let us try it out with blows,  
4 For cowards we do hate.'

**136A.13**

1 'Here is one of us for Will Scarlock,  
2 And another for Little John,  
3 And I my self for Robin Hood,  
4 Because he is stout and strong.'

**136A.14**

1 So they fell to it full hard and sore;  
2 It was on a midsummers day;  
3 From eight a clock till two and past,  
4 They all shewed gallant play.

**136A.15**

1 There Robin, and Will, and Little John,  
2 They fought most manfully,  
3 Till all their winde was spent and gone,  
4 Then Robin aloud did cry:

**136A.16**

1 'O hold, O hold,' cries bold Robin,  
2 'I see you be stout men;  
3 Let me blow one blast on my bugle-horn,  
4 Then I'le fight with you again.'

**136A.17**

1 'That bargain's to make, bold Robin Hood,  
2 Therefore we it deny;  
3 Though a blast upon thy bugle-horn  
4 Cannot make us fight nor fly.'

**136A.18**

1 'Therefore fall on, or else be gone,  
2 And yield to us the day;  
3 It shall never be said that we were afraid  
4 Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay.'

**136A.19**

1 'If that be so,' cries bold Robin,  
2 'Let me but know your names,  
3 And in the forest of merry Sheerwood  
4 I shall extol your fames.'

**136A.20**

1 'And with our names,' one of them said,  
2 'What hast thou here to do?  
3 Except that you will fight it out,  
4 Our names thou shalt not know.'

**136A.21**

1 'We will fight no more,' says bold Robin,  
2 'You be men of valour stout;  
3 Come and go with me to Nottingham,  
4 And there we will fight it out.'

**136A.22**

1 'With a but of sack we will bang it out,  
2 To see who wins the day;  
3 And for the cost, make you no doubt  
4 I have gold and money to pay

**136A.23**

1 'And ever after, so long as we live,  
2 We all will brethren be;  
3 For I love those men with heart and hand  
4 That will fight, and never flee.'

**136A.24**

1 So away they went to Nottingham,  
2 With sack to make amends;  
3 For three dayes space they wine did chase,  
4 And drank themselves good friends.

**137A.1**

1 WILL you heare a tale of Robin Hood,  
2 Will Scarlett, and Little John?  
3 Now listen awhile, it will make you smile,  
4 As before it hath many done.

**137A.2**

1 They were archers three, of hie degree,  
2 As good as ever drewe bowe;  
3 Their arrowes were long and their armes were  
strong,  
4 As most had cause to knowe.

**137A.3**

1 But one sommers day, as they toke their way  
2 Through the forrest of greene Sherwood,  
3 To kill the kings deare, you shall presently  
heare  
4 What befell these archers good.

**137A.4**

1 They were ware on the roade of three peddlers  
with loade,  
2 Ffor each had his packe,  
3 Ffussl of all wares for countrie faires,  
4 Trusst up upon his backe.

**137A.5**

1 A good oke staffe, a yard and a halfe,  
2 Each one had in his hande;  
3 And they were all bound to Nottingham towne,  
4 As you shall understand.

**137A.6**

1 'Yonder I see bolde peddlers three,'  
2 Said Robin to Scarlett and John;  
3 'We'le search their packes upon their backes  
4 Before that they be gone.

**137A.7**

1 'Holla, good fellowes!' quod Robin Hood,  
2 'Whither is it ye doe goe?'  
3 Now stay and rest, for that is the best,  
4 'Tis well ye should doe soe.'

**137A.8**

1 'Noe rest we neede, on our roade we speede,  
2 Till to Nottingham we get:'  
3 'Thou tellst a lewde lye,' said Robin, 'For I  
4 Can see that ye swinke and swet.'

**137A.9**

1 The peddlers three crosst over the lee,  
2 They did not list to fight:  
3 'I charge you tarrie,' quod Robin, 'For marry,  
4 This is my owne land by right.

**137A.10**

1 'This is my manner and this is my parke,  
2 I would have ye for to knowe;  
3 Ye are bolde outlawes, I see by cause  
4 Ye are so prest to goe.'

**137A.11**

1 The peddlers three turned round to see  
2 Who it might be they herd;  
3 Then agen went on as they list to be gone,  
4 And never answered word.

**137A.12**

5 Then toke Robin Hood an arrow so good,  
6 Which he did never lacke,  
7 And drew his bowe, and the swift arrowe  
8 Went through the last peddlers packe.

**137A.13**

1 Ffor him it was well on the packe it fell,  
2 Or his life had found an ende;  
3 And it pierst the skin of his backe within,  
4 Though the packe did stand his frend.

**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 I'le quickly cracke thy head!'  
3 Cried Robin, Come on, all three, or one;  
4 It is not so soone 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 plainelie see,  
4 Soe now, brave fellowes, laye on.

**137A.17**

1 The first peddlars 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 'Ffor ye have got oken staves;  
3 But tarie 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  
Thirske,  
2 Said, We are all content;  
3 Soe eche tooke a stake for his weapon, to make  
4 The peddlers to repent.

**137A.20**

1 Soe to it they fell, and their blowes did ring  
well  
2 Uppon 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  
4 It made the sunne looke blue.

**137A.22**

1 At last Kits oke caught Robin a stroke  
2 That made his head to sound;  
3 He staggerd, and reelde, till he fell on the field,  
4 And the trees with him went round.

**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 never more will speake.'

**137A.24**

1 'Now, heaven forefend he come to that ende,'  
2 Said Kit, 'I love him well;  
3 But lett 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 soone 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, prithe tell alsoe  
4 How they made ye swinke and swett.'

**137A.27**

1 Poore 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 soone<r], in haste, did Robin Hood taste  
2 The balsame he had tane,  
3 Than he gan to spewe, and up he threwe  
4 The balsame all againe.

**137A.29**

1 And scarlett and John, who were looking on  
2 Their maister 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 alway  
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.  
5 That lived in Nottinghamshire.

**138A.2**

1 As Robin Hood in the forrest 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 chanted a roundelay.

**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 drooping along the way.

**138A.5**

1 The scarlet he wore the day before,  
2 It was clean cast away;  
3 And every step he fetcht a sigh,  
4 'Alack and a well a day!'

**138A.6**

1 Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
2 And Nick the millers son,  
3 Which made the young man bend his bow,  
4 When as he see them come.

**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 Vnder yon green-wood tree.'

**138A.8**

1 And when he came bold Robin before,  
2 Robin askt him courteously,  
3 O hast thou any money to spare  
4 For my merry men and me?

**138A.9**

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 To have it at my wedding.

**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 Vntil he came unto the church  
4 Where Allin should keep his wedding.

**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 cuntry.'

**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 bridegroom I see.'

**138A.18**

1 With that came in a wealthy knight,  
2 Which was both grave and old,  
3 And after him a finikin lass,  
4 Did shine like glistering gold.

**138A.19**

1 'This is no fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,  
2 'That you do seem to 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 you shall be married at this same time,  
4 Before we depart away.'

**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 Robin said,  
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 askt them seven times in the church,  
4 Least three times should not be enough.

**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 wouldest 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 'I'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'l hold you twenty mark,' then said the  
forresters,  
2 'By the leave of Our Lady,  
3 Thou hitst not the marke a hundred rod,  
4 Nor causet 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 causet 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 all amain,  
3 And Robin Hood he laught, and begun to smile,  
4 As hee went over the plain.

**139A.12**

1 Then Robin Hood hee bent his noble bow,  
2 And his broad arrows he let flye,  
3 Till fourteen of these fifteen forresters  
4 Vpon the ground did lye.

**139A.13**

1 He that did this quarrel first begin  
2 Went tripping over the plain;  
3 But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,  
4 And hee fetcht him back again.

**139A.14**

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.15**

1 'You have found mee an archer,' saith Robin  
Hood,  
2 'Which will make your wives for to wring,  
3 And wish that you had never spoke the word,  
4 That I could not draw one string.'

**139A.16**

1 The people that lived in fair Nottingham  
2 Came runing out amain,  
3 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,  
4 With the forresters that were slain.

**139A.17**

1 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
2 And some did lose their blood,  
3 But Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,  
4 And is gone to the merry green wood.

**139A.18**

1 They carryed these forresters into fair  
Nottingham,  
2 As many there did know;  
3 They digd them graves in their church-yard,  
4 And they buried them all a row.

**140A.1**

1 ' . . . . .  
2 In faith thou shall[t] haue mine,  
3 And twenty pound in thy purse,  
4 To spend att ale and wine.'

**140A.2**

1 'Though *your* clothes are of light Lincolne  
green,  
2 And mine gray russett and torne,  
3 Yet it doth not you beseeeme  
4 To doe an old man scorne.'

**140A.3**

1 'I scorne thee not, old man,' says Robin,  
2 'By the faith of my body;  
3 Doe of thy clothes, thou shalt haue mine,  
4 For it may noe better bee.'

**140A.4**

1 But Robin did on this old mans hose,  
2 The were torne in the wrist;  
3 'When I looke on my leggs,' said Robin,  
4 'Then for to laugh I list.'

**140A.5**

1 But Robin did on the old mans shooes,  
2 And the were cliitt full cleane;  
3 'Now, by my faith,' sayes Little Iohn,  
4 'These are good for thornes keene.'

**140A.6**

1 But Robin did on the old mans cloake,  
2 And it was torne in the necke;  
3 'Now, by my faith,' said William Scarlett,  
4 'Heere shold be set a specke.'

**140A.7**

1 But Robin did on this old mans hood,  
2 Itt gogled on his crowne;  
3 'When I come into Nottingham,' said Robin,  
4 'My hood it will lightly downe.'

**140A.8**

1 'But yonder is an outwood,' said Robin,  
2 'An outwood all and a shade,  
3 And thither I reede you, my merry men all,  
4 The ready way to take.'

**140A.9**

1 'And when you heare my litle horne blow,  
2 Come raking all on a rowte  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .  
5 . . . . .

**140A.10**

1 But Robin he lope, and Robin he threw,  
2 He lope over stocke and stone;  
3 But those that saw Robin Hood run  
4 Said he was a liuer old man.

**140A.11**

1 [Then Robin set his] horne to his mowth,  
2 A loud blast cold h-c-e] blow;  
3 Ffull three hundred bold yeomen  
4 Came raking all on a row.

**140A.12**

1 But Robin cast downe his baggs of bread,  
2 Soe did he his staffe with a face,  
3 And in a doublet of red veluett  
4 This yeoman stood in his place.

**140A.13**

1 'But bend *your* bowes, and stroke *your* strings,  
2 Set the gallow-tree aboute,  
3 And Christs curse on his heart,' said Robin,  
4 'That spares the sheriffe and the sergiant!'

**140A.14**

1 When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold  
shoote,  
2 He held vp both his hands;  
3 Sayes, Aske, good Robin, and thou shalt haue,  
4 Whether it be house or land.

**140A.15**

1 'I will neither haue house nor land,' said Robin,  
2 'Nor gold, nor none of thy ffee,  
3 But I will haue those three squires  
4 To the greene fforest with me.'

**140A.16**

1 'Now marry, Gods forbott,' said the sheriffe,  
2 'That euer *that* shold bee;  
3 For why, they be the kings ffelons,  
4 They are all condemned to dye.'

**140A.17**

1 'But grant me my askinge,' said Robin,  
2 'Or by the faith of my body  
3 Thou shalt be the first man  
4 Shall flower this gallow-tree.'

**140A.18**

1 'But I wi-c'll haue t>hose three squires  
2 . . . . .

**140B.1**

1 THERE are twelve months in all the year,  
2 As I hear many men say,  
3 But the merriest month in all the year  
4 Is the merry month of May.



**140B.2**

1 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
2 With a link a down and a day,  
3 And there he met a silly old woman,  
4 Was weeping on the way.

**140B.3**

1 'What news? what news, thou silly old woman?  
2 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**

1 '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**

1 'They have no parishes burnt, good sir,  
2 Nor yet have ministwrs slain,  
3 Nor have they robbed any virgin,  
4 Nor with other men's wives have lain.'

**140B.6**

1 'O 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**

1 '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**

1 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**

1 'What news? what news, thou silly old man?  
2 What news, I do thee pray?'  
3 Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town  
4 Are condemnd to die this day.

**140B.10**

1 'Come change thy apparel with me, old man,  
2 Come change thy apparel for mine;  
3 Here is forty shillings in good silver,  
4 Go drink it in beer or wine.'

**140B.11**

1 '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**

1 '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**

1 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 It shall make thee come down.'

**140B.14**

1 Then he put on the old man's cloak,  
2 Was patchd black, blew, and red;  
3 He thought no shame all the day long  
4 To wear the bags of bread.

**140B.15**

1 Then he put on the old man's breeks,  
2 Was patchd from ballup to side;  
3 'By the truth of my body,' bold Robin can say,  
4 'This man lov'd little pride.'

**140B.16**

1 Then he put on the old man's hose,  
2 Were patchd from knee to wrist;  
3 'By the truth of my body,' said bold Robin  
Hood,  
4 'I'd laugh if I had any list.'

**140B.17**

1 Then he put on the old man's shoes,  
2 Were patchd both beneath and aboon;  
3 Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,  
4 It's good habit that makes a man.

**140B.18**

1 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
2 With a link a down and a down,  
3 And there he met with the proud sheriff,  
4 Was walking along the town.

**140B.19**

1 '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**

5 '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**

1 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 jump't, thou nimble old man.'

**140B.22**

1 'I was neer a hangman in all my life,  
2 Nor yet intends to trade;  
3 But curst be he,' said bold Robin,  
4 'That first a hangman was made.'

**140B.23**

1 '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**

1 '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**

1 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**

1 The first loud blast that he did blow,  
2 He blew both loud and shrill;  
3 A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men  
4 Came riding over the hill.

**140B.27**

1 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**

1 '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'll pay a visit to thee.'

**140B.29**

1 They took the gallows from the slack,  
2 They set it in the glen,  
3 They handg the proud sheriff on that,  
4 Releasd their own three men.

**140C.1**

1 BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,  
2 The forest all round ranged he;  
3 O there did he meet with a gay lady,  
4 She came weeping along the highway.

**140C.2**

1 'Why weep you, why weep you?' bold Robin  
he said,  
2 'What, weep you for gold or fee?  
3 Or do you weep for your maidenhead,  
4 That is taken from your body?'

**140C.3**

1 'I weep not for gold,' the lady replied,  
2 'Neither do I weep for fee;  
3 Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,  
4 That is taken from my body.'

**140C.4**

1 'What weep you for then?' said jolly Robin,  
2 'I prithee come tell unto me:'  
3 'Oh! I do weep for my three sons,  
4 For they are all condemned to die.'

**140C.5**

1 'What church have they robbed?' said jolly  
Robin,  
2 'Or parish-priest have they slain?  
3 What maids have they forced against their will?  
4 Or with other men's wives have lain?'

**140C.6**

1 'No church have they robbd,' 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**

1 'What have they done then?' said jolly Robin,  
2 'Come tell me most speedily:'  
3 'Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,  
4 And they are all condemned to die.'

**140C.8**

1 '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**

1 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**

1 '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**

1 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**

1 '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**

1 Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,  
2 Unto Nottingham town came he;  
3 O there did he meet with great master sheriff,  
4 And likewise the squires all three.

**140C.14**

1 '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**

1 'Soon granted, soon granted,' says great master  
sheriff,  
2 'Soon granted unto thee;  
3 And you shall have all their gay cloathing,  
4 Aye, and all their white money.'

**140C.16**

1 'O 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**

1 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**

1 '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**

1 '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**

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,  
5 Tidings for certainty,  
6 Hey down derry derry down

**141A.2**

1 That Will Stutly surprized was,  
2 And eke in prison lay;  
3 Three varlets that the sheriff had hired  
4 Did likely him betray.

**141A.3**

1 I, and to-morrow hanged must be,  
2 To-morrow as soon as it is day;  
3 But before they could this victory get,  
4 Two of them did Stutly slay.

**141A.4**

1 When Robin Hood he heard this news,  
2 Lord! he was grieved sore,  
3 I, and unto his merry men [said],  
4 Who altogether swore,

**141A.5**

1 That Will Stutly should rescued be,  
2 And be brought safe again;  
3 Or elde should many a gallant wight  
4 For his sake there be slain.

**141A.6**

1 He clothed himself in scarlet then,  
2 His men were all in green;  
3 A finer show, throughout the world,  
4 In no place could be seen.

**141A.7**

1 Good lord! it was a gallant sight  
2 To see them all on a row;  
3 With every man a good broad sword,  
4 And eke a good yew bow.

**141A.8**

1 Forth of the green wood are they gone,  
2 Yea, all courageously,  
3 Resolving to bring Stutly home,  
4 Or every man to die.

**141A.9**

1 And when they came the castle neer,  
2 Whereas Will Stutly lay,  
3 'I hold it good,' saith Robin Hood,  
4 'Wee here in ambush stay,

**141A.10**

1 'And send one forth some news to hear,  
2 To yonder palmer fair,  
3 That stands under the castle-wall;  
4 Some news he may declare.'

**141A.11**

1 With that steps forth a brave young man,  
2 Which was of courage bold;  
3 Thus hee did say to the old man:  
4 I pray thee, palmer old,

**141A.12**

1 Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,  
2 When must Will Stutly die,  
3 Who is one of bold Robins men,  
4 And here doth prisoner lie?

**141A.13**

1 'Alack, alas,' the palmer said,  
2 'And for ever wo is me!  
3 Will Stutly hanged must be this day,  
4 On yonder gallows-tree.

**141A.14**

1 'O had his noble master known,  
2 Hee would some succour send;  
3 A few of his bold yeomandree  
4 Full soon would fetch him hence.'

**141A.15**

1 'I, that is true,' the young man said;  
2 'I, that is true,' said hee;  
3 'Or, if they were neer to this place,  
4 They soon would set him free.

**141A.16**

1 'But fare thou well, thou good old man,  
2 Farewell, and thanks to thee;  
3 If Stutly hanged be this day,  
4 Revengd his death will be.'

**141A.17**

1 He was no sooner from the palmer gone,  
2 But the gates was opened wide,  
3 And out of the castle Will Stutly came,  
4 Guarded on every side.

**141A.18**

1 When hee was forth from the castle come,  
2 And saw no help was nigh,  
3 Thus he did say unto the sheriff,  
4 Thus he said gallantly:

**141A.19**

1 Now seeing that I needs must die,  
2 Grant me one boon, says he;  
3 For my noble master nere had man  
4 That yet was hangd on the tree.

**141A.20**

1 Give me a sword all in my hand,  
2 And let mee be unbound,  
3 And with thee and thy men I'le fight,  
4 Vntill I lie dead on the ground.

**141A.21**

1 But his desire he would not grant,  
2 His wishes were in vain;  
3 For the sheriff had sworn he hanged should be,  
4 And not by the sword be slain.

**141A.22**

1 'Do but unbind my hands,' he saies,  
2 'I will no weapons crave,  
3 And if I hanged be this day,  
4 Damnation let me have.'

**141A.23**

1 'O no, O no,' the sheriff he said,  
2 'Thou shalt on the gallows die,  
3 I, and so shall thy master too,  
4 If ever in me it lie.'

**141A.24**

1 'O dastard coward!' Stutly cries,  
2 'Thou faint-heart pesant slave!  
3 If ever my master do thee meet,  
4 Thou shalt thy paiment have.

**141A.25**

1 'My noble master thee doth scorn,  
2 And all thy cowardly crew;  
3 Such sillyimps unable are  
4 Bold Robin to subdue.'

**141A.26**

1 But when he was to the gallows come,  
2 And ready to bid adieu,  
3 Out of a bush leaps Little John,  
4 And steps Will Stutly to.

**141A.27**

1 'I pray thee, Will, before thou die,  
2 Of thy dear friends take leave;  
3 I needs must borrow him a while,  
4 How say you, master sheriff?'

**141A.28**

1 'Now, as I live,' the sheriff he said,  
2 'That varlet will I know;  
3 Some sturdy rebell is that same,  
4 Therefore let him not go.'

**141A.29**

1 With that Little John so hastily  
2 Away cut Stutly's bands,  
3 And from one of the sheriff his men,  
4 A sword twicht from his hands.

**141A.30**

1 'Here, Will, here, take thou this same,  
2 Thou canst it better sway;  
3 And here defend thy self a while,  
4 For aid will come straight way.'

**141A.31**

1 And there they turnd them back to back,  
2 In the middle of them that day,  
3 Till Robin Hood approached neer,  
4 With many an archer gay.

**141A.32**

1 With that an arrow by them flew,  
2 I wist from Robin Hood;  
3 'Make haste, make haste,' the sheriff he said,  
4 'Make haste, for it is good.'

**141A.33**

1 The sheriff is gone; his doughty men  
2 Thought it no boot to stay,  
3 But, as their master had them taught,  
4 They run full fast away.

**141A.34**

1 'O stay, O stay,' Will Stutly said,  
2 'Take leave ere you depart;  
3 You nere will catch bold Robin Hood  
4 Vnless you dare him meet.'

**141A.35**

1 'O ill betide you,' quoth Robin Hood,  
2 'That you so soon are gone;  
3 My sword may in the scabbord rest,  
4 For here our work is done.'

**141A.36**

1 'I little thought when I came here,  
2 When I came to this place,  
3 For to have met with Little John,  
4 Or seen my masters face.'

**141A.37**

1 Thus Stutly was at liberty set,  
2 And safe brought from his foe;  
3 'O thanks, O thanks to my master,  
4 Since here it was not so.'

**141A.38**

1 'And once again, my fellows,  
2 We shall in the green woods meet,  
3 Where we will make our bow-strings twang,  
4 Musick for us most sweet.'

**142A.1**

1 ' . . . .  
1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 ' . . . beggar,' he saies,  
4 'With none such fellows as thee.'

**142A.2**

1 'I am not in iest,' said Little Iohn,  
2 'I sweare all by the roode;  
3 Change with mee,' said Little Iohn,  
4 'And I will giue thee some boote.'

**142A.3**

1 But he has gotten on this old mans gowne,  
2 It reacht not to his wrist;  
3 'Christ's curse on's hart,' said Little Iohn,  
4 'That thinkes my gowne amisse.'

**142A.4**

1 But he has gotten on this old mans shoes,  
2 Are clothed nine fold about;  
3 'Beshrew his hart,' said Little Iohn,  
4 'That bryer or thorne does doubt.

**142A.5**

1 'Wilt teach me some phrase of thy begging?'  
2 says Iohn;  
2 'I pray thee, tell it mee,  
3 How I may be as beggar-like  
4 As any in my companie.'

**142A.6**

1 'Thou must goe two foote on a staffe,  
2 The third upon a tree;  
3 Full loud that thou must cry and fare,  
4 When nothing ayleth thee.'

**142A.7**

1 But Iohn he walket the hills soe high,  
2 Soe did [he] the hills soe browne;  
3 The ready way that he could take  
4 Was towards Nottingham towne.

**142A.8**

1 But as he was on the hills soe high,  
2 He mett with palmers three;  
3 Sayes, God you saue, my brethren all,  
4 Now God you saue and see!

**142A.9**

1 This seuen yeere I haue you sought;  
2 Before I cold neuer you see!  
3 Said they, Wee had leuer such a cankred carle  
4 Were neuer in our companie.

**142A.10**

1 But one of them tooke Little Iohn on his head,  
2 The blood ran over his eye;  
3 Little Iohn turned him twice about  
4 . . . .  
5 ' . . . .

**142A.11**

1 'If I . . . .  
2 As I haue beene but one day,  
3 I shold haue purchased three of the best  
4 churches  
4 That stands by any highway.'

**142B.1**

1 ALL you that delight to spend some time  
2 With a hey down down a down down  
3 A merry song for to sing,  
4 Vnto me draw neer, and you shall hear  
5 How Little Iohn went a begging.

**142B.2**

1 As Robin Hood walked the forrest along,  
2 And all his yeomandree,  
3 Sayes Robin, Some of you must a begging go,  
4 And, Little Iohn, it must be thee.

**142B.3**

1 Sayes John, If I must a begging go,  
2 I will have a palmers weed,  
3 With a staff and coat, and bags of all sort,  
4 The better then I shall spend.

**142B.4**

1 Come, give me now a bag for my bread,  
2 And another for my cheese,  
3 And one for a peny, when as I get any,  
4 That nothing I may leese.

**142B.5**

1 Now Little John he is a begging gone,  
2 Seeking for some relief;  
3 But of all the beggers he met on the way,  
4 Little John he was the chief.

**142B.6**

1 But as he was walking himself alone,  
2 Four beggers he chanced to spy,  
3 Some deaf, and some blind, and some came  
  behind;  
4 Says John, Here's brave company!

**142B.7**

1 'Good-morrow,' said John, 'My brethren dear,  
2 Good fortune I had you to see;  
3 Which way do you go? pray let me know,  
4 For I want some company.'

**142B.8**

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  
  ganging,  
4 That we the truth may see.'

**142B.9**

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 wil give us cheese and  
  bred,  
4 And it may be one single peny.'

**142B.10**

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 nere a crookt carril like thee.'

**142B.11**

1 'Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carel,  
2 And take that knock on the crown;  
3 'Nay,' said Little John, 'I'le not yet be gone,  
4 For a bout will I have with you round.'

**142B.12**

1 'Now have at you all,' then said Little John,  
2 'If you be so full of your blows;  
3 Fight on, all four, and nere give ore,  
4 Whether you be friends or foes.'

**142B.13**

1 John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore,  
2 And the blind that could not see,  
3 And he that a cripple had been seven years,  
4 He made him run faster then he.

**142B.14**

1 And flinging them all against the wall,  
2 With many a sturdie bang,  
3 It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,  
4 Which against the walls cryed twang.

**142B.15**

1 Then he got out of the beggers cloak  
2 Three hundred pound in gold;  
3 'Good fortune had I,' then said Little John,  
4 'Such a good sight to behold.'

**142B.16**

1 But what found he in a beggers bag,  
2 But three hundred pound and three?  
3 'If I drink water while this doth last,  
4 Then an ill death may I dye!

**142B.17**

5 'And my begging-trade I will now give ore,  
6 My fortune hath bin so good;  
7 Therefore I'le not stay, but I will away  
8 To the forrest of merry Sherwood.'

**142B.18**

1 And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came,  
2 He quickly there did see  
3 His master good, bold Robin Hood,  
4 And all his company.

**142B.19**

1 'What news? What news?' then said Robin  
  Hood,  
2 'Come, Little John, tell unto me;  
3 How hast thou sped with thy beggers trade?  
4 For that I fain would see.'

**142B.20**

1 'No news but good,' then said Little John,  
2 'With begging ful wel I have sped;  
3 Six hundred and three I have here for thee,  
4 In silver and gold so red.'

**142B.21**

1 Then Robin took Little John by the hand,  
2 And danced about the oak-tree:  
3 'If we drink water while this doth last,  
4 Then an il death may we die!'

**142B.22**

1 So to conclude my merry new song,  
2 All you that delight it to sing,  
3 'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
4 And how Little John went a begging.

**143A.1**

1 COME, gentlemen all, and listen a while,  
2 Hey down down an a down  
3 And a story I'le to you unfold;  
4 I'le tell you how Robin Hood served the  
  Bishop,  
5 When he robbed him of his gold.

**143A.2**

1 As it fell out on a sun-shining day,  
2 When Phebus was in his prime,  
3 Then Robin Hood, that archer good,  
4 In mirth would spend some time.

**143A.3**

1 And as he walked the forrest along,  
2 Some pastime for to spy,  
3 There was he aware of a proud bishop,  
4 And all his company.

**143A.4**

1 'O what shall I do?' said Robin Hood then,  
2 'If the Bishop he doth take me,  
3 No mercy he'll show unto me, I know,  
4 But hanged I shall be.'

**143A.5**

1 Then Robin was stout, and turnd him about,  
2 And a little house there he did spy;  
3 And to an old wife, for to save his life,  
4 He loud began for to cry.

**143A.6**

1 'Why, who art thou?' said the old woman,  
2 'Come tell it to me for good:'  
3 'I am an out-law, as many do know,  
4 My name it is Robin Hood.'

**143A.7**

1 'And yonder's the Bishop and all his men,  
2 And if that I taken be,  
3 Then day and night he'll work me spight,  
4 And hanged I shall be.'

**143A.8**

1 'If thou be Robin Hood,' said the old wife,  
2 'As thou dost seem to be,  
3 I'le for thee provide, and thee I will hide  
4 From the Bishop and his company.'

**143A.9**

1 'For I well remember, one Saturday night  
2 Thou bought me both shoos and hose;  
3 Therefore I'le provide thy person to hide,  
4 And keep thee from thy foes.'

**143A.10**

1 'Then give me soon thy coat of gray,  
2 And take thou my mantle of green;  
3 Thy spindle and twine to me resign,  
4 And take thou my arrows so keen.'

**143A.11**

1 And when that Robin Hood was so araid,  
2 He went straight to his company;  
3 With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt behind  
4 For the Bishop and his company.

**143A.12**

1 'O who is yonder,' quoth Little John,  
2 'That now comes over the lee?  
3 An arrow I will at her let flie,  
4 So like an old witch looks she.'

**143A.13**

1 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin  
  then,  
2 'And shoot not thy arrows so keen;  
3 I am Robin Hood, thy master good,  
4 And quickly it shall be seen.'

**143A.14**

1 The Bishop he came to the old womans house,  
2 And he called with furious mood,  
3 'Come let me soon see, and bring unto me,  
4 That traitor Robin Hood.'

**143A.15**

1 The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himselfe on a dapple-gray,  
3 And for joy he had got Robin Hood,  
4 He went laughing all the way.

**143A.16**

1 But as they were riding the forrest along,  
2 The Bishop he chanc'd for to see  
3 A hundred brave bow-men bold  
4 Stand under the green-wood tree.

**143A.17**

1 'O who is yonder,' the Bishop then said,  
2 'That's ranging within yonder wood?'  
3 'Marry,' says the old woman, 'I think it to be  
4 A man calld Robin Hood.'

**143A.18**

1 'Why, who art thou,' the Bishop he said,  
2 'Which I have here with me?'  
3 'Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldly  
  bishop;  
4 Lift up my leg and see.'

**143A.19**

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.

**143A.20**

1 Then Robin took hold of the Bishops horse,  
2 And ty'd him fast to a tree;  
3 Then Little John smil'd his master upon,  
4 For joy of that company.

**143A.21**

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.

**143A.22**

1 'So now let him go,' said Robin Hood;  
2 Said Little John, That may not be;  
3 For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass  
4 Before that he goe from me.

**143A.23**

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 yeomandree.

**143A.24**

1 And then they brought him through the wood,  
2 And set him on his dapple-gray,  
3 And gave the tail within his hand,  
4 And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

**144A.1**

1 SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,  
2 And some of barons bold,  
3 But I'll tell you how he servd the Bishop of  
  Hereford,  
4 When he robbed him of his gold.

**144A.2**

1 As it befel in merry Barnsdale,  
2 And under the green-wood tree,  
3 The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,  
4 With all his company.

**144A.3**

1 'Come, kill a venson,' said bold Robin Hood,  
2 'Come, kill me a good fat deer;  
3 The Bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to  
  -day,  
4 And he shall pay well for his cheer.

**144A.4**

1 'We'll kill a fat venson,' said bold Robin Hood,  
2 'And dress it by the highway-side;  
3 And we will watch the Bishop narrowly,  
4 Lest some other way he should ride.'

**144A.5**

1 Robin Hood dressd himself in shepherd's attire,  
2 With six of his men also;  
3 And, when the Bishop of Hereford came by,  
4 They about the fire did go.

## 144A.6

1 'O what is the matter?' then said the Bishop,  
2 'Or for whom do you make this a-do?  
3 Or why do you kill the king's venison,  
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 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
4 For before the king you shall go.'

## 144A.11

1 Then Robin set his back against a tree,  
2 And his foot against a thorn,  
3 And from underneath his shepherd's coat  
4 He pulled out a bugle-horn.

## 144A.12

1 He put the little end to his mouth,  
2 And a loud blast did he blow,  
3 Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men  
4 Came running all on a row;

## 144A.13

1 All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood;  
2 'Twas a comely sight for to see:  
3 'What is the matter, master,' said Little John,  
4 'That you blow so hastily?'

## 144A.14

1 'O here is the Bishop of Hereford,  
2 And no pardon we shall have.'  
3 'Cut off his head, master,' said Little John,  
4 'And throw him into his grave.'

## 144A.15

1 'O pardon, O pardon,' said the Bishop,  
2 'O pardon, I thee pray!  
3 For if I had known it had been you,  
4 I'd have gone some other way.'

## 144A.16

1 'No pardon, no pardon,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'No pardon I thee owe;  
3 Therefore make haste and come along with me,  
4 For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.'

## 144A.17

1 Then Robin he took the Bishop by the hand,  
2 And led him to merry Barnsdale;  
3 He made him to stay and sup with him that  
4 night,  
4 And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

## 144A.18

1 'Call in the reckoning,' said the Bishop,  
2 'For methinks it grows wondrous high.'  
3 'Lend me your purse, Bishop,' said Little John,  
4 'And I'll tell you by and bye.'

## 144A.19

1 Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,  
2 And spread it upon the ground,  
3 And out of the bishop's portmantua  
4 He told three hundred pound.

## 144A.20

1 'Here's money enough, master,' said Little  
2 John,  
2 'And a comely sight 'tis to see;  
3 It makes me in charity with the Bishop,  
4 Tho he heartily loveth not me.'

## 144A.21

1 Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,  
2 And he caused the music to play,  
3 And he made the Bishop to dance in his boots,  
4 And glad he could so get away.

## 144B.1

1 SOME talk of lords, and some talk of lairds,  
2 And some talk of barrons bold,  
3 But I'll tell you a story of bold Robin Hood,  
4 How he robbed the Bishop of his gold.

## 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 Lest some other way he do ride.'

## 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 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 the king of your doings shall know.'

## 144B.6

1 He leand his back unto a brae,  
2 His foot against a thorn,  
3 And out from beneath his long shepherds 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  
4 Hood,  
4 'And I will pay all your charge.'

## 144B.9

1 He pulled off his long shepherds coat,  
2 And he 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 Tho in heart he loves not me.'

## 144B.11

1 'Come, sing us a mass,' says bold Robin  
2 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 A while for a litle space,  
3 And I shall tell you how Queene Katterine  
4 Gott Robin Hood his grace.

## 145A.2

1 Gold taken from the kings harbengers  
2 Seldome times hath beene seene,  
3 . . . .  
4 ; ; ; ; ,  
5 ' ; ; ; ; ,

## 145A.3

1 . . . .  
2 'Queene Katherine, I say to thee;'  
3 'That's a princly wager,' quoth Queene  
4 Katherine,  
4 'Betweene your grace and me.'

## 145A.4

1 'Where must I haue mine archers?' says  
2 Queene Katherine;  
2 'You haue the flower of archery;'  
3 'Now take your choice, dame,' he says,  
4 'Thorow out all England free.'

## 145A.5

1 'Yea from North Wales to Westchester,  
2 And also to Couentry;  
3 And when you haue chosen the best you can,  
4 The wager must goe with mee.'

## 145A.6

1 'If that prooue,' says Queene Katherine,  
2 'Soone that wilbe tride and knowne;  
3 Many a man counts of another mans pursse,  
4 And after looseth his owne.'

## 145A.7

1 The queene is to her palace gone,  
2 To her page thus shee can say:  
3 Come hither to me, Dicke Patrinton,  
4 Trusty and trew this day.

## 145A.8

1 Thou must bring me the names of my archers  
2 all,  
2 All strangers must they bee,  
3 Yea from North Wales to West Chester,  
4 And alsoe to Couentry.

## 145A.9

1 Commend me to Robin Hood, says Queene  
2 Katherine,  
2 And alsoe to Litle John,  
3 And specially to Will Scarlett,  
4 Ffryar Tucke and Maid Marryan.

## 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 euery one.

## 145A.11

1 Commend mee to Robin Hood, says Queene  
2 Katherine,  
2 And marke, page, what I say;  
3 In London they must be with me  
4 [Vpon St Georges day.]  
5 ' ; ; ; ; ,

## 145A.12

1 . . . .  
2 'These words hath sent by me;  
3 Att London you must be with her  
4 Vpon St Georg<e>s day.

## 145A.13

1 'Vpon St Georg<e>s day att noone  
2 Att London needs must you bee;  
3 Shee wold not misse your companie  
4 For all the gold in Cristinty.

## 145A.14

1 'Shee hath tane a shooting for your sake,  
2 The greatest in Christentie,  
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] banisht man,  
4 Shee trusts to sett you free.'

## 145A.16

1 'And I loose that wager,' says bold Robin  
2 Hoode,  
2 'I'll 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 leaues grow greene,  
2 And flowers are fresh and gay,  
3 Then Robin Hood he deckt his men  
4 Eche one in braue array.

## 145A.18

1 He deckt his men in Lincolne greene,  
2 Himselfe in scarlett red;  
3 Fayre of their brest then was it seene  
4 When his siluer arnes were spread.

## 145A.19

1 With hattis white and fethers blacke,  
2 And bowes and arrowes keene,  
3 And thus he ietted towards louly London,  
4 To present Queene Katherine.

## 145A.20

1 But when they cam to louly London,  
2 They kneeled vpon their knee;  
3 Sayes, God you saue, Queene Katherine,  
4 And all your dignitie!  
5 ' ; ; ; ; ,

## 145A.21

1 . . . . . of my guard,'  
2 Thus can King Henry say,  
3 'And those that wilbe of Queene Katerines side,  
4 They are welcome to me this day.'

## 145A.22

1 'Then come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,  
2 Thou art a knight full good;  
3 Well it is knowen ffrom thy pedygree  
4 Thou came from Gawiins blood.

## 145A.23

1 'Come hither, Bishopp of Hereford,' *quoth*  
 Queene Katherine—  
 2 A good preacher I watt was hee—  
 3 'And stand thou heere vpon a odd side,  
 4 On my side for to bee.'

## 145A.24

1 'I like not that,' sayes the bishopp then,  
 2 'By faikine of my body,  
 3 For if I might haue my owne will,  
 4 On the kings I wold bee.'

## 145A.25

1 'What will thou be<t] against vs,' says Loxly  
 then,  
 2 'And stake it on the ground?'  
 3 'That will I doe, fine fellow,' he says,  
 4 'And it drawes to fiue hundreth pound.'

## 145A.26

1 'There is a bett,' says Loxly then;  
 2 'Wee'le stake it merrily';  
 3 But Loxly knew full well in his mind  
 4 And whose that gold shold bee.

## 145A.27

1 Then the queenes archers they shot about  
 2 Till it was three and three;  
 3 Then the lady's gau'e a merry shout,  
 4 Sayes, Woodcocke, beware thine eye!

## 145A.28

1 'Well, gam and gam,' then *quoth* our king,  
 2 'The third three payes for all';  
 3 Then Robine rounded with our queene,  
 4 Says, The kings *part* shall be small.

## 145A.29

1 Loxly puld forth a broad arrowe,  
 2 He shott it vnder hand,  
 3 . . . s vnto .  
 4 . . . .  
 5 ' . . . .

## 145A.30

1 . . . .  
 2 'For once he vndidd mee;  
 3 If I thought it had benee bold *Robin* Hoode,  
 4 I wold not haue betted one peny.

## 145A.31

1 'Is this *Robin* Hood?' says the bishopp againe;  
 2 'Once I knew him to soone;  
 3 He made me say a masse against my will,  
 4 Att two a clocke in the afternoone.

## 145A.32

1 'He bound 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.'

## 145A.33

1 'What and if I did?' says bold *Robin* Hood,  
 2 'Of that masse I was full faine;  
 3 In recompence, befor king and queene  
 4 Take halfe of thy gold againe.'

## 145A.34

1 'I thanke thee for nothing,' says the bishopp,  
 2 'Thy large gift to well is knowne,  
 3 *That* will borrow a mans mony against his will,  
 4 And pay him againe with his owne.'

## 145A.35

1 'What if he did soe?' says King Henery,  
 2 'For that I loue him neuer the worsche;  
 3 Take vp thy gold againe, bold *Robin* Hood,  
 4 And put [it] in thy purse.

## 145A.36

1 'If thou woldest leaue thy bold outlawes,  
 2 And come and dwell with me,  
 3 Then I wold say thou art welcome, bold *Robin*  
 Hood,  
 4 The flower of archery.'

## 145A.37

1 'I will not leaue my bold outlawes  
 2 For all the gold in Christentie;  
 3 In merry Sherwood I'le take my end,  
 4 Vnder my trusty tree.

## 145A.38

1 'And gett your shooters, my leeing<e], where  
 you will,  
 2 For in faith you shall haue none of me;  
 3 And when Queene Katherine puts up her  
 f<inger]  
 4 Att her Graces *commandement* I'le bee.'

## 145B.1

1 GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,  
 2 Down a down a down  
 3 As seldome hath been seen,  
 4 Down a down a down  
 5 And carried by bold *Robin* Hood  
 6 For a present to the queen.  
 7 Down a down a down

## 145B.2

1 'If that I live a year to an end,'  
 2 Thus gan Queen Katherin say,  
 3 'Bold *Robin* Hood, I will be thy friend,  
 4 And all thy yeomen gay.'

## 145B.3

1 The queen is to her chamber gone,  
 2 As fast as she can wen;  
 3 She cal's unto her lovely page,  
 4 His name was Richard Patringten.

## 145B.4

1 'Come hither to mee, thou lovely page,  
 2 Come thou hither to mee;  
 3 For thou must post to Notingham,  
 4 As fast as thou canst dree.

## 145B.5

1 'And as thou goest to Notingham,  
 2 Search all those English wood;  
 3 Enquire of one good yeoman or another  
 4 That can tell thee of *Robin* Hood.'

## 145B.6

1 Sometimes he went, sometimes hee ran,  
 2 As fast as he could win;  
 3 And when hee came to Notingham,  
 4 There he took up his inne.

## 145B.7

1 And when he came to Notingham,  
 2 And had took up his inne,  
 3 He calls for a pottle of *Renish* wine,  
 4 And drank a health to his queen.

## 145B.8

1 There sat a yeoman by his side;  
 2 'Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,  
 3 'What is thy business or the cause,  
 4 So far in the North Country?'

## 145B.9

1 '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.'

## 145B.10

1 'I'le get my horse betime in the morn,  
 2 By it be break of day,  
 3 And I will shew thee bold *Robin* Hood,  
 4 And all his yeomen gay.'

## 145B.11

1 When that he came at *Robin* Hoods place,  
 2 Hee fell down on his knee:  
 3 'Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,  
 4 She greets you well by mee.

## 145B.12

1 'She bids you post to fair London court,  
 2 Not fearing any thing;  
 3 For there shall be a little sport,  
 4 And she hath sent you her ring.'

## 145B.13

1 *Robin* took his mantle from his back—  
 2 It was of the Lincoln green—  
 3 And sent it by this lovely page,  
 4 For a present unto the queen.

## 145B.14

1 In summer time, when leaves grow green,  
 2 It is a seemly sight to see  
 3 How *Robin* Hood himself had drest,  
 4 And all his yeomandry.

## 145B.15

1 He clothed his men in Lincoln green,  
 2 And himself in scarlet red,  
 3 Black hats, white feathers, all alike;  
 4 Now bold *Robin* Hood is rid.

## 145B.16

1 And when he came at Londons court,  
 2 Hee fell downe on his knee:  
 3 'Thou art welcome, Locksly,' said the queen,  
 4 'And all thy good yeomendree.'

## 145B.17

1 The king is into Finsbury field,  
 2 Marching in battel ray,  
 3 And after follows bold *Robin* Hood,  
 4 And all his yeomen gay.

## 145B.18

1 'Come hither, Tepus,' said the king,  
 2 'Bow-bearer after mee,  
 3 Come measure mee out with this line  
 4 How long our mark shall be.'

## 145B.19

1 'What is the wager?' said the queen,  
 2 'That must I now know here:'  
 3 'Three hundred tun of *Renish* wine,  
 4 Three hundred tun of beer.

## 145B.20

1 'Three hundred of the fattest harts  
 2 That run on Dallom lee;  
 3 That's a princely wager,' said the king,  
 4 'That needs must I tell thee.'

## 145B.21

1 With that bespake one Clifton then,  
 2 Full quickly and full soon;  
 3 'Measure no mark for us, most sovereign leige,  
 4 Wee'l shoot at sun and moon.'

## 145B.22

1 'Ful fifteen score your mark shall be,  
 2 Ful fifteen score shall stand';  
 3 'I'le lay my bow,' said Clifton then,  
 4 'I'le cleave the willow wand.'

## 145B.23

1 With that the kings archers led about,  
 2 While it was three and none;  
 3 With that the ladies began to shout,  
 4 Madam, your game is gone!

## 145B.24

1 'A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,  
 2 'I crave on my bare knee;  
 3 Is there any knight of your privy counsel  
 4 Of Queen Katherines part will be?'

## 145B.25

1 'Come hither to mee, Sir Richard Lee,  
 2 Thou art a knight full good;  
 3 For I do know by thy pedigree  
 4 Thou springst from Goweres blood.

## 145B.26

1 'Come hither to me, thou Bishop of  
 Herefordshire—  
 2 For a noble priest was he—  
 3 'By my silver miter,' said the bishop then,  
 4 'I'le not bet one peny.'

## 145B.27

1 'The king has archers of his own,  
 2 Full ready and full light,  
 3 And these be strangers every one,  
 4 No man knows what they height.'

## 145B.28

1 'What wilt thou bet,' said *Robin* Hood,  
 2 'Thou seest our game the worse?'  
 3 'By my silver miter,' said the bishop then,  
 4 'All the mony within my purse.'

## 145B.29

1 'What is in thy purse?' said *Robin* Hood,  
 2 'Throw it down on the ground';  
 3 'Fifteen score nobles,' said the bishop then,  
 4 'It's neer an hundred pound.'

## 145B.30

1 *Robin* Hood took his bagge from his side,  
 2 And threw it down on the green;  
 3 William Scadlocke went smiling away,  
 4 'I know who this mony must win.'

## 145B.31

1 With that the queens archers led about,  
 2 While it was three and three;  
 3 With that the ladies gave a shout,  
 4 'Woodcock, beware thyn ee!'

## 145B.32

1 'It is three and three, now,' said the king,  
 2 'The next three payes for all';  
 3 *Robin* Hood went and whispered to the queen,  
 4 'The kings part shall be but small.'

## 145B.33

1 *Robin* Hood he led about,  
 2 He shot it under hand,  
 3 And Clifton, with a bearing arrow,  
 4 He clave the willow wand.

**145B.34**

1 And little Midge, the Miller's son,  
2 Hee shot not much the worse;  
3 He shot within a finger of the prick;  
4 'Now, bishop, beware thy purse!'

**145B.35**

1 'A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,  
2 'I crave on my bare knee,——  
3 That you will angry be with none  
4 That is of my party.'

**145B.36**

1 'They shall have forty days to come,  
2 And forty days to go,  
3 And three times forty to sport and play;  
4 Then welcome friend or fo.'

**145B.37**

1 'Then thou art welcome, Robin Hood,' said the  
    e queen,  
2 'And so is Little John,  
3 So is Midge, the Miller's son;  
4 Thrice welcome every one.'

**145B.38**

1 'Is this Robin Hood?' the king now said;  
2 'For it was told to mee  
3 That he was slain in the pällace-gate,  
4 So far in the North Country.'

**145B.39**

1 'Is this Robin Hood,' said the bishop then,  
2 'As I see well to be?  
3 Had I knowne that had been that bold outlaw,  
4 I would not have bet one peny.'

**145B.40**

1 'Hee took me late one Saturday at night,  
2 And bound mee fast to a tree,  
3 And made mee sing a mass, God wot,  
4 To him and his yeomendree.'

**145B.41**

1 'What and if I did?' says Robin Hood,  
2 'Of that mass I was full fain;  
3 For recompense to thee,' he says,  
4 'Here's half thy gold again.'

**145B.42**

1 'Now nay, now nay,' saies Little John,  
2 'Master, that shall not be;  
3 We must give gifts to the kings officers;  
4 That gold will serve thee and mee.'

**145C.1**

1 STOUT Robin Hood, a most lusty out-law,  
2 As ever yet lived in this land,  
3 As ever yet lived in this land.  
4 His equal I'm sure you never yet saw,  
5 So valiant was he of his hand,  
6 So valiant was he of his hand.

**145C.2**

1 No archers could ever compare with these  
    three,  
2 Although from us they are gone;  
3 The like was never, nor never will be,  
4 To Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

**145C.3**

1 Many stout robberies by these men were done,  
2 Within this our kingdom so wide;  
3 Vpon the highway much treasure they have  
    won,  
4 No one that his purse ere deny'd.

**145C.4**

1 Great store of money they from the kings men  
2 Couragiously did take away;  
3 Vnto fair Queen Katherine they gave it again,  
4 Who to them these words did say.

**145C.5**

1 If that I live but another fair year,  
2 Kind Robin Hood, said the fair queen,  
3 The love for this courtesie that I thee bear,  
4 Assure thy self it shall be seen.

**145C.6**

1 Brave Robin Hood courteously thanked her  
    Grace,  
2 And so took leave of the queen;  
3 He with his bold archers then hied him apace,  
4 In summer time, to the woods green.

**145C.7**

1 'Now wend we together, my merry men all,  
2 To the green wood to take up our stand.'  
3 These archers were ready at Robin Hoods call,  
4 With their bent bows all in their hand.

**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 staid 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 praies you to haste to the court,'  
2 And therewithall shewd him her ring;  
3 We must not delay his swift haste to this sport,  
4 Which then was proclaimd 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 tuns 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'll bear this brave purchase away.

**145C.21**

1 'Full fiftene score,' 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, æll 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  
    road,  
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 Katherine  
    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  
    n Hood,  
2 And welcome, brave bow-men all three;  
3 Then straight quoth the king, I did hear, by the  
    road,  
4 That slain he was in the country.

**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 him and his bold 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 serue us ith' 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 shal 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.

**146A.4**

1 But when bold Robin Hood he came there,  
2 Queen Katherine she did say,  
3 Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,  
4 And all thy yeomen gay.

**146A.5**

1 For a match at shooting I have made,  
2 And thou my part must be:  
3 'If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,  
4 Then hanged I will be.'

**146A.6**

1 But when the game came to be playd,  
2 Bold Robin he then drew nigh;  
3 With his mantle of green, most brave to be  
  seen,  
4 He let his arrows fly.

**146A.7**

1 And when the game it ended was,  
2 Bold Robin wan it with a grace,  
3 But after, the king was angry with him,  
4 And vowed he would him chase.

**146A.8**

1 What though his pardon granted was  
2 While he with them did stay,  
3 But yet the king was vexed at him  
4 When as he was gone his way.

**146A.9**

1 Soon after the king from the court did hie,  
2 In a furious angry mood,  
3 And often enquire, both far and near,  
4 After bold Robin Hood.

**146A.10**

1 But when the king to Nottingham came,  
2 Bold Robin was then in the wood;  
3 'O come now,' said he, and let me see  
4 Who can find me bold Robin Hood.'

**146A.11**

1 But when that Robin Hood he did hear  
2 The king had him in chase,  
3 Then said Little John, 'Tis time to be gone,  
4 And go to some other place.

**146A.12**

1 Then away they went from merry Sherwood,  
2 And into Yorkshire he did hie,  
3 And the king did follow, with a hoop and a  
  hallow,  
4 But could not come him nigh.

**146A.13**

1 Yet jolly Robin he passed along,  
2 He [went] straight to Newcastle town,  
3 And there stayed he hours two or three,  
4 And then he for Berwick was gone.

**146A.14**

1 When the king he did see how Robin did flee,  
2 He was vexed wondrous sore;  
3 With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,  
4 And take him, or never give ore.

**146A.15**

1 'Come now, let's away,' then cries Little John,  
2 'Let any man follow that dare;  
3 To Carlile wee'I hie with our company,  
4 And so then to Lancaster.'

**146A.16**

1 From Lancaster then to Chester they went,  
2 And so did king Henery;  
3 But Robin away, for he durst not stay,  
4 For fear of some treachery.

**146A.17**

1 Saies Robin, Come, let us to London go,  
2 To see our noble queens face;  
3 It may be she wants our company,  
4 Which makes the king so us chase.

**146A.18**

1 When Robin he came Queen Katherine before,  
2 He fell upon his knee:  
3 'If it please your Grace, I am come to this  
  place,  
4 To speak with king Henery.'

**146A.19**

1 Queen Katherine she answered bold Robin  
  again,  
2 The king is gone to merry Sherwood;  
3 And when he went he to me did say  
4 He would go seek Robin Hood.

**146A.20**

1 'Then fare you well, my gracious queen,  
2 For to sherwood I will hie apace;  
3 For fain would I see what he would with me,  
4 If I could but meet his Grace.'

**146A.21**

1 But when King Henery he came home,  
2 Full weary, and vexed in mind,  
3 When he did hear Robin had been there,  
4 He blamed Dame Fortune unkind.

**146A.22**

1 'You are welcome home,' Queen Katherine  
  cried,  
2 'Henry, my sovereign liege;  
3 Bold Robin Hood that archer good,  
4 Your person hath been to seek.'

**146A.23**

1 But when King Henry he did hear  
2 That Robin had been there him to seek,  
3 This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,  
4 For I have sought him this whole three weeks.

**146A.24**

1 'A boon! a boon!' Queen Katherine cried,  
2 'I beg it here on your Grace,  
3 To pardon his life, and seek no more strife:'  
4 And so endeth Robin Hoods chase.

**147A.1**

1 I HAVE heard talk of bold Robin Hood,  
2 Derry derry down  
3 And of brave Little John,  
4 Of Fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlet,  
5 Loxley, and Maid Marion,  
6 Hey down derry derry down

**147A.2**

1 But such a tale as this before  
2 I think there was never none;  
3 For Robin Hood disguised himself,  
4 And to the wood is gone.

**147A.3**

1 Like to a fryer, bold Robin Hood  
2 Was accoutered in his array;  
3 With hood, gown, beads and cricifix,  
4 He past upon the way.

**147A.4**

1 He had not gone [past] miles two or three,  
2 But it was his chance to spy  
3 Two lusty priests, clad all in black,  
4 Come riding gallantly.

**147A.5**

1 'Benedicete,' then said Robin Hood,  
2 'Some pity on me take;  
3 Cross you my hand with a silver groat,  
4 For Our dear Ladies sake.

**147A.6**

1 'For I have been wandering all this day,  
2 And nothing could I get;  
3 Not so much as one poor cup of drink,  
4 Nor bit of bread to eat.'

**147A.7**

1 'Now, by my holydame,' the priests repli'd,  
2 'We never a peny have;  
3 For we this morning have been robd,  
4 And could no mony save.'

**147A.8**

1 'I am much afraid,' said bold Robin Hood,  
2 'That you both do tell a lye;  
3 And now before that you go hence,  
4 I am resolv'd to try.'

**147A.9**

1 When as the priests heard him say so,  
2 Then they rode away amain;  
3 But Robin Hood betook him to his heels,  
4 And soon overtook them again.

**147A.10**

1 Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,  
2 And pulld them down from their horse:  
3 'O spare us, fryer!' the priests cry'd out,  
4 'On us have remorse!'

**147A.11**

1 'You said you had no mony,' quoth he,  
2 'Wherefore, without delay,  
3 We three will fall down on our knees,  
4 And for mony we will pray.'

**147A.12**

1 'The priests they could not him gainsay,  
2 But down they kneeled with speed;  
3 'Send us, O send us,' then quoth they,  
4 'Some mony to serve our need.'

**147A.13**

1 The priests did pray with mournful cheer,  
2 Sometimes their hands did wring,  
3 Sometimes they wept and cried aloud,  
4 Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

**147A.14**

1 When they had been praying an hours space,  
2 The priests did still lament;  
3 Then quoth bold Robin, Now let's see  
4 What mony heaven hath us sent.

**147A.15**

1 We will be sharers now all alike  
2 Of the mony that we have;  
3 And there is never a one of us  
4 That his fellows shall deceive.

**147A.16**

1 The priests their hands in their pockets put,  
2 But mony would find none:  
3 'We'l search our selves,' said Robin Hood,  
4 'Each other, one by one.'

**147A.17**

1 Then Robin took pains to search them both,  
2 And he found good store of gold;  
3 Five hundred peeces presently  
4 Vpon the grass was told.

**147A.18**

1 'Here is a brave show,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'Such store of gold to see,  
3 And you shall each one have a part,  
4 Cause you prayed so heartily.'

**147A.19**

1 He gave them fifty pound a-peece,  
2 And the rest for himself did keep;  
3 The priests durst not speak one word,  
4 Bur they sighed wondrous deep.

**147A.20**

1 With that the priests rose up from their knees,  
2 Thinking to have parted so;  
3 'Nay, stay,' said Robin Hood, 'one thing more  
4 I have to say ere you go.

**147A.21**

1 'You shall be sworn,' said bold Robin Hood,  
2 'Vpon this holy grass,  
3 That you will never tell lies again,  
4 Which way soever you pass.

**147A.22**

1 'The second oath that you here must take,  
2 All the days of your lives  
3 You never shall tempt maids to sin,  
4 Nor lye with other mens wives.

**147A.23**

1 'The last oath you shall take, it is this,  
2 Be charitable to the poor;  
3 Say you have met with a holy fryer,  
4 And I desire no more.'

**147A.24**

1 He set them upon their horses again,  
2 And away then they did ride;  
3 And hee returnd to the merry green-wood,  
4 With great joy, mirth and pride.

**148A.1**

1 IN summer time, when leaves grow green,  
2 When they doe grow both green and long,  
3 Of a bould outlaw, calld Robin Hood,  
4 It is of him I sing this song.

**148A.2**

1 When the lilly leafe and the elephant  
2 Doth bud and spring with a merry good cheere,  
3 This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,  
4 And chasing of the fallow deere.

**148A.3**

1 'The fishermen brave more mony have  
2 Than any merchant, two or three;  
3 Therefore I will to Scarborough goe,  
4 That I a fisherman brave may be.'

**148A.4**

1 This outlaw calld his merry men all,  
2 As they sate under the green-wood tree:  
3 'If any of you have gold to spend,  
4 I pray you heartily spend it with me.

**148A.5**

1 'Now,' quoth Robin, I'le to Scarborough goe,  
2 It seemes to be a very faire day;  
3 Who tooke up his inne at a widdow-womans  
house,  
4 Hard by upon the water gray.

**148A.6**

1 Who asked of him, Where wert thou borne?  
2 Or tell to me, where dost thou fare?  
3 'I am a poore fisherman,' saith he then,  
4 'This day intrapped all in care.'

**148A.7**

1 'What is thy name, thou fine fellow?  
2 I pray thee heartily tell to me;  
3 'In mine own country where I was borne,  
4 Men called me Simon over the Lee.'

**148A.8**

1 'Simon, Simon,' said the good wife,  
2 The outlaw was ware of her courtesie,  
3 And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

**148A.9**

1 'Simon, wilt thou be my man?  
2 And good round wages I'le give thee;  
3 I have as good a ship of mine owne  
4 As any sayle upon the sea.

**148A.10**

1 'Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,  
2 Masts and ropes that are so long;  
3 'And if that you thus furnish me,  
4 Said Simon, 'Nothing shall goe wrong.'

**148A.11**

1 They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
2 More of a day then two or three;  
3 When others cast in their baited hooks,  
4 The bare lines into the sea cast he.

**148A.12**

1 'It will be long,' said the master then,  
2 'Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea;  
3 I'le assure you he shall have no part of our fish,  
4 For in truth he is of no part worthy.'

**148A.13**

1 'O woe is me,' said Simon then,  
2 'This day that ever I came here,  
3 I wish I were in Plomton Parke,  
4 In chasing of the fallow deere.

**148A.14**

1 'For every clowne laughs me to scorne,  
2 And they by me set nought at all;  
3 If I had them in Plomton Park,  
4 I would set as little by them all.'

**148A.15**

1 They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
2 More of a day then two or three;  
3 But Simon spied a ship of warre,  
4 That sayld towards them most valourously.

**148A.16**

1 'O woe is me,' said the master then,  
2 'This day that ever I was borne!  
3 For all our fish we have got to-day  
4 Is every bit lost and forlorne.

**148A.17**

1 'For your French robbers on the sea,  
2 They will not spare of us one man,  
3 But carry us to the coast of France,  
4 And ligge us in the prison strong.'

**148A.18**

1 But Simon said, Doe not feare them,  
2 Neither, master, take you no care;  
3 Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
4 And never a Frenchman will I spare.

**148A.19**

1 'Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,  
2 For thou art nought but bragg and boast;  
3 If I should cast the over-board,  
4 There were nothing but a lubber lost.'

**148A.20**

1 Simon grew angry at these words,  
2 And so angry then was he  
3 That he tooke his bent bow in his hand,  
4 And to the ship-hatch goe doth he.

**148A.21**

1 'Master, tye me to the mast,' saith he,  
2 'That at my mark I may stand fair,  
3 And give me my bended bow in my hand,  
4 And never a Frenchman will I spare.'

**148A.22**

1 He drew his arrow to the very head,  
2 And drew it with all might and maine,  
3 And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,  
4 Doth the Frenchmans heart the arrow gain.

**148A.23**

1 The Frenchman fell downe on the ship-hatch,  
2 And under the hatches down below;  
3 Another Frenchman that him espy'd  
4 The dead corps into the sea doth throw.

**148A.24**

1 'O master, loose me from the mast,' he said,  
2 'And for them all take you no care,  
3 And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
4 And never a Frenchman will I spare.'

**148A.25**

1 Then streight [they] did board the Frenchmans  
ship,  
2 They lying all dead in their sight;  
3 They found within the ship of warre  
4 Twelve thousand pound of money bright.

**148A.26**

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.'

**148A.27**

1 But now bespake the master then,  
2 For so, Simon, it shall not be;  
3 For you have won her with your own hand,  
4 And the owner of it you shall bee.

**148A.28**

1 'It shall be so, as I have said;  
2 And, with this gold, for the opprest  
3 An habitation I will build,  
4 Where they shall live in peace and rest.'

**149A.1**

1 KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?  
2 Ay, and then you shall hear anon  
3 A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,  
4 And of his man, brave Little John.

**149A.2**

1 In Locksly town, in Nottinghamshire,  
2 In merry sweet Locksly town,  
3 There bold Robin Hood he was born and was  
bred,  
4 Bold Robin of famous renown.

**149A.3**

1 The father of Robin a forester was,  
2 And he shot in a lusty long bow,  
3 Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,  
4 As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

**149A.4**

1 For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the  
Clugh,  
2 And William a Clowdesle  
3 To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,  
4 And the forrester beat them all three.

**149A.5**

1 His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,  
2 Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;  
3 For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the  
gate,  
4 Or mine host of The Bull tells a lye.

**149A.6**

1 Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel  
Hall,  
2 And a noble house-keeper was he,  
3 Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet  
Nottinghamshire,  
4 And a squire of famous degree.

**149A.7**

1 The mother of Robin said to her husband,  
2 My honey, my love, and my dear,  
3 Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,  
4 To taste of my brothers good cheer.

**149A.8**

1 And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,  
2 Take one of my horses, I pray;  
3 The sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,  
4 For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

**149A.9**

1 Then Robin Hoods fathers grey gelding was  
brought,  
2 And saddled and bridled was he;  
3 God wot, a blew bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,  
4 And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

**149A.10**

1 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,  
2 They were of a light Lincoln green;  
3 The cloath was homespun, but for colour and  
make  
4 It might a beseemed our queen.

**149A.11**

1 And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,  
2 And his dagger on his tother side,  
3 And said, My dear mother, let's haste to be  
gone,  
4 We have forty long miles to ride.

**149A.12**

1 When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,  
2 His father, without any trouble,  
3 Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,  
4 For his gelding had oft carried double.

**149A.13**

1 And when she was settled, they rode to their  
neighbours,  
2 And drank and shook hands with them all;  
3 And then Robin gallopt, and never gave ore,  
4 Till they lighted at Gamwel Hall.

**149A.14**

1 And now you may think the right worshipful  
squire  
2 Was joyful his sister to see;  
3 For he kist her and kist her, and swore a great  
oath,  
4 Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.

**149A.15**

1 To-morrow, when mass had been said in the  
chappel,  
2 Six tables were coverd in the hall,  
3 And in comes the squire, and makes a short  
speech,  
4 It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

**149A.16**

1 But not a man here shall taste my March beer,  
2 Till a Christmas carrol he sing:  
3 Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted an  
d sung,  
4 Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

**149A.17**

1 Now mustard and braun, roast beef and plumb  
pies,  
2 Were set upon every table:  
3 And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be  
merry,  
4 And drink too, as long as you're able.

**149A.18**

1 When dinner was ended, his chaplain said  
grace,  
2 And, 'Be merry, my friends,' said the squire;  
3 'It rains, and it blows, but call for more ale,  
4 And lay some more wood on the fire.

**149A.19**

1 'And now call ye Little John hither to me,  
2 For Little John is a fine lad  
3 At gambols and juggling, and twenty such  
tricks  
4 As shall make you merry and glad.'

**149A.20**

1 When Little John came, to gambols they went,  
2 Both gentleman, yeoman and clown;  
3 And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,  
4 Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

**149A.21**

1 And now you may think the right worshipful  
squire  
2 Was joyful this sight for to see;  
3 For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more  
home,  
4 But tarry and dwell here with me.

**149A.22**

1 Thou shalt have my land when I dye, and till  
then  
2 Thou shalt be the staff of my age;  
3 'Then grant me my boon, dear uncle,' said  
Robin,  
4 'That Little John may be my page.'

**149A.23**

1 And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon;  
2 With all my heart, so let it be;  
3 'Then come hither, Little John,' said Robin  
Hood,  
4 'Come hither, my page, unto me.



**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 wined 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 velvet 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 For 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 espy'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 forresters 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 sarvitors 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 blusht 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 slasht em
- 4 That five of them did fall.

**149A.43**

- 1 The three that remaind calld to Robin for quarter,
- 2 And pitiful John beggd 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 And the bagpipes bated the bull;
- 3 I am king of the fidlers, and sware 'tis a truth,
- 4 And I call him that doubts it a gull.

**149A.45**

- 1 For I saw them fighting, and fiddl the while,
- 2 And Clorinda sung, Hey derry down!
- 3 The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword ,Bob,
- 4 And now let's dance into the town.

**149A.46**

- 1 Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
- 2 And all that were in it lookd 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 calld Mary, Madam,
- 4 And kist her full sweetly behind.

**149A.48**

- 1 And so may your worships. 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 joyful 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 calld by name,
- 4 Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
- 5 For she was a gallant dame.

**150A.2**

- 1 For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
- 2 Queen Hellen shee did excell;
- 3 For Marian then was praised 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 Huntington, nobly born,
- 2 That came of noble blood,
- 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 shee 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 Shee 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 disguisd,
- 2 And Marian was strangly attir'd,
- 3 That they provd foes, and so fell to blowes,
- 4 Whose vallour 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 loyallover.

**150A.14**

1 When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,  
2 Good lord, what clipping was there!  
3 With kind imbraces, and jobbing of faces,  
4 Providing of gallant cheer.

**150A.15**

1 For Little John took his bow in his hand,  
2 And wandering in the wood,  
3 To kill the deer, and make good cheer,  
4 For Marian and Robin Hood.

**150A.16**

1 A stately banquet the<y] had full soon,  
2 All in a shaded bower,  
3 Where venison sweet they had to eat,  
4 And were merry that present hour.

**150A.17**

1 Great flaggons of wine were set on the board,  
2 And merrily they drunk round  
3 Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,  
4 Whilst their knees did touch the ground.

**150A.18**

1 First Robin Hood began a health  
2 To Marian his onely dear,  
3 And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,  
4 Did quickly bring up the rear.

**150A.19**

1 For in a brave veine they tost off the<ir] bouls,  
2 Whilst thus they did remain,  
3 And every cup, as they drunk up,  
4 They filled with speed again.

**150A.20**

1 At last they ended their merrymment,  
2 And went to walk in the wood,  
3 Where Little John and Maid Marian  
4 Attended on bold Robin Hood.

**150A.21**

1 In sollid content together they livd,  
2 With all their yeomen gay;  
3 They livd by their hands, without any lands,  
4 And so they did many a day.

**150A.22**

1 But now to conclude, an end I will make  
2 In time, as I think it good,  
3 For the people that dwell in the North can tell  
4 Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

**151A.1**

1 KING RICHARD hearing of the pranks  
2 Of Robin Hood and his men,  
3 He much admir'd, and more desir'd,  
4 To see both him and them.

**151A.2**

1 Then with a dozen of his lords  
2 To Nottingham he rode;  
3 When he came there, he made good cheer,  
4 And took up his abode.

**151A.3**

1 He having staid there some time,  
2 But had no hopes to speed,  
3 He and his lords, with [free] accord,  
4 All put on monk's weeds.

**151A.4**

1 From Fountain-abbey they did ride,  
2 Down to barnsdale;  
3 Where Robin Hood preparèd stood  
4 All company to assail.

**151A.5**

1 The king was higher then the rest,  
2 And Robin thought he had  
3 An abbot been whom he did spleen;  
4 To rob him he was glad.

**151A.6**

1 He took the king's horse by the head,  
2 'Abbot,' says he, æbide;  
3 I am bound to rue such knaves as you,  
4 That live in pomp and pride.'

**151A.7**

1 'But we are messengers from the king,'  
2 The king himself did say;  
3 'Near to this place his royal Grace  
4 To speak with thee does stay.'

**151A.8**

1 'God save the king,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'And all that wish him well;  
3 He that does deny his sovereignty,  
4 I wish he was in hell.'

**151A.9**

1 'O thyself thou curses,' says the king,  
2 'For thou a traitor art:'  
3 'Nay, but that you are his messenger,  
4 I swear you lie in heart.'

**151A.10**

1 'For I never yet hurt any man  
2 That honest is and true;  
3 But those that give their minds to live  
4 Upon other men's due.'

**151A.11**

1 'I never hurt the husbandman,  
2 That use to till the ground;  
3 Nor spill their blood that range the wood  
4 To follow hawk or hound.'

**151A.12**

1 'My chiefest spite to clergy is,  
2 Who in these days bear a great sway;  
3 With fryars and monks, with their fine sprunks,  
4 I make my chiefest prey.'

**151A.13**

1 'But I am very glad,' says Robin Hood,  
2 'That I have met you here;  
3 Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,  
4 Taste of our green-wood cheer.'

**151A.14**

1 The king did then marvel much,  
2 And so did all his men;  
3 They thought with fear, what kind of cheer  
4 Robin would provide for them.

**151A.15**

1 Robin took the king's horse by the head,  
2 And led him to the tent;  
3 'Thou would not be so usd,' quoth he,  
4 'But that my king thee sent.'

**151A.16**

1 'Nay, more than that,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'For good king Richard's sake,  
3 If you had as much gold as ever I told,  
4 I would not one penny take.'

**151A.17**

1 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
2 And a loud blast he did blow,  
3 Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men  
4 Came marching all of a row.

**151A.18**

1 And when they came bold Robin before,  
2 Each man did bend his knee;  
3 'O,' thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,  
4 And a seemly sight to see.'

**151A.19**

1 Within himself the king did say,  
2 These men of Robin Hood's  
3 More humble be than mine to me;  
4 So the court may learn of the woods.

**151A.20**

1 So then they all to dinner went,  
2 Upon a carpet green;  
3 Black, yellow, red, finely minglèd,  
4 Most curious to be seen.

**151A.21**

1 Venison and fowls were plenty there,  
2 With fish out of the river;  
3 King Richard swore, on sea or shore,  
4 He neer was feasted better.

**151A.22**

1 Then Robin takes a can of ale:  
2 'Come, let us now begin;  
3 Come, every man shall have his can;  
4 Here's a health unto the king.'

**151A.23**

1 The king himself drank to the king,  
2 So round about it went;  
3 Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,  
4 To pledge that health were spent.

**151A.24**

1 And after that, a bowl of wine  
2 In his hand took Robin Hood;  
3 'Until I die, I'll drink wine,' said he,  
4 'While I live in the green-wood.'

**151A.25**

1 'Bend all your bows,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'And with the grey goose wing  
3 Such sport now shew as you would do  
4 In the presence of the king.'

**151A.26**

1 They shewd such brave archery,  
2 By cleaving sticks and wands,  
3 That the king did say, Such men as they  
4 Live not in many lands.

**151A.27**

1 'Well, Robin Hood,' then says the king,  
2 'If I could thy pardon get,  
3 To serve the king in every thing  
4 Wouldst thou thy mind firm set?'

**151A.28**

1 'Yes, with all my heart,' bold Robin said,  
2 So they flung off their hoods;  
3 To serve the king in every thing,  
4 They swore they would spend their bloods.

**151A.29**

1 'For a clergyman was first my bane,  
2 Which makes me hate them all;  
3 But if you'll be so kind to me,  
4 Love them again I shall.'

**151A.30**

1 The king no longer could forbear,  
2 For he was movd with ruth;  
3 ['Robin,' said he, 'I now tell thee  
4 The very naked truth.]

**151A.31**

1 'I am the king, thy sovereign king,  
2 That appears before you all;'  
3 When Robin see that it was he,  
4 Strait then he down did fall.

**151A.32**

1 'Stand up again,' then said the king,  
2 'I'll thee thy pardon give;  
3 Stand up, my friend; who can contend,  
4 When I give leave to live?'

**151A.33**

1 So they are all gone to Nottingham,  
2 All shouting as they came;  
3 But when the people them did see,  
4 They thought the king was slain,

**151A.34**

1 And for that cause the outlaws were come,  
2 To rule all as they list;  
3 And for to shun, which way to run  
4 The people did not wist.

**151A.35**

1 The plowman left the plow in the fields,  
2 The smith ran from his shop;  
3 Old folks also, that scarce could go,  
4 Over their sticks did hop.

**151A.36**

1 The king soon let them understand  
2 He had been in the green wood,  
3 And from that day, for evermore,  
4 He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

**151A.37**

1 When the people they did hear,  
2 And the truth was known,  
3 They all did sing, 'God save the king!  
4 Hang care, the town's our own!'

**151A.38**

1 'What's that Robin Hood?' then said the  
sheriff;  
2 'That varlet I do hate;  
3 Both me and mine he causd to dine,  
4 And servd us all with one plate.'

**151A.39**

1 'Ho, ho,' said Robin, 'I know what you mean;  
2 Come, take your gold again;  
3 Be friends with me, and I with thee,  
4 And so with every man.'

**151A.40**

1 'Now, master sheriff, you are paid,  
2 And since you are beginner,  
3 As well as you give me my due;  
4 For you neer paid for that dinner.'

**151A.41**

1 'But if that it should please the king  
2 So much your house to grace  
3 To sup with you, for to speak true,  
4 [I] know you neer was base.'

**151A.42**

1 The sheriff could not [that] gain say,  
2 For a trick was put upon him;  
3 A supper was drest, the king was guest,  
4 But he thought 'twould have undone him.

**151A.43**

1 They are all gone to London court,  
2 Robin Hood, with all his train;  
3 He once was there a noble peer,  
4 And now he's there again.

**151A.44**

1 Many such pranks brave Robin playd  
2 While he lived in the green wood:  
3 Now, my friends, attend, and hear an end  
4 Of honest Robin Hood.

**152A.1**

1 WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham  
2 Was come, with mickle grief,  
3 He talkd no good of Robin Hood,  
4 That strong and sturdy thief.  
5 Fal lal dal de

**152A.2**

1 So unto London-road he past,  
2 His losses to unfold  
3 To King Richard, who did regard  
4 The tale that he had told.

**152A.3**

1 'Why,' quoth the king, 'what shall I do?  
2 Art thou not sheriff for me?  
3 The law is in force, go take thy course  
4 Of them that injure thee.

**152A.4**

1 'Go get thee gone, and by thyself  
2 Devise some tricking game  
3 For to enthral yon rebels all;  
4 Go take thy course with them.'

**152A.5**

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.

**152A.6**

1 For within his mind he imagin'd  
2 That when such matches were,  
3 Those outlaws stout, without [all] doubt,  
4 Would be the bowmen there.

**152A.7**

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.

**152A.8**

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 yon sport to see.'

**152A.9**

1 With that stept forth a brave young man,  
2 David of Doncaster:  
3 'Master,' said he, 'Be rul'd by me,  
4 From the green-wood we'll not stir.

**152A.10**

1 'To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd  
2 Yon match is a wile;  
3 The sheriff, I wiss, devises this  
4 Us archers to beguile.'

**152A.11**

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.'

**152A.12**

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.

**152A.13**

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.

**152A.14**

1 One shall wear white, another red,  
2 One yellow, another blue;  
3 Thus in disguise, to the exercise  
4 We'll gang, whateer ensue.

**152A.15**

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.

**152A.16**

1 So themselves they mixed with the rest,  
2 To prevent all suspicion;  
3 For if they should together hold  
4 They thought [it] no discretion.

**152A.17**

1 So the sheriff looking round about,  
2 Amongst eight hundred men,  
3 But could not see the sight that he  
4 Had long expected then.

**152A.18**

1 Some said, If Robin Hood was here,  
2 And all his men to boot,  
3 Sure none of them could pass these men,  
4 So bravely they do shoot.

**152A.19**

1 'Ay,' quoth the sheriff, and scratchd his head,  
2 'I thought he would have been here;  
3 I thought he would, but, tho he's bold,  
4 He durst not now appear.'

**152A.20**

1 O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart;  
2 He vex'd in his blood;  
3 Eer long, thought he, thou shalt well see  
4 That here was Robin Hood.

**152A.21**

1 Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried, Brown!  
2 And the third cried, Brave Yellow!  
3 But the fourth man said, Yon man in red  
4 In this place has no fellow.

**152A.22**

1 For that was Robin Hood himself,  
2 For he was cloathd in red;  
3 At every shot the prize he got,  
4 For he was both sure and dead.

**152A.23**

1 So the arrow with the golden head  
2 And shaft of silver white  
3 Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him  
4 For his own proper right.

**152A.24**

1 These outlaws there, that very day,  
2 To shun all kind of doubt,  
3 By three or four, no less no more,  
4 As they went in came out.

**152A.25**

1 Until they all assembled were  
2 Under the green-wood shade,  
3 Where they report, in pleasant sport,  
4 What brave pastime they made.

**152A.26**

1 Says Robin Hood, All my care is,  
2 How that yon sheriff may  
3 Know certainly that it was I  
4 That bore his arrow away.

**152A.27**

1 Says Little John, My counsel good  
2 Did take effect before,  
3 So therefore now, if you'll allow,  
4 I will advise once more.

**152A.28**

1 'Speak on, speak on,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'Thy wit's both quick and sound;  
3 [I know no man amongst us can  
4 For wit like thee be found.']

**152A.29**

1 'This I advise,' said Little John;  
2 'That a letter shall be pend,  
3 And when it is done, to Nottingham  
4 You to the sheriff shall send.'

**152A.30**

1 'That is well advised,' said Robin Hood,  
2 'But how must it be sent?'  
3 'Pugh! when you please, it's done with ease,  
4 Master, be you content.

**152A.31**

1 'I'll stick it on my arrow's head,  
2 And shoot it into the town;  
3 The mark shall show where it must go,  
4 When ever it lights down.'

**152A.32**

1 The project it was full perform'd;  
2 The sheriff that letter had;  
3 Which when he read, he scratchd his head,  
4 And rav'd like one that's mad.

**152A.33**

1 So we'll leave him chafing in his grease,  
2 Which will do him no good;  
3 Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end  
4 Of honest Robin Hood.

**153A.1**

1 WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,  
2 Derry, etc.  
3 Had reigned many years,  
4 The king was then told they had been too bold  
5 To his bishops and noble peers.  
6 Hey, etc.

**153A.2**

1 Therefore they called a council of state,  
2 To know what was best to be done  
3 For to quell their pride, or else, they reply'd,  
4 The land would be over-run.

**153A.3**

1 Having consulted a whole summers day,  
2 At length it was agreed  
3 That one should be sent to try the event,  
4 And fetch him away with speed.

**153A.4**

1 Therefore a trusty and worthy knight  
2 The king was pleas'd to call,  
3 Sir William by name; when to him he came,  
4 He told him his pleasure all.

**153A.5**

1 'Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,  
2 And bid him, without more a-do,  
3 Surrender himself, or else the proud elf  
4 Shall suffer with all his crew.

**153A.6**

1 'Take here a hundred bowmen brave,  
2 All chosen men of might,  
3 Of excellent art for to take thy part,  
4 In glittering armour bright.'

**153A.7**

1 Then said the knight, My sovereign liege,  
2 By me they shall be led;  
3 I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,  
4 And bring him alive or dead.

**153A.8**

1 One hundred men were chosen straight,  
2 As proper as eer men saw;  
3 On Midsummer-day the marched away,  
4 To conquer that brave outlaw.

**153A.9**

1 With long yew bows and shining spears,  
2 They marchd in mickle pride,  
3 And never delayd, or halted, or stayd,  
4 Till they came to the greenwood-side.

**153A.10**

1 Said he to his archers, Tarry here;  
2 Your bows make ready all,  
3 That, if need should be, you may follow me;  
4 And see you observe my call.

**153A.11**

1 'I'll go in person first,' he cry'd,  
2 'With the letters of my good king,  
3 Both sign'd and seald, and if he will yield,  
4 We need not draw one string.'

**153A.12**

1 He wanderd about till at length he came  
2 To the tent of Robin Hood;  
3 The letter he shews; bold Robin arose,  
4 And there on his guard he stood.

**153A.13**

1 'They'd have me surrender,' quoth bold Robin  
2 Hood,  
2 'And lie at their mercy then;  
3 But tell them from me, that never shall be,  
4 While I have full seven-score men.'

**153A.14**

1 Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,  
2 Did offer to seize him there,  
3 Which William Locksly by fortune did see,  
4 And bid him that trick forbear.

**153A.15**

1 Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,  
2 And blew a blast or twain,  
3 And so did the knight, at which there in sight  
4 The archers came all amain.

**153A.16**

1 Sir William with care he drew up his men,  
2 And plac'd them in battle array;  
3 Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind;  
4 Now this was a bloody fray.

**153A.17**

1 The archers on both sides bent their bows,  
2 And the clouds of arrows flew;  
3 The very first flight, that honoured knight  
4 Did there bid the world adieu.

**153A.18**

1 Yet nevertheless their fight did last  
2 From morning till almost noon;  
3 Both parties were stout, and loath to give out;  
4 This was on the last [day] of June.

**153A.19**

1 At length they went off; one part they went  
2 To Flanders, France, and Spain;  
3 And Robin Hood he to the green-wood tree,  
4 And there he was taken ill.

**153A.20**

1 He sent for a monk, who let him blood,  
2 And took his life away;  
3 Now this being done, his archers they run,  
4 It was not a time to stay.

**153A.21**

1 Some got on board and crossd the seas,  
2 To Flanders, France, and Spain,  
3 And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,  
4 But soon returnd again.

**153A.22**

1 Thus he that never feard bow nor spear  
2 Was murderd by letting of blood;  
3 And so, loving friends, the story doth end  
4 Of valiant bold Robin Hood.

**153A.23**

1 There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,  
2 Which, reader, here you have;  
3 To this very day, and read it you may,  
4 As it was upon his grave.

**153A.Epi.**

1 Robin, Earl of Huntington,  
2 Lies under this little stone.  
3 No archer was like him so good;  
4 His wildness nam'd him Robin Hood.  
5 Full thirteen years, and something more,  
6 These northern parts he vexed sore.  
7 Such outlaws as he and his men  
8 May England never know again!

**154A.1**

1 BOTH gentlemen, or yeomen bould,  
2 Or whatsoever you are,  
3 To have a stately story tould,  
4 Attention now prepare.

**154A.2**

1 It is a tale of Robin Hood,  
2 Which I to you will tell,  
3 Which being rightly understood,  
4 I know will please you well.

**154A.3**

1 This Robbin, so much talked on,  
2 Was once a man of fame,  
3 Instiled Earle of Huntington,  
4 Lord Robert Hood by name.

**154A.4**

1 In courtship and magnificence,  
2 His carriage won him prayse,  
3 And greater favor with his prince  
4 Than any in his dayes.

**154A.5**

1 In bounteous liberality  
2 He too much did excell,  
3 And loved men of quality  
4 More than exceeding well.

**154A.6**

1 His great revnues all he sould  
2 For wine and costly cheere;  
3 He kept three hundred bowmen bold,  
4 He shooting loved so deare.

**154A.7**

1 No archer living in his time  
2 With him might well compare;  
3 He practisd all his youthfull prime  
4 That exercise most rare.

**154A.8**

1 At last, by his profuse expence,  
2 He had consumd his wealth,  
3 And being outlawed by his prince,  
4 In woods he livd by stealth.

**154A.9**

1 The abbot of *Saint Maries* rich,  
2 To whom he mony ought,  
3 His hatred to this earle was such  
4 That he his downfall wrought.

**154A.10**

1 So being outlawed, as 'tis told,  
2 He with a crew went forth  
3 Of lusty cutters, stout and bold,  
4 And robbed in the North.

**154A.11**

1 Among the rest, one Little John,  
2 A yeoman bold and free,  
3 Who could, if it stood him upon,  
4 With ease encounter three.

**154A.12**

1 One hundred men in all he got,  
2 With whom, the story sayes,  
3 Three hundred common men durst not  
4 Hold combate any wayes.

**154A.13**

1 They Yorkshire woods frequented much,  
2 And Lancashire also,  
3 Wherein their practises were such  
4 That they wrought mickle woe.

**154A.14**

1 None rich durst travell to and fro,  
2 Though nere so strongly armd,  
3 But by these theeves, so strong in show,  
4 They still were robd and harmd.

**154A.15**

1 His chieftest spight to the clergie was,  
2 That lived in monstrous pride;  
3 No one of them he would let passe  
4 Along the high-way side,

**154A.16**

1 But first they must to dinner goe,  
2 And afterwards to shrift:  
3 Full many a one he served so,  
4 Thus while he livd by theft.

**154A.17**

5 No monkes nor fryers he would let goe,  
6 Without paying their fees:  
7 If they thought much to be usd so,  
8 Their stones he made them leese.

**154A.18**

1 For such as they the country filld  
2 With bastards in those dayes;  
3 Which to prevent, these sparkes did geld  
4 All that came by their wayes.

**154A.19**

1 But Robbin Hood so gentle was,  
2 And bore so brave a minde,  
3 If any in distresse did passe,  
4 To them he was so kinde

**154A.20**

1 That he would give and lend to them,  
2 To helpe them at their neede:  
3 This made all poore men pray for him,  
4 And wish he well might speede.

**154A.21**

1 The widdow and the fatherlesse  
2 He would send meanes unto,  
3 And those whom famine did oppresse  
4 Found him a friendly foe.

**154A.22**

1 Nor would he doe a woman wrong,  
2 But see her safe conveid;  
3 He would protect with power strong  
4 All those who crav'd his ayde.

**154A.23**

1 The abbot of *Saint Maries* then,  
2 Who him undid before,  
3 Was riding with two hundred men,  
4 And gold and silver store.

**154A.24**

1 But Robbin Hood upon him set  
2 With his couragious sparkes,  
3 And all the coyne perforce did get,  
4 Which was twelve thousand markes.

**154A.25**

1 He bound the abbot to a tree,  
2 And would not let him passe  
3 Before that to his men and he  
4 His lordship had sayd masse.

**154A.26**

1 Which being done, upon his horse  
2 He set him fast astride,  
3 And with his face towards his ar--  
4 He forced him to ride.

**154A.27**

1 His men were faine to be his guide,  
2 For he rode backward home;  
3 The abbot, being thus villifide,  
4 Did sorely chafe and fume.

**154A.28**

1 Thus Robbin Hood did vindicate  
2 His former wrongs receivd;  
3 For 'twas this covetous prelate  
4 That him of land bereavd.

**154A.29**

1 The abbot he rode to the king  
2 With all the haste he could,  
3 And to his Grace he every thing  
4 Exactly did unfold.

**154A.30**

1 And sayd if that no course were tane,  
2 By force or stratagem,  
3 To take this rebell and his traine,  
4 No man should passe for them.

**154A.31**

1 The king protested by and by  
2 Unto the abbot then  
3 That Robbin Hood with speed should dye,  
4 With all his merry men.

**154A.32**

1 But ere the king did any send,  
2 He did another feate,  
3 Which did his Grace much more offend;  
4 The fact indeed was great.

**154A.33**

5 For in a short time after that,  
6 The kings receivers went  
7 Towards London with the coyne they got,  
8 For 's highnesse northerne rent.

**154A.34**

1 Bold Robbin Hood and Little John,  
2 With the rest of their traine,  
3 Not dreading law, set them upon,  
4 And did their gold obtaine.

**154A.35**

1 The king much moved at the same,  
2 And the abbots talke also,  
3 In this his anger did proclaime,  
4 And sent word to and fro,

**154A.36**

1 That whosoever, alive or dead,  
2 Could bring him Robbin Hood,  
3 Should have one thousand markes, well payd  
4 In gold and silver good.

**154A.37**

1 This promise of the king did make  
2 Full many yeomen bold  
3 Attempt stout Robbin Hood to take,  
4 With all the force they could.

**154A.38**

1 But still when any came to him,  
2 Within the gay greene wood,  
3 He entertainment gave to them,  
4 With venison fat and good.

**154A.39**

1 And shewd to them such martiall sport,  
2 With his long bow and arrow,  
3 That they of him did give report,  
4 How that it was great sorrow,

**154A.40**

1 That such a worthy man as he  
2 Should thus be put to shift,  
3 Being late a lord of high degree,  
4 Of living quite bereft.

**154A.41**

1 The king, to take him, more and more  
2 Sent men of mickle might,  
3 But he and his still beate them sore,  
4 And conquered them in fight.

**154A.42**

1 Or else, with love and courtesie,  
2 To him he won their hearts:  
3 Thus still he livd by robbery,  
4 Throughout the northerne parts.

**154A.43**

1 And all the country stood in dread  
2 Of Robbin Hood and 's men;  
3 For stouter lads nere livd by bread,  
4 In those dayes nor since then.

**154A.44**

1 The abbot which before I nam'd  
2 Sought all the meanes he could  
3 To have by force this rebell tane,  
4 And his adherents bold.

**154A.45**

1 Therefore he armd five hundred men,  
2 With furniture compleate,  
3 But the outlawes slew halfe of them,  
4 And made the rest retreat.

**154A.46**

1 The long bow and the arrow keene  
2 They were so usd unto  
3 That still they kept the forest greene,  
4 In spight o th' proudest foe.

**154A.47**

1 Twelve of the abbots men he tooke,  
2 Who came him to have tane,  
3 When all the rest the field forsooke;  
4 These he did entertaime

**154A.48**

1 With banquetting and merriment,  
2 And, having usd them well,  
3 He to their lord them safely sent,  
4 And willd them him to tell

**154A.49**

1 That if he would be pleasd at last  
2 To beg of our good king  
3 That he might pardon what was past,  
4 And him to favour bring,

**154A.50**

1 He would surrender backe agen  
2 The money which before  
3 Was taken by him and his men,  
4 From him and many more.

**154A.51**

1 Poore men might safely passe by him,  
2 And some that way would chuse,  
3 For well they knew that to helpe them  
4 He evermore did use.

**154A.52**

1 But where he knew a miser rich,  
2 That did the poore oppresse,  
3 To feele his coyne his hand did itch;  
4 Hee'de have it, more or lesse.

**154A.53**

1 And sometimes, when the high-way fayld,  
2 Then he his courage rouses;  
3 He and his men have oft assayld  
4 Such rich men in their houses.

**154A.54**

1 So that, through dread of Robbin then  
2 And his adventurous crew,  
3 The mizers kept great store of men,  
4 Which else maintaynd but few.

**154A.55**

1 King Richard, of that name the first,  
2 Sirnamed Cuer de Lyon,  
3 Went to defeate the Pagans curst,  
4 Who kept the coasts of Syon.

**154A.56**

1 The bishop of Ely, chancelor,  
2 Was left as vice-roy here,  
3 Who like a potent emperor,  
4 Did proudly domminere.

**154A.57**

1 Our chronicles of him report  
2 That commonly he rode  
3 With a thousand horse from court to court,  
4 Where he would make abode.

**154A.58**

1 He, riding downe towards the north,  
2 With his aforesayd traine,  
3 Robbin and his did issue forth,  
4 Them all to entertaime.

**154A.59**

1 And, with the gallant gray-goose wing,  
2 They shewed to them such play,  
3 That made their horses kicke and fling,  
4 And downe their riders lay.

**154A.60**

1 Full glad and faine the bishop was,  
2 For all his thousand men,  
3 To seeke what meanes he could to passe  
4 From out of Robbins ken.

**154A.61**

1 Two hundred of his men were kil'd,  
2 And fourscore horses good;  
3 Thirty, who did as captives yeeld,  
4 Were carryed to the greene wood.

**154A.62**

1 Which afterwards were ransomed,  
2 For twenty markes a man;  
3 The rest set spurres to horse, and fled  
4 To th' town of Warrington.

**154A.63**

1 The bishop, sore enraged then,  
2 Did, in King Richards name,  
3 Muster a power of northerne men,  
4 These outlawes bold to tame.

**154A.64**

1 But Robbin, with his courtesie,  
2 So wonne the meaner sort,  
3 That they were loath on him to try  
4 What rigor did import.

**154A.65**

1 So that bold Robbin and his traine  
2 Did live unhurt of them,  
3 Vntill King Richard came againe  
4 From faire Jerusalem.

**154A.66**

1 And then the talke of Robbin Hood  
2 His royall eares did fill;  
3 His Grace admir'd that ith' greene wood  
4 He thus continued still.

**154A.67**

1 So that the country farre and neare  
2 Did give him great applause;  
3 For none of them neede stand in feare,  
4 But such as broke the lawes.

**154A.68**

1 He wished well unto the king,  
2 And prayed still for his health,  
3 And never practised any thing  
4 Against the common wealth.

**154A.69**

1 Onely, because he was undone  
2 By th' crewell clergie then,  
3 All meanes that he could thinke upon  
4 To vex such kinde of men

**154A.70**

1 He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
2 In which he was to blame,  
3 For fault of some, to wreeke his teene  
4 On all that by him came.

**154A.71**

1 With wealth which he by robbery got  
2 Eight almshouses he built,  
3 Thinking thereby to purge the blot  
4 Of blood which he had spilt.

**154A.72**

1 Such was their blinde devotion then,  
2 Depending on their workes;  
3 Which, it 'twere true, we Christian men  
4 Inferiour were to Turkes.

**154A.73**

1 But, to speak true of Robbin Hood,  
2 And wrong him not a iot,  
3 He never would shed any mans blood  
4 That him invaded not.

**154A.74**

1 Nor would he iniure husbandmen,  
2 That toylt at cart and plough;  
3 For well he knew, were 't not for them,  
4 To live no man knew how.

**154A.75**

1 The king in person, with some lords,  
2 To Nottingham did ride,  
3 To try what strength and skill affords  
4 To crush these outlawes pride.

**154A.76**

1 And, as he once before had done,  
2 He did againe proclaime,  
3 That whosoere would take upon  
4 To bring to Notingham,

**154A.77**

1 Or any place within the land,  
2 Rebellious Robbin Hood,  
3 Should be preferd in place to stand  
4 With those of noble blood.

**154A.78**

1 When Robbin Hood heard of the same,  
2 Within a little space,  
3 Into the towne of Nottingham  
4 A letter to his Grace

**154A.79**

1 He shot upon an arrow-head,  
2 One evening cunningly;  
3 Which was brought to the king, and read  
4 Before his Maiestie.

**154A.80**

1 The tennour of this letter was,  
2 That Robbin would submit,  
3 And be true leigeman to his Grace,  
4 In any thing that 's fit,

**154A.81**

1 So that his Highnesse would forgive  
2 Him and his merry men all;  
3 If not, he must i th' greene wood live,  
4 And take what chance did fall.

**154A.82**

1 The king would faine have pardoned him,  
2 But that some lords say,  
3 This president will much condemne  
4 Your Grace another day.

**154A.83**

1 While that the king and lords did stay  
2 Debating on this thing,  
3 Some of these outlawes fled away  
4 Unto the Scottish king.

**154A.84**

1 For they supposed, if he were tane,  
2 Or to the king did yeeld,  
3 By th' commons all the rest on 's traine  
4 Full quickly would be quelld.

**154A.85**

1 Of more than full a hundred men  
2 But forty tarried still,  
3 Who were resolv'd to sticke to him,  
4 Let fortune worke her will.

**154A.86**

1 If none had fled, all for his sake  
2 Had got their pardon free;  
3 The king to favour meant to take  
4 His merry men and he.

**154A.87**

1 But ere the pardon to him came,  
2 This famous archer dy'd:  
3 His death, and manner of the same,  
4 I'le presently describe.

**154A.88**

1 For, being vex't to thinke upon  
2 His followers revolt,  
3 In melancholly passion  
4 He did recount their fault.

**154A.89**

1 'Perfideous traytors!' sayd he then,  
2 'In all your dangers past  
3 Have I you guardd as my men  
4 To leave me thus at last?'

**154A.90**

1 This sad perplexity did cause  
2 A fever, as some say,  
3 Which him unto confusion drawes,  
4 Though by a stranger way.

**154A.91**

1 This deadly danger to prevent,  
2 He hid him with all speede  
3 Vnto a nunnery, with intent  
4 For his healths sake to bleede.

**154A.92**

1 A faithlesse fryer did pretend  
2 In love to let him blood;  
3 But he by falshood wrought the end  
4 Of famous Robbin Hood.

**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 brave 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 Wherein his name was found.

**154A.99**

1 The date o th' yeare, 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 And how he lived in the greene wood,  
4 And robd there for a space.

**154A.101**

1 It seems that although the clergie he  
2 Had put to mickle woe,  
3 He should not quite forgotten be,  
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 pitty that  
4 His fame should with him dye.

**154A.103**

1 This epitaph, as records tell,  
2 Within this hundred yeares  
3 By many was discerned well,  
4 But time all things outweares.

**154A.104**

1 His followers, when he was dead,  
2 Were some received to grace;  
3 The rest to forraigne countries fled,  
4 And left their native place.

**154A.105**

1 Although his funerall was but meane,  
2 This woman had in minde  
3 Least his fame should be buried cleane  
4 From those that came behind.

**154A.106**

1 For certainly, before nor since,  
2 No man ere understood,  
3 Vnder the reigne of any prince,  
4 Of one like Robbin Hood.

**154A.107**

1 Full thirteene yeares, and something more,  
2 These outlawes lived thus,  
3 Feared of the rich, loved of the poore,  
4 A thing most marvelous.

**154A.108**

1 A thing impossible to us  
2 This story seemes to be;  
3 None dares be now so venturous;  
4 But times are chang'd, we see.

**154A.109**

1 We that live in these latter dayes  
2 Of civill government,  
3 If neede be, have a hundred wayes  
4 Such outlawes to prevent.

**154A.110**

1 In those dayes men more barbarous were,  
2 And lived lesse in awe;  
1 Now, God be thanked! people feare  
2 More to offend the law.

**154A.111**

1 No roaring guns were then in use,  
2 They dreamp of no such thing;  
3 Our English men in fight did chuse  
4 The gallant gray-goose wing.

**154A.112**

1 In which activity these men,  
2 Through practise, were so good,  
3 That in those dayes non equald them,  
4 Specially Robbin Hood.

**154A.113**

1 So that, it seemes, keeping in caves,  
2 In woods and forrests thicke,  
3 Thei'd beate a multitude with staves,  
4 Their arrowes did so pricke.

**154A.114**

1 And none durst neare unto them come,  
2 Unlesse in courtesie;  
3 All such he bravely would send home,  
4 With mirth and iollity.

**154A.115**

1 Which courtesie won him such love,  
2 As I before have told;  
3 'Twas the cheefe cause that he did prove  
4 More prosperous than he could.

**154A.116**

1 Let us be thankefull 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.117**

1 I know there's many fained tales  
2 Of Robbin Hood and 's crew;  
3 But chronicles, which seldome fayles,  
4 Reports this to be true.

**154A.118**

1 Let none then thinke this a lye,  
2 For, if 'twere put to th' worst,  
3 They may the truth of all discry  
4 I th' raigne of Richard the first.

**154A.119**

1 If any reader please to try,  
2 As I direction show,  
3 The truth of this brave history,  
4 Hee'l finde it true I know.

**154A.120**

1 And I shall thinke my labour well  
2 Bestowed, to purpose good,  
3 When 't shall be sayd that I did tell  
4 True tales of Robbin Hood.

**154A.Epi.**

1 Robert Earle of Huntington  
2 Lies under this little stone.  
3 No archer was like him so good:  
4 His wildnesse named him Robbin Hood.  
5 Full thirteene yeares, and something more,  
6 These northerne parts he vexed sore.  
7 Such out-lawes as he and his men  
8 May England never know agen.

**155A.1**

1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys  
2 Were playing at the ba,  
3 And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,  
4 And he playd oer them a'.

**155A.2**

1 He kickd the ba with his right foot,  
2 And catchd it wi his knee,  
3 And through-and-thro the Jew's window  
4 He gard the bonny ba flee.

**155A.3**

1 He's doen him to the Jew's castell,  
2 And walkd it round about;  
3 And there he saw the Jew's daughter,  
4 At the window looking out.

**155A.4**

1 'Throw down the ba, ye Jew's daughter,  
2 Throw down the ba to me!'  
1 'Never a bit,' says the jew's daughter,  
2 'Till up to me come ye.'

**155A.5**

1 'How will I come up? How can I come up?  
2 How can I come to thee?  
3 For as ye did to my auld father,  
4 The same ye'll do to me.'

**155A.6**

1 She's gane to her father's garden,  
2 And pu'd an apple red and green;  
3 'Twas a' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,  
4 And to entice him in.

**155A.7**

1 She's led him in through ae dark door,  
2 And sae has she thro nine;  
1 She's laid him on a dressing-table,  
2 And stickit him like a swine.

**155A.8**

1 And first came out the thick, thick blood,  
2 And syne came out the thin,  
3 And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;  
4 There was nae mair within.

**155A.9**

1 She's rowd him in a cake o lead,  
2 Bade him lie still and sleep;  
3 She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-well,  
4 Was fifty fathom deep.

**155A.10**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' the bairns came hame,  
3 When every lady gad hame her son,  
4 The Lady Maisry gat nane.

**155A.11**

1 She's taen her mantle her about,  
2 Her coffer by the hand,  
3 And she's gane out to seek her son,  
4 And wanderd oer the land.

**155A.12**

1 She's doen her to the Jew's castell,  
2 Where a' were fast asleep:  
3 'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
4 I pray you to me speak.'

**155A.13**

1 She's doen her to the Jew's garden,  
2 Thought he had been gathering fruit:  
3 'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
4 I pray you to me speak.'

**155A.14**

1 She heard Our Lady's deep draw-well,  
2 Was fifty fathom deep:  
3 'Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
4 I pray you to me speak.'

**155A.15**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,  
2 Prepare my winding-sheet,  
3 And at the back o merry Lincoln  
4 The morn I will you meet.'

**155A.16**

1 Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,  
2 Made him a winding sheet,  
3 And at the back o merry Lincoln  
4 The dead corpse did her meet.

**155A.17**

1 And a' the bells of merry Lincoln  
2 Without men's hands were rung,  
3 And a' the books o merry Lincoln  
4 Were read without man's tongue,  
5 And neer was such a burial  
6 Sin Adam's days begun.

**155B.1**

1 THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,  
2 Sae dois it doune the Pa;  
3 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
4 Whan they play at the ba.

**155B.2**

1 Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,  
2 Says, Will ye cum in and dine?  
3 'I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
4 Without my play-feres nine.'

**155B.3**

1 Scho powd an apple reid and white,  
2 To intice the young thing in:  
3 Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
4 And that the sweit bairne did win.

**155B.4**

1 And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,  
2 And low down by her gair;  
3 Scho has twin'd the yong thing and his life,  
4 A word he nevir spak mair.

**155B.5**

1 And out and cam the thick, thick bluid,  
2 And out and cam the thin,  
3 And out and cam the bonny herts bluid;  
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 nou and pley  
4 With your sweet play-feres nine.

**155B.7**

1 Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
2 Bade him lie stil and sleip;  
3 Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
4 Was fifty fadom deip.

**155B.8**

1 Whan 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 Whan they wer all asleip.

**155B.10**

1 'My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,  
2 I pray thee to me speik.'  
1 'O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,  
2 Gin ye your sonne wad seik.'

**155B.11**

1 Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
2 And knelt upon her knee:  
3 'My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,  
4 I pray thee speik to me.'

**155B.12**

1 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,  
2 The well is wondrous deip;  
3 A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
4 A word I dounae speik.

**155B.13**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
2 Fetch me my windling sheet,  
3 And at the back o Mirry-land toun,  
4 It's thair we twa sall meet.'

**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 powd an apple red and white,  
4 To wyle the young thing in.

**155C.7**

1 She wyl'd him into ae chamber,  
2 She wyl'd him into twa,  
3 She wyl'd him to her ain chamber,  
4 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 blude,  
2 Then out and cam the thin;  
3 Then out and cam the bonny heart's blude,  
4 Where a' the life lay in.

**155C.10**

1 She rowd him in a cake of lead,  
2 Bad him lie still and sleep;  
3 She cast him in the Jew's draw-well,  
4 Was fifty fadom deep.

**155C.11**

1 She's tane 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 mither she cam to the Jew's castle,  
2 And there ran thryse about:  
3 'O sweet Sir Hew, gif 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, gif 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, gif 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 birks of Mirryland toun  
4 There you and I shall meet.'

**155C.17**

1 Whan bells war 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 catchd 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 come 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 mayna 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 mayna 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's pu'd an apple reid and white,  
4 To wyle the bonny boy in.

**155D.7**

1 She's wyl'd him in thro ae chamber,  
2 She's wyl'd him in thro twa,  
3 She's wyl'd him till her ain chamber,  
4 The flower out ovr them a'.

**155D.8**

1 She's laid him on a dressin-board,  
2 Whare she did often 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 sleep;  
3 She threw him i the Jew's draw-well,  
4 'Twas fifty fathom deep.

**155D.10**

1 Whan 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 year,  
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!'  
1 'I winna throw down your ball, Sir Hugh,  
2 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 ae 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 Hung 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 syne came out the thin,  
3 And syne 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 dressd 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 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**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 it's at the back of Maitland town  
4 That you and I shall meet.'

**155E.22**

1 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
2 The broom that makes full sore,  
3 A woman's mercy is very little,  
4 But a man's mercy is more.

**155F.1**

1 'T'WAS on a summer's morning  
2 Some scholars were playing at ball,  
3 When out came the Jew's daughter  
4 And leand her back against the wall.

**155F.2**

1 She said unto the fairest boy,  
2 Come here to me, Sir Hugh;  
3 'No! I will not,' said he,  
4 'Without my playfellows too.'

**155F.3**

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.

**155F.4**

1 She took him by the milk-white han,  
2 An led him through many a hall,  
3 Until they came to one stone chamber,  
4 Where no man might hear his call.

**155F.5**

1 She set him in a goolden chair,  
2 And jaggd him with a pin,  
3 And called for a goolden cup  
4 To houl his heart's blood in.

**155F.6**

1 She tuk him by the yellow hair,  
2 An also by the feet,  
3 An she threw him in the deep draw-well;  
4 It was fifty fadom deep.

**155F.7**

1 Day bein over, the night came on,  
2 And the scholars all went home;  
3 Then every mother had her son,  
4 But little Sir Hugh's had none.

**155F.8**

1 She put a mantle about her head,  
2 Tuk a little rod in her han,  
3 An she says, Sir Hugh, if I fin you here,  
4 I will bate you for stayin so long.

**155F.9**

1 First she went to the Jew's door,  
2 But they were fast asleep;  
3 An then she went to the deep draw-well,  
4 That was fifty fadom deep.

**155F.10**

1 She says, Sir Hugh, if you be here,  
2 As I suppose you be,  
3 If ever the dead or quick arose,  
4 Arise and spake to me.

**155F.11**

1 'Yes, mother dear, I am here,  
2 I know I have staid very long;  
3 But a little penknife was stuck in my heart,  
4 Till the stream ran down full strong.

**155F.12**

1 'And mother dear, when you go home,  
2 Tell my playfellows all  
3 That I lost my life by leaving them,  
4 When playing that game of ball.

**155F.13**

1 'And ere another day is gone,  
2 My winding-sheet prepare,  
3 And bury me in the green churchyard,  
4 Where the flowers are bloomin fair.

**155F.14**

1 'Lay my Bible at my head,  
2 My Testament at my feet;  
3 the earth and worms shall be my bed,  
4 Till Christ and I shall meet.'

**155G.1**

1 of Baltimore.  
1 IT rains, it rains in old Scotland,  
2 And down the rain does fa,  
3 And all the boys in our town  
4 Are out a playing at ba.

**155G.2**

1 'You toss your balls too high, my boys,  
2 You toss your balls too low;  
3 You'll toss them into the Jew's garden,  
4 Wherein you darst not go.'

**155G.3**

1 Then out came one of the Jew's daughters,  
2 All dressed in red and green:  
3 'Come in, come in, my pretty little boy,  
4 And get your ball again.'

**155G.4**

1 'I winna come in, and I canna come in,  
2 Without my playmates all,  
3 And without the will of my mother dear,  
4 Which would cause my heart's blood to fall.'

**155G.5**

1 She shewed him an apple as green as grass,  
2 She shewed him a gay gold ring,  
3 She shewed him a cherry as red as blood,  
4 Which enticed the little boy in.

**155G.6**

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.

**155G.7**

1 She laid the Bible at his head,  
2 The Prayer-Book at his feet,  
3 And with a penknife small  
4 She stuck him like a sheep.

**155G.8**

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 That was eighteen fathoms deep.  
5 ' . . . .

**155G.9**

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.'

**155H.1**

1 IT rains, it rains in fair Scotland,  
2 It rains both great and small  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**155H.2**

1 He tossed the ball so high, so low,  
2 He tossed the ball so low,  
3 He tossed it over the Jew's garden-wall,  
4 Where no none dared to go.

**155H.3**

1 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,  
2 All dressed in apple-green;  
3 Said she, My dear little boy, come in,  
4 And pick up your ball again.

**155H.4**

1 'I dare not come, I will not come,  
2 I dare not come at all;  
3 For if I should, I know you would  
4 Cause my blood to fall.'

**155H.5**

1 She took him by the lily-white hand,  
2 And led him thro the kitchen;  
3 And there he saw his own dear maid  
4 A roasting of a chicken.

**155H.6**

1 She put him in a little chair,  
2 And pinned him with a pin,  
3 And then she called for a wash-basin,  
4 To spill his life blood in.

**155H.7**

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.'

**155I.1**

1 from the recitation of an aged lady.  
1 IT rains, it rains in merry Scotland,  
2 It rains both great and small,  
3 And all the children in merry Scotland  
4 Are playing at the ball.

**155I.2**

1 They toss the ball so high, so high,  
2 They toss the ball so low,  
3 They toss the ball in the Jew's garden,  
4 Where the Jews are sitting a row.

**155I.3**

1 Then up came one of the Jew's daughters,  
2 Cloathed all in green:  
3 'Come hither, come hither, my pretty Sir Hugh,  
4 And fetch thy ball again.'

**155I.4**

1 'I durst not come, I durst not go,  
2 Without my play-fellows all;  
3 For if my mother should chance to know,  
4 She'd cause my blood to fall.'  
5 ' . . . .

**155I.5**

1 She laid him upon the dresser-board,  
2 And stuck him like a sheep;  
3 She laid the Bible at his head,  
4 The Testament at his feet,  
5 The Catechise-Book in his own heart's blood,  
6 With a penknife stuck so deep.  
7 ' . . . .

**155J.1**

1 IT rains, it rains in merry Scotland,  
2 Both little, great and small,  
3 And all the schoolfellows in merry Scotland  
4 Must needs go play at ball.

**155J.2**

1 They tossd the ball so high, so high,  
2 With that it came down so low;  
3 They tossd it over the old Jew's gates,  
4 And broke the old Jew's window.

**155J.3**

1 The old Jew's daughter she came out,  
2 Was clothed all in green:  
3 'Come hither, come hither, you young Sir  
Hugh,  
4 And fetch your ball again.'

**155J.4**

1 'I dare not come, nor I will not come,  
2 Without my schoolfellows come all;  
3 For I shall be beaten when I go home  
4 For losing of my ball.'

**155J.5**

1 She 'ticed him with an apple so red,  
2 And likewise with a fig;  
3 She threw him over the dresser-board,  
4 And sticked him like a pig.

**155J.6**

1 The first came out the thickest of blood,  
2 The second came out so thin,  
3 The third came out the child's heart-blood,  
4 Where all his life lay in.

**155J.7**

1 'O spare my life! O spare my life!  
2 O spare my life!' said he;  
3 'If ever I live to be a young man,  
4 I'll do as good chare for thee.'

**155J.8**

1 'I'll do as good chare for thy true love  
2 As ever I did for the king;  
3 I will scour a basin as bright as silver  
4 To let your heart-blood run in.'



**155J.9**

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.

**155J.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.

**155J.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!

**155J.12**

1 'What news, fair maid? what news, fair maid?  
2 What news have you brought to me?  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**155J.13**

1 'Have you seen any of my child today,  
2 Or any of the rest of my kin?'  
3 'No, I've seen none of your child today,  
4 Nor none of the rest of your kin.'

**155K.1**

1 IT hails, it rains, in Merry-Cock land,  
2 It hails, it rains, both great and small,  
3 And all the little children in Merry-Cock land  
4 They have need to play at ball.

**155K.2**

1 They tossd the ball so high,  
2 They tossd the ball so low,  
3 Amongst all the Jews' cattle,  
4 And amongst the Jews below.

**155K.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.'

**155K.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.

**155K.5**

1 'She showd me an apple as green as grass,  
2 She showd me a gay gold ring;  
3 She showd me a cherry as red as blood,  
4 And so she entic'd me in

**155K.6**

1 'She took me in the parlor,  
2 She took me in the kitchen,  
3 And there I saw my own dear nurse,  
4 A picking of a chicken.

**155K.7**

1 'She laid me down to sleep,  
2 With a Bible at my head and a Testament at my feet;  
3 And if my playfellows come to quere for me,  
4 Tell them I am asleep.'

**155L.1**

1 IT rains, it hails in merry Lincoln,  
2 It rains both great and small,  
3 And all the boys and girls today  
4 Do play at pat the ball.

**155L.2**

1 They patted the ball so high, so high,  
2 They patted the ball so low,  
3 They patted it into the Jew's garden,  
4 Where all the Jews do go.

**155L.3**

1 Then out it spake the Jew's daughter,  
2 As she leant over the wall;  
3 'Come hither, come hither, my pretty playfellow,  
4 And I'll give you your ball.'

**155L.4**

1 She tempted him [in] with apple so red,  
2 But that wouldnt tempt him in;  
3 She tempted him in with sugar so sweet,  
4 And so she got him in.

**155L.5**

1 Then she put forth her lilly-white hand,  
2 And led him through the hall:  
3 'This way, this way, my pretty play-fellow,  
4 And you shall have your ball.'

**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.

**155M.1**

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.

**155M.2**

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.

**155M.3**

1 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,  
2 Dressèd in green all:  
3 'If you come here, my fair pretty lad,  
4 You shall have your ball.'

**155M.4**

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.

**155M.5**

5 She set him on a golden chair,  
6 And gave him sugar sweet;  
7 Laid him on some golden chest of drawers,  
8 Stabbed him like a sheep.

**155M.6**

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.'

**155N.1**

1 IT was on a May, on a midsummer's day,  
2 When it rained, it did rain small;  
3 And little Harry Hughes and his playfellows all  
4 Went out to play the ball.

**155N.2**

1 He knocked it up, and he knocked it down,  
2 He knocked it oer and oer;  
3 The very first kick little Harry gave the ball,  
4 He broke the duke's windows all.

**155N.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.'

**155N.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.'

**155N.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.

**155N.6**

1 She takes 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.

**155N.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.

**155N.8**

1 Little Harry Hughes had to pray for his soul,  
2 For his days were at an end;  
3 She stuck her penknife in little Harry's heart,  
4 And first the blood came very thick, and then came very thin.

**155N.9**

1 She rolled him in a quire of tin,  
2 That was in so many a fold;  
3 She rolled him from that to a little draw-well,  
4 That was fifty fathoms deep.

**155N.10**

1 'Lie there, lie there, little Harry,' she cried,  
2 'And God forbid you to swim,  
3 If you be a disgrace to me,  
4 Or to any of my friends.'

**155N.11**

1 The day passed by, and the night came on,  
2 And every scholar was home,  
3 And every mother had her own child,  
4 But poor Harry's mother had none.

**155N.12**

1 She walked up and down the street,  
2 With a little sally rod in her hand,  
3 And God directed her to the little draw-well,  
4 That was fifty fathoms deep.

**155N.13**

1 'If you be there, little Harry,' she said,  
2 'And God forbid you to be,  
3 Speak one word to your own dear mother,  
4 That is looking all over for thee.'

**155N.14**

1 'This I am, dear mother,' he cried,  
2 'And lying in great pain,  
3 With a little penknife lying close to my heart,  
4 And the duke's daughter has me slain.

**155N.15**

1 'Give my blessing to my schoolfellows all,  
2 And tell them to be at the church,  
3 And make my grave both large and deep,  
4 And my coffin of hazel and green birch.

**155N.16**

1 'Put my Bible at my head,  
2 My busker (?) at my feet,  
3 My little prayer-book at my right side,  
4 And sound will be my sleep.'

**155O.1**

1 IT rains, it rains, in merry Scotland,  
2 It rains both great and small,  
3 And all the children in merry Scotland  
4 Must needs play at ball.

**155O.2**

1 They toss the ball so high,  
2 And they toss the ball so low;  
3 They toss it into the Jew's garden,  
4 Where the Jews sate all of a row.

**155O.3**

1 . . . . .  
2 A-dressèd all in green:  
3 'Come in, come in, my pretty lad,  
4 And you shall have your ball again.'

**155O.4**

1 'They set me in a chair of state,  
2 And gave me sugar sweet;  
3 They laid me on a dresser-board,  
4 And stuck me like a sheep.

**155O.5**

1 'Oh lay a Bible at my head,  
2 And a Prayer-Book at my feet!  
3 In the well that they did throw me in,  
4 Full five-and-fifty feet deep.'

**155P.1**

1 HE tossed the ball so high, so high,  
2 He tossed the ball so low,  
3 He tossed the ball in the Jew's garden,  
4 And the Jews were all below.

**155P.2**

1 Oh then out came the Jew's daughter,  
2 She was dressed all in green:  
3 'Come hither, come hither, my sweet pretty fellow,  
4 And fetch your ball again.'

**155Q.1**

1 A' the bairns o' Lincolnshire  
2 Were learning at the school,  
3 And every Saturday at een  
4 They learnt their lessons weel.

**155Q.2**

1 The Jew's dochter sat in her bower-door,  
2 Sewing at her seam;  
3 She spied a' the bonnie bairns,  
4 As they cam out and hame.

**155R.1**

1 IT was in the middle o the midsimmer tyme,  
 2 When the scule weans playd at the ba, ba,  
 3 Out and cam the Jew's tochter,  
 4 And on little Sir Hew did ca, ca,  
 5 And on little Sir Hew did ca.

**155[S.1]**

1 It rained so high, it rained so low,  
 2 . . . . .  
 3 In the Jew's garden all below.

**155[S.2]**

1 Out came a Jew,  
 2 All clothed in green,  
 3 Saying, Come hither, come hither, my sweet  
 little boy,  
 4 And fetch your ball again.

**155[S.3]**

1 'I won't come hither, I shan't come hither,  
 2 Without my school-fellows all;  
 3 My mother would beat me, my father would kil  
 I me,  
 4 And cause my blood to pour.

**155[S.4]**

1 'He showed me an apple as green as grass,  
 2 He showed me a gay gold ring,  
 3 He showed me a cherry as red as blood,  
 4 And that enticed me in.

**155[S.5]**

1 'He enticed me into the parlour,  
 2 He enticed me into the kitchen,  
 3 And there I saw my own dear sister,  
 4 A picking of a chicken.

**155[S.6]**

1 'He set me in a golden chair  
 2 And gave me sugar sweet;  
 3 He laid me on a dresser-board,  
 4 And stabbed me like a sheep.

**155[S.7]**

1 'With a Bible at my head,  
 2 A Testament at my feet,  
 3 A prayer-book at the side of me,  
 4 And a penknife in so deep.

**155[S.8]**

1 'If my mother should enquire for me,  
 2 Tell her I'm asleep;  
 3 Tell her I'm at heaven's gate,  
 4 Where her and I shall meet.'

**155[T.1]**

1 Easter Day was a holiday,  
 2 Of all days in the year,  
 3 And all the little schoolfellows went out to  
 play,  
 4 Bat Sir William was not there.

**155[T.2]**

1 Mamma went to the Jew's wife's house,  
 2 And knocked at the ring,  
 3 Saying, Little Sir William, if you are there,  
 4 Oh, let your mother in!

**155[T.3]**

1 The Jew's wife opened the door and said,  
 2 He is not here to-day;  
 3 He is with the little schoolfellows out on the  
 green,  
 4 Playing some pretty play.

**155[T.4]**

1 Mamma went to the Boyne water,  
 2 That is so wide and deep,  
 3 Saying, Little Sir William, if you are there,  
 4 Oh, pity your mother's weep!

**155[T.5]**

1 'How can I pity your weep, mother,  
 2 And I so long in pain?  
 3 For the little penknife sticks close in my heart,  
 4 And the Jew's wife has me slain.

**155[T.6]**

1 'Go home, go home, my mother dear,  
 2 And prepare my winding sheet,  
 3 For tomorrow morning before eight o'clock  
 4 You with my body shall meet.

**155[T.7]**

1 'And lay my Prayer-Book at my head,  
 2 And my grammar at my feet,  
 3 That all the little schoolfellows as they pass by  
 4 May read them for my sake.'

**155[U.1]**

1 You toss your ball so high,  
 2 You toss your ball so low,  
 3 You toss your ball into the Jew's garden,  
 4 Where the pretty flowers grow.

**155[U.2]**

1 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,  
 2 Dressed all in green:  
 3 'Come hither, pretty little dear,  
 4 And fetch your ball again.'

**155[U.3]**

1 She showed him a rosy-cheeked apple,  
 2 She showed him a gay gold ring,  
 3 She showed him a cherry as red as blood,  
 4 And that enticed him in.

**155[U.4]**

1 She set him in a golden chair,  
 2 She gave him kisses sweet,  
 3 She threw him down a darksome well,  
 4 More than fifty feet deep.

**156A.1**

1 QUEEN ELENOR was a sick woman,  
 2 And afraid that she should dye;  
 3 Then she sent for two fryars of France,  
 4 For to speak with them speedily.

**156A.2**

1 The King calld down his nobles all,  
 2 By one, by two, and by three,  
 3 And sent away for Earl Martial,  
 4 For to speak with him speedily.

**156A.3**

1 When that he came before the King,  
 2 He fell on his bended knee;  
 3 A boon, a boon! our gracious king,  
 4 That you sent so hastily.'

**156A.4**

1 'I'll pawn my living and my lands,  
 2 My septer and my crown,  
 3 That whatever Queen Elenor says,  
 4 I will not write it down.

**156A.5**

1 'Do you put on one fryar's coat,  
 2 And I'll put on another,  
 3 And we will to Queen Elenor go,  
 4 one fryar like another.'

**156A.6**

1 Thus both attired then they go;  
 2 When they came to Whitehall,  
 3 The bells they did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
 4 And the torches did light them all.

**156A.7**

1 When that they came before the Queen,  
 2 They fell on their bended knee:  
 3 'A boon, a boon! our gracious queen,  
 4 That you sent so hastily.'

**156A.8**

1 'Are you two fryars of France?' she said,  
 2 'Which I suppose you be;  
 3 But if you are two English fryars,  
 4 Then hanged you shall be.'

**156A.9**

1 'We are two fryars of France,' they said,  
 2 'As you suppose we be;  
 3 We have not been at any mass  
 4 Since we came from the sea.'

**156A.10**

1 'The first vile thing that ere I did  
 2 I will to you unfold;  
 3 Earl Martial had my maidenhead,  
 4 Underneath this cloath of gold.'

**156A.11**

5 'That is a vile sin,' then said the king,  
 6 'God may forgive it thee!  
 7 'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
 8 With a heavy heart then spoke he.

**156A.12**

1 'The next vile thing that ere I did  
 2 To you I'll not deny;  
 3 I made a box of poysoun strong,  
 4 To poysoun King Henry.'

**156A.13**

1 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
 2 'God may forgive it thee!  
 3 'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
 4 'And I wish it so may be.'

**156A.14**

1 'The next vile thing that ere I did  
 2 To you I will discover;  
 3 I poysoned Fair Rosamond,  
 4 All in fair Woodstock bowler.'

**156A.15**

1 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
 2 'God may forgive it thee!  
 3 'Amen! 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 fryar's coat,  
 2 And appeared 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 looked he,  
 3 And said, Earl Martial, but for my oath,  
 4 Then hanged shouldst thou be.

**156B.1**

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.

**156B.2**

1 'I'll put on a friar's robe,  
 2 An ye'll put on anither,  
 3 An we'll go to Madam the Queen,  
 4 Like friars bath thegither.'

**156B.3**

1 'God forbid,' said Earl Marishall,  
 2 'That ever the like shud be,  
 3 That I beguile Madam the Queen!  
 4 I wad be hangit hie.'

**156B.4**

1 The King pat on a friar's robe,  
 2 Earl Marishall on anither;  
 3 They're on to the Queen,  
 4 Like friars baith thegither.

**156B.5**

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 hangit hie.'

**156B.6**

1 The King he turnd him roun,  
 2 An by his thro sware he,  
 3 We hae na sung messe  
 4 Sin we came frae the sea.

**156B.7**

1 'The first sin ever I did,  
 2 An a very great sin 'twas tee,  
 3 I gae my maidenhead to Earl Marishall,  
 4 Under the greenwood tree.'

**156B.8**

1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
 2 But pardond it may be;  
 3 'Wi mendiment,' said Earl Marishall,  
 4 But a heavy heart had he.

**156B.9**

1 'The next sin ever I did,  
 2 An a very great sin 'twas tee,  
 3 I poysened Lady Rosamond,  
 4 An the King's darling was she.'

**156B.10**

1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
 2 But pardond it may be;  
 3 'Wi mendiment,' said King Henry,  
 4 But a heavy heart had he.

**156B.11**

1 'The next sin ever I did,  
2 An a very great sin 'twas tee,  
3 I keptit poison in my bosom seven years,  
4 To poison him King Henrie.'

**156B.12**

1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
2 But pardond it may be;'  
3 'Wi mendiment,' said King Henry,  
4 But a heavy heart had he.

**156B.13**

1 'O see na ye yon bonny boys,  
2 As they play at the ba?'  
3 An see na ye Lord Marishal's son?  
4 I lee him best of a'.

**156B.14**

1 'But see na ye King Henry's son?  
2 He's headit like a bull, and backit like a boar,  
3 I like him worst awa:'  
4 'And by my sooth,' says him King Henry,  
5 'I like him best o the twa.'

**156B.15**

1 The King he turned him roun,  
2 Pat on the coat o goud,  
3 . . . .  
4 The Queen turnd the King to behold.

**156B.16**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'Gin I hadna sworn by the crown and sceptre  
roun,  
4 Earl Marishal sud been gart die.'

**156C.1**

1 THE Queen's faen sick, and very, very sick,  
2 Sick, and going to die,  
3 And she's sent for twa friars of France,  
4 To speak with her speedilie.

**156C.2**

1 The King he said to the Earl Marischal,  
2 To the Earl Marischal said he,  
3 The Queen she wants twa friars frae France,  
4 To speak with her presentlie.

**156C.3**

1 Will ye put on a friar's coat,  
2 And I'll put on another,  
3 And we'll go in before the Queen,  
4 Like friars both together.

**156C.4**

1 'But O forbid,' said the Earl Marischal,  
2 'That I this deed should dee!  
3 For if I beguile Eleanor our queen,  
4 She will gar hang me hie.'

**156C.5**

1 The King he turned him round about,  
2 An angry man was he;  
3 He's sworn by his sceptre and his sword  
4 Earl Marischal should not die.

**156C.6**

1 The King has put on a friar's coat,  
2 Earl Marischal on another,  
3 And they went in before the Queen,  
4 Like friars both together.

**156C.7**

1 'O, if ye be twa friars of France,  
2 Ye're dearly welcome to me;  
3 But if ye be twa London friars,  
4 I will gar hang you hie.'

**156C.8**

1 'Twa friars of France, twa friars of France,  
2 Twa friars of France are we,  
3 And we vow we never spoke to a man  
4 Till we spake to Your Majesty.'

**156C.9**

1 'The first great sin that eer I did,  
2 And I'll tell you it presentlie,  
3 Earl Marischal got my maidenhead,  
4 When coming oer the sea.'

**156C.10**

1 '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.11**

1 'The next great sin that eer I did,  
2 I'll tell you it presentlie;  
3 I carried a box seven years in my breast,  
4 To poison 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 eer 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,' King Henrie said,  
4 'I love him the better therefor.'

**156C.16**

1 The King has cast off his friar's coat,  
2 Put on a coat of gold;  
3 The Queen she's turned her face about,  
4 She could not's face behold.

**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 Marischal, ye should die.

**156D.1**

1 a lady residing in Kirkcaldy; learned of her  
mother.

1 THE queen of England she has fallen sick,  
2 Sore sick, and like to die;  
3 And she has sent for twa French priests,  
4 To bear her companie.

**156D.2**

1 The King he has got word o this,  
2 And an angry man was he;  
3 And he is on to the Earl-a-Marshall,  
4 As fast as he can gae.

**156D.3**

1 'Now you'll put on a priest's robe,  
2 And I'll put on anither,  
3 And we will on unto the Queen,  
4 Like twa French priests thegither.'

**156D.4**

1 'No indeed!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
2 'That winna I do for thee,  
3 Except ye swear by your sceptre and crown  
4 Ye'll do me nae injurie.'

**156D.5**

1 The King has sworn by his sceptre and crown  
2 He'll do him nae injurie,  
3 And they are on unto the Queen,  
4 As fast as they can gae.

**156D.6**

1 'O, if that ye be twa French priests,  
2 Ye're welcome unto me;  
3 But if ye be twa Scottish lords,  
4 High hanged ye shall be.

**156D.7**

1 'The first sin that I did sin,  
2 And that to you I'll tell,  
3 I sleeped wi the Earl-a-Marshall,  
4 Beneath a silken bell.

**156D.8**

1 'And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
2 And I pray ye pardon me;'  
3 'Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
4 And a wearied man was he.

**156D.9**

1 'The neist sin that I did sin,  
2 And that to you I'll tell,  
3 I keepped the poison seven years in my bosom,  
4 To poison the King himsel.

**156D.10**

1 'And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
2 And I pray ye pardon me;'  
3 'Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
4 And a wearied man was he.

**156D.11**

1 'O see ye there my seven sons,  
2 A' playing at the ba?'  
3 There's but ane o them the King's himsel,  
4 And I like him worst of a'.

**156D.12**

1 'He's high-backed, and low-breasted,  
2 And he is bald withal;'  
3 'And by my deed,' and says the King,  
4 'I like him best mysel!'

**156D.13**

1 'O wae betide ye, Earl-a-Marshall,  
2 And an ill death may ye die!  
3 For if I hadna sworn by my sceptre and crown,  
4 High hanged ye should be.'

**156E.1**

1 THE Queen fell sick, and very, very sick,  
2 She was sick, and like to dee,  
3 And she sent for a friar oure frae France,  
4 Her confessour to be.

**156E.2**

1 King Henry, when he heard o that,  
2 An angry man was he,  
3 And he sent to the Earl Marshall,  
4 Attendance for to gie.

**156E.3**

1 'The Quen is sick,' King Henry cried,  
2 'And wants to be beshriven;  
3 She has sent for a friar oure frae France,  
4 By the rude, he were better in heaven!'

**156E.4**

1 'But tak you a friar's guise,  
2 The voice and gesture feign,  
3 And when she has the pardon crav'd,  
4 Respond to her, Amen!'

**156E.5**

1 'And I will be a prelate old,  
2 And sit in a corner dark,  
3 To hear the adventures of my spouse,  
4 My spouse, and her haly spark.'

**156E.6**

1 'My liege, my liege, how can I betray  
2 My mistress and my queen?  
3 O swear by the rude that no damage  
4 From this shall be gotten or gien!'

**156E.7**

1 'I swear by the rude,' quoth King Henry,  
2 'No damage shall be gotten or gien;  
3 Come, let us spare no cure nor care  
4 For the conscience o the Queen.'  
5 . . . .

**156E.8**

1 'O fathers, O fathers, I'm very, very sick,  
2 I'm sick, and like to dee;  
3 Some ghostly comfort to my poor soul  
4 O tell if ye can gie!'

**156E.9**

1 'Confess, confess,' Earl Marshall cried,  
2 'And you shall pardoned be;'  
3 'Confess, confess,' the King replied,  
4 'And we shall comfort gie.'

**156E.10**

1 'Oh, how shall I tell the sorry, sorry tale!  
2 How can the tale be told!  
3 I playd the harlot wi the Earl Marshall,  
4 Beneath yon cloth of gold.

**156E.11**

1 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
2 But I hope it will pardoned be;'  
3 'Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
4 And a very feart heart had he.

**156E.12**

1 'O down i the forest, in a bower,  
2 Beyond yon dark oak-tree,  
3 I drew a penknife frae my pocket  
4 To kill King Henerie.

**156E.13**

5 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
6 But I hope it will pardoned be;'  
7 'Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
8 And a very feart heart had he.

**156E.14**

1 'O do you see yon pretty little boy,  
2 That's playing at the ba?  
3 He is the Earl Marshall's only son,  
4 And I loved him best of a'.

**156E.15**

1 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
2 But I hope it will pardoned be;  
3 'Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
4 And a very feart heart had he.

**156E.16**

1 'And do you see yon pretty little girl,  
2 That's a' beclad in green?  
3 She's a friar's daughter, oure in France,  
4 And I hoped to see her a queen.

**156E.17**

1 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
2 But I hope it will pardoned be;  
3 'Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
4 And a feart heart still had he.

**156E.18**

1 'O do you see yon other little boy,  
2 That's playing at the ba?  
3 He is King Henry's only son,  
4 And I like him warst of a'.

**156E.19**

1 'He's headed like a buck,' she said,  
2 'And backed like a bear;'  
3 'Amen!' quoth the King, in the King's ain  
voice,  
4 'He shall be my only heir.'

**156E.20**

1 The King lookd over his left shoulder,  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 'An it werna for the oath I sware,  
4 Earl Marshall, thou shouldst dee.'

**156F.1**

1 QUEENE ELEANOR was a sick woman,  
2 And sick just like to die,  
3 And she has sent for two fryars of France,  
4 To come to her speedilie.  
5 And she has sent, etc.

**156F.2**

1 The King called downe his nobles all,  
2 By one, by two, by three:  
3 'Earl Marshall, I'll go shrive the Queene,  
4 And thou shalt wend with mee.'

**156F.3**

1 'A boone, a boone!' quoth Earl Marshall,  
2 And fell on his bended knee,  
3 'That whatsoever the Queene may say,  
4 No harm thereof may bee.'

**156F.4**

1 'O you'll put on a gray-friar's gowne,  
2 And I'll put on another,  
3 And we will away to fair London town,  
4 Like friars both together.'

**156F.5**

1 'O no, O no, my liege, my king,  
2 Such things can never bee;  
3 For if the Queene hears word of this,  
4 Hanged she'll cause me to bee.'

**156F.6**

1 'I swear by the sun, I swear by the moon,  
2 And by the stars so hie,  
3 And by my sceptre and my crowne,  
4 The Earl Marshall shall not die.'

**156F.7**

1 The King's put on a gray-friar's gowne,  
2 The Earl Marshall's put on another,  
3 And they are away to fair London towne,  
4 Like fryars both together.

**156F.8**

1 When that they came to fair London towne,  
2 And came into Whitehall,  
3 The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
4 And the torches did light them all.

**156F.9**

1 And when they came before the Queene,  
2 They kneeled down on their knee:  
3 'What matter, what matter, our gracious  
queene,  
4 You've sent so speedilie?'

**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 heavie heart spake hee.

**156F.14**

1 'Oh, the next sin that I did commit  
2 I will to you unfold;  
3 Earl Marshall had my virgin 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 frightened 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 frightened man was he.

**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 frightened 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 other 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 cryed that she was betrayde.

**156F.24**

1 The King lookt oer his left shoulder,  
2 And a grim look looked he;  
3 'Earl Marshall,' he said, 'But for my oath,  
4 Thou hadst swung on the gallowes-tree.'

**156[G.1]**

1 The queen of England she is seek,  
2 And seek and like to dee;  
3 She has sent for friers out of France,  
4 To bespreek hir speed<i>ly.

**156[G.2]**

1 The king has cald on his merrymen,  
2 By thirtys and by threes;  
3 Earl Marshall should have been the formest  
man,  
4 But the very last man was he.

**156[G.3]**

1 'The queen of England s<h>e is seek,  
2 And seek and like to dee,  
3 And she has sent for friers out of France,  
4 To bespreek hir speedily.

**156[G.4]**

1 'But I will put on a frier's weeg,  
2 And ye'll put on another,  
3 And we'll away to Quenn Helen gaits,  
4 Like friers both together.'

**156[G.5]**

1 'O no, no,' says Earl Marshall,  
2 'For this it must not be;  
3 For if the queen get word of that,  
4 High hanged I will be.'

**156[G.6]**

1 'But I will swear by my septer and crown,  
2 And by the seas so free,  
3 I will swear by my septer and crown,  
4 Earl Marshall, thow's no dee.'

**156[G.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.

**156[G.8]**

1 When they came to Queen Helen gaits,  
2 They tirded at the pin;  
3 There was non so ready as the queene herself  
4 To open and let them in.

**156[G.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 bespreek me speedily?'

**156[G.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.'

**156[G.11]**

1 'Well then, the very first that ever I sind  
2 I freely confess to thee;  
3 Earl Marshall took my maidenhead  
4 Below yon greenwood tree.'

**156[G.12]**

1 'That is a sin, and very great sin,  
2 But the Pope will pardon thee;'  
3 'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
4 But a feert, feert heart had he.

**156[G.13]**

1 'The very next sin that ever I sind  
2 I freely confess to thee;  
3 I had [poisen] seven years in my breast  
4 To poisen King Hendry.'

**156[G.14]**

1 'That is a sin, and very great sin,  
2 But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
3 'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
4 But a feert, feert heart had he.

**156[G.15]**

1 'The very next sin that ever I sind  
2 I freely confess to thee;  
3 I poisoned one of my court's ladies,  
4 Was far more fairer than me.'

**156[G.16]**

1 'That is a sin, and a very great sin,  
2 But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
3 'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
4 But a feert, feert heart had he.

**156[G.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.'

**156[G.18]**

1 'That is a sin, and very great sin,  
2 But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
3 'Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
4 But a feert, feert heart had he.

**156[G.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.

**156[G.20]**

1 'Because he is headed like a bull,  
2 And his nose is like a boar;'  
3 'What is the matter?' says King Henry,  
4 'For he shall be my heir.'

## 156[G.21]

1 Now he put off his frier's wig,  
2 And drest himself [in] red;  
3 She wrung hir hands, and tore hir hair,  
4 And s<w>ore she was betrayed.

## 156[G.22]

1 'Had I not sworn by my septer and crown,  
2 And by the seas so free,  
3 Had I not sworn by my septer and crown,  
4 Earl Marshall, thowst have died.'

## 157A.1

1 'HAD we a king,' said Wallace then,  
2 'That our kind Scots might live by their own!  
3 But betwixt me and the English blood  
4 I think there is an ill seed sown.'

## 157A.2

1 Wallace him over a river lap,  
2 He lookd low down to a linn;  
3 He was war of a gay lady  
4 Was even at the well washing.

## 157A.3

1 'Well mot ye fare, fair madam,' he said,  
2 'And ay well mot ye fare and see!  
3 Have ye any tidings me to tell,  
4 I pray you'll show them unto me.'

## 157A.4

1 'i have no tidings you to tell,  
2 Nor yet no tidings you to ken;  
3 But into that hostler's house  
4 There's fifteen of your Englishmen.

## 157A.5

1 'And they are seeking Wallace there,  
2 For they've ordained him to be slain.'  
3 'O God forbid!' said Wallace then,  
4 'For he's oer good a kind Scotsman.

## 157A.6

1 'But had I money me upon,  
2 And evn this day, as I have none,  
3 Then would I to that hostler's house,  
4 And evn as fast as I could gang.'

## 157A.7

1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
2 She told him twenty shillings oer her knee;  
3 Then he took off both hat and hood,  
4 And thankd the lady most reverently.

## 157A.8

1 'If eer I come this way again,  
2 Well paid [your] money it shall be;'  
3 Then he took off both hat and hood,  
4 And he thankd the lady most reverently.

## 157A.9

1 He leand him twofold oer a staff,  
2 So did he threefold oer a tree,  
3 And he's away to the hostler's house,  
4 Even as fast as he might dree.

## 157A.10

1 When he came to the hostler's house,  
2 He said, Good-ben be here! quoth he:  
3 An English captain, being deep load,  
4 He asked him right cankerdly,

## 157A.11

1 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,  
2 And in what place, and what country?  
3 'Tis I was born in fair Scotland,  
4 A crooked carle although I be.'

## 157A.12

1 The English captain swore by th' rood,  
2 'We are Scotsmen as well as thee,  
3 And we are seeking Wallace; then  
4 To have him merry we should be.'

## 157A.13

1 'The man,' said Wallace, 'ye're looking for,  
2 I seed him within these days three;  
3 And he has slain an English captain,  
4 And ay the fearder the rest may be.'

## 157A.14

1 'I'd give twenty shillings,' said the captain,  
2 'To such a crooked carle as thee,  
3 If you would take me to the place  
4 Where that I might proud Wallace see.'

## 157A.15

1 'Hold out your hand,' said Wallace then,  
2 'And show your money and be free,  
3 For tho you'd bid an hundred pound,  
4 I never bade a better bode'<, said he].

## 157A.16

1 He struck the captain oer the chafts,  
2 Till that he never chewed more;  
3 He stickd the rest about the board,  
4 And left them all a sprawling there.

## 157A.17

1 'Rise up, goodwife,' said Wallace then,  
2 'And give me something for to eat;  
3 For it's near two days to an end  
4 Since I tasted one bit of meat.'

## 157A.18

1 His board was scarce well covered,  
2 Nor yet his dine well scanty dight,  
3 Till fifteen other Englishmen  
4 Down all about the door did light.

## 157A.19

1 'Come out, come out,' said they, 'Wallace!  
2 then,  
3 'For the day is come that ye must die;'  
4 And they thought so little of his might,  
5 But ay the fearder they might be.

## 157A.20

1 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,  
2 It put them all into a fever;  
3 Then five he sticked where they stood,  
4 And five he trampled in the gutter.

## 157A.21

1 And five he chased to yon green wood,  
2 He hanged them all out-oer a grain;  
3 And gainst the morn at twelve o'clock,  
4 He dined with his kind Scottish men.

## 157B.1

1 'I WISH we had a king,' says Wallace,  
2 'That Scotland might not want a head;  
3 In England and in Scotland baith,  
4 I'm sure that some have sowed ill seed.'

## 157B.2

1 Wallace he oer the water did luke,  
2 And he loked low down by a glen,  
3 And he was aware of a gay lady,  
4 As she was at the well washing.

## 157B.3

1 'Weel may ye save, fair lady!' he says,  
2 'Far better may ye save and see!  
3 If ye have ony tidings to tell,  
4 I pray cum tell them a' to me.'

## 157B.4

1 'I have no tidings you to tell,  
2 And as few tidings do I ken;  
3 But up and to yon ostler-house  
4 Are just gane fifteen gentlemen.

## 157B.5

1 'They now are seeking Gude Wallace,  
2 And ay they're damning him to hang;'  
3 'Oh God forbid,' says Wallace then,  
4 'I'm sure he is a true Scotsman.

## 157B.6

1 'Had I but ae penny in my pocket,  
2 Or in my company ae baubee,  
3 I woud up to yon ostler-house,  
4 A' these big gentlemen to see.'

## 157B.7

1 She pat her hand into her pocket,  
2 She powd out twenty shillings and three:  
3 'If eer I live to come this way,  
4 Weel payed shall your money be.'

## 157B.8

1 He leand him twafold oer a staff,  
2 Sae did he twafold oer a tree,  
3 And he's gane up to the ostler-house,  
4 A' these fine gentlemen to see.

## 157B.9

1 When he cam up among them a',  
2 He bad his benison be there;  
3 The captain, being weel buke-learn'd,  
4 Did answer him in domineer.

## 157B.10

1 'Where was ye born, ye cruked carl,  
2 Or in what town, or what countree?'  
3 'O I was born in fair Scotland,  
4 A cruked carl although I be.'

## 157B.11

1 The captain sware by the root of his sword,  
2 Saying, I'm a Scotsman as weel as thee;  
3 Here's twenty shillings of English money  
4 To such a cruked carl as thee,

## 157B.11

5 If thou'll tell me of that Wallace;  
6 He's ay the creature I want to see.

## 157B.12

1 'O hawd your hand,' says Wallace then,  
2 'I'm feard your money be not gude;  
3 If 'twere as muckle and ten times mair,  
4 It should not bide another bode.'

## 157B.13

1 He's taen the captain along the chaps,  
2 A wat he never chawed mair;  
3 The rest he sticked about the table,  
4 And left them a' a sprawling there.

## 157B.14

1 'Gude wife,' he said, 'For my benison,  
2 Get up and get my dinner dight;  
3 For it is twa days till an end  
4 Syne I did taste ane bit of meat.'

## 157B.15

1 Dinner was not weel made ready,  
2 Nor yet upon the table set,  
3 When fifteen other Englishmen  
4 Alighted all about the yate.

## 157B.16

1 'Come out, come out now, Wallace,' they say,  
2 'For this is the day ye are to dee;  
3 Ye trust sae mickle in God's might,  
4 And ay the less we do fear thee.'

## 157B.17

1 The gude wife ran but, the gude man ran ben,  
2 They pat the house all in a swither;  
3 Five sune he sticked where he stude,  
4 And five he smitherd in a gutter.

## 157B.18

1 Five he chac'd to the gude green-wood,  
2 And hanged them a' out-oer a pin;  
3 And at the morn at eight o'clock  
4 He din'd with his men at Lough-mabin.

## 157C.1

1 'O FOR my ain king,' quo Gude Wallace,  
2 'The rightfu king of fair Scotland!  
3 Between me and my sovereign blude  
4 I think I see some ill seed sawn.'

## 157C.2

1 Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
2 And he has lighted low down on yon plain,  
3 And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
4 As she was at the well washing.

## 157C.3

1 'What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?' he says,  
2 'What tydins hast thou to tell unto me?'  
3 'What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?' he says,  
4 'What tydins hae ye in the south countrie?'

## 157C.4

1 'Low down in yon wee ostler-house  
2 There is fyfteen Englishmen,  
3 And they are seekin for Gude Wallace,  
4 It's him to take and him to hang.'

## 157C.5

1 'There's nocht in my purse,' quo Gude  
2 Wallace,  
3 There's nocht, not even a bare pennie;  
4 But I will down to yon wee ostler-house,  
5 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.'

## 157C.6

1 And when he cam to yon wee ostler-house  
2 He bad bencidite be there;  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

## 157C.7

1 'Where was ye born, auld crookit carl?  
2 Where was ye born, in what countrie?'  
3 'I am a true Scot born and bred,  
4 And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.'

## 157C.8

1 'I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,  
2 To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,  
3 If ye will get me Gude Wallace;  
4 For he is the man I wad very fain see.'

## 157C.9

1 He hit the proud captain along the chafft-blade,  
2 That never a bit o meal he ate mair;  
3 And he sticket the rest at the table where they  
4 sat,  
5 And he left them a' lvin sprawlin there.

**157C.10**

1 'Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,  
2 'And get to me some dinner in haste;  
3 For it will soon be three lang 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 other 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 lippen nae sae little to God,' he says,  
4 'Altho I be but ill wordie.'

**157C.13**

1 The gudewife had an auld gudeman;  
2 By Gude Wallace he stiffly stood;  
3 Till ten o the fyfteen Englishmen  
4 Before the door lay in their blude.

**157C.14**

1 The other five to the greenwood ran,  
2 And he hangd these five upon a grain,  
3 And on the morn, wi his merry men a',  
4 He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

**157D.1**

1 'I WISH we had our king,' quo Gude Wallace,  
2 'An ilka true Scotsman had his nawn;  
3 For between us an the southron louns  
4 I doubt some ill seed has been sawn.'

**157D.2**

1 Wallace he owre the water gaed,  
2 An looked low down by a glen,  
3 An there he saw a pretty, pretty maid,  
4 As she was at the well washin.

**157D.3**

1 'O weel may ye wash, my bonny, bonny maid!  
2 An weel may ye saep, an me to see!  
3 If ye have ony tidins to tell,  
4 I pray you tell them unto me.'

**157D.4**

1 'I have no tidins for to tell,  
2 Nor ony uncoss do I ken;  
3 But up into yon little alehouse  
4 An there sits fyfteen Englishmen.

**157D.5**

1 'An ay they are speakin o Gude Wallace,  
2 An ay they are doomin him to hang:'  
3 'O forbid!' quo Gude Wallace,  
4 'He's owre truehearted a Scotsman.

**157D.6**

1 'Had I but a penny in my pouch,  
2 As I have not a single bawbee,  
3 I would up into yon little alehouse,  
4 An ay thae southron blades to see.'

**157D.7**

1 She's put her hand into her pouch,  
2 An counted him out pennies three;  
3 'If ever I live to come back this way,  
4 Weel paid the money it shall be.'

**157D.8**

1 He's taen a staff into his hand,  
2 An leand himsel outowre a tree,  
3 An he's awa to yon little alehouse,  
4 An ay the southron louns to see.

**157D.9**

1 When he gaed in to that little alehouse,  
2 He bad his bennison be there;  
3 The captain answered him [in] wrath,  
4 He answerd him with domineer.

**157D.10**

1 'O whare was ye born, ye crooked auld carle?  
2 An how may this your dwellin be?'  
3 'O I was born in fair Scotland,  
4 A crooked carle altho I be.'

**157D.11**

1 'O I would een gie twenty shillins  
2 To ony sic crooked carle as thee  
3 That wad find me out Gude Wallace;  
4 For ay that traitor I lang to see.'

**157D.12**

1 'Haud out your hand,' quo Gude Wallace,  
2 'I doubt your money be not gude;  
3 If ye'll gie ither twenty shillins,  
4 It neer shall bide ye anither bode.'

**157D.13**

1 He's taen the captain outowre the jaws,  
2 Anither word spak he neer mair;  
3 An five he sticket whare they sat,  
4 The rest lay scramblin here an there.

**157D.14**

1 'Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,  
2 'An get some meat ready for me,  
3 For I hae fasted this three lang days;  
4 A wat right hungry I may be.'

**157D.15**

1 The meat it wasna weel made ready,  
2 Nor as weel on the table set,  
3 Till there cam fyfteen Englishmen  
4 An lighted a' about the yett.

**157D.16**

1 The gudewife ran but, the gudeman ran ben;  
2 It put them a' in sic a stoure  
3 That five he sticket whare they sat,  
4 An five lay sprawlin at the door.

**157D.17**

1 An five are to the greenwood gane,  
2 An he's hangd them a' outowre a tree,  
3 An before the mornin at twal o'clock  
4 He dined wi his men at Loch Marie.

**157E.1**

1 WILLIE WALLACE the water lap,  
2 And lighted low down in a glen;  
3 There he came to a woman washing,  
4 And she had washers nine or ten.

**157E.2**

1 'O weel may ye wash!' said Willie Wallace,  
2 'O weel may ye wash!' said fair Willie,  
3 'And gin ye have any tidings to tell,  
4 I pray ye tell them unto me.'

**157E.3**

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 Lies fifteen English gentlemen.'

**157E.4**

1 'O had I ae penny in my pocket,  
2 O had I yet ane bare bawbee,  
3 I would go to yon hosteler-ha,  
4 All for these Englishmen to see.

**157E.5**

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.'

**157E.6**

1 She's put her hand into her pocket,  
2 And she's gaen him out guineas three,  
3 And he's away to yon ostler-ha,  
4 All for these Englishmen to see.

**157E.7**

1 Before he came to the hosteler-ha,  
2 He linkit his armour oer a tree;  
3 These Englishmen, being weel book-learned,  
4 They said to him, Great Dominie!

**157E.8**

1 Where was ye born, ye crookit carle?  
2 Where was ye born, or in what countrie?  
3 'In merry Scotland I was born,  
4 A crookit carle altho I be.'

**157E.9**

1 'Here's fifteen shillings,' one of them said,  
2 'Here's other fifteen I'll gie to thee,  
3 If you will tell me where the traitor Willie  
Wallace is,  
4 Or where away thou thinks he'll be.'

**157E.10**

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].

**157E.11**

1 He struck the captain on the jaw,  
2 He swore that he would chow nae mair cheese;  
3 He's killed all the rest with his good  
broadsword,  
4 And left them wallowing on their knees.

**157E.12**

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.'

**157E.13**

1 They had not the table weel covered,  
2 Nor yet the candle weel gaen licht,  
3 Till fifteen other Englishmen  
4 They a' down at the door did light.

**157E.14**

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 dee.'

**157E.15**

1 He's killed five with his good broadsword,  
2 He's drowned other five in the raging sea,  
3 And he's taen other five to the merry  
greenwood,  
4 And hangd them oer the highest tree.

**157F.1**

1 WALLACE in the high highlans,  
2 Neither meat nor drink got he,  
3 Said, fa me life, or fa me death,  
4 Now to some town I maun be.

**157F.2**

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.

**157F.3**

1 He staped oer the river Tay,  
2 I wat he staped on dry land;  
3 He was aware of a well-fared maid,  
4 Was washing there her lilie hands.

**157F.4**

1 'What news, what news, ye well-fared maid?  
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.'

**157F.5**

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.'

**157F.6**

1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
2 And she has pulld out half-a-crown;  
3 Says, Take ye that, ye belted knight,  
4 'Twill pay your way till ye come down.

**157F.7**

1 As he went from the well-fared maid,  
2 A beggar bold I wat met he,  
3 Was coverd wi a clouted cloak,  
4 And in his hand a trusty tree.

**157F.8**

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 No news hae I this day to thee,  
5 But fifteen lords in the hostage-house  
6 Waiting Wallace for to see.'

**157F.9**

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.'

**157F.10**

1 Now he's gone to the West-muir wood,  
2 And there he's pulld a trusty tree;  
3 And then he's on to the hostage gone,  
4 Asking there for charitie.

**157F.11**

5 Down the stair the captain comes,  
6 Aye the poor man for to see:  
7 'If ye be a captain as good as ye look,  
8 Ye'll give a poor man some supplie;  
9 If ye be a captain as good as ye look,  
10 A guinea this day ye'll gie to me.'

**157F.12**

1 'Where were ye born, ye crooked carle?  
2 Where were ye born, in what countrie?  
3 In fair Scotland I was born,  
4 Crooked carle that I be.'

**157F.13**

1 'I would give you fifty pounds,  
2 Of gold and white monie,  
3 I would give you fifty pounds,  
4 If the traitor Wallace ye'd let me see.'

**157F.14**

1 'Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,  
2 'Tell down your money, if it be good;  
3 I'm sure I have it in my power,  
4 And never had a better bode.'

**157F.15**

1 'Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,  
2 'And let me see if it be fine;  
3 I'm sure I have it in my Ower  
4 To bring the traitor Wallace in.'

**157F.16**

1 The money was told on the table,  
2 Silver bright of pounds fiftie;  
3 'Now here I stand,' said Willie Wallace,  
4 'And what hae ye to say to me?'

**157F.17**

1 He slew the captain where he stood,  
2 The rest they did quack and roar;  
3 He slew the rest around the room,  
4 And askd if there were any more.

**157F.18**

1 'Come, cover the table,' said Willie Wallace,  
2 'Come, cover the table now, make haste;  
3 For it will soon be three lang days  
4 Sin I a bit o meat did taste.'

**157F.19**

1 The table was not well covered,  
2 Nor yet was he set down to dine,  
3 Till fifteen more of the English lords  
4 Surrounded the house where he was in.

**157F.20**

1 The guidwife she ran but the floor,  
2 And aye the guidman he ran ben;  
3 From eight o'clock till four at noon  
4 He has killd full thirty man.

**157F.21**

1 He put the house in sick a swither  
2 That five o them he sticket dead,  
3 Five o them he drown'd in the river,  
4 And five hung in the West-muir wood.

**157F.22**

1 Now he is on to the North-Inch gone,  
2 Where the maid was washing tenderlie;  
3 'Now by my sooth,' said Willie Wallace,  
4 'It's been a sair day's wark to me.'

**157F.23**

1 He's put his hand in his pocket,  
2 And he has pulld out twenty pounds;  
3 Says, Take ye that, ye weel-fared maid,  
4 For the gude luck of your half-crown.

**157G.1**

1 WOULD ye hear of William Wallace,  
2 An sek him as he goes,  
3 Into the lan of Lanark,  
4 Amang his mortal faes?

**157G.2**

1 There was fyften English sogers  
2 Unto his ladie cam,  
3 Said, Gie us William Wallace,  
4 That we may have him slain.

**157G.3**

1 Woud ye gie William Wallace,  
2 That we may have him slain,  
3 And ye's be wedded to a lord,  
4 The best in Christendeem.

**157G.4**

1 'This verra nicht at seven,  
2 Brave Wallace will come in,  
3 And he'll come to my chamber-door,  
4 Without or dread or din.'

**157G.5**

1 The fyften English sogers  
2 Around the house did wait,  
3 And four brave southron foragers  
4 Stood hie upon the gait.

**157G.6**

1 That verra nicht at seven  
2 Brave Wallace he came in,  
3 And he came to his ladie's bower,  
4 Withouten 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 taen,  
3 And I'm to be wedded to a lord,  
4 The best in christendeem.'

**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've dane to you,  
4 Let me burn upon a hill.'

**157G.11**

1 'Now God forfend,' says brave Wallace,  
2 'I shoud 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 And belt about my middle?'

**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 Or think it is yoursell.'

**157G.14**

1 She has gien him her gown, her gown,  
2 Her petticoat and kirtle,  
3 Her broadest belt, w' 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 southron foragers,  
2 See ye yon lusty dame?  
3 I woud nae gie muckle to thee, neebor,  
4 To bring her back agen.

**157G.17**

1 Then all the southrons 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 Was washin on yon lea.

**157G.19**

1 'What news, what news, ye weel-far'd may?  
2 What news hae ye to gie?'  
1 'Ill news, ill news,' the fair may said,  
2 'Ill news I hae to thee.'

**157G.20**

1 'There is fyften English sogers  
2 Into that thatched inn,  
3 Seeking Sir William Wallace;  
4 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 He turnd him right and round about,  
4 And thankd the weel-far'd may.

**157G.23**

1 He had not gone a long rig length,  
2 A rig length and a span,  
3 Until he met a bold beggar,  
4 As sturdy as coud gang.

**157G.24**

1 'What news, what news, ye bold beggar?  
2 What news hae ye to gie?'  
3 'O heavy news,' the beggar said,  
4 'I hae to tell to thee.'

**157G.25**

1 'There is fyften English sogers,  
2 I heard them in yon inn,  
3 Vowing to kill him Wallace;  
4 I fear the chief is slain.'

**157G.26**

1 'Will ye change apparell wi me, auld man?  
2 Change your apparell for mine?  
3 And when I come this way again,  
4 Ye'll be my ain poor-man.'

**157G.27**

1 When he got on the beggar's coat,  
2 The pike-staff in his hand,  
3 He's dane him down to yon tavern,  
4 Where they were drinking wine.

**157G.28**

1 'What news, what news, ye staff-beggar?  
2 What news hae ye to gie?'  
3 'I hae nae news, I heard nae news,  
4 As few I'll hae frae thee.'

**157G.29**

5 'I think your coat is ragged, auld man;  
6 But woud you wages win,  
7 And tell where William Wallace is,  
8 We'll lay gold in your hand.'

**157G.30**

1 'Tell down, tell down your good red gold,  
2 Upon the table-head,  
3 And ye sall William Wallace see,  
4 Wi the down-come of Robin Hood.'

**157G.31**

1 They had nae tauld the money down,  
2 And laid it on his knee,  
3 When candles, lamps, and candlesticks,  
4 He on the floor gangd flee.

**157G.32**

5 And he had drawn his trusty brand,  
6 And slew them one by one,  
7 Then sat down at the table-head,  
8 And called for some wine.

**157G.33**

1 The goodwife she ran but, ran but,  
2 The goodman she ran ben,  
3 The verra bairns about the fire  
4 Were a' like to gang brain.

**157G.34**

1 'Now if there be a Scotsman here,  
2 He'll come and drink wi me;  
3 But if there be an English loun,  
4 It is his time to flee.'

**157G.35**

1 The goodman was an Englishman,  
2 And to the hills he ran;  
3 The goodwife was a scots woman,  
4 And she came to his hand.

**157H.1**

1 WALLACE wight, upon a night,  
2 Came riding oer the linn,  
3 And he is to his leman's bower,  
4 And tird at the pin.

**157H.2**

1 'O sleep ye, wake ye, lady?' he said,  
2 'Ye'll rise, lat me come in.'  
3 'O wha's this at my bower-door,  
4 That knocks, and knows my name?'  
5 'My name is William Wallace,  
6 Ye may my errand ken.'

**157H.3**

1 'The truth to you I will rehearse,  
2 The secret I'll unfold;  
3 Into your ennies' hands this night  
4 I fairly hae you sold.'

**157H.4**

1 'If that be true ye tell to me,  
2 Do ye repent it sair?'  
3 'O that I do,' she said, 'dear Wallace,  
4 And will do evermair!'

**157H.5**

1 'The English did surround my house,  
2 And forced me theretill;  
3 But for your sake, my dear Wallace,  
4 I coud burn on a hill.'

**157H.6**

1 Then he gae her a loving kiss,  
2 The tear droppd frae his ee;  
3 Says, Fare ye well for evermair,  
4 Your face nae mair I'll see.

**157H.7**

1 She dressd him in her ain claiting,  
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 playd him well;  
3 For there he saw a well-far'd may,  
4 Was washing at a well.

**157H.9**

1 'What news, wnat news, ye well-far'd may?  
2 What news hae ye to me?  
3 What news, what news, ye well-far'd may,  
4 All from your north countrie?'

**157H.10**

1 'See ye not yon tavern-house,  
2 That stands on yonder plain?  
3 This very day have landet in it  
4 Full fifteen Englishmen;

**157H.11**

5 'In search of Wallace, our dear champion,  
6 Ordaining that he shoud dee.'  
7 'Then on my troth,' said Wallace wight,  
8 'These Englishmen I'se see.'

**157[L.1]**

1 'I wish I had a king,' brave Wallace he said,  
2 'That every brave Scotsman might leave by his  
3 oun,  
4 For between me and my sovereign leige  
5 I think I see some ill [seed] sowen.'

**157[L.2]**

1 Brave Wallace out-oor yon river he lap,  
2 And he lighted low down on the plain,  
3 And he came to a gay lady,  
4 As she was at the well washing.

**157[L.3]**

1 'Some tidings, some tidings,' brave Wallace he  
2 said,  
3 'Some tidings ye most tell unto me;  
4 Now since we are met here together on the  
5 plain,  
6 Some tidings ye most tell unto me.'

**157[L.4]**

1 'O go ye down to yon wee ale-house,  
2 And there is fifeteen Englishmen,  
3 And they are seeking for good Wallace,  
4 And him to take and him for to hang.'

**157[L.5]**

1 'I wish I had a penny in my pocket,' he says,  
2 'Or although it were but a bare baubee,  
3 And I wad away to the wee ale-house,  
4 The fifeteen Englishmen to see.'

**157[L.6]**

1 She's put hir hand in hir left pocket,  
2 And fifeteen shillings to him she told down:  
3 'If ever I live to come back this way,  
4 The money's be well paid agein.'

**157[L.7]**

1 He louted twafauld oer a stick,  
2 And he louted threefauld oer a tree,  
3 And he'es gane awa to the wee ale-house,  
4 The fifeteen Englishmen to see.

**157[L.8]**

1 When he came to the wee ale-house,  
2 He walked ben, says, Decency be there!  
3 The English proud captain he awnsered him,  
4 And he awnsered him with a graid domineer.

**157[L.9]**

1 'Why, where wast thou born, thou old crooked  
2 carle?  
3 Where and of what country?'  
4 'I am a true Scotsman bred and born,  
5 And an auld crooked carle, just sic as ye may  
6 see.'

**157[L.10]**

1 'I wad gee fifeteen shillings,' the captain he  
2 said,  
3 'To an auld crooked carle, just sic a ane as thee,  
4 If ye wad tell me of Willie Wallace,  
5 For he's the man I wad fain see.'

**157[L.11]**

1 'O hold your hand,' brave Wallace he said,  
2 'And let me see if yeer coin be good;  
3 If ye wad give fifeteen shillings more,  
4 Ye never bade a better boad.'

**157[L.12]**

1 He's tean the captain out-oor the chaft-blade,  
2 Till a bitt of meat he never did eat mair;  
3 He stickit a' the reste as the sat aroun the table,  
4 And he left them all a sprauling there.

**157[L.13]**

1 'Get up, get up, goodwife,' he says,  
2 'Get up and get me some denner in haste,  
3 For it is now three days and nights  
4 Since a bit of meat my mouth did taste.'

**157[L.14]**

1 The denner was not well made ready,  
2 Nor was it on the table sett,  
3 Till other fifeteen English men  
4 Were a' perading about the yett.

**157[L.15]**

1 'Come out, come out now, Wallace,' they crys,  
2 'For this is the place ye'es sure for [to] die;'  
3 'I lippen not sae little to good,' he says,  
4 'Although I be but ill-wordie.'

**157[L.16]**

1 The goodman ran butt, the goodwife ran ben,  
2 They put the house in such a fever!  
3 Five of them he sticket where they stood,  
4 And other five he smoddered in the gitter.

**157[L.17]**

1 Five of them he folowd to the merry  
2 greenwood,  
3 And these five he hangt on a grain,  
4 And gin the morn at ten o'clock  
5 He was wi his mirry men at Lochmaben.

**158A.1**

1 THE court is kept att leeu London,  
2 And euermore shall be itt;  
3 The *King* sent for a bold ambassador,  
4 And *Sir Hugh Spencer* *that* he hight.

**158A.2**

1 'Come hither, Spencer,' saith our kinge,  
2 'And come thou hither vnto mee;  
3 I must make thee an embassadour  
4 Betweene the *king* of Ffrance and mee.

**158A.3**

1 'Thou must comend me to the *king* of Ffrance,  
2 And tell him thus and now ffrom mee,  
3 I wold know whether there shold be peace in  
4 his land,  
5 Or open warr kept still must bee.

**158A.4**

1 'Thou'st haue thy shipp at thy comande,  
2 Thou'st neither want for gold nor ffee;  
3 Thou'st haue a hundred armed men,  
4 All att thy bidding ffor to bee.'

**158A.5**

1 The wind itt serued, and they sayled,  
2 And towards Ffrance thus they be gone;  
3 The wind did bring them safe to shore,  
4 And safelye landed euery one.

**158A.6**

1 The Ffrenchmen lay on the castle-wall,  
2 The English souldiers to behold:  
3 'You are welcome, traitors, out of England;  
4 The heads of you are bought and sold.'

**158A.7**

1 With *that* spake proud Spencer:  
2 My leege, soe itt may not bee;  
3 I am sent an embassadour  
4 Ffrom our English king to yee.

**158A.8**

1 The *king* of England greetes you well,  
2 And hath sent this word by mee;  
3 He wold know whether there shold be peace in  
4 your land,  
5 Or open warres kept still must bee.

**158A.9**

1 'Comend me to the English kinge,  
2 And tell this now ffrom mee;  
3 There shall neuer peace be kept in my land  
4 While open warres kept there may bee.'

**158A.10**

1 With *that* came downe the queene of Ffrance,  
2 And an angry woman then was shee;  
3 Saies, Itt had beene as fitt now for a *king*  
4 To be in his chamber with his ladye,  
5 Then to be pleading with traitors out of  
6 England,  
7 Kneeling low vppon their knee.

**158A.11**

1 But then bespake him proud Spencer,  
2 For noe man else durst speake but hee:  
3 You haue not wiped your mouth, madam,  
4 Since I heard you tell a lye.

**158A.12**

1 'O hold thy tounge, Spencer!' shee said,  
2 'I doe not come to plead with thee;  
3 Darest thou ryde a course of warr  
4 With a knight *that* I shall put to thee?'

**158A.13**

1 'But euer alacke!' then Spencer sayd,  
2 'I thinke I haue deserued Gods curse;  
3 Ffor I haue not any armour heere,  
4 Nor yett I haue noe iusting-horse.'

**158A.14**

1 'Thy shankes,' *quoth* shee, 'Beneath the knee  
2 Are verry small about the shinne  
3 Ffor to doe any such honourable deeds  
4 As the Englishmen say thou has done.

**158A.15**

1 'Thy shankes beene small about thy shoone,  
2 And soe the beene about thy knee;  
3 Thou art to slender euery way  
4 Any good iuster ffor to bee.'

**158A.16**

1 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
2 'For one steed of the English countrie!  
3 With *that* bespake and one Ffrench knight,  
4 This day thou'st haue the choyce of three.

**158A.17**

1 The first steed he ffeichted out,  
2 I-wis he was milke-white;  
3 The first foot Spencer in stirropp sett,  
4 His backe did from his belly tyte.

**158A.18**

1 The second steed *that* he ffeicht out,  
2 I-wis *that* hee was verry browne;  
3 The second foot Spencer in stirropp sett,  
4 *That* horse and man and all fell downe.

**158A.19**

1 The third steed *that* he ffeichted out,  
2 I-wis *that* he was verry blacke;  
3 The third foote Spencer into the stirropp sett,  
4 He leaped on to the geldings backe.

**158A.20**

1 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
2 'For one good steed of the English countrie!  
3 Goe ffeitch me hither my old hacneye,  
4 *That* I brought with me hither beyond the sea.'

**158A.21**

1 But when his hackney there was brought,  
2 Spencer a merry man there was hee;  
3 Saies, With the grace of God and St George of  
4 England,  
5 The ffeild this day shall goe with mee.

**158A.22**

1 'I haue noe fforgotten,' Spencer sayd,  
2 'Since there was ffeild foughten att Walsingam,  
3 When the horse did heare the trumpets sound,  
4 He did beare ore both horse and man.'

**158A.23**

1 The day was sett, and together they mett,  
2 With great mirth and melodye,  
3 With minstrells playing, and trumpets  
4 soundinge,  
5 With drumes striking loud and hye.

**158A.24**

1 The first race that Spencer run,  
2 I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;  
3 He [hitt] the knight vpon his brest,  
4 But his speare itt burst, and wold touch noe  
5 more.



**158A.25**

1 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
2 'For one staffe of the English countrie!  
3 Without you'le bind me three together,'  
4 *Quoth* hee, 'They'le be to weake ffor mee.'

**158A.26**

1 With *that* bespake him the Ffrench knight,  
2 Sayes, Bind him together the whole thirtye,  
3 For I haue more strenght in my to hands  
4 Then is in all Spencers bodye.

**158A.27**

1 'But proue att *parting*,' Spencer sayes,  
2 'Ffrench 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 melodye,  
3 With minstrells playing, and trumpett's  
  soundinge,  
4 With drummes strikeing loud and hye.

**158A.29**

1 The second race *that* Spencer run,  
2 I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,  
3 And he hitt the knight vpon the brest,  
4 And draue him ore his horse beside.

**158A.30**

1 But he run thorow the Ffrench campe;  
2 Such a race was neuer run beffore;  
3 He killed of *King* Charles his men  
4 Att hand of thirteen or fourteen score.

**158A.31**

1 But he came backe againe to the K<ing],  
2 And kneeled him downe vpon his knee;  
3 Saies, A knight I haue slaine, and a steed I hau  
  e woone,  
4 The best *that* is in this countrie.

**158A.32**

1 'But nay, by my faith,' then said the *King*,  
2 'Spencer, soe itt shall not bee;  
3 I'le haue *that* traitors head of thine,  
4 To enter plea at my iollye.'

**158A.33**

1 But Spencer looket him once about,  
2 He had true bretheren 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 litle England,  
4 Vnto *that* cruell kinge with thee.'

**158A.35**

1 'Nay, by my faith,' Spencer sayd,  
2 'My leege, for soe itt shall not bee;  
3 For an you sett ffoot on English ground,  
4 You shall be hanged vpon a tree.'

**158A.36**

1 'Why then, comend [me] to *that* Englishe  
  kinge,  
2 And tell him thus now ffrom mee,  
3 *That* there shall neuer be open warres kept in  
  my land  
4 Whilset peace kept *that* there may bee.'

**158B.1**

1 OUR king lay at Westminster,  
2 as oft times 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 ambassadour  
2 to France now, to see  
3 Whether peace shall be taken,  
4 aye, 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 ambassadours,  
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 no 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 darrest 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 refused 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 eer 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 saddled,  
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 juggle 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 turnd 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'll 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'st slain my justler,  
4 by the Kings laws thou'st dye.

**158B.33**

1 'It shall neer be said in England,'  
2 says Hugh Spencer, he;  
3 'It shall neer be said 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.'

**158B.35**

1 They laid their heads together,  
2 and their backs to the wall;  
3 There were four score of the Queen's guards,  
4 and they slew them all.

**158B.36**

1 Then spoke the French king,  
2 and he spoke courteously:  
3 O hold thy hand, Spencer,  
4 I dearly pray thee.

**158B.37**

1 Thou art sharp as thy spear,  
2 and as fierce as thy steed,  
3 And the stour of thy lilly-white hand  
4 makes my heart bleed.

**158B.38**

1 Thou hadst twenty ships hither,  
2 thou' st have twenty away;  
3 Then hold thy hand, Spencer,  
4 I dearly thee pray.

**158C.1**

1 IT fell about the Martinmas time  
2 The wind blew loud and cauld,  
3 And all the knichts of fair Scotland  
4 They drew them to sum hald.

**158C.2**

1 Unless it was him young Sir Hugh,  
2 And he beet to sail the sea,  
3 Wi a letter between twa kings, to see an they  
4 wald lat down the wars,  
5 And live and lat them be.

**158C.3**

1 On Friday shipped he, and lang  
2 Ere Wodensday at noon  
3 In fair France landed he,  
4 ...

**158C.4**

1 He fell down before the King,  
2 On his bare knees:  
3 'Gude mak ye safe and soun;'  
4 'Fat news o your contrie?' he says.

**158C.5**

1 'The news o our countrie,' he says,  
2 'Is but news brought over the sea,  
3 To see an ye'll lat down the wars,  
4 And live and lat them be.'

**158C.6**

1 'Deed no,' he says;  
2 'I'm but an auld man indeed,  
3 But I'll no lat down the wars,  
4 And live and lat them be.'

**158C.7**

1 It's out it spak the Queen hersel: I have a  
shepherd's sin  
2 Would fight an hour wi you;  
3 'And by my seeth,' says young Sir Hugh,  
4 'That sight fain would I see.'

**158C.8**

1 The firsten steed that he drew out,  
2 He was the penny-gray;  
3 He wad hae ridden oer meel or mor  
4 A Leve-lang summer's day.

**158C.9**

1 O girths they brak, and great horse lap,  
2 But still sat he on he:  
3 'A girth, a girth,' says young Sir Hugh,  
4 'A girth for charity!'  
5 'O every girth that you shall have,  
6 Its gude lord shall hae three.'

**158C.10**

1 The nexten steed that he drew out,  
2 He was the penny-brown;  
3 He wad hae ridden oer meel or mor  
4 As ever the dew drap down.

**158C.11**

1 O bridles brak, and great horse lap,  
2 But still sat he on he:  
3 'A bridle, a bridle,' says young Sir Hugh,  
4 'A bridle for charitie!'  
5 'O every bridle that you shall have,  
6 And its gude lord shall hae three.'

**158C.12**

1 The nexten steed that he drew out  
2 He was the raven-black;  
3 His een was glancin in his head  
4 Like wild-fire in a slack;

**158C.12**

5 'Get here a boy,' says young Sir Hugh,  
6 'Cast on the saddle on that.'

**158C.13**

1 O brands there brak, and great horse lap,  
2 But still sat he on he:  
3 'A brand, a brand,' says young Sir Hugh,  
4 'A brand for charitie!'  
5 'O every brand that you sall have,  
6 And its gude lord sall hae three.'

**158C.14**

1 He gave him a dep unto the heart,  
2 And over the steed fell he:  
3 'I rather had gane you money,' she says,  
4 'And free lands too,  
5 That ye had foughten an hour wi him,  
6 And than had latten him be.'

**158C.15**

1 'If ye hae ony mair shepherd's sins,' he says,  
2 'Or cooks i your kitchie,  
3 Or ony mair dogs to fell,  
4 Ye'll bring them here to me;  
5 And gin they be a true-hearted Scotsman,  
6 They'll no be scorned by thee.'

**159A.1**

1 LORDINGES, listen, and hold you still;  
2 Hearken to me a litle;  
3 I shall you tell of the fairest battell  
4 *That euer* in England beffell.

**159A.2**

1 For as it befell in Edward the Thirds dayes,  
2 In England, where he ware the crowne,  
3 Then all the cheefe chivalry of England  
4 They busked and made them bowne.

**159A.3**

5 They chosen all the best archers  
6 *That* in England might be found,  
7 And all was to fight with the *king* of Ffrance,  
8 Within a litle stounde.

**159A.4**

1 And when our *king* was *ouer* the water,  
2 And on the salt sea gone,  
3 Then tydings into Scotland came  
4 *That* all England was gone.

**159A.5**

1 Bowes and arrowes they were all forth,  
2 At home was not left a man  
3 But shepards and millers both,  
4 And priests with shauen crownes.

**159A.6**

1 Then the *king* of Scotts in a study stood,  
2 As he was a man of great might;  
3 He sware he wold hold his *parlament* in leeuie  
London,  
4 If he cold ryde there right.

**159A.7**

1 Then bespake a *squier*, of Scotland borne,  
2 And sayd, My leege, apace,  
3 Before you come to leue London,  
4 Full sore you'le rue *that* race.

**159A.8**

1 Ther beene bold yeomen in merry England,  
2 Husbandmen stiffe and strong;  
3 Sharpe swords they done weare,  
4 Bearen bowes and arrowes longe.

**159A.9**

1 The *King* was angrye at that word;  
2 A long sword out he drew,  
3 And there befor his royall companye  
4 His owne *squier* hee slew.

**159A.10**

1 Hard hansell had the Scottes *that* day,  
2 *That* wrought them woe enoughe,  
3 For then durst not a Scott speake a word  
4 Ffor hanging att a boughe.

**159A.11**

1 'The Earle of Anguish, where art thou?  
2 In my coate-armor thou shalt bee,  
3 And thou shalt lead the forward  
4 Thorow the English countrye.

**159A.12**

1 'Take thee Yorke,' then sayd the *King*,  
2 'In stead wheras it doth stand;  
3 I'll make thy eldest sonne after thee  
4 Heyre of all Northumberland.

**159A.13**

1 'The Earle of Vaughan, where be yee?  
2 In my coate-armor thou shalt bee;  
3 The high Peak and Darbyshire  
4 I giue it thee to thy fee.'

**159A.14**

1 Then came in famous Douglas,  
2 Saies, What shall my meede bee?  
3 And I'll lead the vawward, lord,  
4 Thorow the English countrye.

**159A.15**

1 'Take thee Worster,' sayd the *King*,  
2 'Tuxburye, Killingworth, Burton vpon Trent;  
3 Doe thou not say another day  
4 But I haue giuen thee lands and rent.

**159A.16**

1 'Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are yee?  
2 A wise man in this warr!  
3 I'll giue thee Bristow and the shire  
4 The time *that* wee come there.

**159A.17**

1 'My lord Nevill, where beene yee?  
2 You must in this warres bee;  
3 I'll giue thee Shrewsburie,' saies the *King*,  
4 'And Couentrye faire and free.

**159A.18**

1 'My lord of Hambleton, where art thou?  
2 Thou art of my kin full nyg;  
3 I'll giue thee Lincolne and Lincolneshire,  
4 And *that*'s enoughe for thee.'

**159A.19**

1 By then came in *William* Douglas,  
2 As breeme as any bore;  
3 He kneeled him downe vpon his knees,  
4 In his hart he sighed sore.

**159A.20**

1 Saies, I haue serued you, my louelye leege,  
2 This thirty winters and four,  
3 And in the Marches betweene England and  
Scotland  
4 I haue beene wounded and beaten sore.

**159A.21**

1 For all the good service *that* I haue done,  
2 What shall my meed bee?  
3 And I will lead the vanward  
4 Thorow the English countrye.

**159A.22**

1 'Aske on, Douglas,' said the king,  
2 'And granted it shall bee.'  
3 'Why then, I aske litle London,' saies *William*  
Douglas,  
4 'Gotten giff *that* it bee.'

**159A.23**

1 The *King* was wrath, and rose away,  
2 Saies, Nay, *that* cannot bee!  
3 For *that* I will keepe for my cheefe chamber,  
4 Gotten if it bee.

**159A.24**

1 But take thee North Wales and Weschaster,  
2 The cuntrye all round about,  
3 And rewarded thou shalt bee,  
4 Of *that* take thou noe doubt.

**159A.25**

1 Fiue score *knights* he made on a day,  
2 And dubbd them with his hands;  
3 Rewarded them right worthilye  
4 With the townes in merry England.

**159A.26**

1 And when the fresh *knights* they were made,  
2 To battell the buske them bowne;  
3 James Douglas went before,  
4 And he thought to haue wonnen him shoone.

**159A.27**

1 But the were mett in a morning of May  
2 With the *comminaltye* of litle England;  
3 But there scaped neuer a man away,  
4 Through the might of Christës hand.

**159A.28**

1 But all onely James Douglas;  
2 In Durham in the ffeild  
3 An arrow stroke him in the thye;  
4 Fast flinge<s he] towards the *King*.

**159A.29**

1 The *King* looked toward litle Durham,  
2 Saies, All things is not well!  
3 For James Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye,  
4 The head of it is of steele.

## 159A.30

1 'How now Iames?' then said the *King*,  
 2 'How now, how may this bee?  
 3 And where beene all thy merry men  
 4 That thou tooke hence with thee?'

## 159A.31

1 'But cease, my *king*,' saies Iames Douglas,  
 2 'Aliue is not left a man!  
 3 'Now by my faith,' saies the *king* of Scottes,  
 4 'That gate was euill gone.'

## 159A.32

1 'But I'le reuenge thy quarrell well,  
 2 And of *that* thou may be faine;  
 3 For one Scott will beate fiue Englishmen,  
 4 If the meeten them on the plaine.'

## 159A.33

1 'Now hold *your* tounge,' saies Iames Douglas,  
 2 'For in faith *that* is not soe;  
 3 For one English man is worth fiue Scotts,  
 4 When they meeten together thoe.'

## 159A.34

1 'For they are as egar men to fight  
 2 As a faulcon vpon a pray;  
 3 Alas! if euer the winne the vanward,  
 4 There scapes noe man away.'

## 159A.35

1 'O peace thy talking,' said the *King*,  
 2 'They bee but English knaues,  
 3 But shepards and millers both,  
 4 And preists with their staues.'

## 159A.36

1 The *King* sent forth one of his heralds of armes  
 2 To vew the Englishmen:  
 3 'Be of good cheere,' the herald said,  
 4 'For against one wee bee ten.'

## 159A.37

1 'Who leades those ladds?' said the *king* of  
 2 Scottes,  
 3 'Thou herald, tell thou mee:  
 4 The herald said, The Bishopp of Durham  
 5 Is captaine of *that* companye.'

## 159A.38

1 'For the Bishopp hath spred the *King*'s banner,  
 2 And to battell he buskes him bowne:  
 3 'I sweare by St. Andrewes bones,' saies the  
 4 *King*,  
 5 'I'le rapp *that* preist on the crowne.'

## 159A.39

1 The *King* looked towards litle Durham,  
 2 And *that* hee well beheld,  
 3 *That* the Earle Percy was well armed,  
 4 With his battell-axe entred the feild.

## 159A.40

1 The *King* looket againe towards litle Durham,  
 2 Four ancyents there see hee;  
 3 There were to standards, six in a valley,  
 4 He cold not see them with his eye.

## 159A.41

1 My Lord of Yorke was one of them,  
 2 My Lord of Carlile was the other,  
 3 And my Lord Ffluwilliams,  
 4 The one came with the other.

## 159A.42

1 The Bishopp of Durham commanded his men,  
 2 And shortlye he them bade,  
 3 *That neuer* a man shold goe to the feild to fight  
 4 Till he had serued his God.

## 159A.43

1 Fiue hundred preists said masse *that* day  
 2 In Durham in the feild,  
 3 And afterwards, as I hard say,  
 4 They bare both speare and sheeld.

## 159A.44

1 The Bishopp of Durham orders himselfe to  
 2 fight,  
 3 With his battell-axe in his hand;  
 4 He said, This day now I will fight  
 5 As long as I can stand!

## 159A.45

1 'And soe will I,' said my *Lord* of Carlile,  
 2 'In this faire morning gay;  
 3 'And soe will I,' said my *Lord* Ffluwilliams,  
 4 'For Mary, *that* myld may.'

## 159A.46

1 Our English archers bent their bowes  
 2 Shortlye and anon;  
 3 They shott ouer the Scottish oast  
 4 And scantlye toucht a man.

## 159A.47

1 'Hold downe *your* hands,' said the Bishopp of  
 2 Durham,  
 3 'My archers good and true:  
 4 The second shoote *that* the shott,  
 5 Full sore the Scottes itt rue.'

## 159A.48

1 The Bishopp of Durham spoke on hye,  
 2 *That* both *partyes* might heare:  
 3 'Be of good cheere, my merry men all,  
 4 The Scotts flyen, and changen there cheere.'

## 159A.49

1 But as the saidden, soe the didden,  
 2 They fell on heapes hye;  
 3 Our Englishmen laid on with their bowes,  
 4 As fast as they might dree.

## 159A.50

1 The *king* of Scotts in a studye stood  
 2 Amongst his companye;  
 3 An arrow stoke him thorrow the nose,  
 4 And thorrow his armorye.

## 159A.51

1 The *King* went to a marsh-side  
 2 And light beside his steede;  
 3 He leaned him downe on his sword-hilts,  
 4 To let his nose bleede.

## 159A.52

1 There followed him a yeaman of merry  
 2 England,  
 3 His name was Iohn of Coplande:  
 4 'Yeeld thee, traytor!' saies Coplande then,  
 5 'Thy liffe lyes in my hand.'

## 159A.53

1 'How shold I yeeld me,' sayes the *King*,  
 2 'And thou art noe gentleman?'  
 3 'Noe, by my troth,' sayes Copland there,  
 4 'I am but a poore yeaman.'

## 159A.54

1 'What art thou better then I, *Sir King*?  
 2 Tell me if that thou can!  
 3 What art thou better then I, *Sir King*,  
 4 Now we be but man to man?'

## 159A.55

1 The *King* smote angerly at Copland then,  
 2 Angerly in that stonde;  
 3 And then Copland was a bold yeaman,  
 4 And bore the *King* to the ground.

## 159A.56

1 He sett the *King* upon a palfrey,  
 2 Himselfe upon a steede;  
 3 He tooke him by the bridle-rayne,  
 4 Towards London he can him lead.

## 159A.57

1 And when to London *that* he came,  
 2 The *King* from Ffrance was new come home,  
 3 And there unto the *king* of Scottes  
 4 He sayd these words anon.

## 159A.58

1 'How like you my shepards and my millers?  
 2 My priests with shaven crownes?'  
 3 'By my fayth, they are the sorest fighting men  
 4 *That* ever I mett on the ground.'

## 159A.59

1 'There was never a yeaman in merry England  
 2 But he was worth a Scottish *knight*:'  
 3 'I, by my troth,' said *King* Edward, and laughe,  
 4 'For you fought all against the right.'

## 159A.60

1 But now the prince of merry England,  
 2 Worthylye under his sheelde,  
 3 Hath taken the *king* of Ffrance,  
 4 At Potyers in the ffeelde.

## 159A.61

1 The prince did present his father with *that* food,  
 2 The louely *king* off Ffrance,  
 3 And fforward of his iourney he is gone:  
 4 God send us all good chance!

## 159A.62

1 'You are welcome, brother!' said the *king* of  
 2 Scotts, to the *king* of Ffrance,  
 3 'For I am come hither to soone;  
 4 Christ leue *that* I had taken my way  
 5 Unto the court of Roome!'

## 159A.63

1 'And soe wold I,' said the *king* of Ffrance,  
 2 'When I came over the streame,  
 3 *That* I had taken my iourney  
 4 Unto Ierusalem!'

## 159A.64

1 Thus ends the battell of faire Durham,  
 2 In one morning of May,  
 3 The battell of Cressey, and the battle of Potyers,  
 4 All within one monthes day.

## 159A.65

1 Then was welthe and welfare in mery England,  
 2 Solaces, game, and glee,  
 3 And every man loved other well,  
 4 And the *King* loved good yeomanrye.

## 159A.66

1 But God *that* made the grasse to growe,  
 2 And leaves on greenwoode tree,  
 3 Now save and keepe our noble *king*,  
 4 And maintaine good yeomanry!

## 160A.1

1 The Countesse of Douglas out of her boure she  
 2 came,  
 3 And loudly there that she did call:  
 4 'It is for the Lord of Liddesdale  
 5 *That* I let all these teares downe fall.'

## 161A.1

1 YT fell abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
 2 Whan husbandes wyynes ther haye,  
 3 The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,  
 4 In Ynglond to take a praye.

## 161A.2

1 The yerlle of Fyffe, wythowghten stryffe,  
 2 He bowynd hym over Sulway;  
 3 The grete wolde ever to-gether ryde;  
 4 *That* raysse they may rewe for aye.

## 161A.3

1 Over Hoppertope hyll they cam in,  
 2 And so down by Rodclyffe crage:  
 3 Vpon Grene Lynton they lyghted downyn,  
 4 Styrande many a stage.

## 161A.4

1 And boldely brente Northomberlond,  
 2 And haryed many a towyn;  
 3 They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
 4 To batell that were not bowyn.

## 161A.5

1 Than spake a berne vpon the bent,  
 2 Of comforte that was not colde,  
 3 And sayd, We haue brente Northomberlond,  
 4 We haue all welth in holde.

## 161A.6

1 Now we haue haryed all Bamborowe schyre,  
 2 All the welth in the worlde haue wee,  
 3 I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
 4 So styll and stalworthlye.

## 161A.7

1 Vpon the morowe, when it was day,  
 2 The standerds schone full bryght;  
 3 To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,  
 4 And thether they cam full ryght.

## 161A.8

1 Syr Henry Perssy laye at the New Castell,  
 2 I tell yow wythowtten drede;  
 3 He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,  
 4 And kepte Barwyke vpon Twede.

## 161A.9

1 To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
 2 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
 3 'Syr Hary Perssy, and thou byste *with*in,  
 4 Com to the fylde, and fight.'

## 161A.10

1 'For we haue brente Northomberlonde,  
 2 Thy erytage good and ryght,  
 3 And syne my logeyng I haue take  
 4 *Wyth* my brande dubbud many a knyght.'

**161A.11**

1 Syr Harry Perssy cam to the walles,  
2 The Skottysch oste for to se,  
3 And sayd, And thow hast brente  
Northomberlond,  
4 Full sore it rewytth me.

**161A.12**

1 Yf thou hast haryed all Bamborowe schyre,  
2 Thow hast done me grete envye;  
3 For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
4 The tone of vs schall dye.

**161A.13**

1 'Where schall I byde the?' sayd the Dowglas,  
2 'Or where wylte thow com to me?'  
3 'At Otterborne, in the hygh way,  
4 [T>her mast thow well logeed be.

**161A.14**

1 '[T>he roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
2 [T>o make the game a<nd] glee;  
3 'T>he fawken and the fesaunt both,  
4 Among the holtes on hye.

**161A.15**

1 'Ther mast thow haue thy welth at wyll,  
2 Well looged ther mast be;  
3 Yt schall not be long or I com the tyll,'  
4 Sayd Syr Harry Perssy.

**161A.16**

1 'Ther schall I byde the,' sayd the Dowglas,  
2 'By the fayth of my bodyde,'  
3 'Thether schall I com,' sayd Syr Harry Perssy,  
4 'My trowth I plyght to the.'

**161A.17**

1 A pype of wyne he gaued them over the walles,  
2 For soth as I yow saye;  
3 Ther he mayd the Dowglasse drynke,  
4 And all hys ost that daye.

**161A.18**

1 The Dowglas turnyd hym homeward agayne,  
2 For soth *withoughten* naye;  
3 He toke hys logeyng at Oterborne,  
4 Vpon a Wedynsday.

**161A.19**

1 And ther he pyght hys standerd downyn,  
2 Hys getting more and lesse,  
3 And syne he warned hys men to goo  
4 To chose ther geldynges gresse.

**161A.20**

1 A Skottysse knyght hoked vpon the bent,  
2 A wache I dare well saye;  
3 So was he ware on the noble Perssy,  
4 In the dawnyng of the daye.

**161A.21**

1 He prycked to hys pavyleon-dore,  
2 As faste as he myght ronne;  
3 'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
4 'For hys love that syttes in trone.

**161A.22**

1 'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
2 'For thow maste waken wyth wyne;  
3 Yender haue I spyed the prowde Perssy,  
4 And seven stonardes wyth hym.'

**161A.23**

1 'Nay by my trowth,' the Dowglas sayed,  
2 'It ys but a fayned taylle;  
3 He durst not loke on my brede banner  
4 For all Ynglonde so haylle.

**161A.24**

1 'Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
2 That stondez so fayre on Tyne?'  
3 For all the men the Perssy had,  
4 He coude not garre me ones to dyne.'

**161A.25**

1 He stepped owt at his pavylon-dore,  
2 To loke and it were lesse;  
3 'Araye yow, lordynges, one and all,  
4 For here bygynnes no peysse.

**161A.26**

1 'The yerle of Mentaye, thow arte my eme,  
2 The fowarde I gyve to the:  
3 The yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,  
4 He schall be wyth the.

**161A.27**

1 'The lorde of Bowghan, in armure bryght,  
2 On the other hand he schall be;  
3 Lord Jhonstoune and Lorde Maxwell,  
4 They to schall be wyth me.

**161A.28**

1 'Swynton, fayre fylde vpon *your* pryde!  
2 To batell make yow bowen  
3 Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
4 Syr Jhon of Agurstone!'

**161A.29**

1 The Perssy cam byfore hys oste,  
2 Wyth grett wurdes vpon hye,  
3 Vpon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
4 'I wyll holde that I haue hyght.

**161A.30**

1 'For thou haste brente Northomberlonde,  
2 And done me grete envye;  
3 For thys trespasse thow hast me done,  
4 The tone of vs schall dye.'

**161A.31**

1 The Dowglas answerde hym agayne,  
2 Wyth grett wurdes vpon hye,  
3 And sayd, I haue twenty agaynst thy one,  
4 Byholde, and thou maste see.

**161A.32**

1 Wyth that the Perssy was grevyd sore,  
2 For soth as I yow saye;  
3 He lyghted downyn vpon his foote,  
4 And schoote hys horsse clene awaye.

**161A.33**

1 Euery man sawe that he dyd soo,  
2 That ryall was euer in rowght;  
3 Euery man schoote hys horsse hym froo,  
4 And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

**161A.34**

1 Thus Syr Hary Perssy toke the fylde,  
2 For soth as I yow saye;  
3 Jhesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
4 Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

**161A.35**

1 But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,  
2 The cronykle wyll not layne;  
3 Forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre  
4 That day fowght them agayne.

**161A.36**

1 But when the batell byganne to ioyne,  
2 In hast ther cam a knyght;  
3 The letters fayre furth hath he tayne,  
4 And thus he sayd full ryght:

**161A.37**

1 'My lorde *your* father he gretes yow well,  
2 Wyth many a noble knyght;  
3 He desyres yow to byde  
4 That he may see thys fyght.

**161A.38**

1 'The Baron of Grastoke ys com out of the west,  
2 Wyth hym a noble companye;  
3 All they loge at *your* fathers thys nyght,  
4 And the batell fayne wolde they see.'

**161A.39**

1 'For Jhesus love,' sayd Syr Hary Perssy,  
2 'That dyed for yow and me,  
3 Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
4 And saye thow sawe me not wyth yee.

**161A.40**

1 'My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysch knyght,  
2 It nedes me not to layne,  
3 That I schulde byde hym vpon thys bent,  
4 And I haue hys trowth agayne.

**161A.41**

1 'And if that I w<e>ynde of thys growende,  
2 For soth, onfowghten awaye,  
3 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
4 In hys londe another daye.

**161A.42**

1 'Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
2 By Mary, that mykkel maye,  
3 Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd  
4 Wyth a Skotte another day.

**161A.43**

1 'Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,  
2 And let scharpe arowes flee;  
3 Mynstrells, playe vp for *your* waryson,  
4 And well quyit it schall bee.

**161A.44**

1 'Euery man thynke on hys trewe-love,  
2 And marke hym to the Trenite;  
3 For to God I make myne avowe  
4 Thys day wyll I not flee.'

**161A.45**

1 The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
2 Hys standerde stode on hye,  
3 That euery man myght full well knowe;  
4 By syde stode starrés thre.

**161A.46**

1 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,  
2 For soth as I yow sayne,  
3 The lucettes and the cressawntes both;  
4 The Skottes fawght them agayne.

**161A.47**

1 Vpon Sent Androwe lowde can they crye,  
2 And thrysse they schowte on hyght,  
3 And syne merked them one owr Ynglyssh  
men,  
4 As I haue tolde yow ryght.

**161A.48**

1 Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes knyght,  
2 To name they were full fayne;  
3 Owr Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,  
4 And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

**161A.49**

1 Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
2 I tell yow in sertayne;  
3 Men of armes byganne to joyne,  
4 Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

**161A.50**

1 The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,  
2 That ether of other was fayne;  
3 They swapped together whyll that the swette,  
4 Wyth swordes of fyne collayne:

**161A.51**

1 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnettes ranne,  
2 As the roke doth in the rayne;  
3 'Yelde the to me,' sayd the Dowglas,  
4 'Or elles thow schalt be slayne.

**161A.52**

1 'For I see by thy bryght bassonet,  
2 Thow arte *sum* man of myght;  
3 And so I do by thy burnysshed brande;  
4 Thow arte an yerle, or elles a knyght.'

**161A.53**

1 'By my good faythe,' sayd the noble Perssy,  
2 'Now haste thow rede full ryght;  
3 Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
4 Whyll I may stonde and fyght.'

**161A.54**

1 They swapped together whyll that they swette,  
2 Wyth swordes scharpe and long;  
3 Ych on other so faste thee beette,  
4 Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.

**161A.55**

1 The Perssy was a man of strengthth,  
2 I tell yow in thys stounde;  
3 He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length  
4 That he felle to the growynde.

**161A.56**

1 The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,  
2 I tell yow in sertayne;  
3 To the harte he cowde hym smyte,  
4 Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

**161A.57**

1 The stonderdes stode styll on eke a syde,  
2 Wyth many a grevous grone;  
3 Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,  
4 And many a dowghty man was slayne.

**161A.58**

1 Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,  
2 But styffely in stowre can stond,  
3 Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght  
drye,  
4 Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

**161A.59**

1 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottes syde,  
2 For soth and sertenly,  
3 Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
4 That day that he cowde dye.

**161A.60**

1 The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne,  
2 Gryselly groned vpon the growynd;  
3 Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
4 Syr Jhon of Agurstoune.

**161A.61**

1 Syr Charllés Morrey in that place,  
2 That never a fote wold flee;  
3 Syr Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
4 Wyth the Dowglas dyd he dye.

**161A.62**

1 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottés syde,  
2 For soth as I yow saye,  
3 Of fowre and forty thowsande Scottes  
4 Went but eyghtene awaye.

**161A.63**

1 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglysshe syde,  
2 For soth and sertenlye,  
3 A gentell knight, Syr Jhon Fechewe,  
4 Yt was the more pety.

**161A.64**

1 Syr James Hardbotell ther was slayne,  
2 For hym ther hartes were sore;  
3 The gentyll Lovell ther was slayne,  
4 That the Perssys stander bore.

**161A.65**

1 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglyssh perte,  
2 For soth as I yow saye,  
3 Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men  
4 Fyve hondert cam awaye.

**161A.66**

1 The other were slayne in the fylde;  
2 Cryste kepe ther sowlles from wo!  
3 Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes  
4 Agaynst so many a foo.

**161A.67**

1 Then on the morne they mayde them beerys  
2 Of byrch and haysell graye;  
3 Many a wydowe, wyth wepyng teyres,  
4 Ther makes they fette awaye.

**161A.68**

1 Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,  
2 Bytwene the nyght and the day;  
3 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,  
4 And the Perssy was lede awaye.

**161A.69**

1 Then was ther a Scottysh prisoner tayne,  
2 Syr Hewe Montgomery was hys name;  
3 For soth as I yow saye,  
4 He borrowed the Perssy home agayne.

**161A.70**

1 Now let vs all for the Perssy praye  
2 To Jhesu most of myght,  
3 To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,  
4 For he was a gentyll knight.

**161B.1**

1 IT fell and about the Lammas time,  
2 When husbandmen do win their hay,  
3 Earl Douglass is to the English woods,  
4 And a' with him to fetch a prey.

**161B.2**

1 He has chosen the Lindsays light,  
2 With them the gallant Gordons gay,  
3 And the Earl of Fyfe, withouten strife,  
4 And Sir Hugh Montgomery upon a grey.

**161B.3**

1 They have taken Northumberland,  
2 And sae hae they the north shire,  
3 And the Otter Dale, they hae burnt it hale,  
4 And set it a' into fire.

**161B.4**

1 Out then spake a bonny boy,  
2 That servd ane o Earl Douglass kin;  
3 Methinks I see an English host,  
4 A-coming branken us upon.

**161B.5**

1 'If this be true, my little boy,  
2 And it be troth that thou tells me,  
3 The brawest bower in Otterburn  
4 This day shall be thy morning-fee.

**161B.6**

1 'But if it be fase, my little boy,  
2 But and a lie that thou tells me,  
3 On the highest tree that's in Otterburn  
4 With my ain hands I'll hing thee high.'

**161B.7**

1 The boy's taen out his little penknife,  
2 That hanget low down by his gare,  
3 And he gaed Earl Douglass a deadly wound,  
4 Alack! a deep wound and a sare.

**161B.8**

1 Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
2 Take thou the vanguard o the three,  
3 And bury me at yon braken-bush,  
4 That stands upon yon lilly lee.

**161B.9**

1 Then Percy and Montgomery met,  
2 And weel a wot they warn a fain;  
3 They swaped swords, and they twa swat,  
4 And ay the blood ran down between.

**161B.10**

1 'O yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
2 'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low;'  
3 'Whom to shall I yield,' said Earl Percy,  
4 'Now I see it maun be so?'

**161B.11**

1 'O yield thee to yon braken-bush,  
2 That grows upon yon lilly lee;  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**161B.12**

1 'I winna yield to a braken-bush,  
2 Nor yet will I unto a brier;  
3 But I would yield to Earl Douglass,  
4 Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here.'

**161B.13**

1 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
2 He stuck his sword's point in the ground,  
3 And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a courteous  
knight,  
4 And he quickly broght him by the hand.

**161B.14**

1 This deed was done at Otterburn,  
2 About the breaking of the day;  
3 Earl Douglass was buried at the braken-bush,  
4 And Percy led captive away.

**161C.1**

1 IT fell about the Lammas tide,  
2 When the muir-men win their hay,  
3 The doughty Douglas bound him to ride  
4 Into England, to drive a prey.

**161C.2**

1 He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,  
2 With them the Lindsays, 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 burnd the dales of Tyne,  
2 And part of Bambrough shire,  
3 And three good towers on Reidswire fells,  
4 He left them all on fire.

**161C.4**

1 And he marchd 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't?'

**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 For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
4 The tane of us shall die.'

**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 furiously.

**161C.8**

1 But O how pale his lady lookd,  
2 Frae aff the castle-wa,  
3 When down before the Scottish 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 ere 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 rins 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 be;  
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 bide 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 dreamd 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 belted 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 speedilie,  
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 ane!  
3 Last night I dreamd 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 flew,  
3 But mony a gallant Englishman  
4 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

## 161C.29

1 The Gordons good, in English blood  
 2 They steepe their hose and shoon;  
 3 The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
 4 Till all the fray was done.

## 161C.30

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.

## 161C.31

1 'Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
 2 'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!'  
 3 'To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,  
 4 'Now that I see that it must be so?'

## 161C.32

1 'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
 2 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
 3 But yield thee to the braken-bush,  
 4 That grows upon yon lilye lee.'

## 161C.33

1 'I will not yield to a braken-bush,  
 2 Nor yet will I yield to a brier;  
 3 But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
 4 Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.'

## 161C.34

1 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
 2 He struck his sword's point in the gronde;  
 3 The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
 4 And quickly took him by the honde.

## 161C.35

1 This deed was done at the Otterbourne,  
 2 About the breaking of the day;  
 3 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,  
 4 And the Percy led captive away.

## 161D.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 branking 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 braken-bush,  
 2 That grows upon yon lilly lie;  
 3 For there lies aneth yon braken-bush  
 4 What aft has conquered mae than thee.'

## 162A.1

1 THE *Persë* owt off Northombarlonde,  
 2 and avowe to God mayd he  
 3 That he wold hunte in the mowntayns  
 4 off Chyviat *with*in days thre,  
 5 In the magger of doughtë Dogles,  
 6 and all that *euer* with him be.

## 162A.2

1 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
 2 he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:  
 3 'Be my feth,' sayd *the* dougheti Douglas agayn,  
 4 'I wyll let *that* hontyng yf *that* I may.'

## 162A.3

1 The[n] *the Persë* owt off Banborowe cam,  
 2 *with* him a myghtee meany,  
 3 *With* fifteen hondrith archares bold off blood  
 4 and bone;  
 5 *the* wear chosen owt of shyars thre.

## 162A.4

1 This begane on a Monday at morn,  
 2 in Cheviat the hillys so he;  
 3 The chylde may rue that ys vn-born,  
 4 it was the mor pittë.

## 162A.5

1 The dryvars thorowe the wood(es) went,  
 2 for to reas the dear;  
 3 Bomen byckarte vppone the bent  
 4 *with* ther browd aros cleare.

## 162A.6

1 Then the wyld thorowe the wood(es) went,  
 2 on *euery* sydë shear;  
 3 Greahondes thorowe the grevis glent,  
 4 for to kyll thear dear.

## 162A.7

1 *This* begane in Chyviat *the* hyls abone,  
 2 yerly on a Monny-day;  
 3 Be *that* it drewe to the oware off none,  
 4 a hondrith fat hart(es) ded *ther* lay.

## 162A.8

1 The blewe a mort vppone *the* bent,  
 2 *the* sembylde on sydis shear;  
 3 To the quyrry then the *Persë* went,  
 4 to se the brytlynge off the deare.

## 162A.9

1 He sayd, It was the Duglas promys  
 2 this day to met me hear;  
 3 But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament;  
 4 a great oth *the Persë* swear.

## 162A.10

1 At the laste a squyar off Northomberlonde  
 2 lokyde at his hand full ny;  
 3 He was war a the doughetie Doglas *commynge*,  
 4 with him a myghttë meany.

## 162A.11

5 Both with spear, bylle, and brande,  
 6 yt was a myghtti sight to se;  
 7 Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,  
 8 wear not in Cristiantë.

## 162A.12

1 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,  
 2 withoute any feale;  
 3 The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,  
 4 yth bownd(es) of Tividale.

## 162A.13

1 'Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,' he sayd,  
 2 ænd to your bo'ys lock ye tayk good hede;  
 3 For *neuer* sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
 4 had ye *neuer* so mickle nede.'

## 162A.14

1 The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,  
 2 he rode alle his men before;  
 3 His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;  
 4 a boldar barne was never born.

## 162A.15

1 'Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,  
 2 'or whos men that ye be:  
 3 Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat  
 4 chays,  
 5 in *the* spyt of myn and of me.'

## 162A.16

1 The first mane that *ever* him an answeare mayd,  
 2 yt was *the* good lord *Persë*:  
 3 'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he  
 4 says,  
 5 'Nor whos men *that* we be;  
 6 But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,  
 7 in the spyt of thyne and of the.

## 162A.17

1 '*The* fattiste hart(es) in all Chyviat  
 2 we haue kyld, and cast to carry them away:'  
 3 'Be my troth,' sayd *the* doughetë Dogglas  
 4 agay<n>,  
 5 'therfor the ton of vs shal de this day.'

## 162A.18

1 Then sayd the doughtë Douglas  
 2 unto the lord *Persë*:  
 3 'To kyll alle thes gittles men,  
 4 alas, it wear great pittë!

## 162A.19

1 But, *Persë*, thowe art a lord of lande,  
 2 I am a yerle callyd *with*in my contrë;  
 3 Let all our men vppone a *parti* stande,  
 4 and do the battell off the and of me.'

## 162A.20

1 'Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,' sayd the  
 2 lorde *Persë*,  
 3 'who-so-euer *ther*-to says nay!  
 4 Be my troth, doughette Douglas,' he says,  
 5 'Thow shalt *neuer* se that day.'

## 162A.21

1 'Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,  
 2 nor for no man of a woman born,  
 3 But, and fortune be my chance,  
 4 I dar met him, on man for on.'

## 162A.22

1 Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,  
 2 Richard Wytharyngton was him nam;  
 3 'It shal *neuer* be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he  
 4 says,  
 5 'To Kyng Herry *the* Fourth for sham.

## 162A.23

1 'I wat youe byn great lord(es) twaw,  
 2 I am a poor squyar of lande;  
 3 I wyll *neuer* se my captayne fyght on a fylde,  
 4 and stande my selfe and loocke on,  
 5 But whylle I may my weppone welde,  
 6 I wyll not [fayle] both hart and hande.'

## 162A.24

1 That day, *that* day, *that* dredfull day!  
 2 *the* first fit here I fynde;  
 3 And youe wyll here any mor a the hountyng a  
 4 the Chyviat,  
 5 yet ys *ther* mor behynde.

## 162A.25

1 The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
 2 *ther* hartes wer good yenoughe;  
 3 The first off arros that the shote off,  
 4 seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

## 162A.26

1 Yet byddys the yerle Douglas vppone *the* bent,  
 2 a captayne good yenoughe,  
 3 And that was sene verament,  
 4 for he wrought *hom* both woo and wouche.

## 162A.27

1 The Dogglas *partyd* his ost in thre,  
 2 lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;  
 3 With suar spears off myghttë tre,  
 4 the *cum* in on *euery* syde;

## 162A.28

1 Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery  
 2 gave many a wounde fulle wyde;  
 3 Many a doughetë the garde to dy,  
 4 which ganyde them no pryde.

## 162A.29

1 The Ynglyshe men let ther bo'ys be,  
 2 and pulde owt brandes *that* wer brighte;  
 3 It was a hevvy syght to se  
 4 bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

## 162A.30

1 Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,  
 2 many sterne the strocke done streght;  
 3 Many a freyke that was fulle fre,  
 4 ther vndar foot dyd lyght.

## 162A.31

1 At last the Douglas and the *Persë* met,  
 2 lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;  
 3 The swapte togethert tyll the both swat,  
 4 *with* swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

## 162A.32

1 Thes worthë freckys for to fyght,  
 2 *ther*-to the wear fulle fayne,  
 3 Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes  
 4 sprepte,  
 5 as *euer* dyd heal or ra<y>n.

## 162A.33

1 'Yelde the, *Persë*,' sayde the Douglas,  
 2 ænd i feth I shalle the brynge  
 3 Wher thowe shalte haue a yerls wagis  
 4 of Jamy our Skottish kyng.

## 162A.34

1 'Thoue shalte haue thy ransom fre,  
 2 I hight the hear this thinge;  
 3 For the manfullyste man yet art thowe  
 4 that *euer* I conqueryd in filde fightynge.'

## 162A.35

1 'Nay,' sayd the lord *Persë*,  
 2 'I tolde it the beforene,  
 3 That I wolde *neuer* yeldyde be  
 4 to no man of a woman born.'

## 162A.36

1 *With* that ther cam an arrowe hastely,  
 2 forthe off a myghttë wane;  
 3 Hit hathe strekene the yerle Douglas  
 4 in at the brest-bane.

## 162A.37

1 Thorowe lyvar and long(es) bathe  
 2 the sharpe arrowe ys gane,  
 3 *That* *neuer* after in all his lyffe-days  
 4 he spayke mo word(es) but ane:  
 5 *That* was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys  
 6 ye may,  
 7 for my lyff-days ben gan.

## 162A.38

1 The *Persë* leanyde on his brande,  
 2 and sawe *the* Douglas de;  
 3 He tooke the dede mane by the hande,  
 4 and sayd, Wo ys me for the!

**162A.39**

1 'To haue savyde thy lyffe, I wolde haue partyd  
e with  
2 my landes for years thre,  
3 For a better man, of hart nare of hande,  
4 was nat in all the north contrè.'

**162A.40**

1 Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
2 was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggomyrry;  
3 He sawe the Douglas to the deth was dyght,  
4 he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.

**162A.41**

1 He rod vppone a corsiare  
2 through a hondrith archery;  
3 He neuer stynnttyde, nar neuer blane,  
4 tylle he cam to the good lord Persë.

**162A.42**

1 He set vppone the lorde Persë  
2 a dynte that was full soare;  
3 With a suar spear of a myghteë tre  
4 clean thorow the body he the Persë ber,

**162A.43**

1 A the tothar syde that a man myght se  
2 a large cloth-yard and mare;  
3 Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantë  
4 then that day slan wear ther.

**162A.44**

1 An archar off Northomberlonde  
2 say slean was the lord Persë;  
3 He bar a bende bowe in his hand,  
4 was made off trusti tre.

**162A.45**

1 An arow that a cloth-yarde was lang  
2 to the harde stele halyde he;  
3 A dynt that was both sad and soar  
4 he sat on Ser Hewe the Monggomyrry.

**162A.46**

1 The dynt yt was both sad and sar  
2 that he of Monggomyrry sete;  
3 The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar  
4 with his hart-blood the wear wete.

**162A.47**

1 Ther was neuer a freake wone foot wolde fle,  
2 but still in stour dyd stand,  
3 Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the myghte dre,  
4 with many a balfull brande.

**162A.48**

1 This battell begane in Chyviat  
2 an owar befor the none,  
3 And when even-songe bell was rang,  
4 the battell was nat half done.

**162A.49**

1 The tocke . . . on ethar hande  
2 be the lyght off the mone;  
3 Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
4 in Chyviat the hillys abon.

**162A.50**

1 Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
2 went away but seuenti and thre;  
3 Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,  
4 but even five and fifti.

**162A.51**

1 But all wear slayne Cheviat within;  
2 the hade no streng<th>e to stand on hy;  
3 The chylde may rue that ys unborne,  
4 it was the mor pittë.

**162A.52**

1 Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persë,  
2 Ser Johan of Agerstone,  
3 Ser Rogar, the hinde Hartly,  
4 Ser Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.

**162A.53**

1 Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,  
2 a knyghte of great renouen,  
3 Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,  
4 with dyntes wear beaten dowene.

**162A.54**

1 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
2 that euer he slayne shulde be;  
3 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
4 yet he knyld and fought on hys kny.

**162A.55**

1 Ther was slayne, with the dougheti Douglas,  
2 Ser Hewe the Monggomyrry,  
3 Ser Dauby Lwdale, that worthë was,  
4 his sistars son was he.

**162A.56**

1 Ser Charls a Murrë in that place,  
2 that neuer a foot wolde fle;  
3 Ser Hewe Maxwellle, a lorde he was,  
4 with the Doglas dyd he dey.

**162A.57**

1 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
2 off birch and hasell so g<r>ay;  
3 Many wedous, with wepyng tears,  
4 cam to fache ther makys away.

**162A.58**

1 Tivydale may carpe off care,  
2 Northombarlonde may mayk great mon,  
3 For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear  
4 on the March-parti shall neuer be non.

**162A.59**

1 Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe,  
2 to Jamy the Skottishe kyng,  
3 That dougheti Douglas, lyff-tenant of the  
Marches,  
4 Marches,  
5 he lay slean Chyviot within.

**162A.60**

1 His handdës dyd he weal and wryn he sayd,  
Alas, and woe ys me!  
2 Such an othar captayn Skotland within,  
3 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neuer be.

**162A.61**

1 Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,  
2 till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
3 That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the Marchis,  
4 he lay slayne Chyviat within.

**162A.62**

1 'God haue merci on his solle,' sayde Kyng  
Harry,  
2 'good lord, yf thy will it be!  
3 I haue a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde,' he  
sayd,  
4 æs good as euer was he:  
5 But, Persë, and I brook my lyffe,  
6 thy deth well quyte shall be.'

**162A.63**

1 As our noble kyng mayd his avowe,  
2 lyke a noble prince of renouen,  
3 For the deth of the lord Persë  
4 he dyde the battell of Hombyll-down;

**162A.64**

1 Wher syx and thrittë Skottishe knyghtes  
2 on a day wear beaten down;  
3 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
4 over castille, towar, and town.

**162A.65**

1 This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,  
2 that tear begane this spurn;  
3 Old men that knowen t8e grownde well  
yenuoghe  
4 call it the battell of Otterburn.

**162A.66**

1 At Otterburn begane this spurne,  
2 vppone a Monnynday;  
3 Ther was the doughët Douglas slean,  
4 the Persë neuer went away.

**162A.67**

1 Ther was neuer a tym on the Marche-partës  
2 sen the Douglas and the Persë met,  
3 But yt ys meruele and the rede blude romne not,  
4 as the reane doys in the stret.

**162A.68**

1 Ihesue Crist our balys bete,  
2 and to the blys vs bryng!  
3 Thus was the hountynge of the Chyviat:  
4 God send vs alle good endyng!

**162B.1**

1 GOD prosper long our noble king,  
2 our liffes and saftyes all!  
3 A woefull hunting once there did  
4 in Cheuy Chase befall.

**162B.2**

1 To driue the deere with hound and horne  
2 Erle Percy took the way:  
3 The child may rue that is vnborne  
4 the hunting of that day!

**162B.3**

1 The stout Erle of Northumberland  
2 a vow to God did make  
3 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
4 three sommers days to take,

**162B.4**

1 The cheefest harts in Cheuy C<h>ase  
2 to kill and beare away;  
3 These tydings to Erle Douglas came  
4 in Scotland, where he lay.

**162B.5**

1 Who sent Erle Percy present word  
2 he wold prevent his sport;  
3 The English erle, not fearing that,  
4 did to the woods resort,

**162B.6**

1 With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
2 all chosen men of might,  
3 Who knew ffull well in time of neede  
4 to ayme their shafts arright.

**162B.7**

1 The gallant greyhound<s> swiftly ran  
2 to chase the fallow deere;  
3 On Munday they began to hunt,  
4 ere daylight did appeare.

**162B.8**

1 And long before high noone the had  
2 a hundred fat buckes slaine;  
3 Then haung dined, the drouyers went  
4 to rouze the deare againe.

**162B.9**

1 The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
2 well able to endure;  
3 Their backsids all with special care  
4 that day were guarded sure.

**162B.10**

1 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
2 the nimble deere to take,  
3 That with their cries the hills and dales  
4 an echho shrill did make.

**162B.11**

1 Lord Percy to the querry went  
2 to veiw the tender deere;  
3 Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised once  
4 this day to meete me heere;

**162B.12**

1 But if I thought he wold not come,  
2 noe longer wold I stay.  
3 With that a braue younge gentelman  
4 thus to the erle did say:

**162B.13**

1 'Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
2 hys men in armour bryght;  
3 Full twenty hundred Scottish speres  
4 all marching in our sight.

**162B.14**

1 'All men of pleasant Tiuydale,  
2 fast by the riuier Tweede:'  
3 'O ceaze your sportts!' Erle Percy said,  
4 ænd take your bowes with speede.

**162B.15**

1 'And now with me, my countrymen,  
2 your courage forth advance!  
3 For there was neuer champion yett,  
4 in Scotland nor in Ffrance,

**162B.16**

1 'That euer did on horsbacke come,  
2 [but], and if my hap it were,  
3 I durst encounter man for man,  
4 with him to breake a spere.'

**162B.17**

1 Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,  
2 most like a baron bold,  
3 Rode formost of his company,  
4 whose armor shone like gold.

**162B.18**

1 'Shew me,' sayd hee, 'whose men you bee  
2 that hunt soe boldly heere,  
3 That without my consent doe chase  
4 and kill my fallow deere.'

**162B.19**

1 The first man that did answer make  
2 was noble Percy hee,  
3 Who sayd, Wee list not to declare  
4 nor shew whose men wee bee;

**162B.20**

1 'Yett wee will spend our deerest blood  
2 thy cheefest harts to slay.'  
3 Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,  
4 and thus in rage did say:

**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, soe am I.

**162B.22**

1 'But trust me, Pearcye, pittye it were,  
2 and great offence, to kill  
3 Then any of these our guiltlesse men,  
4 for they haue done none ill.

**162B.23**

1 'Let thou and I the battell trye,  
2 and set our men aside:'  
3 'Accurst bee [he!]' Erle Pearcye said,  
4 'By whome it is denyed.'

**162B.24**

1 Then stopt 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 captaine fought on foote,  
2 and I stand looking on.  
3 You bee two Erles,' quoth Witherington,  
4 and I a squier alone;

**162B.26**

1 'I'le doe the best *that* doe I may,  
2 while I haue power to stand;  
3 While I haue power to weeld my sword,  
4 I'le fight *with* hart and hand.'

**162B.27**

1 Our English archers bent their bowes;  
2 their harts were good and trew;  
3 Att the first flight of arrowes sent,  
4 full foure score Scotts the slew.

**162B.28**

1 To driue the deere *with* hound and horne,  
2 Dauglas bade on the bent;  
3 Two captaines moued *with* mickle might,  
4 their speres to shiuers went.

**162B.29**

1 They closed full fast on euerye 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 breasts  
4 did gush like water cleare.

**162B.31**

1 At last these two stout erles did meet,  
2 like captaines of great might;  
3 Like lyons woode they layd on lode;  
4 the made a cruell fight.

**162B.32**

1 The fought vntill they both did sweat,  
2 *with* swords of tempered steele,  
3 Till blood downe their cheekes like raine  
4 the trickling downe did feele.

**162B.33**

1 'O yeeld thee, Pearcye!' Douglas sayd,  
2 ænd in faith I will thee bringe  
3 Where thou shall high advanced bee  
4 by Iames our Scottish *king*.

**162B.34**

1 'Thy ransome I will freely giue,  
2 and this report of thee,  
3 Thou art the most couragious *knight*  
4 [that ever I did see.]'

**162B.35**

1 'Noe, Douglas!' quoth Erle Percy then,  
2 'Thy *profer* I doe scorne;  
3 I will not yeelde to any Scott  
4 *that euer* yett was borne!'

**162B.36**

1 *With that* there came an arrow keene,  
2 out of an English bow,  
3 Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest  
4 a deepe and deadlye blow.

**162B.37**

1 Who *neuer* sayd more words then these:  
2 Fight on, my merry men all!  
3 For why, my life is att [an] end,  
4 *lord* Pearcy sees my fall.

**162B.38**

1 Then leauing liffe, Erle Pearcy tooke  
2 the dead man by the hand;  
3 Who said, 'Erle Dowglas, for thy life,  
4 wold I had lost my land!'

**162B.39**

1 'O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed  
2 for sorrow for thy sake,  
3 For sure, a more redoubted *knight*  
4 mischance cold *neuer* take.'

**162B.40**

1 A *knight* amongst the Scotts there was  
2 *which* saw Erle Douglas dye,  
3 Who streight in hart did vow revenge  
4 vpon the Lord Pearcye.

**162B.41**

1 Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,  
2 who, *with* a spere full bright,  
3 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
4 ran feircly through the fight,

**162B.42**

1 And past the English archers all,  
2 without all dread or feare,  
3 And through Erle Percyes body then  
4 he thrust his hatfull spere.

**162B.43**

1 *With* such a vehement force and might  
2 his body he did gore,  
3 The staff ran through the other side  
4 a large cloth-yard and more.

**162B.44**

1 Thus did both these nobles dye,  
2 whose courage none cold staine;  
3 An English archer then *perceiued*  
4 the noble erle was slaine.

**162B.45**

1 He had [a] good bow in his hand,  
2 made of a trusty tree;  
3 An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
4 to the hard head haled hee.

**162B.46**

1 Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye  
2 his shaft full right he sett;  
3 The grey-goose-wing *that* was there-on  
4 in his harts bloode was wett.

**162B.47**

1 This fight from breake of day did last  
2 till setting of the sun,  
3 For when the rung the euening-bell  
4 the battele scarce was done.

**162B.48**

1 *With* stout Erle Percy there was slaine  
2 Sir Iohn of Egerton,  
3 Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William,  
4 Sir Iames, that bold barron.

**162B.49**

1 And *with* Sir George and Sir Iames,  
2 both *knights* of good account,  
3 Good Sir Raphe Rebbye there was slaine,  
4 whose prowess did surmount.

**162B.50**

1 For Witherington needs must I wayle  
2 as one in dolefull dumpes,  
3 For when his legges were smitten of,  
4 he fought vpon his stumpes.

**162B.51**

1 And *with* Erle Dowglas there was slaine  
2 Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
3 And Sir Charles Morrell, *that* from feelde  
4 one foote wold *neuer* flee;

**162B.52**

1 Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,  
2 his sisters sonne was hee;  
3 Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed,  
4 but saved he cold not bee.

**162B.53**

1 And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,  
2 *with* Douglas he did dye;  
3 Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,  
4 scarce fifty-fiue did fyfe.

**162B.54**

1 Of fifteen hundred Englishmen  
2 went home but fifty-three;  
3 The rest in Cheuy Chase were slaine,  
4 vnder the greenwoode tree.

**162B.55**

1 Next day did many widdowes come  
2 their husbands to bewayle;  
3 They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
4 but all wold not *preuayle*.

**162B.56**

1 Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,  
2 the bore *with* them away;  
3 They kist them dead a thousand times  
4 ere the were cladd in clay.

**162B.57**

1 The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,  
2 where Scottlands *king* did rayne,  
3 *That* braue Erle Douglas soddainlye  
4 was *with* an arrow slaine.

**162B.58**

1 'O heauy newes!' *King* Iames can say;  
2 'Scotland may wittensse bee  
3 I haue not any *captaine* more  
4 of such account as hee.'

**162B.59**

1 Like tydings to *King* Henery came,  
2 *within* as short a space,  
3 *That* Pearcy of Northumberland  
4 was slaine in Cheuy Chase.

**162B.60**

1 'Now God be *with* him!' said our *king*,  
2 'Sith it will noe better bee;  
3 I trust I haue *within* my realme  
4 fiue hundred as good as hee.'

**162B.61**

1 'Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say  
2 but I will vengeance take,  
3 And be revenged on them all  
4 for braue Erle Percyes sake.'

**162B.62**

1 This vow the *king* did well performe  
2 after on Humble-downe;  
3 In one day fifty *knights* were slayne,  
4 *with* lords of great renouwe.

**162B.63**

1 And of the rest, of small account,  
2 did many hundreds dye;  
3 Thus endeth the hunting in Cheuy Chase,  
4 made by the Erle Pearcye.

**162B.64**

1 God saue our *king*, and blesse this land  
2 *with* plentye, ioy, and peace,  
3 And grant hencforth *that* foule debate  
4 twixt noble men may ceaze!

**163A.1**

1 AS I cam in by Dunidier,  
2 An doun by netherha,  
3 There was fifty thousand Hielanmen  
4 A-marching to Harlaw.  
5 Wi a dree dree dradie drumtie dree.

**163A.2**

1 As I cam on, an farther on,  
2 An doun an by Balquhain,  
3 Oh there I met Sir James the Rose,  
4 Wi him Sir John the Gryme.

**163A.3**

1 'O cam ye frae the Hielans, man?  
2 An cam ye a' the wey?  
3 Saw ye Macdonell an his men,  
4 As they cam frae the Skee?'

**163A.4**

1 'Yes, me cam frae ta Hielans, man,  
2 An me cam a' ta wey,  
3 An she saw Macdonell and his men,  
4 As they cam frae ta Skee.'

**163A.5**

1 'Oh was ye near Macdonell's men?  
2 Did ye their numbers see?  
3 Come, tell to me, John Hielanman,  
4 What micht their numbers be?'

**163A.6**

1 'Yes, me was near, an near eneuch,  
2 An me their numbers saw;  
3 There was fifty thousan Hielanmen  
4 A-marchin to Harlaw.'

**163A.7**

1 'Gin that be true,' says James the Rose,  
2 'We'll no come meikle speed;  
3 We'll cry upo our merry men,  
4 And lichtly mount our steed.'



## 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 phat 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 Hielan swords gied clash for clash,  
4 At the battle o Harlaw.

## 163A.11

1 The Hielanmen, 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 An come your wa's wi me.'

## 163A.14

1 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
2 The clans they are ow'er 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 Drumminnor send,  
4 To fess my coat o mail.

## 163A.16

1 The servan he did ride,  
2 An his horse it did na fail,  
3 For in twa hours an a quarter  
4 He brocht the coat o mail.

## 163A.17

1 Then back to back the brithers twa  
2 Gaed in amo the thrang,  
3 An they hewed down the Hielanmen,  
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 himsell.

## 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 lierachie  
2 I'm sure ye never saw  
3 As wis amo the Hielanmen,  
4 When they saw Macdonell fa.

## 163A.21

1 An whan 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 Monanday, 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 buryin  
2 I'm sure ye never saw  
3 As wis the Sunday after that,  
4 On the muirs aneath 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 thousan 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 lads  
4 Three furlongs long, and more.

## 163B.15

1 Lord Forbès calld 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 tribute that was due from France,  
4 Had not been paid for so long a time.  
5 Fal, lal, etc.

## 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 speedily.

## 164A.3

1 O then went away this lovely page,  
2 This lovely page then away went he;  
3 And when he came to the king of France,  
4 Low 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 That you will send him his tribute home,  
4 Or in French land you soon will him see.'

## 164A.5

1 'Your master's young and of tender years,  
2 Not fir to come into my degree,  
3 And I will send him three tennis-balls,  
4 That with them he may learn to play.'

## 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 his 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 marryd 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 marryd man, nor no widow's son;  
4 Yet there was a jovial bold company.

## 164A.11

1 O then we marchd 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 our Englishmen so free;  
3 We killd ten thousand of the French,  
4 And the rest of them they ran away.

## 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 Itt was the merke midnight,  
3 And all the bridges were vp drawn,  
4 And neuer a candle-light.

## 165A.3

1 There they made them one good boate,  
2 All of one good bull skinn;  
3 William Sauage was one of the ffirst  
4 That euer came itt within.

## 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 lether.

## 165A.5

1 'Waken yoi, waken you, deare ffather!  
2 God waken you within!  
3 For heere is your vnckle Standlye  
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 ffathers 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 Hau'e done, and tell itt mee:'  
3 'My ffather is now to London ridden,  
4 As Christ shall haue *part* of mee.'

## 165A.9

1 'Now nay, now nay, Ellen Butler,  
2 Ffor soe itt must not bee;  
3 Ffor ere I goe fforth of this hall,  
4 Your ffather I must see.'

## 165A.10

1 The sought *that* hall then vp and downe  
2 Theras John Butler lay;  
3 The sought *that* hall then vp and downe  
4 Theras John Butler lay.

## 165A.11

1 Ffaire him Ffall, litle Holcrofft!  
2 Soe merrilye he kept the dore,  
3 Till *that* his head ffrom his shoulders  
4 Came tumbling downe the ffloore.

## 165A.12

1 'Yeelde thee, yeelde thee, Iohn Butler!  
2 Yeelde thee now to mee!'  
3 'I will yeelde me to my vnckle Stanlye,  
4 And neere to ffalse Peeter Lee.'

## 165A.13

1 'A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
2 'To housle and to shrue!  
3 A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
4 'While *that* my father is a man aliu'e!'

## 165A.14

1 Then bespake him William Sauage,  
2 A shames death may hee dye!  
3 Sayes, He 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 att home;  
3 Shee might haue beggd her owne marryed *lord*  
4 Att her good brother Iohn.

## 165A.16

1 And as shee lay in leeu'e London,  
2 And as shee lay in her bedd,  
3 Shee dreamed her owne marryed *lord*  
4 Was swimmin'g in blood soe red.

## 165A.17

1 Shee called vp her merry men all,  
2 Long ere itt was day;  
3 Saies, Wee must ryde to Busye Hall,  
4 With all speed *that* wee may.

## 165A.18

1 Shee matt with three Kendall men,  
2 Were ryding by the way:  
3 'Tydings, tydings, Kendall men,  
4 I pray you tell itt mee!'

## 165A.19

1 'Heauy tydings, deare madam;  
2 Ffrom you wee will not leane;  
3 The worthiest *knicht* in merry England,  
4 Iohn Butler, Lord! hee is slaine!'

## 165A.20

1 'Ffarewell, ffarwell, Iohn Butler!  
2 Ffor thee I must neuer see:  
3 Ffarewell, ffarwell, Busiye Hall!  
4 For thee I will *neuer* come nye.'

## 165A.21

1 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,  
2 In all the speed might bee,  
3 And when shee came before her prince,  
4 Shee kneeled low downe on her knee.

## 165A.22

1 'A boone, a boone, my leege!' shee sayes,  
2 'Ffor Gods loue grant itt mee!'  
3 'What is thy boone, Lady Butler?  
4 Or what wold thou haue of mee?'

## 165A.23

1 'What is thy boone, Lady Butler?  
2 Or what wold thou haue of mee?'  
3 'That false Peeres of Lee, and my brother Stanley,  
4 And William Sauage, and all, may dye.'

## 165A.24

1 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
2 Come you ower this stone;  
3 Wold you haue three men ffor to dye,  
4 All ffor the losse off one?'

## 165A.25

1 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
2 With all the speed you may;  
3 If thou wilt come to London, Lady Butler,  
4 Thou shalt goe home Lady Gray.'

## 166A.1

1 THROUGHOUT a garden greene and gay,  
2 A seemlye sight itt was to see  
3 How fflowers did flourish fresh and gay,  
4 And birds doe sing melodiouslye.

## 166A.2

1 In the midst of a garden there sprange a tree,  
2 *Which* tree was of a mickle price,  
3 And there vpon sprang the rose soe redd,  
4 The goodlyest *that* euer sprange on rise.

## 166A.3

1 This rose was ffaire, ffresh to behold,  
2 Springing with many a royall lance;  
3 A crowned king, with a crowne of gold,  
4 Ouer England, Ireland, and of France.

## 166A.4

1 Then in came a beast men call a bore,  
2 And he rooted this garden vpp and downe;  
3 By the seede of the rose he sett noe store,  
4 But afterwards itt wore the crowne.

## 166A.5

1 Hee tooke the branches of this rose away,  
2 And all in sunder did them teare,  
3 And he buried them vnder a clodd of clay,  
4 Swore they shold *neuer* bloome nor beare.

## 166A.6

1 Then came in an egle gleaming gay,  
2 Of all ffaire birds well worth the best;  
3 He took the branche of the rose away,  
4 And bore itt to Latham to his nest.

## 166A.7

1 But now is this rose out of England exiled,  
2 This certaine truth I will not laine;  
3 But if itt please you to sitt a while,  
4 I'll tell you how the rose came in againe.

## 166A.8

1 Att Milford Hauen he entered in;  
2 To claime his right, was his delight;  
3 He brought the blew bore in with him,  
4 To encounter with the bore soe white.

## 166A.9

1 The<n] a messenger the rose did send  
2 To the egles nest, and bidd him hye:  
3 'To my ffather, the old egle, I doe [me] comend,  
4 His aide and helpe I craue speedlye.'

## 166A.10

1 Saies, I desire my father att my cominge  
2 Of men and mony att my need,  
3 And alsoe my mother of her deer blessing;  
4 The better then I hope to speede.

## 166A.11

1 And when the messenger came before thold egle,  
2 He kneeled him downe vpon his knee;  
3 Saith, Well greeteth you my *lord* the rose,  
4 He hath sent you greetings here by me.

## 166A.12

1 Safe ffrom 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 fflower of all his kine.'

## 166A.13

1 'Wend away, messenger, with might and maine;  
2 Itt's hard to know who a man may trust;  
3 I hope the rose shall flourish againe,  
4 And haue all things att his owne lust.'

## 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 wholly with him,  
4 And shogged them to Shrewsburye.

## 166A.15

1 Att *that* time was baylye in Shrewsburye  
2 One *Master* Mitton, in the towne;  
3 The gates were strong, and he mad them ffast,  
4 And the portcullis he lett downe.

## 166A.16

1 And throug a garrett of the walls,  
2 Ouer Seuerne these words said hee;  
3 'Att these gates no man enter shall;  
4 But he kept him out a night and a day.'

## 166A.17

1 These words Mitton did Erle Richmond tell  
2 (I am sure the chronicles of this will not lye);  
3 But when *lettres* came from Sir *William* Stanley of the Holt castle,  
4 Then the gates were opened presentlye.

## 166A.18

1 Then entred this towne the noble lord,  
2 The Erle Richmond, the rose soe redd;  
3 The Erle of Oxford, with a sword,  
4 Wold haue smitt of the bailiffes head.

## 166A.19

1 'But hold *your* hand,' saies Erle Richmond,  
2 'Ffor his loue *that* dyed vpon a tree!  
3 Ffor if wee begin to head so soone,  
4 In England wee shall beare no degree.'

## 166A.20

1 'What offence haue I made thee,' sayd Erle Richmond,  
2 'That thou kept me out of my towne?'  
3 'I know no king,' sayd Mitton then,  
4 'But *Richard* now, *that* weares the crowne.'

## 166A.21

1 'Why, what wilt *thou* say,' said Erle Richmond,  
2 'When I haue put *King* Richard downe?'  
3 'Why, then Ile be as true to you, my *lord*,  
4 After the time *that* I am sworne.'

## 166A.22

1 'Were itt not great pittie,' sayd Erle Richmond,  
2 'That such a man as this shold dye,  
3 Such loyall service by him done?'  
4 (The cronickles of this will not lye.)

## 166A.23

1 'Thou shalt not be harmed in any case;'  
2 He *pardone*<d] him presentlye;  
3 They stayd not past a night and a day,  
4 But towards Newport did they hie.

## 166A.24

1 But [at] Atterston these lords did meete;  
2 A worthy sight itt was to see,  
3 How Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in his hand,  
4 And said, Cheshire and Lancashire, welcome to o me!

## 166A.25

1 But now is a bird of the egle taken;  
2 Ffrom the white bore he cannot fleece;  
3 Therefore the old egle makes great moane,  
4 And prayes to God most certainly.

## 166A.26

1 'O stedfast God, verament,' he did say,  
2 'Thre persons in one god in Trinytye,  
3 Saue my sonne, the young egle, this day  
4 Ffrom all false craft and trecherye!'

## 166A.27

1 Then the blew bore the vanward had;  
2 He was both warry and wise of witt;  
3 The right hand of them he tooke,  
4 The sunn and wind of them to gett.

## 166A.28

1 Then the egle ffollowed fast vpon his pray,  
2 With sore dints he did them smyte;  
3 The talbott he bitt wonderous sore,  
4 Soe well the vnicorne did him quite.

## 166A.29

1 And then came in the harts head;  
2 A worthy sight itt was to see,  
3 The iacketts *that* were of white and redd,  
4 How they laid about them lustilye.

## 166A.30

1 But now is the ffeirce ffeeld foughten and ended,  
2 And the white bore there lyeth slaine,  
3 And the young egle is *preserued*,  
4 And come to his nest againe.

## 166A.31

1 But now this garden flourishes ffreshly and gay,  
2 With ffragrant fflowers comely of hew,  
3 And gardners itt doth maintaine;  
4 I hope they will proue iust and true.

## 166A.32

1 Our *king*, he is the rose soe redd,  
2 *That* now does flourish ffresh and gay;  
3 Confound his ffoes, *Lord*, wee beseeche,  
4 And loue His Grace both night and day!

## 167A.1

1 As itt beffell in m<i>dsomer-time,  
2 When burds singe sweetlye on euery tree,  
3 Our noble *king*, *King* Henery the Eighth,  
4 Ouer the riuier of Thames past hee.

## 167A.2

1 Hee was no sooner ouer the riuier,  
2 Downe in a fforrest to take the ayre,  
3 But eighty merchants of London cityte  
4 Came kneeling before *King* Henery there.

## 167A.3

1 'O yee are welcome, rich merchants,  
2 [Good saylers, welcome unto me!']  
3 They swore by the rood the were saylers good,  
4 But rich merchants they cold not bee.

## 167A.4

1 'To Ffrance nor Fflanders dare we nott passe,  
2 Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not flare,  
3 And all ffor a ffalse robber *that* lyes on the seas,  
4 And robb<s] vs of our merchants-ware.'

## 167A.5

1 *King* Henery was stout, and he turned him about,  
2 And swore by the Lord *that* was mickle of might,  
3 'I thought he had not beene in the world throughout  
4 *That* durst haue wrought England such vnright.'

## 167A.6

1 But euer they sighed, and said, alas!  
2 Vnto *King* Harry this answer againe:  
3 'He is a proud Scott *that* will robb vs all  
4 If wee were twenty shippes and hee but one.'

## 167A.7

1 The *king* looket ouer his left shoulder,  
2 Amongst his lords and barrons soe ffree:  
3 'Haue I neuer *lord* in all my realme  
4 Will ffleitch yond traitor vnto mee?'

## 167A.8

1 'Yes, *that* dare I!' sayes my *lord* Chareles Howard,  
2 Neere to the *king* wheras hee did stand;  
3 'If *that* Your Grace will giue me leaue,  
4 My selfe wilbe the only man.'

## 167A.9

1 'Thou shalt haue six hundred men,' saith our  
king,  
2 'And chuse them out of my realme soe ffree;  
3 Besids marriners and boyes,  
4 To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

## 167A.10

1 'I'le goe speake with Sir Andrew,' sais  
Charles, my lord Haward  
2 'Vpon the sea, if hee be there;  
3 I will bring him and his shipp to shore,  
4 Or before my prince I will neuer come neere.'

## 167A.11

1 The ffirst of all my lord did call,  
2 A noble gunner hee was one;  
3 This man was three score yeeres and ten,  
4 And Peeter Simon was his name.

## 167A.12

1 'Peeter,' sais hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,  
2 To seeke out an enemye; God be my speed!  
3 Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
4 Of a hundred guners thoust be my head.'

## 167A.13

1 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you haue 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

1 The next of all my lord he did call,  
2 A noble bowman hee was one;  
3 In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,  
4 And William Horsley was his name.

## 167A.15

1 'Horsley,' sayes hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,  
2 To seeke out an enemye; God be my speede!  
3 Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
4 Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my head.'

## 167A.16

1 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen mee  
2 Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,  
3 Hang me att your mainemast-tree  
4 If I misse my marke past twelue pence bread.'

## 167A.17

1 With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,  
2 This noble Howard is gone to the sea  
3 On the day before midsummer-euen,  
4 And out att Thames mouth sayled they.

## 167A.18

1 They had not sayled dayes three  
2 Vpon their iourney they tooke in hand,  
3 But there they mett with a noble shipp,  
4 And stoutly made itt both stay and stand.

## 167A.19

5 'Thou must tell me thy name,' sais Charles, my  
lord Haward,  
6 'Or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou came,  
7 Yea, and where thy dwelling is,  
8 To whom and where thy shipp does belong.'

## 167A.20

1 'My name,' sayes hee, 'is Henery Hunt,  
2 With a pure hart and a penitent mind;  
3 I and my shipp they doe belong  
4 Vnto the New-castle that stands vpon Tine.'

## 167A.21

1 'Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,  
2 As thou hast sayled by day and by night,  
3 Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?  
4 Men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton, *knicht*.'

## 167A.22

1 But euer he sighed, and sayd, Alas!  
2 Ffull well, my lord, I know that wight;  
3 He robd me of my merchants ware,  
4 And I was his prisoner but yesternight.

## 167A.23

1 As I was sayling vpon the sea,  
2 And [a] Burdeaux voyage as I did flare,  
3 He clasped me to his archborde,  
4 And robd me of all my merchants-ware.

## 167A.24

1 And I am a man both poore and bare,  
2 And every man will haue his owne of me,  
3 And I am bound towards London to flare,  
4 To complaine to my prince Henerye.

## 167A.25

1 'That shall not need,' sais my lord Haward;  
2 'If thou canst lett me this robber see,  
3 Ffor every peny he hath taken thee ffree,  
4 Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,' quoth hee.

## 167A.26

1 'Now God fforefend,' saies Henery Hunt,  
2 'My lord, you shold worke soe fflarr amisse!  
3 God keepe you out of that traitors hands!  
4 For you wott full litle what a man hee is.

## 167A.27

1 'Hee is brasse within, and steele without,  
2 And beames hee beares in his topcastle stronge;  
3 His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;  
4 Besids, my lord, hee is very well mand.

## 167A.28

1 'He hath a pinnace, is deerlye dight,  
2 Saint Andrews crosse, that is his guide;  
3 His pinnace beares nine score men and more,  
4 Besids fifteen cannons on euery side.

## 167A.29

1 'If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,  
2 Either in archbord or in hall,  
3 He wold ouercome you euery one,  
4 And if his beames they doe downe ffall.'

## 167A.30

1 'This is cold comfort,' sais my Lord Haward,  
2 'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;  
3 I'le bring him and his shipp to shore,  
4 Or else into Scotland hee shall carye mee.'

## 167A.31

1 'Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lord,  
2 That can sett well with his eye,  
3 And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
4 And soone then ouercome will hee bee.

## 167A.32

1 'And when that you haue done this,  
2 If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,  
3 Lett no man to his topcastle goe;  
4 And I will giue you a glasse, my lord,

## 167A.33

1 'And then you need to ffeare no Scott,  
2 Whether you sayle by day or by night;  
3 And to-morrow, by seuen of the clocke,  
4 You shall meete with Sir Andrew Bartton,  
knicht.

## 167A.34

1 'I was his prisoner but yester night,  
2 And he hath taken mee sworne,' quoth hee;  
3 'I trust my L[ord] God will me fforgiue  
4 And if that oath then broken bee.

## 167A.35

1 'You must lend me sixe peeeces, my lord,' quot  
h hee,  
2 'Into my shipp, to sayle the sea,  
3 And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,  
4 Your Honour againe then will I see.'  
''''''

## 167A.36

1 And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew lay  
2 Is hached with gold deerlye dight:  
3 'Now by my ffaith,' sais Charles, my lord  
Haward,  
4 'Then yonder Scott is a worthy wight!

## 167A.37

1 'Take in your ancients and your standards,  
2 Yea that no man shall them see,  
3 And put me fforth a white willow wand,  
4 As merchants vse to sayle the sea.'

## 167A.38

1 But they stirred neither top nor mast,  
2 But Sir Andrew they passed by:  
3 'Whatt English are yonder,' said Sir Andrew,  
4 'That can so litle curtesye?'

## 167A.39

1 'I haue bene admirall ouer the sea  
2 More then these yeeres three;  
3 There is neuer an English dog, nor Portingall,  
4 Can passe this way without leau of mee.

## 167A.40

5 'But now yonder pedlers, they are past,  
6 Which is no litle greffe to me:  
7 Ffeich them backe,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,  
8 'They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'

## 167A.41

1 With that the pinnace itt shott of,  
2 That my Lord Haward might itt well ken;  
3 Itt stroke downe my lords fforemast,  
4 And killed fourteen of my lord his men.

## 167A.42

1 'Come hither, Simon!' sayes my lord Haward,  
2 'Looke that thy words be true thou sayd;  
3 I'le hang thee att my maine-mast tree  
4 If thou misse thy marke past twelue pence  
bread.'

## 167A.43

1 Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;  
2 Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd itt ffull  
lowe;  
3 He put in chaine yards nine,  
4 Besids other great shott lesse and more.

## 167A.44

1 With that hee lett his gun-shott goe;  
2 Soe well hee settled itt with his eye,  
3 The ffirst sight that Sir Andrew sawe,  
4 Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

## 167A.45

1 When hee saw his pinace sunke,  
2 Lord! in his hart hee was not well:  
3 'Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!  
4 I'le goe ffeitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!'

## 167A.46

1 When my lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose,  
2 Lord! in his hart that hee was ffaine:  
3 'Strike on your drummes! spread out your  
ancients!  
4 Sound out your trumpets! sound out amaine!'

## 167A.47

1 'Fflight on, my men!' sais Sir Andrew Bartton;  
2 'Weate, howsoeuer this geere will sway,  
3 Itt is my lord Adm[irall] of England  
4 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'

## 167A.48

1 Simon had a sonne; with shott of a gunn—  
2 Well Sir Andrew might itt ken—  
3 He shott itt in att a priuey place,  
4 And killed sixty more of Sr Andrews men.

## 167A.49

1 Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,  
2 And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
3 He droue downe his fformast-tree,  
4 And killed eighty more of Sir Andriwes men.

## 167A.50

1 'I haue done a good turne,' sayes Harry Hunt;  
2 'Sir Andrew is not our kings ffreind;  
3 He hoped to haue vndone me yesternight,  
4 But I hope I haue quitt him well in the end.'

## 167A.51

1 'Euer alas!' sayd Sir Andrew Barton,  
2 'What shold a man either thinke or say?  
3 Yonder ffalse theeffe is my strongest enemye,  
4 Who was my prisoner but yesterday.

## 167A.52

1 'Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,  
2 And be thou readey att my call,  
3 And I will giue thee three hundred pound  
4 If thou wilt lett my beames downe fall.'

## 167A.53

1 With that hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
2 Soe did he itt with might and maine;  
3 Horseley, with a bearing arrow,  
4 Stroke the Gourden through the braine.

## 167A.54

1 And he ffell into the haches againe,  
2 And sore of this wound that hee did bleed;  
3 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,  
4 That the Gourden hee was dead.

## 167A.55

1 'Come hither to me, James Hambliton,  
2 Thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no more;  
3 I will giue [thee] six hundred pound  
4 If thou will lett my beames downe fall.'

## 167A.56

1 With that hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
2 Soe did hee itt with might and maine:  
3 Horseley, with another broad arrow,  
4 Strake the yeaman through the braine.

**167A.57**

1 *That* hee ffell downe to the haches againe;  
2 Sore of his wound *that* hee did bleed;  
3 Couetousness getts no gaine,  
4 Itt is verry true, as the Welchman sayd.

**167A.58**

1 But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,  
2 *Lord!* in his heart hee was not well:  
3 'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of proue,  
4 Ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.

**167A.59**

1 'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of prooffe,  
2 For itt is guilded with gold soe cleere;  
3 God be with my brother, Iohn of Bartton!  
4 Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.'

**167A.60**

1 But when hee had his armour of prooffe,  
2 And on his body hee had itt on,  
3 Euery man *that* looked att him  
4 Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.

**167A.61**

1 'Come hither, Horsley!' sayes my *lord* Haward,  
2 'And looke *your* shaft *that* itt goe right;  
3 Shoot a good shoote in the time of need,  
4 And ffor thy shooting thoust be made a *knight*.'

**167A.62**

1 'I'le doe my best,' sayes Horsley then,  
2 '*Your* Honor shall see beffore I goe;  
3 If I shold be hanged att *your* mainemast,  
4 I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.'

**167A.63**

1 But att *Sir* Andrew hee shott then;  
2 Hee made sure to hitt his marke;  
3 Vnder the spole of his right arme  
4 Hee smote *Sir* Andrew quite throw the hart.

**167A.64**

1 Yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start,  
2 But hee clinged to itt with might and maine;  
3 Vnder the coller then of his iacke,  
4 He stroke *Sir* Andrew thorow the braine.

**167A.65**

1 'Ffight on my men,' sayes *Sir* Andrew Bartton,  
2 'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;  
3 I'le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,  
4 And then I'le rise and ffight againe.

**167A.66**

1 'Ffight on my men,' sayes *Sir* Andrew Bartton,  
2 'These English doggs they bite soe lowe;  
3 Ffight on ffor Scotland and *Saint* Andrew  
4 Till you heare my whistle blowe!'

**167A.67**

1 But when the cold not heare his whistle blow,  
2 Sayes Harry Hunt, I'le lay my head  
3 You may bord yonder noble shipp, my *lord*,  
4 For I know *Sir* Andrew hee is dead.

**167A.68**

1 With *that* they barded this noble shipp,  
2 Soe did they itt with might and maine;  
3 The ffound eighteen score Scotts aliue,  
4 Besids the rest were maimed and slaine.

**167A.69**

1 My *lord* Haward tooke a sword in his hand,  
2 And smote of *Sir* Andrews head;  
3 The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne,  
4 But *neuer* a word durst speake or say.

**167A.70**

1 He caused his body to be taken downe,  
2 And *ouer* the hatch-bord cast into the sea,  
3 And about his middle three hundred crownes:  
4 'Whersoever thou lands, itt will bury thee.'

**167A.71**

1 With his head they sayled into England againe,  
2 With right good will, and fforce and main,  
3 And the day beffore Newyeeres euen  
4 Into Thames mouth they came againe.

**167A.72**

1 My *lord* Haward wrote to *King* Heneryes grace,  
2 With all the newes hee cold him bring:  
3 'Such a Newyeeres giffit I haue brought to *your*  
Gr<ace]  
4 As *neuer* did subject to any king.

**167A.73**

1 'Ffor merchandyes and manhood,  
2 The like is nott to be ffound;  
3 The sight of these wold doe you good,  
4 Ffor you haue not the like in *your* English  
ground.'

**167A.74**

1 But when hee heard tell *that* they were come,  
2 Full royally hee welcomed them home;  
3 *Sir* Andrews shipp was the *kings* Newyeeres  
guiffit;  
4 A brauer shipp you *neuer* saw none.

**167A.75**

1 Now hath our *king* *Sir* Andrews shipp,  
2 Besett with pearles and *precyous* stones;  
3 Now hath England two shippis of warr,  
4 Two shippis of warr, before but one.

**167A.76**

1 'Who holpe to this?' sayes *King* Henerye,  
2 'That I may reward him ffor his paine:'  
3 'Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,  
4 William Horseleay, and I the same.'

**167A.77**

1 'Harry Hunt shall haue his whistle and chaine,  
2 And all his iewells, whatsoever they bee,  
3 And other rich giftts *that* I will not name,  
4 For his good service he hath done mee.

**167A.78**

1 'Horsley, right thoust be a *knight*,  
2 Lands and liuings thou shalt haue store;  
3 Howard shalbe erle of Nottingham,  
4 And soe was *neuer* Howard before.

**167A.79**

1 'Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;  
2 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;  
3 Thou shalt haue fiue hundred pound all in gold  
4 Ffor the good service *that* thou hast done.'

**167A.80**

1 Then *King* Henerye shifted his roome;  
2 In came the Queene and ladies bright;  
3 Other arrands they had none  
4 But to see *Sir* Andrew Bartton, *knight*.

**167A.81**

1 But when they see his deadly fface,  
2 His eyes were hollow in his head;  
3 'I wold giue a hundred pound,' sais *King*  
Henerye,  
4 'The man were aliue as hee is dead!'

**167A.82**

1 'Yett ffor the manfull *part* *that* hee hath playd,  
2 Both heere and beyond the sea,  
3 His men shall haue halfe a crowne a day  
4 To bring them to my brother, *King* lamye.'

**167B.1**

1 WHEN Flora, with her fragrant flowers,  
2 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,  
3 And Neptune, with his dainty showers,  
4 Came to present the month of May,

**167B.2**

1 King Henry would a progress ride;  
2 Over the river of Thames past he,  
3 Unto a mountain-top also  
4 Did walk, some pleasure for to see.

**167B.3**

1 Where forty merchants he espy'd,  
2 With fifty sail, come towards him,  
3 Who then no sooner were arriv'd,  
4 But on their knees did thus complain.

**167B.4**

1 'An 't please Your Grace, we cannot sail  
2 To France no voyage, to be sure,  
3 But *Sir* Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
4 And robs us of our merchant-ware.'

**167B.5**

1 Vext was the king, and turned him,  
2 Said to the lords of high degree,  
3 Have I ner a lord within my realm  
4 Dare fetch that traytor unto me?

**167B.6**

1 To him repli'd Lord Charles Howard:  
2 I will, my liege, with heart and hand;  
3 If it please you grant me leave, he said,  
4 I will perform what you command.

**167B.7**

1 To him then spake King Henry:  
2 I fear, my lord, you are too young.  
3 'No whit at all, my liege,' quoth he;  
4 'I hope to prove in valour strong.'

**167B.8**

1 'The Scottish knight I vow to seek,  
2 In what place soever he be,  
3 And bring a shore, with all his might,  
4 Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

**167B.9**

1 'A hundred men,' the king then said,  
2 'Out of my realm shall chosen be,  
3 Besides sailors and ship-boys  
4 To guide a great ship on the sea.

**167B.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.'

**167B.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.

**167B.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.

**167B.13**

1 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,  
2 To seek a traytor, with great speed;  
3 Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,  
4 'I have chosen thee to be the head.'

**167B.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 breadth.'

**167B.15**

1 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,  
2 Went to the sea with pleasant chear,  
3 Not curbd with winters piercing cold,  
4 Though it was the stormy time of the year.

**167B.16**

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.17**

1 To him Lord Howard cald 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.18**

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 Time.'

**167B.19**

1 'Canst thou 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.20**

1 Then to him the merchant sighd and said,  
2 With grieved mind and well a way,  
3 'But over well I know that wight,  
4 I was his prisoner but yesterday.'

**167B.21**

1 'As I, my lord, did pass from France,  
2 A Burdeaux voyage to take so far,  
3 I met with *Sir* Andrew Barton thence,  
4 Who robd me of my merchant-ware.

**167B.22**

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.23**

1 'Shew me him,' said [Lord] Howard then,  
2 'Let me but once the villain see,  
3 And one penny he hath from the tane,  
4 I'le double the same with shillings three.'

**167B.24**

1 'Now, God forbid,' the merchant said;  
2 'I fear your aim that you will miss;  
3 God bless you from his tyranny,  
4 For little you know what man he is.'

**167B.25**

1 'He is brass within and steel without,  
2 His ship most huge and mighty strong,  
3 With eighteen pieces strong and stout,  
4 He carrieth on each side along.'

**167B.26**

1 'With beams for his top-castle,  
2 As also being huge and high,  
3 That neither English nor Portugal  
4 Can pass Sir Andrew Barton by.'

**167B.27**

1 'Hard news thou shewst,' then said the lord,  
2 'To welcome strangers to the sea;  
3 But, as I said, I'll bring him aboard,  
4 Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

**167B.28**

1 The merchant said, If you will do so,  
2 Take counsel, then, I pray withal:  
3 Let no man to his top-castle go,  
4 Nor strive to let his beam<s> down fall.

**167B.29**

1 'Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,  
2 Of each side of my ship,' quoth he,  
3 'And to-morrow, my lord, twixt six and seven,  
4 Again I will Your Honour see.'

**167B.30**

1 'A glass I'll set that may be seen  
2 Whether you sail by day or night;  
3 And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,  
4 You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'

**167B.31**

1 The merchant set my lord a glass,  
2 So well apparent in his sight  
3 That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
4 He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight.

**167B.32**

1 The lord then swore a mighty oath,  
2 'Now by the heavens that be of might,  
3 By faith, believe me, and by troth,  
4 I think he is a worthy knight.'

**167B.33**

1 'Fetch me my lyon out of hand,'  
2 Saith the lord, 'with rose and streamer high;  
3 Set up withal a willow-wand,  
4 That merchant-like I [may] pass by.'

**167B.34**

1 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
2 And did on anchor rise so high;  
3 No top-sail at all he cast,  
4 But as his foe he did him defie.

**167B.35**

1 Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
2 Thus scornfully to pass by,  
3 As though he cared not a pin  
4 For him and all his company,

**167B.36**

1 Then called he his men amain,  
2 'Fetch back yon pedler now,' quoth he,  
3 'And against this way he comes again  
4 I'll teach him well his courtesie.'

**167B.37**

1 A piece of ordnance soon was shot  
2 By this proud pirate fiercely then  
3 Into Lord Howards middle deck,  
4 Which cruel shot killd fourteen men.

**167B.38**

1 He calld then Peter Simon, he;  
2 'Look now thy word do stand in stead,  
3 For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast  
4 If thou miss twelve score one penny breadth.'

**167B.39**

1 Then Peter Simon gave a shot  
2 Which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
3 In at his deck it came so hot,  
4 Killd fifteen of his men of war.

**167B.40**

1 'Alas!' then said the pyrate stout,  
2 'I am in danger now, I see;  
3 This is some lord, I greatly doubt,  
4 That is set on to conquer me.'

**167B.41**

1 Then Henry Hunt, with rigor hot,  
2 Came bravely on the other side,  
3 Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
4 And kild fifty of his men beside.

**167B.42**

1 Then 'Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cri'd,  
2 'What may a man now think or say!  
3 Yon merchant thief that pierceth me,  
4 He was my prisoner yesterday.'

**167B.43**

1 Then did he on Gordion 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 cald Horsly now in hast:  
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 Shillings breadth

**167B.45**

1 Then up [the] mast-tree swarved he,  
2 This stout and mighty Gordion;  
3 But Horsly, he most happily  
4 Shot him under the collar-bone.

**167B.46**

1 Then calld 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 piercd 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 climb up the tree,  
2 With right good will and all his main;  
3 Then upon the breast hit Horsly he,  
4 Till 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 Amdrew 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 but lie down 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 them [all] sore afraid:  
3 Then Horsly said, My lord, aboard,  
4 For now Sir Andrew Barton's dead.

**167B.55**

1 Thus 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 wert alive as thou art dead.'

**167B.57**

1 Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,  
2 With mickle joy and triumphing;  
3 The pyrates head he brought along  
4 For to present unto our king:

**167B.58**

1 Who briefly 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 I 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 Keepe 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 bespake good Queene Margaret,  
2 The teares fell from her eye:  
3 'Leave off these warres, most noble king,  
4 Keepe your fidelitie.'

**168A.4**

1 'The water runnes swift and wondrous deepe,  
2 From bottome unto the brimme;  
3 My brother Henry hath men good enough;  
4 England is hard to winne.'

**168A.5**

1 'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly foole!  
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 bespake 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 other be burned,  
4 So soone as I come home.'

**168A.8**

1 At Flodden Field the Scots came in,  
2 Which made our English men faine;  
3 At Bramstone Greene this battaile was scene,  
4 There was King Jamie slaine.

**168A.9**

1 Then presently the Scots did flie,  
2 Their cannons they left behind;  
3 Their ensignes gay were won all away,  
4 Our souldiers did beate them blinde.

**168A.10**

1 To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine  
2 That to the fight did stand,  
3 And many prisoners tooke that day,  
4 The 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 Sate weeping 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  
-dance,  
4 He never went home againe.

**169A.1**

1 THERE dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,  
2 Ionnè Armstrong men did him call,  
3 He had nither 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 Newes 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 writt 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 'Never was I sent for before any king,  
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 velvett 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 morninge at ten of the clock,  
2 Towards Edenborough 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 befower the king,  
2 He fell downe on his knee;  
3 'O pardon, my soveraigne leige,' he said,  
4 'O pardon my eight score men and mee!'

**169A.10**

1 'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,  
2 For thy eight score men nor thee;  
3 For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,  
4 Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow  
-tree.'

**169A.11**

1 But Ionnè looke'd over his left shoulder,  
2 Good Lord, what a greivous look looked hee!  
3 Saying, Asking grace of a graceles 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, stept his foot aside,  
4 He had smitten his head from his faire boddè.

**169A.13**

1 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
2 And see that none of you be taine;  
3 For rather then men shall say we were hange'd,  
4 Let them report how we were slaine.

**169A.14**

1 Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrrough rose,  
2 And so besett poore Ionnè rounde,  
3 That fowerscore and tenn of Ionnès best men  
4 Lay gasping 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 boddee.

**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 againe.

**169A.17**

1 Newes then was brought to young Ionnè  
Armstrong,  
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 revengd hee'd be.

**169B.1**

1 IS there never a man in all Scotland,  
2 From the highest state to the lowest degree,  
3 That can shew himself now before the king?  
4 Scotland is so full of their traitery.

**169B.2**

1 Yes, there is a man in Westmerland,  
2 And John Armstrong some do him call;  
3 He has no lands nor rents coming in,  
4 Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

**169B.3**

1 He has horse and harness for them all,  
2 And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
3 With their goodly belts about their necks,  
4 With hats and feathers all alike.

**169B.4**

1 The king he writ a lovely letter,  
2 With his own hand so tenderly,  
3 And has sent it unto John Armstrong,  
4 To come and speak with him speedily.

**169B.5**

1 When John he looked the letter upon,  
2 Then, Lord! he was as blithe as a bird in a tree:  
3 'I was never before no king in my life,  
4 My father, my grandfather, nor none of us  
three.

**169B.6**

1 'But seeing we must [go] before the king,  
2 Lord! we will go most valiantly;  
3 You shall every one have a velvet coat,  
4 Laid down with golden laces three.

**169B.7**

1 'And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak,  
2 Laid down with silver laces five,  
3 With your golden belts about your necks,  
4 With hats [and] brave feathers all alike.'

**169B.8**

1 But when John he went from Guiltknock Hall!  
2 The wind it blew hard, and full sore it did rain:  
3 'Now fare you well, brave Guiltknock Hall!  
4 I fear I shall never see thee again.'

**169B.9**

1 Now John he is to Edenborough gone,  
2 And his eightscore men so gallantly,  
3 And every one of them on a milk-white steed,  
4 With their bucklers and swords hanging down  
to the knee.

**169B.10**

1 But when John he came the king before,  
2 With his eightscore men so gallant to see,  
3 The king he moved his bonnet to him;  
4 He thought he had been a king as well as he.

**169B.11**

1 'O pardon, pardon, my soveraign leige,  
2 Pardon for my eightscore men and me!  
3 For my name it is John Armstrong,  
4 And a subject of yours, my leige,' said he.

**169B.12**

1 'Away with thee, thou false traitor!  
2 No pardon I will grant to thee,  
3 But, to-morrow before eight of the clock,  
4 I will hang thy eightscore men and thee.'

**169B.13**

1 O how John looked over his left shoulder!  
2 And to his merry men thus said he:  
3 I have asked grace of a graceless face,  
4 No pardon here is for you nor me.

**169B.14**

1 Then John pulld out a nut-brown sword,  
2 And it was made of mettle so free;  
3 Had not the king moved his foot as he did,  
4 John had taken his head from his body.

**169B.15**

1 'Come, follow me, my merry men all,  
2 We will scorn one foot away to fly;  
3 It never shall be said we were hung like doggs;  
4 No, wee' I fight it out most manfully.'

**169B.16**

1 Then they fought on like champions bold——  
2 For their hearts was sturdy, stout, and free——  
3 Till they had killed all the kings good guard;  
4 There was none left alive but onely three.

**169B.17**

1 But then rise up all Edenborough,  
2 They rise up by thousands three;  
3 Then a cowardly Scot came John behind,  
4 And run him thorow the fair body.

**169B.18**

1 Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,  
2 I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;  
3 I will lay me down for to bleed a while,  
4 Then I'll rise and fight with you again.

**169B.19**

1 Then they fought on like mad men all,  
2 Till many a man lay dead there and slain,  
3 For they were resolved, before they would  
yield,  
4 That every man would there be slain.

**169B.20**

1 So there they fought courageously,  
2 'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,  
3 But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,  
4 With his bonny grissell got away untain.

**169B.21**

1 But when he came up to Guiltknock Hall,  
2 The lady spied him presently:  
3 'What news, what news, thou little foot-page?  
4 What news from thy master and his company?'

**169B.22**

1 'My news is bad, lady,' he said,  
2 'Which I do bring, as you may see;  
3 My master, John Armstrong, he is slain,  
4 And all his gallant company.'

**169B.23**

1 'Yet thou are welcome home, my bonny grisel!  
2 Full oft thou hast fed at the corn and hay,  
3 But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,  
4 And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say.'

**169B.24**

1 O then bespoke his little son,  
2 As he was set on his nurses knee:  
3 'If ever I live for to be a man,  
4 My fathers blood revenged shall be.'

**169C.1**

1 SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,  
2 And siclyke men of hie degrie;  
3 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,  
4 Sumtyme calld Laird of Gilnockie.

**169C.2**

1 The king he wrytes a luvng letter,  
2 With his ain hand sae tenderly:  
3 And he hath sent it to Johny Armstrong,  
4 To cum and speik with him speedily.

**169C.3**

1 The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene,  
2 They were a gallant company:  
3 'We'll ryde and meit our lawful king,  
4 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.'

**169C.4**

1 'Make kinnen and capon ready, then,  
2 And venison in great plenty;  
3 We'll welcome hame our royal king;  
4 I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie!'

**169C.5**

1 They ran their horse on the Langum howm,  
2 And brake their speirs with mekle main;  
3 The ladys lukit frae their loft-windows,  
4 'God bring our men weil back again!'

**169C.6**

1 When Johny came before the king,  
2 With all his men sae brave to see,  
3 The king he movit his bonnet to him;  
4 He weind he was a king as well as he.

**169C.7**

1 'May I find grace, my soveraign liege,  
2 Grace for my loyal men and me?  
3 For my name it is Johny Armstrong,  
4 And subject of yours, my liege,' said he.

**169C.8**

1 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
2 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
3 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,  
4 And now I'll not begin with thee.'

**169C.9**

1 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
2 And a bony gift I will give to thee;  
3 Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt steids,  
4 Were a' foald in a yeir to me.'

**169C.10**

1 'I'll gie thee all these milk-whyt steids,  
2 That prance and nicher at a speir,  
3 With as mekle gude Inglis gift  
4 As four of their braid backs dow beir.'

**169C.11**

- 1 'Away, away, thou traytor strang!
- 2 Out o' my sicht thou mayst sune be!
- 3 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,
- 4 And now I'll not begin with thee.'

**169C.12**

- 1 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
- 2 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee;
- 3 Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
- 4 That gang throw a' the yeir to me.

**169C.13**

- 1 'These four-and-twenty mills complete
- 2 Sall gang for thee throw all the yeir,
- 3 And as mekle of gude reid wheat
- 4 As all their happens dow to bear.'

**169C.14**

- 1 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!
- 2 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!
- 3 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,
- 4 And now I'll not begin with thee.'

**169C.15**

- 1 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
- 2 And a great gift I'll gie to thee;
- 3 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,
- 4 Sall for the fecht, tho all sould flee.'

**169C.16**

- 1 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!
- 2 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!
- 3 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,
- 4 And now I'll not begin with thee.'

**169C.17**

- 1 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
- 2 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
- 3 All betwene heir and Newcastle town
- 4 Sall pay thair yeirly rent to thee.'

**169C.18**

- 1 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!
- 2 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!
- 3 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,
- 4 And now I'll not begin with thee.'

**169C.19**

- 1 'Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,' he says,
- 2 'Althocht a king and prince ye be,
- 3 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
- 4 I dare well say it, but honesty;

**169C.20**

- 1 'But a fat horse, and a fair woman,
- 2 Twa bony dogs to kill a deir:
- 3 But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,
- 4 Gif I had livd this hundred yeir!

**169C.21**

- 1 'Scho suld haif found me meil and malt,
- 2 And beif and mutton in all plentie;
- 3 But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said
- 4 That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.

**169C.22**

- 1 'To seik het water beneth cauld yce,
- 2 Surely it is a great folie;
- 3 I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
- 4 But there is nane for my men and me.

**169C.23**

- 1 'But had I kend, or I came frae hame,
- 2 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
- 3 I wad haif kept the border-syde,
- 4 In spyte of all thy force and thee.

**169C.24**

- 1 'Wist Englands king that I was tane,
- 2 O gin a blyth man wald he be!
- 3 For anes I slew his sisters son,
- 4 And on his breist-bane brak a tree.'

**169C.25**

- 1 John wore a girdle about his midle,
- 2 Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
- 3 Bespangled with the same mettle,
- 4 Maist beautifull was to behold.

**169C.26**

- 1 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
- 2 And ilk an worth three hundred pound:
- 3 'What wants that knave that a king suld haif,
- 4 But the sword of honour and the crown!

**169C.27**

- 1 'O whair gat thou these targats, Johnie,
- 2 That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?'
- 3 'I gat them in the field fechtung,
- 4 Wher, cruel king, thou durst not be.

**169C.28**

- 1 'Had I my horse, and my harness gude,
- 2 And ryding as I wont to be,
- 3 It sould haif bene tald this hundred yeir
- 4 The meiting of my king and me.

**169C.29**

- 1 'God be withee, Kirsty, my brither,
- 2 Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun!
- 3 Lang mayst thou live on the border-syde
- 4 Or thou se thy brither ryde up and down.

**169C.30**

- 1 'And God be withee, Kirsty, my son,
- 2 Whair thou sits on thy nurses knee!
- 3 But and thou live this hundred yeir,
- 4 Thy fathers better thoul't never be.

**169C.31**

- 1 'Farweil, my bonny Gilnock-Hall,
- 2 Whair on Esk-syde thou standest stout!
- 3 Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,
- 4 I wald haif gilt thee round about.'

**169C.32**

- 1 John muredred was at Carlinrigg,
- 2 And all his galant companie;
- 3 But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,
- 4 To see sae mony brave men die.

**169C.33**

- 1 Because they savd their country deir
- 2 Frae Englishmen; nane were sae bauld,
- 3 Whyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,
- 4 Nane of them durst cum neir his hald.

**170A.1**

- 1 QUEEN JANE was in labour full six weeks and  
d more,
- 2 And the women were weary, and fain would  
give oer:
- 3 'O women, O women, as women ye be,
- 4 Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'

**170A.2**

- 1 'O royal Queen Jane, that thing may not be;
- 2 We'll send for King Henry to come unto thee.'
- 3 King Henry came to her, and sate on her bed:
- 4 'What ails my dear lady, her eyes look so red?'

**170A.3**

- 1 'O royal King Henry, do one thing for me:
- 2 Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'
- 3 'O royal Queen Jane, that thing will not do;
- 4 If I lose your fair body, I'll lose your baby too.'

**170A.4**

- 1 She wept and she waild, and she wrung her  
hands sore;
- 2 O the flour of England must flourish no more!
- 3 She wept and she waild till she fell in a  
swoond,
- 4 They opend her two sides, and the baby was  
found.

**170A.5**

- 1 The baby was christened with joy and much  
mirth,
- 2 Whilst poor Queen Jane's body lay cold under  
earth:
- 3 There was ringing and singing and mourning all  
l day,
- 4 The princess Eliz[abeth] went weeping away.

**170A.6**

- 1 The trumpets in mourning so sadly did sound,
- 2 And the pikes and the muskets did trail on the  
ground.
- 3 . . . .
- 4 . . . .

**170B.1**

- 1 QUEEN JEANIE, Queen Jeanie, traveld six  
weeks and more,
- 2 Till women and midwives had quite gien her  
oer:
- 3 'O if ye were women as women should be,
- 4 Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor to me.'

**170B.2**

- 1 The doctor was called for and set by her  
bedside:
- 2 'What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so  
red?'
- 3 'O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me,
- 4 To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'

**170B.3**

- 1 'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's the thing I  
'll neer do,
- 2 To rip up your two sides to save your babie.'
- 3 Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks  
and more,
- 4 Till midwives and doctors had quite gien her  
oer.

**170B.4**

- 1 'O if ye were doctors as doctors should be,
- 2 Ye would send for King Henry, King Henry to  
me.'
- 3 King Henry was called for, and sat by her  
bedside,
- 4 'What aileth thee, Jeanie? what aileth my bride  
'?

**170B.5**

- 1 'King Henry, King Henry, will ye do this for  
me,
- 2 To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'
- 3 'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's what I'll  
never do,
- 4 To rip up your two sides to save your babie.'

**170B.6**

- 1 But with sighing and sobbing she's fallen in a  
swoon,
- 2 Her side it was ript up, and her babie was  
found;
- 3 At this bonie babie's christning there was  
meikle joy and mirth,
- 4 But bonnie Queen Jeanie lies cold in the earth.

**170B.7**

- 1 Six and six coaches, and six and six more,
- 2 And royal King Henry went mourning before;
- 3 O two and two gentlemen carried her away,
- 4 But royal King Henry went weeping away.

**170B.8**

- 1 O black were their stockings, and black were  
their bands,
- 2 And black were the weapons they held in their  
hands;
- 3 O black were their mufflers, and black were  
their shoes,
- 4 And black were the cheverons they drew on  
their luvcs.

**170B.9**

- 1 They mourned in the kitchen, and they mourn'd  
in the ha,
- 2 But royal King Henry mourn'd langest of a':
- 3 Farewell to fair England, farewell for evermore!
- 4 For the fair flower of England will never shine  
more.

**170C.1**

- 1 QUEEN JEANY has traveld for three days and  
more,
- 2 Till the ladies were weary, and quite gave her  
oer:
- 3 'O ladies, O ladies, do this thing for me,
- 4 To send for King Henry, to come and see me.'

**170C.2**

- 1 King Henry was sent for, and sat by her  
bedside:
- 2 'Why weep you, Queen Jeany? your eyes are s  
o red.'
- 3 'O Henry, O Henry, do this one thing for me,
- 4 Let my side straight be opend, and save my  
babie!'

**170C.3**

- 1 'O Jeany, O Jeany, this never will do,
- 2 It will leese thy sweet life, and thy young babie  
too.'
- 3 She wept and she wailed, till she fell in a  
swoon:
- 4 Her side it was opened, the babie was found.

**170C.4**

- 1 Prince Edward was christened with joy and  
with mirth,
- 2 But the flower of fair England lies cold in the  
earth.
- 3 O black was King Henry, and black were his  
men,
- 4 And black was the steed that King Henry rode  
on.

**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 ribbands they wore on their heads,
- 4 And black were the pages, and black were the maids.

**170C.6**

- 1 The trumpets they sounded, the cannons did roar,
- 2 But the flower of fair England shall flourish no more.

**170D.1**

- 1 QUEEN JANE was in travail for six weeks or more,
- 2 Till the women grew tired and fain would give oer:
- 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 gownd of green velvet from heel to the head:
- 3 'King Henrie, King Henrie, if kind Henrie you 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 gownd of black velvet from 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 she lay cold in the dust.

**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 Queen Jane she lay cold in the clay.

**170D.6**

- 1 Six knights and six lords bore her corpse through the grounds,
- 2 Six dukes followed after, in black mourning gownds;
- 3 The flower of Old England was laid in cold clay,
- 4 Whilst the royal King Henrie came weeping away.

**170E.1**

- 1 'YE 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 Henry, 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 oer,
- 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 churchd her, they chimed her, they dug her her grave,
- 2 They buried her body, and christend her babe.

**170G.1**

- 1 QUEEN JEANIE was in labour full three days and more,
- 2 Till a' the good women was forced to gie her oer:
- 3 'O guide women, gude women, gude women,' quo she,
- 4 'Will ye send for King Henry, to come and see me?'
- 5 Wi weeping and wailing, lamenting full sore,
- 6 That the flower of all England should flourish no more.

**170G.2**

- 1 King Henry was sent for, who came in great speed,
- 2 Standing weeping and wailing at Queen Jeanie's bedside;
- 3 Standing weeping and wailing, etc.

**170G.3**

- 1 'O King Henry, King Henry, King Henry,' quo she,
- 2 'Will ye send for my mother . . .

**170[H.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 oer.

**167[H.2]**

- 1 'O women, O women, good wives as ye be,
- 2 Go send for King Henry and bring him to me.'
- 3 King Henry was sent for, and to her he came:
- 4 'Dear lady, fair lady, your eyes they look dim.'

**167[H.3]**

- 1 King Henry came to her, he came in all speed,
- 2 In a gownd of red velvet, from the heel to the head:
- 3 'King Henry, King Henry, if kind you will be,
- 4 Send for a good doctor, and let him come to me.'

**167[H.4]**

- 1 The doctor was sent for, he came with all speed,
- 2 In a gownd 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 labour's in vain.'

**167[H.5]**

- 1 'Dear doctor, dear doctor, will you do this for me?
- 2 O open my right side, and save my baby:'
- 3 Then out spake King Henry, That never can be,
- 4 I'd rather lose the branches than the top of the tree.

**167[H.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 nursd,
- 4 But the royal Queen Jane lay cold in the dust.

**170[I.1]**

- 1 Queen Jeanie was in labor 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.'

**170[I.2]**

- 1 Her mother was sent for and instantly came,
- 2 Knelt down at 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.'

**170[I.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.'

**170[I.4]**

- 1 King Henry was sent for and instantly came,
- 2 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:
- 3 'O Henry, King Henry, if Henry you be,
- 4 Send for the doctor to come and see me.'

**170[I.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.'

**170[I.6]**

- 1 Her left side was opened, the young prince was found:
- 2 'O doctor, dear doctor, lay me down on the ground.'

**170[I.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 'Ffor if your boone be askeable,
- 4 Soone granted it shalbe:

**171A.2**

- 1 'If it be not touching my crowne,' he said,
- 2 'Nor hurting poore comminaltye.'
- 3 'Nay, it is not touching your crowne,' shee sayes,
- 4 'Nor hurting poore cominaltye,

**171A.3**

- 1 'But I begg the death of Thomas Cromwell,
- 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 For Thomas had woont to haue carryed his head vp,
- 4 But now he hanges it vppon his knee.

**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 saide;
- 4 'You shall neuer gett more from mee.'

**172A.1**

- 1 ON the tenth day of December,
- 2 And the fourth yeere of King Edwards raigne,
- 3 Att Musleboorrowe, as I remember,
- 4 Two goodly hosts there mett on a plaine.

**172A.2**

- 1 All that night they camped there,
- 2 Soe did the Scotts, both stout and stubborne;
- 3 But "wellaway," it was their song,
- 4 For wee haue taken them in their owne turne.



## 172A.3

- 1 Over night they carded for our English mens  
coates;
- 2 They fished before their nets were spun;
- 3 A white for sixpence, a red for two groates;
- 4 Now wisdome wold haue stayed till they had  
been woone.

## 172A.4

- 1 Wee feared not but that they wold fight,
- 2 Yett itt was turned vnto their owne paine;
- 3 Thoe against one of vs *that* they were eight,
- 4 Yett with their owne weapons wee did them  
beat.

## 172A.5

- 1 On the twelfth day in the morne
- 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 They cast down their weapons, and turned their  
backes,
- 4 They ran soe fast *that* the fell on their nose.

## 172A.7

- 1 The *Lord* Huntley, wee had him there;
- 2 With him hee brought ten thousand men,
- 3 Yett, God bee thanked, wee made them such a  
banquett
- 4 That none of them returned againe.

## 172A.8

- 1 Wee chased them to D[alkeith]
- 2 . . . . .

## 173A.1

- 1 WORD'S gane to the kitchen,
- 2 And word's gane to the ha,
- 3 That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn
- 4 To the hichest Stewart of a'.

## 173A.2

- 1 He's courted her in the kitchen,
- 2 He's courted her in the ha,
- 3 He's courted her in the laigh cellar,
- 4 And that was warst of a'.

## 173A.3

- 1 She's tyed it in her apron
- 2 And she's thrown it in the sea;
- 3 Says, Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!
- 4 You'l neer get mair o me.

## 173A.4

- 1 Down them cam the auld queen,
- 2 Goud tassels tying her hair:
- 3 'O marie, where's the bonny wee babe
- 4 That I heard greet sae sair?'

## 173A.5

- 1 'There never was a babe intill my room,
- 2 As little designs to be;
- 3 It was but a touch o my sair side,
- 4 Come oer my fair bodie.'

## 173A.6

- 1 'O Marie, put on your robes o black,
- 2 Or else your robes o brown,
- 3 For ye maun gang wi me the night,
- 4 To see fair Edinbro town.'

## 173A.7

- 1 'I winna put on my robes o black,
- 2 Nor yet my robes o brown;
- 3 But I'll put on my robes o white,
- 4 To shine through Edinbro town.'

## 173A.8

- 1 When she gaed up the Cannogate,
- 2 She laugd loud laughters three;
- 3 But whan she cam down the Cannogate
- 4 The tear blinded her ee.

## 173A.9

- 1 When she gaed up the Parliament stair,
- 2 The heel cam aff her shee;
- 3 And lang or she cam down again
- 4 She was condemnd to dee.

## 173A.10

- 1 When she cam down the Cannogate,
- 2 The Cannogate sae free,
- 3 Many a ladie lookd oer her window,
- 4 Weeping for this ladie.

## 173A.11

- 1 'Ye need nae weep for me,' she says,
- 2 'Ye need nae weep for me;
- 3 For had I not slain mine own sweet babe,
- 4 This death I wadna dee.

## 173A.12

- 1 'Bring me a bottle of wine,' she says,
- 2 'The best that eer ye hae,
- 3 That I may drink to my weil-wishers,
- 4 And they may drink to me.

## 173A.13

- 1 'Here's a health to the jolly sailors,
- 2 That sail upon the main;
- 3 Let them never let on to my father and mother
- 4 But what I'm coming hame.

## 173A.14

- 1 'Here's a health to the jolly sailors,
- 2 That sail upon the sea;
- 3 Let them never let on to my father and mother
- 4 That I cam here to dee.

## 173A.15

- 1 'Oh little did my mother think,
- 2 The day she cradled me,
- 3 What lands I was to travel through,
- 4 What death I was to dee.

## 173A.16

- 1 'Oh little did my father think,
- 2 The day he held up me,
- 3 What lands I was to travel through,
- 4 What death I was to dee.

## 173A.17

- 1 'Last night I washd the queen's feet,
- 2 And gently laid her down;
- 3 And a' the thanks I've gotten the nicht
- 4 To be hangd in Edinbro town!

## 173A.18

- 1 'Last nicht there was four Maries,
- 2 The nicht there'l be but three;
- 3 There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
- 4 And Marie Carmichael, and me.'

## 173B.1

- 1 THERE were ladies, they lived in a bower,
- 2 And oh but they were fair!
- 3 The youngest o them is to the king's court,
- 4 To learn some unco lair.

## 173B.2

- 1 She hadna been in the king's court
- 2 A twelve month and a day,
- 3 Till of her they could get na wark,
- 4 For wantonness and play.

## 173B.3

- 1 Word is to the kitchen gane,
- 2 And word is to the ha,
- 3 And word is up to Madame the Queen,
- 4 And that is warst of a',
- 5 That Mary Hamilton has born a bairn,
- 6 To the hichest Stewart of a'.

## 173B.4

- 1 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,
- 2 O rise, and tell to me
- 3 What thou did with thy sweet babe
- 4 We sair heard weep by thee.'

## 173B.5

- 1 'Hold your tongue, madame,' she said,
- 2 'And let your folly be;
- 3 It was a shouir o sad sickness
- 4 Made me weep sae bitterlie.'

## 173B.6

- 1 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,
- 2 O rise, and tell to me
- 3 What thou did with thy sweet babe
- 4 We sair heard weep by thee.'

## 173B.7

- 1 'I put it in a piner-pig,
- 2 And set it on the sea;
- 3 I bade it sink, or it might swim,
- 4 It should neer come hame to me.'

## 173B.8

- 1 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,
- 2 Arise, and go with me;
- 3 There is a wedding in Glasgow town
- 4 This day we'll go and see.'

## 173B.9

- 1 She put not on her black clothing,
- 2 She put not on her brown,
- 3 But she put on the glistering gold,
- 4 To shine thro Edinburgh town.

## 173B.10

- 1 As they came into Edinburgh town,
- 2 The city for to see,
- 3 The baillie'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 baillie'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

- 5 'Here's to you all, travellers,
- 6 Who travels by land or sea;
- 7 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 But I am coming hame.

## 173B.17

- 1 'Little did my mother think,
- 2 First time she cradled me,
- 3 What land I was to travel on,
- 4 Or what death I would die.

## 173B.18

- 1 'Little did my mother think,
- 2 First time she tied my head,
- 3 What land I was to tread upon,
- 4 Or where I would win my bread.

## 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 wush 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 gown,' she said,
- 2 'But let my petticoat be,
- 3 And tye a napkin on my face,
- 4 For that gallows I downa see.'

## 173B.22

- 1 By and cum the king himsell,
- 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 leige,
- 2 And let your folly be;
- 3 An ye had a mind to save my life,
- 4 Ye should na shamed 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!

**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 of a'.

**173C.6**

1 Down and came the queen hersell,  
2 The queen hersell 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 Crying Och and alace for me!

**173C.11**

1 'Dinna cry och and alace for me!  
2 Dinna cry o<c>h and alace for me!  
3 For it's all for the sake of my innocent babe  
4 That I come 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 Let neither my father nor mother know  
4 The death I am to die!

**173C.14**

1 'O all you gallant sailors,  
2 That sail upon the faem,  
3 Let neither my father nor mother know  
4 But I am coming hame!

**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 deid.

**173C.17**

1 'Yestreen I made Queen Mary's bed,  
2 Kembed down her yellow hair;  
3 Is this the reward I am to get,  
4 To tread this gallows-stair!'

**173D.1**

1 THERE lives a knight into the north,  
2 And he had daughters three;  
3 The ane of 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 a' that she could say or do,  
4 The babie it would not die.

**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 of me.

**173D.6**

1 Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,  
2 Wi the gold strings in her hair:  
3 'O whare'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 mysell wi a fit o the sair colic,  
4 I was sick just like to die.'

**173D.8**

1 'O hold your tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
2 Let all those words go free!  
3 O where is the little babie  
4 That I heard weep by thee?'

**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 saved 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 toun,  
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 cobbler'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 laughters 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 hame  
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 Let neither my mother nor father know  
4 But I'm coming hame again!

**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!

**173D.21**

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 This night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
4 And Mary Carmichael, and me.'

**173D.22**

1 'O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
2 Let all those words go free!  
3 This night eer ye be hanged  
4 Ye shall gang hame wi me.'

**173D.23**

1 'O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,  
2 Let all those words go free!  
3 For since I have come to Edinburgh toun,  
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.1**

1 'MY father was the Duke of York,  
2 My mother a lady free,  
3 Mysell a dainty damsell,  
4 Queen Mary sent for me.

**173E.2**

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.3**

1 'The queen's kale was aye sae het,  
2 Her spice was aye sae fell,  
3 Till they gart me gang to the young man's bed,  
4 And I'd a' the wyte mysell.

**173E.4**

1 'I was not in the queen's service  
2 A twelvemonth but barely ane,  
3 Ere I grew as big wi bairn  
4 As ae woman could gang.

**173E.5**

1 'But it fell ance upon a day,  
2 Was aye to be it lane,  
3 I did take strong traviling  
4 As ever yet was seen.'

**173E.6**

1 Ben it came the queen hersell,  
2 Was a' gowd to the hair;  
3 'O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,  
4 That I heard greeting sair?'

**173E.7**

5 Ben it came the queen hersell,  
6 Was a' gowd to the chin:  
7 'O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,  
8 That I heard late yestreen.'

**173E.8**

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.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, an go with me;  
3 For I will on to Edinburgh,  
4 And try the verity.'

**173E.11**

1 She woud 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 shin'd frae town to town.

**173E.12**

1 As she gaed down thro Edinburgh town  
2 The burghers' wives made meen,  
3 That sic a dainty damsel  
4 Sud ever hae 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.

**173E.15**

1 'A' you that are in merchants-ships,  
2 And cross the roaring faem,  
3 Hae nae word to my father and mother,  
4 But that I'm coming hame.

**173E.16**

1 'Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
2 Hold them a little while!  
3 For yonder comes my father and mother,  
4 That's travell'd mony a mile.

**173E.17**

1 'Gie me some o your gowd, parents,  
2 Some o your white monie,  
3 To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
4 Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

**173E.18**

1 'Ye'll get nane o our gowd, daughter,  
2 Nor nane o our white monie;  
3 For we hae travell'd mony a mile,  
4 This day to see you die.'

**173E.19**

1 'Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
2 Hold them a little while!  
3 For yonder comes him Warenston,  
4 The father of my chile.

**173E.20**

1 'Give me some o your gowd, Warenston,  
2 Some o your white monie,  
3 To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
4 Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

**173E.21**

1 'I bade you nurse my bairn well,  
2 And nurse it carefullie,  
3 And gowd shoud been your hire, Maisry,  
4 And my body your fee.'

**173E.22**

1 He's taen out a purse o gowd,  
2 Another o white monie,  
3 And he's tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
4 Says, True love, gang wi me.

**173F.1**

1 my father was the Duke of York,  
2 My mother a lady free,  
3 Mysel a dainty demosell,  
4 Queen Mary sent for me.

**173F.2**

1 The queen's meat, it was sae sweet,  
2 Her colthing was sae rare,  
3 It made me lang for Sweet Willie's bed,  
4 An I'll rue it ever maer.

**173F.3**

1 Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
2 And Lady Livingston, three,  
3 We'll never meet in Queen Mary's bower,  
4 Now Maries tho ye be.

**173F.4**

1 Queen Mary sat in her bower,  
2 Sewing her silver seam;  
3 She thought she heard a baby greet,  
4 But an a lady meen.

**173F.5**

1 She threw her needle frae her,  
2 Her seam out of her hand,  
3 An she is on to Lady Mary's bower,  
4 As fast as she could gang.

**173F.6**

1 'Open your door, Lady Mary,' she says,  
2 'And lat me come in;  
3 For I hear baby greet,  
4 But an a lady meen.'

**173F.7**

1 'There is na bab in my bower, madam,  
2 Nor never thinks to be,  
3 But the strong pains of gravel  
4 This night has seized me.'

**173F.8**

1 She pat her fit to the door,  
2 But an her knee,  
3 Baith of brass and iron bands  
4 In flinders she gard flee.

**173F.9**

1 She pat a hand to her bed-head,  
2 An ither to her bed-feet,  
3 An bonny was the bab  
4 Was blabbering in its bleed.

**173F.10**

1 'Wae worth ye, Lady Mary,  
2 An ill dead sall ye die!  
3 For an ye widna kept the bonny bab,  
4 Ye might ha sen't to me.'

**173F.11**

1 'Lay na the wate on me, madam,  
2 Lay na the wate on me!  
3 For my fas love bare the brand at his side  
4 That gared my barrine die.'

**173F.12**

1 'Get up, Lady Beaton, get up, Lady Seton,  
2 And Lady Livinstone three,  
3 An we will on to Edinburgh,  
4 An try this gay lady.'

**173F.13**

1 As she came to the Cannongate,  
2 The burgers' wives they cryed  
3 Hon ohon, ochree! . . .  
4 . . .

**173F.14**

1 'O had you still, ye burgers' wives,  
2 An make na meen for me;  
3 Seek never grace of a graceless face,  
4 For they hae nane to gie.

**173F.15**

1 'Ye merchants and ye mariners,  
2 That trade upon the sea,  
3 O dinna tell in my country  
4 The dead I'm gaen to die!

**173F.16**

1 'Ye merchants and ye mariners,  
2 That sail upo the faeme,  
3 O dinna tell in my country  
4 But that I'm comin hame!

**173F.17**

1 'Little did my father think,  
2 Whan he brought me our the sea,  
3 That he wad see me yellow locks  
4 Hang on a gallow's tree.

**173F.18**

1 'Little did my mither think  
2 Whan she brought me fra hame,  
3 That she maught see my yellow loks  
4 Han<g] on a gallow-pin.

**173F.19**

1 'O had your hand a while!  
2 . . .  
3 For yonder comes my father,  
4 I'm sure he'll borrow me.

**173F.20**

1 'O some of your goud, father,  
2 An of your well won fee,  
3 To save me [frae the high hill]  
4 [And] frae the gallow-tree!'

**173F.21**

1 'Ye's get nane of my goud,  
2 Nor of my well won fee,  
3 For I would gie five hundred pown  
4 To see ye hangit hie.'

**173F.22**

1 'O had yer hand a while!  
2 . . .  
3 Yonder is my love Willie,  
4 Sure he will borrow me.

**173F.23**

1 'O some o your goud, my love Willie,  
2 An some o yer well won fee,  
3 To save me frae the high hill,  
4 And fra the gallow-tree!'

**173F.24**

1 'Ye's get a' my goud,  
2 And a' my well won fee,  
3 To save ye fra the headin-hill,  
4 And frae the gallow-tree.'

**173G.1**

1 O MARY HAMILTON to the kirk is gane,  
2 Wi ribbons in her hair;  
3 An the king thocht mair o Marie  
4 Then onie that were there.

**173G.2**

1 Mary Hamilton's to the preaching gane,  
2 Wi ribbons on her breast;  
3 An the king thocht mair o Marie  
4 Than he thocht o the priest.

**173G.3**

1 Synne word is thro the palace gane,  
2 I heard it tauld yestreen,  
3 The king loes Mary Hamilton  
4 Mair than he loes his queen.

**173G.4**

1 A sad tale thro the town is gaen,  
2 A sad tale on the morrow;  
3 Oh Mary Hamilton has born a babe,  
4 An slain it in her sorrow!

**173G.5**

1 And down then cam the auld queen,  
2 Goud tassels tied her hair:  
3 'What did ye wi the wee wee bairn  
4 That I heard greet sae sair?'

**173G.6**

1 'There neer was a bairn into my room,  
2 An as little designs to be;  
3 'Twas but a stitch o my sair side,  
4 Cam owre my fair bodie.'

**173G.7**

1 'Rise up now, Marie,' quo the queen,  
2 'Rise up, an come wi me,  
3 For we maun ride to Holyrood,  
4 A gay wedding to see.'

**173G.8**

1 The queen was drest in scarlet fine,  
2 Her maidens all in green;  
3 An every town that they cam thro  
4 Took Marie for the queen.

**173G.9**

1 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
2 As she rode oure the lea,  
3 That she was gaun to Edinbro town  
4 Her doom to hear and dree.

**173G.10**

1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
2 She laughed loud laughers three;  
3 But when she reached the gallows-tree,  
4 The tears blinded her ee.

**173G.11**

1 'Oh often have I dressed my queen,  
2 An put gowd in her hair;  
3 The gallows-tree is my reward,  
4 An shame maun be my share!

**173G.12**

1 'Oh often hae I dressed my queen,  
2 An soft soft made her bed;  
3 An now I've got for my reward  
4 The gallows-tree to tread!

**173G.13**

1 'There's a health to all gallant sailors,  
2 That sail upon the sea!  
3 Oh never let on to my father and mither  
4 The death that I maun dee!

**173G.14**

1 'An I charge ye, all ye mariners,  
2 When ye sail owre the main,  
3 Let neither my father nor mither know  
4 But that I'm comin hame.

**173G.15**

1 'Oh little did my mither ken,  
2 That day she cradled me,  
3 What lands I was to tread in,  
4 Or what death I should dee.

**173G.16**

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 The nicht she'll hae but three;  
3 There's Marie Seaton, an Marie Beaton,  
4 An Marie Carmichael, an me.'

**173H.1**

1 'WHAN I was a babe, and a very little babe,  
2 And stood at my mither's knee,  
3 Nae witch nor warlock did unfauld  
4 The death I was to dree.

**173H.2**

1 'But my mither was a proud woman,  
2 A proud woman and a bauld;  
3 And she hired me to Queen Mary's bouer,  
4 When scarce eleven years auld.

**173H.3**

1 'O happy, happy is the maid,  
2 That's born of beauty free!  
3 It was my dimpling rosy cheeks  
4 That's been the dule o me;  
5 And wae be to that weirdless wicht,  
6 And a' his witcherie!'

**173H.4**

1 Word's gane up and word's gane down,  
2 An word's gane to the ha,  
3 That Mary Hamilton was wi bairn,  
4 An na body kend to wha.

**173H.5**

1 But in and cam the queen hersel,  
2 Wi gowd plait on her hair:  
3 Says, Mary Hamilton, whare is the babe  
4 That I heard greet sae sair?

**173H.6**

1 'There is na babe within my bouer,  
2 And I hope there neer will be;  
3 But it's me wi a sair and sick colic,  
4 And I'm just like to dee.'

**173H.7**

1 But they looked up, they looked down,  
2 Atween the bowsters and the wa,  
3 It's there they got a bonnie lad-bairn,  
4 But its life it was awa.

**173H.8**

1 'Rise up, rise up, Mary Hamilton,  
2 Rise up, and dress ye fine,  
3 For you maun gang to Edinbruch,  
4 And stand afore the nine.

**173H.9**

1 'Ye'll no put on the dowie black,  
2 Nor yet the dowie brown;  
3 But ye'll put on the robes o red,  
4 To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'

**173H.10**

1 'I'll no put on the dowie black,  
2 Nor yet the dowie brown;  
3 But I'll put on the robes o red,  
4 To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'

**173H.11**

1 As they gaed thro Edinbruch town,  
2 And down by the Nether-bow,  
3 There war monie a lady fair  
4 Siching and crying, Och how!

**173H.12**

1 'O weep nae mair for me, ladies,  
2 Weep nae mair for me!  
3 Yestreen I killed my ain bairn,  
4 The day I deserve to dee.

**173H.13**

1 'What need ye hech and how, ladies?  
2 What need ye how for me?  
3 Ye never saw grace at a graceless face,  
4 Queen Mary has nane to gie.'

**173H.14**

1 'Gae forward, gae forward,' the queen she said,  
2 'Gae forward, that ye may see;  
3 For the very same words that ye hae said  
4 Sall hang ye on the gallows-tree.'

**173H.15**

1 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
2 She gied loud lauchters three;  
3 But or ever she cam down again,  
4 She was condemnd to dee.

**173H.16**

1 'O tak example frae me, Maries,  
2 O tak example frae me,  
3 Nor gie your luv to courtly lords,  
4 Nor heed their witchin' ee.

**173H.17**

1 'But wae be to the Queen hersel,  
2 She nicht hae pardond me;  
3 But sair she's striven for me to hang  
4 Upon the gallows-tree.

**173H.18**

1 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
2 The nicht she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton,  
4 And Mary Carmichael, and me.

**173H.19**

1 'Aft hae I set pearls in her hair,  
2 Aft hae I lac'd her gown,  
3 And this is the reward I now get,  
4 To be hangd in Edinbruch town!

**173H.20**

1 'O a' ye mariners, far and near,  
2 That sail ayont the faem,  
3 O dinna let my father and mither ken  
4 But what I am coming hame!

**173H.21**

1 'O a' ye mariners, far and near,  
2 That sail ayont the sea,  
3 Let na my father and mither ken  
4 The death I am to dee!

**173H.22**

1 'Sae, weep na mair for me. ladies,  
2 Weep na mair for me;  
3 The mither that kills her ain bairn  
4 Deserves weel for to dee.'

**173I.1**

1 MARIE HAMILTON's to the kirk gane,  
2 Wi ribbons in her hair;  
3 The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
4 Than ony that were there.

**173I.2**

1 Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
2 Wi ribbons on her breast;  
3 The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
4 Then he listend to the priest.

**173I.3**

1 Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
2 Wi gloves upon her hands;  
3 The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton,  
4 Than the queen and a' her lands.

**173I.4**

1 She hadna been about the king's court  
2 A month, but barely one,  
3 Till she was beloved by a' the king's court,  
4 And the king the only man.

**173I.5**

1 She hadna been about the king's court  
2 A month, but barely three,  
3 Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,  
4 Marie Hamilton durstna be.

**173I.6**

1 The king is to the Abbey gane,  
2 To pu the Abbey-tree,  
3 To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,  
4 But the thing it wadna be.

**173I.7**

1 O she has rowd it in her apron,  
2 And set it on the sea:  
3 'Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe!  
4 Ye's get nae mair o me.'

**173I.8**

1 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
2 And word is to the ha,  
3 And word is to the noble room,  
4 Among the ladyes a',  
5 That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,  
6 And the bonny babe's mist and awa.

**173I.9**

1 Scarcely had she lain down again,  
2 And scarcely fa'en asleep,  
3 When up then started our gude queen,  
4 Just at her bed-feet,  
5 Saying, Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?  
6 For I am sure I heard it greet.

**173I.10**

1 'O no, O no, my noble queen,  
2 Think no such thing to be!  
3 'Twas but a stitch into my side,  
4 And sair it troubles me.'

**173I.11**

1 'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,  
2 Get up and follow me;  
3 For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
4 A rich wedding for to see.'

**173I.12**

1 O slowly, slowly raise she up,  
2 And slowly put she on,  
3 And slowly rode she out the way,  
4 Wi mony a weary groan.

**173I.13**

1 The queen was clad in scarlet,  
2 Her merry maids all in green,  
3 And every town that they cam to,  
4 They took Marie for the queen.

**173I.14**

1 'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
2 Ride hooly now wi me!  
3 For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
4 Rade in your companie.'

**173I.15**

1 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
2 When she rade on the brown,  
3 That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,  
4 And a' to be put down.

**173I.16**

1 'Why weep ye so, ye burgess-wives,  
2 Why look ye so on me?  
3 O I am going to Edinburgh town  
4 A rich wedding for to see!'

**173I.17**

1 When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
2 The corks frae her heels did flee;  
3 And lang or eer she cam down again  
4 She was condemnd to die.

**173I.18**

1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
2 She laughed loud laughters three;  
3 But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
4 The tears blinded her ee.

**173I.19**

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,  
4 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

**173I.20**

1 'O often have I dressed my queen,  
2 And put gold upon her hair;  
3 But now I've gotten for my reward  
4 The gallows to be my share.

**173I.21**

1 'Often have I dressd my queen,  
2 And often made her bed;  
3 But now I've gotten for my reward  
4 The gallows-tree to tread.

**173I.22**

1 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
2 When ye sail ower the faem,  
3 Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
4 But that I'm coming hame!

**173I.23**

1 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
2 That sail upon the sea,  
3 Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
4 This dog's death I'm to die!

**173I.24**

1 For if my father and mother got wit,  
2 And my bold brethren three,  
3 O mickle wad be the gude red blude  
4 This day wad be spilt for me!

**173I.25**

1 'O little did my mother ken,  
2 That day she cradled me,  
3 The lands I was to travel in,  
4 Or the death I was to die!'

**173J.1**

1 My mother was a proud, proud woman,  
2 A proud, proud woman and a bold;  
3 She sent me to Queen Marie's bour,  
4 When scarcely eleven years old.

**173J.2**

1 Queen Marie's bread it was sae sweet,  
2 An her wine it was sae fine,  
3 That I hae lien in a young man's arms,  
4 An I rued it aye synsyne.

**173J.3**

1 Queen Marie she cam doon the stair,  
2 Wi the goud kamis in her hair:  
3 'Oh whare oh whare is the wee wee babe  
4 I heard greetin sae sair?'

**173J.4**

1 'It's no a babe, a babie fair,  
2 Nor ever intends to be;  
3 But I mysel, wi a sair colic,  
4 Was seek and like to dee.'

**173J.5**

1 They socht the bed baith up an doon,  
2 Frae the pillow to the straw,  
3 An there they got the wee wee babe,  
4 But its life was far awa.

**173J.6**

1 'Come doon, come doon, Marie Hamilton,  
2 Come doon and speak to me;  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

## 173J.7

1 'You'll no put on your dowie black,  
2 Nor yet your dowie broun;  
3 But you'll put on your ried, ried silk,  
4 To shine through Edinborough toon.'  
5 ' . . . . '

## 173J.8

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 The nicht she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Marie Bethune, an Marie Seaton,  
4 An Marie Carmichael, an me.

## 173J.9

1 'Ah, little did my mother ken,  
2 The day she cradled me,  
3 The lands that I sud travel in,  
4 An the death that I suld dee.'

## 173J.10

1 Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 The nicht she has but three;  
3 For the bonniest Marie amang them a'  
4 Was hanged upon a tree.

## 173K.1

1 QUEEN MARY had four serving-maids,  
2 As braw as braw could be,  
3 But ane o them has fa'n wi bairn,  
4 And for it she maun die.

## 173K.2

1 But whan the babie it was born,  
2 A troubled woman was she;  
3 She rowed it up in a handkerchief,  
4 And flang it in the sea.

## 173K.3

1 Out then spoke a bonnie wee burd,  
2 And it spak sharp and keen:  
3 'O what did ye do wi your wee babie,  
4 Ye had in your arms yestreen?'

## 173K.4

1 'O I tyed it up in a napkin,  
2 And flang it in the sea;  
3 I bade it sink, I bade it soom,  
4 'Twad get nae mair o me.'

## 173K.5

1 Out and spak King Henrie,  
2 And an angry man was he:  
3 'A' for the drowning o that wee babe  
4 High hanged ye shall be.'  
5 ' . . . . '

## 173K.6

1 'I'll no put on a gown o black,  
2 Nor yet a gown o green,  
3 But I'll put on a gown o gowd,  
4 To glance in young men's een.

## 173K.7

1 'O gin ye meet my father or mother,  
2 Ye may tell them frae me,  
3 'Twas for the sake o a wee wee bairn  
4 That I came here to die.

## 173K.8

1 'Yestreen four Maries made Queen Mary's bed,  
2 This nicht there'll be but three,  
3 A Mary Beaton, a Mary Seaton,  
4 A Mary Carmichael, and me.

## 173K.9

1 'O what will my three brithers say,  
2 When they come hame frae see,  
3 When they see three locks o my yellow hair  
4 Hinging under a gallows-tree!'

## 173L.1

1 DOUN and cam the queen hersell,  
2 Wi the goud links in her hair:  
3 'O what did ye do wi the braw lad bairn  
4 That I heard greet sae sair?'

## 173L.2

1 'There was never a babe into my room,  
2 Nor ever intends to be;  
3 It was but a fit o the sair colic,  
4 That was like to gar me die.'

## 173L.3

1 Doun and cam the king himsell,  
2 And an angry man was he:  
3 'If ye had saved that braw child's life,  
4 It might hae been an honour to thee.'

## 173L.4

1 They socht the chammer up and doun,  
2 And in below the bed,  
3 And there they fand a braw lad-bairn  
4 Lying lapperin in his blood.

## 173L.5

1 She rowed it up in her apron green,  
2 And threw it in the sea:  
3 'Een sink or swim, you braw lad bairn!  
4 Ye'll neer get mair o me.'  
5 ' . . . . '

## 173L.6

1 When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
2 She gied loud lauchters three;  
3 But or she cam to the Cowgate Head  
4 The tears did blind her ee.

## 173L.7

1 'Come a' ye jovial sailors,  
2 That sail upon the sea,  
3 Tell neither my father nor mother  
4 The death that I'm to die!

## 173L.8

1 'Come a' ye jovial sailors,  
2 That sail upon the main,  
3 See that ye tell baith my father and mother  
4 That I'm coming sailing hame!

## 173L.9

1 'My father he's the Duke of York,  
2 And my mother's a gay ladie,  
3 And I mysell a pretty fair lady,  
4 And the king fell in love with me.'

## 173M.1

1 THEN down cam Queen Marie,  
2 Wi gold links in her hair,  
3 Saying, Marie Mild, where is the child,  
4 That I heard greet sae sair?'

## 173M.2

1 'There was nae child wi me, madam,  
2 There was nae child wi me;  
3 It was but me in a sair colic,  
4 When I was like to die.'

## 173M.3

1 'I'm not deceived,' Queen Marie said,  
2 'No, no, indeed not I!  
3 So Marie Mild, where is the child?  
4 For sure I heard it cry.'

## 173M.4

1 She turned down the blankets fine,  
2 Likewise the Holland sheet,  
3 And underneath, there strangled lay  
4 A lovely baby sweet.

## 173M.5

1 'O cruel mother,' said the queen,  
2 'Some fiend possessed thee;  
3 But I will hang thee for this deed,  
4 My Marie tho thou be!'  
5 ' . . . . '

## 173M.6

1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port  
2 She laught loud laughters three;  
3 But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
4 The saut tear blinded her ee.

## 173M.7

1 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beaton,  
4 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

## 173M.8

1 'Ye mariners, ye mariners,  
2 That sail upon the sea,  
3 Let not my father or mother wit  
4 The death that I maun die!

## 173M.9

1 'I was my parents' only hope,  
2 They neer had ane but me;  
3 They little thought when I left hame,  
4 They should nae mair me see!'

## 173N.1

1 THE streen the queen had four Maries,  
2 This nicht she'll hae but three;  
3 There's Mary Heaton, an Mary Beaton,  
4 An Mary Michel, an me,  
5 An I mysell was Mary Mild,  
6 An flower oer a' the three.

## 173N.2

1 Mary's middle was aye sae neat,  
2 An her clothing aye sae fine,  
3 It caused her lie in a young man's arms,  
4 An she's ruet it aye sin syne.

## 173N.3

1 She done her doon yon garden green,  
2 To pull the deceivin tree,  
3 For to keep back that young man's bairn,  
4 But forward it would be.

## 173N.4

1 'Ye winna put on the dowie black,  
2 Nor yet will ye the broon,  
3 But ye'll put on the robes o red,  
4 To shine through Edinburgh toon.'

## 173N.5

1 She hasna pitten on the dowie black,  
2 Nor yet has she the broon,  
3 But she's pitten on the robes o red,  
4 To shine thro Edinburgh toon.

## 173N.6

1 When she came to the mariners' toon,  
2 The mariners they were playin,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

## 173N.7

1 'Ye needna play for me, mariners,  
2 Ye needna play for me;  
3 Ye never saw grace in a graceless face,  
4 For there's nane therein to be.

## 173N.8

1 'Seven years an I made Queen Mary's bed,  
2 Seven years an I combed her hair,  
3 An a handsome reward noo she's gien to me,  
4 Gien me the gallows-tows to wear!

## 173N.9

1 'Oh little did my mither think,  
2 The day she cradled me,  
3 What road I'd hae to travel in,  
4 Or what death I'd hae to dee!'

## 173O.1

1 THERE lived a lord into the south,  
2 And he had dochters three,  
3 And the youngest o them went to the king's  
4 court,  
5 To learn some courtesie.

## 173O.2

1 She rowd it in a wee wee clout  
2 . . . .  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

## 173O.3

1 She rowd it in a wee wee clout  
2 And flang't into the faem,  
3 Saying, sink ye soon, my bonny babe!  
4 I'll go a maiden hame.

## 173O.4

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 hae been an honour to thee.'

## 173O.5

1 She wadna put on her gowns o black,  
2 Nor yet wad she o brown,  
3 But she wad put on her gowns o gowd,  
4 To glance through Embro town.

## 173O.6

1 'Come saddle not to me the black,' she says,  
2 'Nor yet to me the brown,  
3 But come saddle to me the milk-white steed,  
4 That I may ride in renown.'

## 173P.1

1 MY father's the duke of Argyll,  
2 My mither's a lady gay,  
3 And I mysell am a dainty dame,  
4 And the king desired me.

## 173P.2

5 He schawd [me] up, he schawed me doun,  
6 He schawd me to the ha;  
7 He schawd me to the low cellars,  
8 And that was waurst of a'.

## 173Q.1

1 THE Duke of York was my father,  
2 My mother a lady free,  
3 Mysell a dainty damosell,  
4 Queen Marie sent for me.

## 173Q.2

1 The queen's meat it was sae sweet,  
2 Her cleiding it was sae rare,  
3 It gart me grien for sweet Willie,  
4 And I'll rue it evermair.

**173R.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[S.1]**

1 There lived a lord into the South,  
2 An he had daughters three;  
3 The youngest o them's gaen to the king's court,  
4 To learn some courtesie.

**173[S.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 game wi child  
6 To the highest steward of a'.

**173[S.3]**

1 She rowd it into a basket  
2 An flang 't into the sea,  
3 Saying, Sink ye soon, my bonny babe,  
4 Ye'se neer get mair o me.

**173[S.4]**

1 She rowd it into a basket  
2 An flang 't into the faem,  
3 Saying, Sink ye soon, my bonny babe,  
4 I'se gang a maiden hame.

**173[S.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[S.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[S.7]**

1 'O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Moil,  
2 O busk, and gang wi me,  
3 For agen the morn at ten o'clock  
4 A rare sight ye sall see.'

**173[S.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[S.9]**

1 O whan she cam to the Netherbow Port  
2 She gied loud laughters three,  
3 But whan she cam to the gallows-foot  
4 The tear blinded her ee.

**173[S.10]**

1 Saying, O ye mariners, mariners,  
2 That sail upon the sea,  
3 Let not my father nor mother to wit  
4 The death that I maun die.

**173[S.11]**

1 'For little did father or mother wit,  
2 The day they cradled me,  
3 What foreign lands I should travel in,  
4 Or what death I should die.

**173[S.12]**

1 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Mary Seton, an Mary Beaton,  
4 An Mary Carmichael, an me.'

**173[T.1]**

1 There was a duke, and he dwelt in York,  
2 And he had daughters three;  
3 One of them was an hostler-wife,  
4 And two were gay ladies.

**173[T.2]**

1 O word's gane to Queen Mary's court,  
2 As fast as it could gee,  
3 That Mary Hamilton's born a bairn,  
4 And the baby they could na see.

**173[T.3]**

1 Then came the queen and a' her maids,  
2 Swift tripping down the stair:  
3 'Where is the baby, Mary,  
4 That we heard weep sae sair?'

**173[T.4]**

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.'

**173[T.5]**

1 They sought it up, they sought it down,  
2 They sought it below the bed,  
3 And there the<y saw the bonny wee babe,  
4 Lying wallowing in its bluid.

**173[T.6]**

1 'Now busk ye, busk ye, Mary Hamilton,  
2 Busk ye and gang wi me,  
3 For I maun away to Edinbro town,  
4 A rich wedding to see.'

**173[T.7]**

1 Mary wad na put on the black velvet,  
2 Nor yet wad put on the brown,  
3 But she's put on the red velvet,  
4 To shine thro Edinbro town.

**173[T.8]**

1 When she came unto the town,  
2 And near the Tolbooth stair,  
3 There stood many a lady gay,  
4 Weeping for Mary fair.

**173[T.9]**

1 'O haud yeer tongue<s, ye ladys a',  
2 And weep na mair for me!  
3 O haud yeer tongues, ye ladys a',  
4 For it's for my fault I dee.

**173[T.10]**

1 'The king he took me on his knee  
2 And he gae three drinks to me,  
3 And a' to put the babie back,  
4 But it wad na gang back for me.

**173[T.11]**

1 'O ye mariners, ye mariners a',  
2 That sail out-owr the sea,  
3 Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
4 What has become o me!

**173[T.12]**

1 'Let neither my father nor mother ken,  
2 Nor my bauld brethren three,  
3 For muckle wad be the gude red bluid  
4 That wad be shed for me.

**173[T.13]**

1 'Aft hae I laced Queen Mary's back,  
2 Aft hae I kaimed her hair,  
3 And a' the reward she's gein to me's  
4 The gallows to be my heir.

**173[T.14]**

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Marys,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Mary Seatoun, and Mary Beatoun,  
4 An Mary Carmichael, an me.'

**173[U.1]**

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[U.2]**

1 'But the queen's meat it was sae sweet,  
2 And her clothing was sae rare,  
3 It made me long for a young man's bed,  
4 And I rued it evermair.'

**173[U.3]**

1 But word is up, and word is down,  
2 Amang the ladyes a',  
3 That Marie's born a babe sin yestreen,  
4 That babe it is awa.

**173[U.4]**

1 But the queen she gat wit of this,  
2 She calld for a berry-brown gown,  
3 And she's awa to Marie's bower,  
4 The bower that Marie lay in.

**173[U.5]**

1 'Open your door, my Marie,' she says,  
2 'My bonny and fair Marie;  
3 They say you have born a babe sin yestreen,  
4 That babe I fain wad see.'

**173[U.6]**

1 'It is not sae wi me, madam,  
2 It is not sae wi me;  
3 It is but a fit of my sair sickness,  
4 That oft times troubles me.'

**173[U.7]**

1 'Get up, get up, my Marie,' she says,  
2 'My bonny and fair Marie,  
3 And we'll awa to Edinburgh town,  
4 And try the verity.'

**173[U.8]**

1 Slowly, slowly, gat she up,  
2 And slowly pat she on,  
3 And slowly went she to that milk-steed,  
4 To ride to Edinburgh town.

**173[U.9]**

1 But when they cam to Edinburgh,  
2 And in by the Towbooth stair,  
3 There was mony a virtuous ladye  
4 Letting the tears fa there.

**173[U.10]**

1 'Why weep ye sae for me, madams?  
2 Why weep ye sae for me?  
3 For sin ye brought me to this town  
4 This death ye gar me die.'

**173[U.11]**

1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
2 She gae loud laughters three;  
3 But when she cam to the gallows-foot  
4 The tear blinded her ee.

**173[U.12]**

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beatoun,  
4 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

**173[U.13]**

1 'My love he was a pottinger,  
2 Mony drink he gae me,  
3 And a' to put back that bonnie babe,  
4 But alas! it wad na do.

**173[U.14]**

1 'I pat that bonny babe in a box,  
2 And set it on the sea;  
3 O sink ye, swim ye, bonny babe!  
4 Ye's neer get mair o me.

**173[U.15]**

1 'O all ye jolly sailors,  
2 That sail upon the sae,  
3 Let neither my father nor mother ken  
4 The death that I maun die.

**173[U.16]**

1 'But if my father and mother kend  
2 The death that I maun die,  
3 O mony wad be the good red guineas  
4 That wad be gien for me.'

**173[V.1]**

1 'My father was the Duke of York,  
2 My mother the gay ladye,  
3 An I myself a maiden bright,  
4 An the queen desired me.'

**173[V.2]**

1 But there word gane to the kitchen,  
2 There's word gane to the ha,  
3 That Mary mild she gangs wi child  
4 To the uppermost stewart of a'.

**173[V.3]**

1 Than they sought but, and they sou<ght ben,  
2 They sought aneath the bed,  
3 An there the fand the bonnie lad-bairn,  
4 Lyin lappin in his blood.

**173[V.4]**

1 'Gae buss ye, Marie Hamilton,  
2 Gae buss ye, buss ye bra,  
3 For ye maun away to Edin<brough town,  
4 The queen's birthday . . .'

**173[V.5]**

1 She wadna put on her black, bla<ck silk,  
2 Nor wad she put on the brown,  
3 But she pat on the glisterin stufs,  
4 To glister in Edinbrough town.

**173[V.6]**

1 An whan she cam to the water-gate  
2 Loud laughters gae she three,  
3 But whan she cam to the Netherbow Port  
4 The tear blinded Marie's ee

**173[V.7]**

1 'Twas up than spak Queen Marie's nurse,  
2 An a sorry woman was she:  
3 'Whae sae clever o fit and ready o wit  
4 Has telld sic news o thee!'

**173[V.8]**

1 'Oft have I Queen Marie's head  
2 Oft have I caimd her hair,  
3 An a' the thanks I've gotten for that  
4 Is the gallows to be my heir!

## 173[V.9]

1 'Oft have I dressd Queen Marie's head,  
2 An laid her in her bed,  
3 An a' the thanks I've gotten for that  
4 Is the green gallows-tree to tread!

## 173[V.10]

1 'O spare, O spare, O judge,' she cried,  
2 'O spair a day for me!'  
3 'There is nae law in our land, ladie,  
4 To let a murderer be.'

## 173[V.11]

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Marie Seaton, and Ma<rie]  
Bea<ton],  
4 An Marie Carmichael, an me.

## 173[V.12]

1 'O if my father now but kend  
2 The death that I'm to die,  
3 O muckle, muckle wad be the red gowd  
4 That he wad gie for me.

## 173[V.13]

1 'An if my brothers kend the death  
2 That I am now to die,  
3 O muckle, muckle wad be the red blood  
4 That wad be shed for me.'

## 173[W.1]

1 There lived a man in the North Countree  
2 And he had doghters three;  
3 The youngest o them's to Edinburgh gaen,  
4 Ane o the queen's Marys to be.

## 173[W.2]

1 Queen Mary's bread it was sae white,  
2 And her wine it ran sae clear,  
3 It shewed her the way to the butler's bed,  
4 And I wait she's bought dear.

## 173[W.3]

1 For Mary's to the garden gaen,  
2 To eat o the saven tree,  
3 And a' 's to pit her young son back,  
4 But back he wad na be.

## 173[W.4]

1 So Mary's to her chamber gaen,  
2 .....  
3 .....  
4 .....

## 173[W.5]

1 Queen Mary she came down the stair,  
2 And a' her maids afore her:  
3 'Oh, Mary Miles, where is the child  
4 That I have heard greet sae sore O?'

## 173[W.6]

1 'There is no child with me, madam,  
2 There is no child with me;  
3 It was only a bit of a cholick I took,  
4 And I thought I was gawen to dee.'

## 173[W.7]

1 So they looked up, and they looked down,  
2 And they looked beneath the bed-foot,  
3 And there they saw a bonnie boy,  
4 Lying weltering in his blood.

## 173[W.8]

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 'Since that you have killed your own dear child,  
4 The same death you shall dee.'

## 173[W.9]

1 When Mary came afore the court,  
2 A loud laugh laughed she;  
3 But when she came to the [gallows->fit  
4 The tear blinded her ee.  
5 .....

## 173[W.10]

1 'O wha will comb Queen Mary's heed?  
2 Or wha will brade her hair?  
3 And wha will lace her middle sae jimp  
4 Whan [I] am nae langer there?'

## 173[W.11]

1 'Yestreen the queen [had] four Maries,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Marie Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
4 And Marie Carmichael, and me.  
5 .....

## 173[W.12]

1 'I'll not put on my robes of black,  
2 Nor yet my robes of brown,  
3 But I'll put on a shining brow garb,

## 173[W.12]

4 That will shine thro Edinbrough town.'  
5 .....

## 173[W.13]

1 Oh, whan she came to the Cannongate,  
2 The Cannongate sae hee,  
3 There mony a lord and belted knight  
4 Was grieved for her beautee.  
5 .....

## 173[W.14]

1 And whan she came to [the] Hee Town,  
2 The Hee Town sae hee,  
3 .....

## 173[X.1]

1 There livd a lord in the West Country,  
2 And he had daughters three;  
3 The youngest o them's to the queen's court,  
4 To learn some courtesy.

## 173[X.2]

1 She hadna been at the queen's court  
2 A year but and a day  
3 Till she has fa'n as big wi child,  
4 As big as she coud gae.

## 173[X.3]

1 She's gane into the garden  
2 To pu the sycamore tree,  
3 And taen the bony bairn in her arms  
4 And thrown it in the sea.

## 173[X.4]

1 She rowd it in her apron  
2 And threw it in the sea:  
3 'Gae sink or soom, my bony sweet babe,  
4 Ye'll never get mair o me.'

## 173[X.5]

1 Then in an came Queen Mary,  
2 Wi gowd rings on her hair:  
3 'O Mary mild, where is the child  
4 That I heard greet sae sair?'

## 173[X.6]

1 'It wasna a babe, my royal liege,  
2 Last night that troubled me,  
3 But it was a fit o sair sickness,  
4 And I was lyken to dee.'

## 173[X.7]

1 'O hold yere tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
2 Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
3 For I'll send you to Enbro town,  
4 The verity to see.'

## 173[X.8]

1 She wadna put on the ribbons o black,  
2 Nor yet wad she the brown,  
3 But she wad put on the ribbons o gowd,  
4 To gae glittring through Enbro town.

## 173[X.9]

1 As she rade up the Sands o Leith,  
2 Riding on a white horse,  
3 O little did she think that day  
4 To die at Enbro Corss!

## 173[X.10]

1 As she rade up the Cannongate,  
2 She leugh loud laughters three,  
3 And mony a lord and lady said,  
4 'Alas for that lady!'

## 173[X.11]

1 'Ye needna say Oh, ye needna cry Eh,  
2 Alas for that lady!  
3 Ye'll neer see grace in a graceless face,  
4 As little ye'll see in me.'

## 173[X.12]

1 When she came to the Netherbow Port,  
2 She leugh loud laughters three,  
3 But ere she came to the gallows-foot  
4 The tear blinded her eie;  
5 Saying, Tye a white napkin ovr my face,  
6 For that gibbet I downa see.

## 173[X.13]

1 'O hold yere hand, Lord Justice!  
2 O hold it a little while!  
3 I think I see my ain true-love  
4 Come wandring mony a mile.

## 173[X.14]

1 'O have ye brought me ony o my gowd?  
2 Or ony o my weel-won fee?  
3 Or are ye come to see me hangd,  
4 Upon this gallows-tree?'

## 173[X.15]

1 'O I hae brought ye nane o yere gowd,  
2 Nor nane o yere weel-won fee,  
3 But I am come to see ye hangd,  
4 And hangit ye shall be.'

## 173[X.16]

1 'O all ye men and mariners,  
2 That sail for wealth or fame,  
3 Let never my father or mother get wit  
4 But what I'm coming hame.

## 173[X.17]

1 'O all ye men and mariners,  
2 That sail upon the sea,  
3 Let never my father or mother get wit  
4 The death that I maun dee.

## 173[X.18]

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 There was Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
4 And Marie Carmichael, and me.'

## 173[Y.1]

1 'Yestreen the queen had four Marys,  
2 The night she'll hae but three;  
3 She had Marie Beaton, and Marie Seaton,  
4 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

## 173[Y.2]

1 'My feather was the Duke of York,  
2 My mother a gay lady,  
3 And I mysell a bonnie young may,  
4 And the king fell in love we me.

## 173[Y.3]

1 'The king's kisses they were so sweet,  
2 And his wine it was so strong,  
3 That I became a mother  
4 Before fifteen years old.'

## 173[Y.4]

1 'O tell the truth now, Mary,  
2 And sett this matter right;  
3 What hae ye made o the babey  
4 Was greeting yesternight?'

## 173[Y.5]

1 'O I will tell you, madam the queen,  
2 I winna tell a lie;  
3 I put it in a bottomless boat  
4 And bad it sail the sea.'

## 173[Y.6]

1 'Ye lie, ye lie now, Mary,  
2 Sae loud's I hear you lie!  
3 You wasnae out o the palace,  
4 So that coud never be.'

## 173[Y.7]

1 'Weel I will tell you, madam,  
2 Though it should gar me weep;  
3 I stabd it we my little pen-knife,  
4 And bad it take a sleep.'

## 173[Y.8]

1 When she came up the Netherbow,  
2 She geed loud laughters three;  
3 But when she came out o the Parliament Close  
4 The tear blinded her ee.

## 173[Y.9]

1 'O little does my feather ken  
2 The death I am to die,  
3 Or muckel wad be the red, red gould  
4 Wad be payed down for me.

## 173[Y.10]

1 'O little does my mother think  
2 The death that I am to die,  
3 Or monie wad be the saut, saut tears  
4 That she wad shed for me.

## 173[Y.11]

1 'O never lett my brothers ken  
2 The death that I am to die,  
3 For muckel wad be the red, red blood  
4 That wad be shed for me.

## 173[Y.12]

1 'Aft hae I washd the king's bonnie face,  
2 Kaimd down his yellow hair,  
3 And this is a' the reward he's geen me,  
4 The gallows to be my share.'

## 173[Z.1]

1 'Buss ye, bonny Marie Hamilton,  
2 Buss and gae wi me,  
3 For ye maun gae to Edinborough,  
4 A great wedding to see.'

## 173[Z.2]

- 1 'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
- 2 Ride hooly now wi me,
- 3 For never, I'm sure, a wearier bride
- 4 Rode in your cumpany.'

## 173[Z.3]

- 1 Little wist Marie Hamilton,
- 2 When she rode on the brown,
- 3 That she was gawn to Edinborough,
- 4 And a' to be put down.

## 173[Z.4]

- 1 When she came to the Council stairs,
- 2 She ga loud laughters three;
- 3 But or that she came down again
- 4 She was condemmd to dee.

## 173[Z.5]

- 1 'O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,
- 2 When ye sail oer the faem,
- 3 Let never my father nor mother to wit
- 4 But I'm just coming hame.

## 173[Z.6]

- 1 'Let never my father nor mother to wit,
- 2 Nor my bauld brether<en> three,
- 3 Or meckle wad be the red, red gowd
- 4 This day be gien for me.

## 173[Z.7]

- 1 'Let never my father or mother to wit,
- 2 Nor my bauld brethren three,
- 3 Or meckle war the red, red blude
- 4 This day wad fa for me.'

## 173[Aa.1]

- 1 Oft hae I kaimd Queen Mary's head,
- 2 An oft hae I curld her hair,
- 3 An now I hae gotten for my reward
- 4 A gallows to be heir.'

## 173[Bb.1]

- 1 Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
- 2 But the nicht she'll hae but three;
- 3 There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
- 4 And Mary Carmichell, and me.

## 173[Bb.2]

- 1 Oh little did my mither think,
- 2 At nicht when she cradled me,
- 3 That I wad sleep in a nameless grave
- 4 And hang on the gallows-tree.
- 5 Yestreen, etc.

## 173[Bb.3]

- 1 They'll tie a kerchief round my een,
- 2 And they'll na let me see t' dee,
- 3 And they'll spread my story thro a' the land,
- 4 Till it reaches my ain countrie.

## 173[Bb.4]

- 1 I wish I micht sleep in the auld kirkyard,
- 2 Beneath the hazel tree,
- 3 Where aft we played in the long simmer nights,
- 4 My brithers and sisters and me.

## 174A.1

- 1 WOE worth thee, woe worth thee, false  
Scottlande!
- 2 Ffor thou hast euer wrought by a sleight;
- 3 For the worthyest prince *that* euer was borne,
- 4 You hanged vnder a cloud by night.

## 174A.2

- 1 The Queene of France a letter wrote,
- 2 And sealed itt with hart and ringe,
- 3 And bade him come Scotland within,
- 4 And shee wold marry him and crowne him  
*king*.

## 174A.3

- 1 To be a *king*, itt is a pleasant thing,
- 2 To bee a prince vnto a peere;
- 3 But you haue heard, and so haue I too,
- 4 A man may well by gold to deere.

## 174A.4

- 1 There was an Italian in that place,
- 2 Was as wel beloued as euer was hee;
- 3 *Lord* David was his name,
- 4 Chamberlaine vnto the queene was hee.

## 174A.5

- 1 Ffor if the king had risen forth of his place,
- 2 He wold haue sitt him downe in the cheare,
- 3 And tho itt beseemed him not soe well,
- 4 Altho the king had bene present there.

## 174A.6

- 1 Some lords in Scotland waxed wonderous  
wroth,
- 2 And quarrelld with him for the nonce;
- 3 I shall you tell how itt beffell,
- 4 Twelue daggers were in him all att once.

## 174A.7

- 1 When this queene see the chamberlaine was  
slaine,
- 2 For him her cheeks shee did weete,
- 3 And made a vow for a twelue month and a day
- 4 The *king* and shee wold not come in one sheete.

## 174A.8

- 1 Then some of the *lords* of Scotland waxed  
wrothe,
- 2 And made their vow vehementlye,
- 3 'For death of the queenes chamberlaine
- 4 The *king* himselve he shall dye.'

## 174A.9

- 1 They strowd his chamber ouer with  
gunpowder,
- 2 And layd greene rushes in his way;
- 3 Ffor the traitors thought *that* night
- 4 The worthy king for to betray.

## 174A.10

- 1 To bedd the worthy *king* made him bowne,
- 2 To take his rest, *that* was his desire;
- 3 He was no sooner cast on sleepe,
- 4 But his chamber was on a blasing fyer.

## 174A.11

- 1 Vp he lope, and a glasse window broke,
- 2 He had thirty foote for to fall;
- 3 *Lord* Bodwell kept a priuy wach
- 4 Vnderneath his castle-wall:
- 5 'Who haue wee heere?' sayd *Lord* Bodwell;
- 6 'Answer me, now I doe call.'

## 174A.12

- 1 '*King* Henery the Eighth my vnckle was;
- 2 Some pittie show for his sweet sake!
- 3 Ah, *Lord* Bodwell, I know thee well;
- 4 Some pittie on me I pray thee take!'

## 174A.13

- 1 'I'le pittie thee as much,' he sayd,
- 2 'And as much favor I'le show to thee
- 3 As thou had on the queene's chamberlaine
- 4 *That* day thou deemedst him to dye.'

## 174A.14

- 1 Through halls and towers this *king* they ledd,
- 2 Through castles and towers *that* were hie,
- 3 Through an arbor into an orchard,
- 4 And there hanged him in a peare tree.

## 174A.15

- 1 When the *gouernor* of Scotland he heard tell
- 2 *That* the worthy king he was slaine,
- 3 He hath banished the queene soe bitterlye
- 4 *That* in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

## 174A.16

- 1 But shee is flled into merry England,
- 2 And Scotland to a side hath laine,
- 3 And through the Queene of Englands good  
grace
- 4 Now in England shee doth remaine.

## 175A.1

- 1 LISTEN liuely lordings all,
- 2 And all *that* beene this place within:
- 3 If you'le giue eare vnto my songe,
- 4 I will tell you how this geere did begin.

## 175A.2

- 1 It was the good Erle Of Westmorlande,
- 2 A noble erle was callèd hee,
- 3 And he wrought treason against the crowne;
- 4 Alas, itt was the more pittye!

## 175A.3

- 1 And soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,
- 2 Another good noble erle was hee;
- 3 They tooke both vpon one *part*,
- 4 Against the crowne they wolden bee.

## 175A.4

- 1 Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
- 2 And after walkes his awne ladye:
- 3 'I heare a bird sing in my eare
- 4 *That* I must either ffight or fllee.'

## 175A.5

- 1 'God fforbidd,' shee sayd, 'good my lord,
- 2 *That* euer soe *that* it shalbee!
- 3 But goe to London to the court,
- 4 And faire ffall truth and honestye!'

## 175A.6

- 1 'But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
- 2 *That* euer it shold soe bee;
- 3 My treason is knowen well enough;
- 4 Att the court I must not bee.'

## 175A.7

- 1 'But goe to the court yett, good my lord,
- 2 Take men enowe with thee;
- 3 If any man will doe you wronge,
- 4 *Your* warrant they may bee.'

## 175A.8

- 1 'But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
- 2 For soe itt must not bee;
- 3 If I goe to the court, ladye,
- 4 Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

## 175A.9

- 1 'But goe to the court yett, [good] my lord,
- 2 I my-selfe will ryde with thee;
- 3 If any man will doe you wronge,
- 4 *Your* borrow I shalbee.'

## 175A.10

- 1 'But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
- 2 For soe it must not bee;
- 3 For if I goe to the court, ladye,
- 4 Thou must me neuer see.

## 175A.11

- 1 'But come hither, thou litle foot-page,
- 2 Come thou hither vnto mee,
- 3 For thou shalt goe a message to *Master* Norton,
- 4 In all the hast *that* euer may bee.

## 175A.12

- 1 Comend me to *that* gentleman;
- 2 Bring him here this letter from mee,
- 3 And say, I pray him earnestlye
- 4 *That* hee will ryde in my companye.'

## 175A.13

- 1 But one while the foote-page went,
- 2 Another while he rann;
- 3 Vntill he came to *Master* Norton,
- 4 The foot-page, neuer blanne.

## 175A.14

- 1 And when he came to *Master* Norton,
- 2 He kneeed on his knee,
- 3 And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
- 4 And lett the gentleman it see.

## 175A.15

- 1 And when the letter itt was reade,
- 2 Affore all his companye,
- 3 I-wis, if you wold know the truth,
- 4 There was many a weeping eye.

## 175A.16

- 1 He said, Come hither, Kester Norton,
- 2 A fine ffellow thou seemes to bee;
- 3 Some good counsell, Kester Norton,
- 4 This day doe thou giue to mee.

## 175A.17

- 1 'Marry, I'le giue you counsell, ffather,
- 2 If you'le take counsell att me,
- 3 *That* if you haue spoken the word, ffather,
- 4 *That* backe againe you doe not flee.'

## 175A.18

- 1 'God a mercy! Christopher Norton,
- 2 I say, God a mercye!
- 3 If I doe liue and scape with liffe,
- 4 Well advanced shalt thou bee.

## 175A.19

- 1 'But come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
- 2 In mens estate I thinke you bee;
- 3 How many of you, my children deare,
- 4 On my *part* *that* wilbe?'

## 175A.20

- 1 But eight of them did answer soone,
- 2 And spake ffull hastilye;
- 3 Sayes, We wilbe on *your* *part*, ffather,
- 4 Till the day *that* we doe dye.

## 175A.21

- 1 'But God a mercy! my children deare,
- 2 And euer I say God a mercy!
- 3 And yett my blessing you shall haue,
- 4 Whether-soeuer I liue or dye.

## 175A.22

- 1 'But what sayst thou, thou Ffrancis Norton,
- 2 Mine eldest sonne and mine heyre trulye?
- 3 Some good counsell, Ffrancis Norton,
- 4 This day thou giue to me.'



## 175A.23

1 'But I will giue you counsell, ffather,  
2 If you will take counsell att mee;  
3 For if you wold take my counsell, ffather,  
4 Against the crowne you shold not bee.'

## 175A.24

1 'But ffye vpon thee, Ffrancis Nortton!  
2 I say ffye vpon 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, ffather,' he sayes,  
2 'And *your* beard is wonderous gray;  
3 Itt were shame ffor *your* countrie  
4 If you shold rise and flee away.'

## 175A.26

1 'But ffye vpon thee, thou coward Ffrancis!  
2 Thou *neuer* tookest *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 He *that* strikes the first stroake against the  
4 crownne,  
4 An ill death may hee dye!'

## 175A.28

1 But then rose vpp *Master* Nortton, *that esquier*,  
2 With him a ffull great companye;  
3 And then the erles they comen downe  
4 To ryde in his companye.

## 175A.29

1 Att Whethersbye the mustered their men,  
2 Vpon a ffull fayre 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 ancient  
3 The dunn bull in sight most hye,  
4 And three doggs with golden collers  
4 Were sett out royallye.

## 175A.31

1 The Erle of Northumberland, he had in his  
2 ancient  
3 The halfe moone in sight soe hye,  
4 As the *Lord* was crucified on the crosse,  
4 And set forth pleasantlye.

## 175A.32

1 And after them did rise good *Sir* George  
2 Bowes,  
3 After them a spoyle to make;  
4 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 innermost walles the cold not winn;  
4 The were made of a rocke of stone.

## 175A.35

1 But newes itt came to leeu London,  
2 In all the speede *that euer* might bee;  
3 And word it came to our royall queene  
4 Of all the rebells in the north countrie.

## 175A.36

1 Shee turned her grace then once about,  
2 And like a royall queene shee sware;  
3 Sayes, I will ordaine them such a breake-fast  
4 As was not in the north this thousand yeere!

## 175A.37

1 Shee caused thirty thousand men to be made,  
2 With horse and harneis all quicklye;  
3 And shee caused thirty thousand men to be  
4 made,  
4 To take the rebells in the north countrie.

## 175A.38

1 They tooke with them the false Erle of  
2 Warwicke,  
3 Soe did they many another man;  
4 Vntill they came to Yorke castle,  
4 I-wis they *neuer* stinted nor blan.  
5 ' . . . . '

## 175A.39

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'Spread thy ancyeut, Erle of Westmoreland!  
4 The halfe-moone ffaine wold wee see!'

## 175A.40

1 But the halfe-moone is fled and gone,  
2 And the dunn bull vanished awaye;  
3 And Ffrancis Nortton and his eight sonnes  
4 Are fled away most cowardlye.

## 175A.41

1 Ladds with mony are counted men,  
2 Men without mony are counted none;  
3 But hold *your* tounge! why say you soe?  
4 Men wilbe men when mony is gone.

## 175A.1

1 NOW list and lithe, you gentlemen,  
2 And I'st tell you the veretye,  
3 How they haue dealt with a banished man,  
4 Driuen out of his countrie.

## 175A.2

1 When as hee came on Scottish ground,  
2 As woe and wonder be them amonge!  
3 Ffull much was there traitorye  
4 The wrought the Erle of Northumberland.

## 175A.3

1 When they were att the supper sett,  
2 Before many goodly gentlemen,  
3 The fell a fflouting and mocking both,  
4 And said to the Erle of Northumberland:

## 175A.4

1 'What makes you be soe sad, my lord,  
2 And in *your* mind soe sorrowffullye?  
3 In the north of Scotland to-morrow there's a  
4 shooting,  
4 And thither thou'st goe, my *Lord* Percye.

## 175A.5

1 'The buttes are sett, and the shooting is made,  
2 And there is like to be great royaltie,  
3 And I am sworne into my bill  
4 Thither to bring my *Lord* Pearcye.'

## 175A.6

1 'I'le giue thee my hand, Douglas,' he sayes,  
2 'And be the faith in my bodye,  
3 If *that* thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,  
4 I'le ryde in thy companye.'

## 175A.7

1 And then bespake the good ladye,  
2 Marry a Douglas was her name:  
3 'You shall byde here, good English *lord*;  
4 My brother is a traitorous man.

## 175A.8

1 'He is a traitor stout and stronge,  
2 As I'st tell you the veretye;  
3 For he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,  
4 And into England he will liuor thee.'

## 175A.9

1 'Now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye ladye,  
2 And let all this talking bee;  
3 Ffor all the gold *that*'s in Loug Leuen,  
4 William wold not liuor mee.

## 175A.10

1 'It wold breake truce betweene England and  
2 Scotland,  
3 And freinds againe they wold *neuer* bee,  
4 If he shold liuor a bani[s]ht erle,  
4 Was driuen out of his owne countrie.'

## 175A.11

1 'Hold *your* tounge, my *lord*,' shee sayes,  
2 'There is much ffalshood them amonge;  
3 When you are dead, then they are done,  
4 Soone they will part them freinds againe.

## 175A.12

1 'If you will giue me any trust, my lord,  
2 I'le tell you how you best may bee;  
3 You'st lett my brother ryde his wayes,  
4 And tell those English lords, trulye,

## 175A.13

1 'How *that* you cannot with them ryde,  
2 Because you are in an ile of the sea;  
3 Then, ere my brother come againe,  
4 To Edenborrow castle I'le carry thee.

## 175A.14

1 'I'le liuor you vnto the *Lord* Hume,  
2 And you know a trew Scothe *lord* is hee,  
3 For he hath lost both land and goods  
4 In ayding of *your* good bodye.'

## 175A.15

1 'Marry, I am woe, 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 lye.

## 175A.16

1 'When I was att home in my [realme],  
2 Amonge my tennants all trulye,  
3 In my time of losse, wherin my need stooode,  
4 They came to ayd me honestlye.

## 175A.17

1 'Therefore I left a many a child ffatherlese,  
2 And many a widdow to looke wanne;  
3 And therefore blame nothing, ladye,  
4 But the woefull warres *which* I began.'

## 175A.18

1 'If you will giue me noe trust, my *lord*,  
2 Nor noe credence you will giue mee,  
3 And you'le come hither to my right hand,  
4 Indeed, my *lorid*, I'le lett you see.'

## 175A.19

1 Saies, I *neuer* loued noe witchcraft,  
2 Nor *neuer* dealt with treacherye,  
3 But *euer*more held the hye way;  
4 Alas, *that* may be seene by mee!

## 175A.20

1 'If you will not come *your* selfe, my *lord*,  
2 You'le lett *your* chamberlaine goe with mee,  
3 Three words *that* I may to him speake,  
4 And soone he shall come againe to thee.'

## 175A.21

1 When Iames Swynard came *that* lady before,  
2 Shee let him see throw the weme of her ring  
3 How many there was of English lords  
4 To wayte there for his *master* and him.

## 175A.22

1 'But who beene yonder, my good ladye,  
2 *That* walkes soe royallye on yonder greene?'  
3 'Yonder is *Lord* Hunsden, Iamy,' shee saye<d],  
4 'Alas, hee'le doe you both tree and teene!'

## 175A.23

1 'And who beene yonder, thou gay ladye,  
2 *That* walkes soe royallye him beside?'  
3 'Yond is *Sir* William Drurye, Iamy,' shee sayd,  
4 'And a keene *captain* hee is, and tryde.'

## 175A.24

1 'How many miles is itt, thou good ladye,  
2 Betwixt yond English lord and mee?'  
3 'Marry, thrise fifty mile, Iamy,' shee sayd,  
4 'And euen to seale and by the sea.

## 175A.25

1 'I *neuer* was on English ground,  
2 Nor *neuer* see itt with mine eye,  
3 But as my witt and wisdomes serues,  
4 And as [the] booke it telleth mee.

## 175A.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 cytye.'

## 175A.27

1 'But who is yonde, thou good laydye,  
2 *That* comes yonder with an osterne fface?'  
3 'Yond's *Sir* Iohn Forster, Iamy,' shee sayd;  
4 'Methinkes thou sholdest better know him then  
5 I.'

5 'Euen soe I doe, my goodlye ladye,  
6 And *euer* alas, soe woe am I!'

## 175A.28

1 He pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,  
2 And, *Lord*, he wept soe tenderlye!  
3 He is gone to his *master* againe,  
4 And euen to tell him the veretye.

## 175A.29

1 'Now hast thou beene with Marry, Iamy,' he  
2 sayd,  
3 'Euen as thy tounge will tell to mee;  
4 But if thou trust in any womans words,  
4 Thou must refraine good companye.'

## 175A.30

1 'It is noe 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.

## 176A.31

1 'Yonder I see the *Lord* Hunsden,  
2 And hee and you is of the third degree;  
3 A greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,  
4 In England none haue yee.'

## 176A.32

1 'And I haue beene in Lough Leven  
2 The most *part* of these yeeres three:  
3 Yett had I neuer noe out-rake,  
4 Nor good games *that* I cold see.

## 176A.33

1 'And I am thus bidden to yonder shooting  
2 By William Douglas all trulye;  
3 Therefore speake *neuer* a word out of thy mouth  
4 That thou thinkes will hinder mee.'

## 176A.34

1 Then he writhe the gold ring of his fffingar  
2 And gaue itt to *that* ladye gay;  
3 Sayes, *That* was a legacye left vnto mee  
4 In Harley woods where I cold bee.

## 176A.35

1 'Then ffarewell hart, and farewell hand,  
2 And ffarwell all good companye!  
3 *That* woman shall neuer beare a sonne  
4 Shall know soe much of *your* priuitye.'

## 176A.36

1 'Now hold thy tounge, ladye,' hee sayde,  
2 'And make not all this dole for mee,  
3 For I may well drinke, but I' st *neuer* eate,  
4 Till againe in Lough Leuen I bee.'

## 176A.37

1 He tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen,  
2 For to sayle now *ouer* the sea,  
3 And he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,  
4 Saies, Fare thou well, my good ladye!  
5 The ladye looked ouer her left sholder;  
6 In a dead swoone there fell shee.

## 176A.38

1 'Goe backe againe, Douglas!' he sayd,  
2 'And I will goe in thy companye,  
3 For sudden sickness yonder lady has tane,  
4 And euer, alas, shee will but dye!'

## 176A.39

1 'If ought come to yonder ladye but good,  
2 Then blamed sore *that* I shall bee,  
3 Because a banished man I am,  
4 And driuen out of my owne countrye.'

## 176A.40

1 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,  
2 'And lett all such talking bee;  
3 There's ladyes enow in Lough Leuen  
4 And for to cheere yonder gay ladye.'

## 176A.41

1 'And you will not goe *your* selfe, my lord,  
2 You will lett my chamberlaine go with mee;  
3 Wee shall now take our boate againe,  
4 And soone wee shall ouertake thee.'

## 176A.42

1 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,  
2 'And lett now all this talking bee;  
3 Ffor my sister is craftye enoughe  
4 For to beguile thousands such as you and mee.'

## 176A.43

1 When they had sayled fifty myle,  
2 Now fifty mile vpon the sea,  
3 Hee had fforgotten a message *that* hee  
4 Shold doe in Lough Leuen trulye:  
5 Hee asked, how ffar it was to *that* shooting  
6 *That* William Douglas promised mee.

## 176A.44

1 'Now faire words makes fooles faine,  
2 And *that* may be seene by thy *master* and thee;  
3 Ffor you may happen think itt soone enoughe  
4 When-euer you *that* shooting see.'

## 176A.45

1 Iamy pulled his hatt now *ouer* his browe,  
2 I wott the teares fell in his eye;  
3 And he is to his *master* againe,  
4 And ffor to tell him the veretye.

## 176A.46

1 'He sayes fayre words makes fooles faine,  
2 And *that* may be seene by you and mee,  
3 Ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe  
4 When-euer wee *that* shooting see.

## 176A.47

1 'Hold vpp thy head, Iamy,' the erle sayd,  
2 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;  
3 He did itt but to proue thee *with*,  
4 And see how thow wold take with death trulye.'

## 176A.48

1 When they had sayled other fifty mile,  
2 Other fifty mile vpon the sea,  
3 *Lord* Percy called to him, himselve,  
4 And sayd, Douglas, what wilt thou doe with  
mee?'

## 176A.49

1 'Looke *that* your brydle be wight, my lord,  
2 *That* you may goe as a shipp att sea;  
3 Looke *that* your spurres be bright and sharpe,  
4 *That* you may pricke her while shee'le awaye.'

## 176A.50

1 'What needeth this, Douglas,' he sayth,  
2 'For *that* thou needest to floute mee?  
3 For I was counted a horsseman good  
4 Before *that* euer I mett with thee.

## 176A.51

1 'A ffalse Hector hath my horsse,  
2 And euer an euill death may hee dye!  
3 And Willye Armestronge hath my spurres  
4 And all the geere belongs to mee.'

## 176A.52

1 When the had sayled other fifty mile,  
2 Other fifty mile vpon the sea,  
3 The landed low by Barwicke-side;  
4 A deputed lord landed *Lord* Percy.

## 177A.1

1 'HOW long shall fortune faile me now,  
2 And keepe me heare in deadlye dreade?  
3 How long shall I in bale abide,  
4 In misery my life to leade?'

## 177A.2

1 'To ffall from my rose, it was my chance;  
2 Such was the Queene of England free;  
3 I tooke a lake, and turned my backe,  
4 On Bramaball More shee caused my flye.

## 177A.3

1 'One gentle Armstrong *that* I doe ken,  
2 Alas, with thee I dare not mocke!  
3 Thou dwellest soe far on the west border,  
4 Thy name is called the *Lord* Iocke.'

## 177A.4

1 Now hath Armstrong taken noble Nevill,  
2 And as one Martinfield did *Profecye*;  
3 He hath taken the *Lord* Dakers,  
4 A lords sonne of great degree.

## 177A.5

1 He hath taken old *Master* Nortton,  
2 And sonnes four in his companye;  
3 Hee hath taken another gentleman,  
4 Called Iohn of Carnabie.

## 177A.6

1 Then bespake him Charles Nevill;  
2 To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
3 Sayes, I must into Scotland fare;  
4 Soe nie the borders is noe biding for me.

## 177A.7

1 When he came to Humes Castle,  
2 And all his noble companye;  
3 The *Lord* Hume halched them right soone,  
4 Saying, Banished men, welcome to mee!

## 177A.8

1 They had not beene in Humes Castle  
2 Not a month and dayes three,  
3 But the regent of Scotland and he got witt  
4 *That* banished men there shold be.

## 177A.9

1 'I'le write a letter,' sayd the regent then,  
2 'And send to Humes Castle hastilye,  
3 To see whether *Lord* Hume wilbe soe good  
4 To bring the banished men vnto mee.

## 177A.10

1 'That lord and I haue beene att deadlye fuyde,  
2 And hee and I cold *neuer* agree;  
3 Writting a letter, *that* will not serue;  
4 The banished men must not speake with me.

## 177A.11

1 'But I will send for the garrison of Barwicke,  
2 *That* they will come all with speede,  
3 And with them will come a noble captaine,  
4 *Which* is called *Captaine* Reade.'

## 177A.12

1 Then the *Lord* Hume he got witt  
2 They wold seeke vnto Nevill, where he did lye;  
3 He tooke them out of the castle of Hume,  
4 And brought them into the castle of Camelye.

## 177A.13

1 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
2 To all his men, I wott, spoke hee,  
3 Sayes, I must goe take a noble shippe,  
4 And wee'le be marriners vpon the sea.

## 177A.14

1 I'le seeke out fortune where it doth lye;  
2 In Scotland there is noe byding for mee;  
3 Then the tooke leaue with fayre Scotland,  
4 For they are sealing vpon the sea.

## 177A.15

1 They had not sayled vpon the sea  
2 Not one day and monthes three,  
3 But they were ware of a Noble shippe,  
4 *That* fiue topps bare all soe hye.

## 177A.16

1 Then Nevill called to Martinfeeld,  
2 Sayd, Martinfeeld, come hither to mee;  
3 Some good counsell, Martinfeeld,  
4 I pray thee giue it vnto mee.

## 177A.17

1 Thou told me when I was in England fayre,  
2 Before *that* I did take the sea,  
3 Thou *neuer* sawst noe banner borne  
4 But thou wold ken it with thine eye.

## 177A.18

1 Thou *neuer* saw noe man in the face,  
2 Iff thou had seene before with thine eye,  
3 [But] thou coldest haue kend the freind by thy  
foe,  
4 And then haue told it vnto mee.

## 177A.19

1 Thou *neuer* heard noe speeche spoken,  
2 Neither in Greeke nor Hebrewe,  
3 [But] thou coldest haue answered them in any  
language,  
4 And then haue told it vnto mee.

## 177A.20

1 '*Master, master*, see you yonder faire ancyeut?  
2 Yonder is the serpent and the serpents head,  
3 The mould-warpe in the midst of itt,  
4 And itt all shines with gold soe redde.

## 177A.21

1 'Yonder is Duke Iohn of Austria,  
2 A noble warryour on the sea,  
3 Whose dwelling is in Ciuill land,  
4 And many men, God wot, hath hee.'

## 177A.22

1 Then bespake him Martinfeeld,  
2 To all his fellowes, I wot, said hee,  
3 Turne our noble shipp about,  
4 And *that*'s a token *that* wee will flee.

## 177A.23

1 'Thy counsell is not good, Martinfeeld;  
2 Itt falleth not out fitting for mee;  
3 I rue the last time I turnd my backe;  
4 I did displease my prince and the countrye.'

## 177A.24

1 Then bespake him noble Nevill,  
2 To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
3 Sett me vp my faire Dun Bull,  
4 With gilden hornes hee beares all soe hye.

## 177A.25

1 And I will passe yonder noble Duke,  
2 By the leaue of mild Marye;  
3 For Yonder is the Duke of Austria,  
4 *That* traueills now vpon the sea.

## 177A.26

1 And then bespake this noble Duke,  
2 Vnto his men then sayd hee,  
3 Yonder is sure some nobleman,  
4 Or else some youth *that* will not flee.

## 177A.27

1 I will put out a pinace fayre,  
2 A harold of armes vpon the sea,  
3 And goe thy way to yonder noble shippe,  
4 And bring the *masters* name to mee.

## 177A.28

1 When the herald of armes came before noble  
Nevill,  
2 He fell downe low vpon his knee:  
3 'You must tell me true what is your name,  
4 And in what countrie *your* dwelling may bee.'

## 177A.29

1 'That will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
2 'By Mary mild, *that* mayden freee,  
3 Except I first know the *masters* name,  
4 And in what country his dwelling may bee.'

## 177A.30

1 Then bespake the herald of armes,  
2 O *that* he spoke soe courteouslye!  
3 Duke Iohn of Austria is *my masters* name,  
4 He will *neuer* lene it vpon the sea.

## 177A.31

1 He hath beene in the citey of Rome,  
2 His dwelling is in Ciuillee:  
3 'Then wee are poore Brittons,' the Nevill can  
say,  
4 'Where wee trauell vpon the sea.

## 177A.32

1 'And Charles Nevill itt is my name,  
2 I will *neuer* lene it vpon the sea;  
3 When I was att home in England faire,  
4 I was the Erle of Westmoreland,' sayd hee.

## 177A.33

1 Then backe is gone this herald of armes  
2 Whereas this noble duke did lye;  
3 'Loe, yonder are poore Brittons,' can he say,  
4 'Where the trauell vpon the sea.

## 177A.34

1 'And Charles Nevill is thier *masters* name,  
2 He will *neuer* lene it vpon the sea;  
3 When he was at home in England fayre,  
4 He was the Erle of Westmoreland, said hee.'

## 177A.35

1 Then bespake this noble duke,  
2 And euer he spake soe hastilye,  
3 And said, Goe backe to yonder noble-man,  
4 And bid him come and speake *with* me.

## 177A.36

1 For I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
2 There shold a Brittainne come *ouer* the sea,  
3 Charles Nevill with a child's voice:  
4 I pray God *that* it may be hee.

## 177A.37

1 When these two nobles they didden meete,  
2 They halched eche other right courteouslye;  
3 Yett Nevill halched Iohn the sooner  
4 Because a banished man, alas! was hee.

## 177A.38

1 'Call in *your* men,' sayd this noble duke,  
2 'Faine *your* men *that* I wold seee;  
3 'Euer alas!' said noble Nevill,  
4 'They are but a litle small companye.'

## 177A.39

1 First he called in Martinfeld,  
2 *That* Martinfeild *that* cold prophecye;  
3 He call<ed> in then *Lord* Dakers,  
4 A lords sonne of high degree.

## 177A.40

1 Then called he in old *Master* Nortton,  
2 And sonnes four in his companye;  
3 He called in one other gentleman,  
4 Called Iohn of Carnabye.

## 177A.41

1 'Loe! these be all my men,' said noble Nevill,  
2 'And all *that*'s in my companye;  
3 When we were att home in England fayre,  
4 Our prince and wee cold not agree.'

## 177A.42

1 Then bespake this noble duke:  
2 To try *your* manhood on the sea,  
3 Old *Master* Nortton shall goe *ouer* into France,  
4 And his sonnes four in his companye.

## 177A.43

5 And my *lord* Dakers shall goe over into  
Ffrance,  
6 There a captaine ffor to bee;  
7 And those two other gentlemen wold goe *with*  
him,  
8 And for to fare in his companye.

## 177A.44

1 And you *your*-selfe shall goe into Ciuill land,  
2 And Martinfeild *that* can prophecye;  
3 'That will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
4 'By Mary mild, *that* mayden freee.

## 177A.45

1 'For the haue known me in wele and woe,  
2 In neede, scar<s>nesse and pouertye;  
3 Before I'le *part* with the worst of them,  
4 I'le rather *part* with my liffe,' sayd hee.

## 177A.46

1 And then bespake this noble duke,  
2 And euer he spake soe courteouslye;  
3 Sayes, You shall *part* with none of them,  
4 There is soe much manhood in *your* bodye.

## 177A.47

1 Then these two noblemen labored together,  
2 Pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
3 Their landing was in Ciuill land,  
4 In Ciullee that faire citey.

## 177A.48

1 Three nights att this dukes Nevill did lye,  
2 And serued like a nobleman was hee;  
3 Then the duke made a supplication,  
4 And sent it to the queene of Ciullee.

## 177A.49

1 Saying, Such a man is *your* citey within,  
2 I mett him pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
3 He seemes to be a noble man,  
4 And captaine to *your* Grace he faine wold bee.

## 177A.50

1 Then the queene sent for [these] noble men  
2 For to come into her companye;  
3 When Nevill came before the queene,  
4 Hee kneeled downe vpon his knee.

## 177A.51

1 Shee tooke him vp by the lilly-white hand,  
2 Said, Welcome, my lord, hither to me;  
3 You must first tell me *your* name,  
4 And in what countrie thy dwelling may bee.

## 177A.52

1 He said, Charles Nevill is my name;  
2 I will *neuer* lene it in noe countrie;  
3 When I was att home in England fayre,  
4 I was the Erle of Westmoreland trulye.

## 177A.53

1 The queene made him captaine *ouer* forty  
thousand,  
2 Watch and ward *within* Ciuill land to keepe,  
3 And for to warr against the heathen soldan,  
4 And for to helpe her in her neede.

## 177A.54

1 When the heathen soldan he gott witt,  
2 In Barbarye where he did lye,  
3 Sainge, Such a man is in yonder citey within,  
4 And a bold venturer by sea is hee,

## 177A.55

1 Then the heathen soldan made a letter,  
2 And sent it to the queene instantlye,  
3 And all that heard this letter reade  
4 Where it was rehersed in Ciullee.

## 177A.56

1 Saying, Haue you any man *your* land *within*  
2 Man to man dare fight *with* mee?  
3 And both our lands shalbe ioyned in one,  
4 And cristened lands they both shalbe.

## 177A.57

1 Shee said, I haue noe man my land *within*  
2 Man to man dare fight *with* thee;  
3 But euery day thou shalt haue a battell,  
4 If it be for these weekes three.

## 177A.58

1 All beheard him Charles Nevill,  
2 In his bedd where he did lye,  
3 And when he came the queene before,  
4 He fell downe low vpon his knee.

## 177A.59

1 'Grant me a boone, my noble dame,  
2 For Christ's loue *that* dyed on tree;  
3 Ffor I will goe fight *with* yond heathen soldan,  
4 If you will bestowe the manhood on mee.'

## 177A.60

1 Then bespake this curteous queene,  
2 And euer shee spoke soe courteouslye:  
3 Though you be a banished man out of *your*  
realme,  
4 It is great pitye *that* thou shold dye.

## 177A.61

1 Then bespake this noble duke,  
2 As hee stood hard by the queenes knee:  
3 As I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
4 There shall a Brittone come *ouer* the sea,

## 177A.62

1 And Charles Nevill shold be his name;  
2 But a child's voyce, I wott, hath hee,  
3 And if he be in Christendome;  
4 For hart and hand this man hath hee.

## 177A.63

1 Then the queenes counsell cast their heads  
together,  
2 . . . .  
3 *That* Nevill shold fight *with* the heathen soldan  
4 *That* dwelt in the citey of Barbarye.

## 177A.64

1 The battell and place appointed was  
2 In a fayre greene, hard by the sea,  
3 And they shood meete att the Headless Crosse,  
4 And there to fight right manfullye.

## 177A.65

1 Then Nevill cald for the queenes ancient,  
2 And faine *that* ancient he wold see;  
3 The brought him forth the broken sword,  
4 With bloodye hands therein trulye.

## 177A.66

1 The brought him forth the headless crosse,  
2 In *that* ancyeit it was seene;  
3 'O this is a token,' sayd Martinfeild,  
4 '*That* sore ouerthrown this prince hath beene.

## 177A.67

1 'O sett me vp my fayre Dun Bull,  
2 And trumpetts blow me farr and nee,  
3 Vntill I come within a mile of the Headlesse  
Crosse,  
4 *That* the Headlesse Crosse I may see.'

## 177A.68

1 Then lighted downe noble Nevill,  
2 And sayd, Martinfeild, come hither to me;  
3 Heere I make thee choice *captain* over my host  
4 Vntill againe I may thee see.

## 177A.69

1 Then Nevill rode to the Headlesse Crosse,  
2 *Which* stands soe fayre vpon the sea;  
3 There was he ware of the heathen soldan,  
4 Both fowle and vglye for to see.

## 177A.70

1 Then the soldan began for to call;  
2 Twise he called lowd and hie,  
3 And sayd, What is this? Some kitchin boy  
4 *That* comes hither to fight *with* mee?

## 177A.71

1 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
2 But a child's voice, I wott, had hee:  
3 'Thou spekest soe litle of Gods might,  
4 Much more lesse I doe care for thee.'

## 177A.72

1 Att the first meeting *that* these two mett,  
2 The heathen soldan and the christen man,  
3 The broke their speares quite in sunder,  
4 And after *that* on foote did stand.

## 177A.73

1 The next meeting *that* these two mett,  
2 The swapt together *with* swords soe fine;  
3 The fought together till they both swett,  
4 Of blowes *that* were both derf and dire.

## 177A.74

1 They fought an houre in battell strong;  
2 The soldan marke[d] Nevill with his eye;  
3 'There shall *neuer* man me overcome  
4 Except it be Charles Nevill,' sayd hee.

## 177A.75

1 Then Nevill he waxed bold,  
2 And cunning in fight, I wott, was hee;  
3 Euen att the gorgett of the soldans iacke  
4 He stroke his head of *presentlye*.

## 177A.76

1 Then kneeled downe noble Nevill,  
2 And thanked God for his great grace,  
3 *That* he shold come soe farr into a strang<e>  
land,  
4 To overcome the soldan in place.

## 177A.77

1 Hee tooke the head vpon his sword-poynt,  
2 And carryed it amongst his host soe fayre;  
3 When the saw the soldans head,  
4 They thanked God on their knees there.

## 177A.78

1 Seuen miles from the citey the queene him  
mett,  
2 With *procession* that was soe fayre;  
3 Shee tooke the crowne beside her heade,  
4 And wold haue crowned him *king* there.

## 177A.79

1 'Now nay! Now nay! my noble dame,  
2 For soe, I wott, itt cannott bee;  
3 I haue a ladye in England fayre,  
4 And wedded againe I wold not bee.'

## 177A.80

1 The queene shee called for her penman,  
2 I wot shee called him lowd and hye,  
3 Saying, Write him downe a hundred pound a  
day,  
4 To keepe his men more merrylye.

## 177A.81

1 'I thanke *your* Grace,' sayd noble Nevill,  
2 'For this worthy gift you haue giuen to me;  
3 If euer *your* Grace doe stand in neede,  
4 Champion to *your* Highnesse again I'le bee.'

## 178A.1

1 IT befell at Martynmas,  
2 When wether waxed colde,  
3 Captaine Care said to his men,  
4 We must go take a holde.

1 Syck, sike, and to-towe sike,  
2 And sike and like to die;  
3 The sikkest nighte that euer I abode,  
4 God lord haue *mercy* on me!

## 178A.2

1 'Haille, *master*, and wether you will,  
2 And wether ye like it best;  
3 'To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,  
4 And there we will take *our* reste.'

## 178A.3

1 'I knowe wher is a gay castle,  
2 Is builded of lyme and stone;  
3 Within their is a gay ladie,  
4 Her lord is riden 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 se 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 *traitur* Captaine Care  
4 The lord of Ester-towne.

## 178A.7

1 They wer no *soner* at supper sett,  
2 Then after said the grace,  
3 Or Captaine Care and all his men  
4 Wer lighte aboute the place.

## 178A.8

1 'Gyue *ouer* thi howsse, thou lady gay,  
2 And I will make the a bande;  
3 To-nighte thou shall ly *within* my armes,  
4 To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'

## 178A.9

1 Then bespake the eldest sonne,  
2 That was both whitt and redde:  
3 O mother dere, geue *ouer* *your* howsse,  
4 Or *elles* we shalbe deade.

## 178A.10

1 'I will not geue *ouer* my hous,' she saithe,  
2 'Not for feare of my lyffe;  
3 It shalbe talked throughout the land,  
4 The slaughter of a wyffe.'

## 178A.11

1 'Fetch me my pestillett,  
2 And charge me my gonne,  
3 That I may shott at yonder bloody butcher,  
4 The lord of Easter-towne.'

## 178A.12

1 Styfly vpon her wall she stode,  
2 And lett the pelletes flee;  
3 But then she myst the bloody bucher,  
4 And she slew other three.

## 178A.13

1 '[I will] not geue *ouer* my hous,' she saithe,  
2 'Netheir for lord nor lowne;  
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 bloodye band,  
3 That he would saue my eldest sonne,  
4 The eare 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 His hart out of his brest.

## 178A.17

1 He lapt them in a handkerchef,  
2 And knet it of knot'es 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 bloody band!  
3 For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,  
4 The ayre of all my land.'

## 178A.19

1 Then bespake the yongest sonne,  
2 That say on the nurses knee,  
3 Sayth, Mother gay, geue *ouer* your house;  
4 It smoldereth me.

## 178A.20

1 'I wold geue my gold,' she saith,  
2 'And so I wolde my ffee,  
3 For a blaste of the westryn wind,  
4 To dryue the smoke from thee.'

## 178A.21

1 'Fy vpon the, John Hamleton,  
2 That euer I paid the hyre!  
3 For thou hast broken my castle-wall,  
4 And kyndled in the ffyre.'

## 178A.22

1 The lady gate to her close *parler*,  
2 The fire fell aboute her head;  
3 She toke vp her childern thre,  
4 Seth, Babes, we are all dead.

## 178A.23

1 Then bespake the hye steward,  
2 That is of hye degree;  
3 Saith, Ladie gay, you are in close,  
4 Wether ye fighte or flee.

## 178A.24

1 Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream,  
2 In Caruall where he laye,  
3 His halle were all of fyre,  
4 His ladie slayne or daye.

## 178A.25

1 'Busk and bowne, my merry men all,  
2 Even and go ye with me;  
3 For I dremd that my haal was on fyre,  
4 My lady slayne or day.'

## 178A.26

1 He buskt him and bownd hym,  
2 And like a worthi knighte;  
3 And when he saw his hall burning,  
4 His harte was no dele lighte.

## 178A.27

1 He sett a *trumpett* till his mouth,  
2 He blew as it plesd his grace;  
3 Twenty score of *Hamletons*  
4 Was light aboute the place.

## 178A.28

1 'Had I knowne as much yesternighte  
2 As I do to-daye,  
3 Captaine Care and all his *men*  
4 Should not haue gone so quite.'

## 178A.29

1 'Fye vpon the, Captaine Care,  
2 And all thy bloody bande!  
3 Thou haste slayne my lady gay,  
4 More *wurth* then all thy lande.'

## 178A.30

1 'If thou had ought eny ill will,' he saith,  
2 'Thou shoulde haue taken my lyffe,  
3 And haue saved my children thre,  
4 All and my lousesome 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 doe see?  
3 Methinks I see a hoast of men;  
4 I muse who they shold be.'

## 178B.5

1 She thought it had bene her louly *lord*,  
2 He had come ryding home;  
3 It was the traitor, Captaine Carre,  
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 Carre,  
4 Was light about the place.

## 178B.7

1 'Giue over thy house, thou lady gay,  
2 I will make thee a band;  
3 All night *with-in* mine armes thou'st lye,  
4 To-morrow be the heyre of my land.'

## 178B.8

1 'I'le not giue over my house,' shee said,  
2 'Neither for ladds nor man,  
3 Nor yet for traitor Captaine Carre,  
4 Vntill my lord come home.'

## 178B.9

1 'But reach me my pistoll pe<c>e,  
2 And charge you well my gunne;  
3 I'le shoote at the bloody bucher,  
4 The lord of Westerton.'

## 178B.10

1 She stood vppon her castle-wall  
2 And let the bullets flee,  
3 And where shee mist .  
4 . . .

## 178B.11

1 But then bespake the litle 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 westerne 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 two,  
4 Sayes, Babes, we all beene dead!

## 178B.14

1 But Adam then he fired the house,  
2 A sorrowfull sight to see;  
3 Now hath he burned this lady faire  
4 And eke her children three.

## 178B.15

1 Then Captaine Carre he rode away,  
2 He staid noe longer at that tide;  
3 He thought that place it was to warme  
4 Soe neere for to abide.

**178B.16**

1 He calld vnto his merry men all,  
2 Bidd them make hast away;  
3 'For we haue slaine his children three,  
4 All and his lady gay.'

**178B.17**

1 Worde came to louly London,  
2 To London wheras her lord lay,  
3 His castle and his hall was burned,  
4 All and his lady gay.

**178B.18**

1 Soe hath he done his children three,  
2 More dearer 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 long ere 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 Yon hie castel we see;  
3 A woman's wit's sun oercum,  
4 She'll gie up her house to me.'

**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 It should gang a' to fire.

**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 skomfishes me.'

**178C.5**

1 'I'd rather see you birnt,' said she,  
2 'And doun to ashes fa,  
3 Ere I gie up my house to Adam of Gordon,  
4 And to his merry men a'.

**178C.6**

1 'I've four and twenty kye  
2 Gaing upo the muir;  
3 I'd gie em for a blast of wind,  
4 The reek it blaws sae sour.'

**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 The reek it skomfishes me.'

**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 To blaw the reek frae thee.

**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 be Adam of Gordon's hure.'

**178D.1**

1 IT fell about the Martinmas,  
2 When the wind blew shrille and cauld,  
3 Said Edom o Gordon to his men,  
4 We maun draw to a hald.

**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 busket her sell,  
2 Nor putten on her gown,  
3 Till Edom o Gordon and his men  
4 Were round about the town.

**178D.4**

1 They had nae sooner sitten down,  
2 Nor sooner 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 ly by my ain side,  
4 The morn my bride sall be.'

**178D.8**

1 'I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,  
2 I winnae cum down to thee;  
3 I winnae forsake my ane dear lord,  
4 That is sae far frae me.'

**178D.9**

1 'Gi up your house, ye fair lady,  
2 Gi up your house to me,  
3 Or I will burn yoursel therein,  
4 Bot and your babies three.'

**178D.10**

1 'I winnae gie up, you fals Gordon,  
2 To nae sik traitor as thee,  
3 Tho you should burn mysel therein,  
4 Bot and my babies three.'

**178D.11**

1 'Set fire to the house,' quoth fals Gordon,  
2 'Sin better may nae bee;  
3 And I will burn hersel therein,  
4 Bot and her babies three.'

**178D.12**

1 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
2 I paid ye weil your fee;  
3 Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
4 Lets in the reek to me?

**178D.13**

1 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
2 For I paid you weil your hire;  
3 Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
4 To me lets in the fire?'

**178D.14**

1 'Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,  
2 Ye paid me weil my fee,  
3 But now I'm Edom of Gordon's man,  
4 Maun either do or die.'

**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 'For the reek it worries me.'

**178D.16**

1 'I winnae gie up my house, my dear,  
2 To nae sik traitor as he;  
3 Cum weil, cum wae, my jewels fair,  
4 Ye maun tak share wi me.'

**178D.17**

1 O then bespake her dochter dear,  
2 She was baith jimp and sma;  
3 'O row me in a pair o shiets,  
4 And tow me owre the wa.'

**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 dreips!

**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 I wist alive again.

**178D.21**

1 He turned hir owr and owr again;  
2 O gin hir skin was whyte!  
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 luik 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 He saw his castle in a fire,  
4 As far as he could see.

**178D.25**

1 'Put on, put on, my mighty men,  
2 As fast as ye can drie!  
3 For he that's hindmost of my men  
4 Sall neir get guid o me.'

**178D.26**

1 And some they raid, and some they ran,  
2 Fu fast out-owr the plain,  
3 But lang, lang eer he could get up  
4 They were a' deid and slain.

**178D.27**

1 But mony were the mudie men  
2 Lay gasping on the grien;  
3 For o fifty men that Edom brought out  
4 There were but five ged heme.

**178D.28**

1 And mony were the mudie men  
2 Lay gasping on the grien,  
3 And mony were the fair ladys  
4 Lay lemanless at heme.

**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 shrill 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 Then up and spak her youngest son,  
2 Sat at the nourice's knee:  
3 'O mother dear, gie owre yer house,  
4 For the reek o't smothers me.'

**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.'

**178F.1**

1 IT fell about the Martinmas time,  
2 When the wind blew snell and cauld,  
3 That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
4 Where will we get a hold?

**178F.2**

1 See [ye] not where yonder fair castle  
2 Stands on yon lily lee?  
3 The laird and I hae a deadly feud,  
4 The lady fain would I see.

**178F.3**

1 As she was up on the househead,  
2 Behold, on looking down,  
3 She saw Adam o Gordon and his men,  
4 Coming riding to the town.

**178F.4**

1 The dinner was not well set down,  
2 Nor the grace was scarcely said,  
3 Till Adam o Gordon and his men  
4 About the walls were laid.

**178F.5**

1 'It's fause now fa thee, Jock my man!  
2 Thou might a let me be;  
3 Yon man has lifted the pavement-stone,  
4 An let in the low unto me.'

**178F.6**

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 An maun either do it or die.'

**178F.7**

1 'Come down, come down, my lady Loudoun,  
2 Come down thou unto me!  
3 I'll wrap thee on a feather-bed,  
4 Thy warrand I shall be.'

**178F.8**

1 'I'll no come down, I'll no come down,  
2 For neither laird no[r] loun;  
3 Nor yet for any bloody butcher  
4 That lives in Altringham town.

**178F.9**

1 'I would give the black,' she says,  
2 'And so would I the brown,  
3 If that Thomas, my only son,  
4 Could charge to me a gun.'

**178F.10**

1 Out then spake the lady Margaret,  
2 As she stood on the stair;  
3 The fire was at her goud garters,  
4 The lowe was at her hair.

**178F.11**

1 'I would give the black,' she says,  
2 'And so would I the brown,  
3 For a drink of yon water,  
4 That runs by Galston Town.'

**178F.12**

1 Out then spake fair Annie,  
2 She was baith jimp and sma  
3 'O row me in a pair o sheets,  
4 And tow me down the wa!'

**178F.13**

1 'O hold the tongue, thou fair Annie,  
2 And let thy talkin be;  
3 For thou must stay in this fair castle,  
4 And bear thy death with me.'

**178F.14**

1 'O mother,' spoke the lord Thomas,  
2 As he sat on the nurse's knee,  
3 'O mother, give up this fair castle,  
4 Or the reek will worrie me.'

**178F.15**

1 'I would rather be burnt to ashes sma,  
2 And be cast on yon sea-foam,  
3 Before I'd give up this fair castle,  
4 And my lord so far from home.

**178F.16**

1 'My good lord has an army strong,  
2 He's now gone oer the sea;  
3 He bad me keep this gay castle,  
4 As long as it would keep me.

**178F.17**

1 'I've four-and-twenty brave milk kye,  
2 Gangs on yon lily lee;  
3 I'd give them a' for a blast of wind,  
4 To blaw the reek from me.'

**178F.18**

1 O pittie on yon fair castle,  
2 That's built with stone and lime!  
3 But far mair pittie on Lady Loudoun,  
4 And all her children nine!

**178G.1**

1 IT was in and about the Martinmas time,  
2 When the wind blew schill and cauld,  
3 That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
4 Where will we get a hauld?

**178G.2**

1 'Do ye not see yon bonnie castell,  
2 That stands on Loudon lee?  
3 The lord and I hae a deadlie feed,  
4 And his lady fain wuld I see.'

**178G.3**

1 Lady Campbell was standing in the close,  
2 A preenin o her gown,  
3 Whan Adam o Gordon and his men  
4 Cam riding thro Galston town.

**178G.4**

1 The dinner was na weel set down,  
2 Nor yet the grace weel said,  
3 Till Adam o Gordon and a' his men  
4 Around the wa's war laid.

**178G.5**

1 'Come down, come down, Ladie Campbell,' he  
2 said,  
3 'Come down and speak to me;  
4 I'll kep thee in a feather bed,  
5 And thy warraner I will be.'

**178G.6**

1 'I winna come down and speak to thee,  
2 Nor to ony lord nor loun;  
3 Nor yet to thee, thou bloody butcher,  
4 The laird o Auchruglen town.'

**178G.7**

1 'Come down, come down, Ladye Campbell,' he  
2 said,  
3 'Cum down and speak to me;  
4 I'll kep thee on the point o my sword,  
5 And thy warraner I will be.'

**178G.8**

1 'I winna come down and speak to thee,  
2 Nor to ony lord or loun,  
3 Nor yet to thee, thou bludie butcher,  
4 The laird o Auchruglen town.'

**178G.9**

1 'Syne gin ye winna come down,' he said,  
2 'A' for to speak to me,  
3 I'll tye the bands around my waist,  
4 And fire thy death sall be.'

**178G.10**

1 'I'd leifer be burnt in ashes sma,  
2 And cuist in yon sea-faem,  
3 Or I'd gie up this bonnie castell,  
4 And my gude lord frae hame.

**178G.11**

1 'For my gude lord's in the army strong,  
2 He's new gane ower the sea;  
3 He bade me keep this bonnie castell,  
4 As lang's it wuld keep me.'

**178G.12**

1 'Set fire to the house,' said bauld Gordon,  
2 'Set fire to the house, my men;  
3 We'll gar Lady Campbell come for to rew  
4 As she burns in the flame.'

**178G.13**

1 'O wae be to thee, Carmichael,' she said,  
2 'And an ilk death may ye die!  
3 For ye hae lifted the pavement-stane,  
4 And loot up the lowe to me.'

**178G.14**

1 'Seven years ye war about my house,  
2 And received both meat and fee:'  
3 'And now I'm Adam o Gordon's man,  
4 I maun either do or dee.'

**178G.15**

1 'Oh I wad gie the black,' she said,  
2 'And I wuld gie the brown,  
3 All for ae cup o the cauld water  
4 That rins to Galstoun town.'

**178G.16**

1 Syne out and spak the auld dochter,  
2 She was baith jimp and sma:  
3 'O row me in a pair o sheets,  
4 And fling me ower the wa!'

**178G.17**

1 They row't her in a pair o sheets,  
2 And flang her ower the wa,  
3 And on the point o Gordon's sword  
4 She gat a deadlie fa.

**178G.18**

1 He turned her ower, and ower again,  
2 And oh but she looked wan!  
3 'I think I've killed as bonnie a face  
4 As ere the sun shined on.'

**178G.19**

1 He turned her ower, and ower again,  
2 And oh but she lookt white!  
3 'I might hae spared this bonnie face,  
4 To hae been some man's delight!'

**178G.20**

1 Syne out and spak Lady Margaret,  
2 As she stood on the stair:  
3 'The fire is at my gowd garters,  
4 And the lowe is at my hair.'

**178G.21**

1 Syne out and spak fair Ladie Ann,  
2 Frae childbed whare she lay:  
3 'Gie up this bonnie castell, mother,  
4 And let us win away.'

**178G.22**

1 'Lye still, lye still, my fair Annie,  
2 And let your talking be;  
3 For ye maun stay in this bonnie castell  
4 And dreer your death wi me.'

**178G.23**

1 'Whatever death I am to dreer,  
2 I winna die my lane:  
3 I'll tak a bairn in ilka arm  
4 And the third is in my wame.'

**178G.24**

1 Syne out and spak her youngest son,  
2 A bonnie wee boy was he:  
3 'Gae doun, gae doun, mother,' he said,  
4 'Or the lowe will worry me.'

**178G.25**

1 'I'd leifer be brent in ashes sma  
2 And cuist in yon sea-faem,  
3 Or I'd gie up this bonnie castell,  
4 And my guid lord frae hame.

**178G.26**

1 'For my gude lord's in the army strong,  
2 He's new gane ower the sea;  
3 But gin he eer returns again,  
4 Revenged my death sall be.'

**178G.27**

1 Syne out and spak her waitin-maid:  
2 Receive this babe frae me,  
3 And save the saikless babie's life,  
4 And I'll neer seek mair fee.

**178G.28**

1 'How can I tak the bairn?' she said,  
2 'How can I tak' t?' said she,  
3 'For my hair was ance five quarters lang,  
4 And 'tis now brent to my bree.'

**178G.29**

1 She rowit it in a feather-bed,  
2 And flang it ower the wa,  
3 But on the point o Gordon's sword  
4 It gat a deidlie fa.

**178G.30**

1 'I wuld gie Loudon's bonnie castell,  
2 And Loudon's bonnie lee,  
3 All gin my youngest son Johnnie  
4 Could charge a gun to me.

**178G.31**

1 'Oh, I wuld gie the black,' she said,  
2 'And sae wuld I the bay,  
3 Gin young Sir George could take a steed  
4 And quickly ride away.'

## 178G.32

1 Syne out and spak her auldest son,  
2 As he was gaun to die:  
3 'Send down your chamber-maid, mother,  
4 She gaes wi bairn to me.'

## 178G.33

1 'Gin ye were not my eldest son,  
2 And heir o a' my land,  
3 I'd tye a sheet around thy neck,  
4 And hang thee with my hand.'

## 178G.34

1 'I would gie my twenty gude milk-kye,  
2 That feed on Shallow lee,  
3 A' for ae blast o the norland wind,  
4 To blaw the lowe frae me.'

## 178G.35

1 Oh was na it a pitie o yon 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 war 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 sorry man was he:  
3 'He nicht hae spared my lady's life,  
4 And wreakit himsell 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 Besides my children dear.'

## 178[H.1]

1 It fell about the Martinmass time,  
2 When the wind blew shill and cald,  
3 That Adam McGordon said to his men,  
4 Where will we get a hall?

## 178[H.2]

1 'There is a hall here near by,  
2 Well built with lime and stone;  
3 There is a lady there within  
4 As white as the . . bone.'

## 178[H.3]

1 'Seven year and more this lord and I  
2 Has had a deadly feud,  
3 And now, since her good lord's frae hame,  
4 His place to me she'll yield.'

## 178[H.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.

## 178[H.5]

1 'Steik up, steik up my yett,' she says,  
2 'And let my draw-bridge fall;  
3 There is meickle treachery  
4 Walking about my wall.'

## 178[H.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.

## 178[H.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.

## 178[H.8]

1 'Awa, awa, Jack my man!  
2 Seven year I paid you meat and fee,  
3 And now you lift the pavement-stane  
4 To let in the low to me.'

## 178[H.9]

1 'I yield, I yield, O lady fair,  
2 Seven year ye paid me meat and fee;  
3 But now I am Adam McGordon's man,  
4 I must either do or die.'

## 178[H.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.'

## 178[H.11]

1 'Come down, come down, my lady Campbell,  
2 Come down into my hand;  
3 Ye shall lye all night by my side,  
4 And the morn at my command.'

## 178[H.12]

1 'I winna come down,' this lady says,  
2 'For neither laird nor lown,  
3 Nor to no bloody butcher's son,  
4 The Laird of Auchindown.'

## 178[H.13]

1 'I wald give all my kine,' she says,  
2 'So wald I fifty pound,  
3 That Andrew Watty he were here;  
4 He would charge me my gun.'

## 178[H.14]

1 'He would charge me my gun,  
2 And put in bullets three,  
3 That I might shoot that cruel traitor  
4 That works his wills on me.'

## 178[H.15]

1 He shot in, and [s>he shot out,  
2 The value of an hour,  
3 Untill the hall Craigie North  
4 Was like to be blawn in the air.

## 178[H.16]

1 'He fired in, and she fired out,  
2 The value of houris three,  
3 Untill the hall Craigie North  
4 The reik went to the sea.

## 178[H.17]

1 'O the frost, and ae the frost,  
2 The frost that freezes fell!  
3 I cannot stay within my bower,  
4 The powder it blows sae bald.'

## 178[H.18]

1 But then spake her oldest son,  
2 He was both white and red;  
3 'O mither dear, yield up your house!  
4 We'll all be burnt to deed.'

## 178[H.19]

1 Out then spake the second son,  
2 He was both red and fair;  
3 'O brother dear, would you yield up your  
4 house,  
5 And you your father's heir!'

## 178[H.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.'

## 178[H.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.'

## 178[H.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.'

## 178[H.23]

1 'I wald give a' my sheep,' she says,  
2 'T<hat] . . yon . . s>ha],  
3 I had a drink of that wan water  
4 That runs down by my wa.'

## 178[L.1]

1 It fell about the Martimas time,  
2 Fan the wind blue loud an calld,  
3 Said Edom of Gordon to his men,  
4 We man dra till a hall.

## 178[L.2]

1 'An fatten a hall will we dra tell,  
2 My merry men a' an me?  
3 We will to the house of Rothes,  
4 An see that gay lady.'

## 178[L.3]

1 The lady louked our castell-wa,  
2 Beheld the day ga doun,  
3 An she saa Edun of Gordon,  
4 Fase Edom of Ach<en>doun.

## 178[L.4]

1 'Gee our yer house, ye gay lady,  
2 Gee our yer house to me;  
3 The night ye's be my leall leman,  
4 The morn my lady free.'

## 178[L.5]

1 'I winnè gee our my bonny house,  
2 To leard nor yet to loun,  
3 Nor will I gee our my bonny house  
4 To fase Edom of Achendoun.'

## 178[L.6]

1 'Bat ye gett me Cluny, Gight, or Glack,  
2 Or get him young Lesmore,  
3 An I ell gee our my bonny house  
4 To ony of a' the four.'

## 178[L.7]

1 'Ye's nether gett Cluny, Gight, nor Glack,  
2 Nor yet him young Lesmore,  
3 An ye man gee our yer bonny house,  
4 Winten ony of a' the four.'

## 178[L.8]

1 The ladie shot out of a shot-window,  
2 It didne hurt his head,  
3 It only grased his knee  
4 . . . . .

## 178[L.9]

1 'Ye hast, my merry men a',  
2 Gather hathorn an fune,  
3 . . . . .  
4 To see gin this lady will burn.'

## 178[L.10]

1 'Wai worth ye, Joke, my man!  
2 I paid ye well yer fee,  
3 An ye tane out the quinè-stane,  
4 Laten in the fire to me.'

## 178[L.11]

1 'Wai worth ye, Joke, my man!  
2 I paid ye well yer hair,  
3 An ye t<a>en out the qunie-stane,  
4 To me laten in the fire.'

## 178[L.12]

1 'Ye paid me well my meatt, lady,  
2 Ye paid me well my fee,  
3 Bat nou I am Edom of Gordon's man,  
4 Mame eather dee'd or dree.'

## 178[L.13]

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 To ye mane lat the fire.'

## 178[L.14]

1 Out spak her daughter,  
2 She was bath jimp an smaa;  
3 'Ye take me in a pair of shets,  
4 Lat me our the castell-waa.'

## 178[L.15]

1 The pat her in a pair of shets,  
2 Lute her oure the castell-waa;  
3 On the point of Edom of Gordon's lance  
4 She got a deadly faa.

## 178[L.16]

1 Cherry, cherry was her cheeks,  
2 An bonny was her eyen;  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

## 178[L.17]

1 He turned her about,  
2 . . . . .  
3 'I might haa spared that bonny face  
4 To ha ben some man's delight.'

## 178[L.18]

1 'Chirry is yer chik,  
2 An bonny is yer eayn;  
3 Ye'r the first face I ever saa dead  
4 I wist liveng agen.'

## 178[L.19]

1 Out spak one of his men,  
2 As he stad by a stane;  
3 'Lat it never be sade brave Edom of Gordon  
4 Was dantoned by a dame.'

## 178[L.20]

1 Out spake the bonny barn,  
2 Ti sat on the nurce's knee;  
3 'Gee our yer house, my mider dear,  
4 The reak it smothers me.'

## 178[L.21]

1 'I wald 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 gett three gasps of the call.'

**178[L.22]**

1 'I wad gee a' my goud,' she says,  
2 'Far it lays out an in,  
3 To haa ye on the head of Mount Ganill,  
4 To get three gasps of the wind.'

**178[L.23]**

1 . . . . . that gued lord,  
2 As he came fraa the sea,  
3 'I see the house of Rothes in fire,  
4 God safe my gay ladie!'

**179A.1**

1 ROOKHOPE stands in a pleasant place,  
2 If the false thieves wad let it be;  
3 But away they steal our goods apace,  
4 And ever an ill death may they die!

**179A.2**

1 And so is the men of Thirlwa 'nd Williehaver,  
2 And all their companies thereabout,  
3 That is minded to do mischief,  
4 And at their stealing stands not out.

**179A.3**

1 But yet we will not slander them all,  
2 For there is of them good enough;  
3 It is a sore consumed tree  
4 That on it bears not one fresh bough.

**179A.4**

1 Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,  
2 That men dare not drive their goods to t' fell,  
3 But limmer thieves drives them away,  
4 That fears neither heaven nor hell?

**179A.5**

1 Lord, send us peace into the realm,  
2 That every man may live on his own!  
3 I trust to God, if it be his will,  
4 That Weardale men may never be overthrown.

**179A.6**

1 For great troubles they've had in hand,  
2 With borderers pricking hither and thither,  
3 But the greatest fray that eer they had  
4 Was with the 'Men' of Thirlwa 'nd Williehaver.

**179A.7**

1 They gatherd together so royally,  
2 The stoutest men and the best in gear,  
3 And he that rade not on a horse,  
4 I wat he rade on a weil-fed mear.

**179A.8**

1 So in the morning, before they came out,  
2 So well, I wot, they broke their fast;  
3 In the [forenoon they came] unto a bye fell,  
4 Where some of them did eat their last.

**179A.9**

1 When they had eaten aye and done,  
2 They sayd some captains here needs must be:  
3 Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,  
4 And 'Symon Fell,' and Martin Ridley.

**179A.10**

1 Then oer the moss, where as they came,  
2 With many a brank and whew,  
3 One of them could to another say,  
4 'I think this day we are men enew.

**179A.11**

1 'For Weardale men is a journey taen;  
2 They are so far out-oer yon fell  
3 That some of them's with the two earls,  
4 And others fast in Barnard castell.

**179A.12**

1 'There we shal get gear enough,  
2 For there is nane but women at hame;  
3 The sorrowful fend that they can make  
4 Is loudly cries as they were slain.'

**179A.13**

1 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
2 And there they thought tul a had their prey,  
3 But they were spy'd coming over the Dry Rig,  
4 Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.

**179A.14**

1 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
2 They ran the forest but a mile;  
3 They gatherd together in four hours  
4 Six hundred sheep within a while.

**179A.15**

1 And horses I trow they gat  
2 But either ane or twa,  
3 And they gat them all but ane  
4 That belanged to great Rowley.

**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 Rookhope burn,  
4 And spread through Weardale hastyly.

**179A.17**

1 Then word came to the bailif's house,  
2 At the East Gate, where he did dwell;  
3 He was walkd out to the Smale Burns,  
4 Which stands above the Hanging Well.

**179A.18**

1 His wife was wae when she heard tell,  
2 So well she wist her husband wanted gear;  
3 She gard saddle him his horse in haste,  
4 And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.

**179A.19**

1 The bailif got wit before his gear came  
2 That such news was in the land;  
3 He was sore troubled in his heart,  
4 That on no earth that he could stand.

**179A.20**

1 His brother was hurt three days before,  
2 With limmer thieves that did him prick;  
3 Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon;  
4 What ferly was't that he lay sick?

**179A.21**

1 But yet the bailif shrinkd nought,  
2 But fast after them he did hie,  
3 And so did all his neighbours near,  
4 That went to bear him company.

**179A.22**

1 But when the bailiff was gathered,  
2 And all his company,  
3 They were numberd to never a man  
4 But forty [or] under fifty.

**179A.23**

1 The thieves was numberd a hundred men,  
2 I wat they were not of the worst  
3 That could be choosed out of Thirlwa 'nd Williehaver,  
4 . . . . .

**179A.24**

1 But all that was in Rookhope-head,  
2 And all that was i Nuketon Cleugh,  
3 Where weardale men oertook the thieves,  
4 And there they gave them fighting enough.

**179A.25**

1 So sore they made them fain to flee,  
2 As many was æ' out of hand,  
3 And, for tul have been at home again,  
4 They would have been in iron bands;

**179A.26**

1 And for the space of long seven years,  
2 As sore they mighten a had their lives;  
3 But there was never one of them  
4 That ever thought to have seen their 'wives.'

**179A.27**

1 About the time the fray began,  
2 I trow it lasted but an hour,  
3 Till many a man lay weaponless,  
4 And was sore wounded in that stour.

**179A.28**

1 Also before that hour was done,  
2 Four of the thieves were slain,  
3 Besides all those that wounded were,  
4 And eleven prisoners there was taen.

**179A.29**

1 George Carrick and his brother Edie,  
2 Them two, I wot, they were both slain;  
3 Harry Corbyl and Lennie Carrick  
4 Bore them company in their pain.

**179A.30**

1 One of our Weardale men was slain,  
2 Rowland Emerson his name hight;  
3 I trust to God his soul is well,  
4 Because he 'Fought' unto the right.

**179A.31**

1 But thus they said: 'We'll not depart  
2 While we have one; speed back again!'  
3 And when they came amongst the dead men,  
4 There they found George Carrick slain.

**179A.32**

1 And when they found George Carrick slain,  
2 I wot it went well near their 'Heart;'  
3 Lord, let them never make a better end  
4 That comes to play them sicken a 'part!'

**179A.33**

1 I trust to God, no more they shal,  
2 Except it be one for a great chance;  
3 For God wil punish all those  
4 With a great heavy pestilence.

**179A.34**

1 Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,  
2 They never think to be oerthrown;  
3 Three banners against Weardale men they bare,  
4 As if the world had been all their own.

**179A.35**

1 Thir Weardale men, they have good hearts,  
2 They are as stif 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 blithe your cheer.

**180A.1**

1 AS I did walke my selfe alone,  
2 And by one garden greene,  
3 I heard a yonge prince make great moane,  
4 Which did turne my hart to teene.

**180A.2**

1 'O Lord!' he then said vntou me,  
2 'Why haue I liued soe long?  
3 For yonder comes a cruell Scott,'  
4 *Quoth* hee, 'that will doe me some ronge.'

**180A.3**

1 And then came traitor Douglas there,  
2 He came for to betray his king;  
3 Some they brought bills, and some they brough  
t bowes,  
4 And some the brought other things.

**180A.4**

1 The king was aboue in a gallery,  
2 With a heauy heart;  
3 Vnto his body was sett about  
4 With swords and speares soe sharpe.

**180A.5**

1 'Be you the lordes of Scotland,' he said,  
2 'That hither for counsell seeke to me?  
3 Or bee you traitors to my crowne,  
4 My blood *that* you wold see?'

**180A.6**

1 'Wee are the *lordes* of Scotland,' they said,  
2 'Nothing we come to craue of thee;  
3 But wee be traitors to thy crowne,  
4 Thy blood that wee will see.'

**180A.7**

1 'O fye vpon you, you false Scotts!  
2 For you neuer all trew wilbe;  
3 My grandfather you haue slaine,  
4 And caused my mother to flee.

**180A.8**

1 'My grandfather you haue slaine,  
2 And my owne father you hanged on a tree;  
3 And now,' *quoth* he, 'The like treason  
4 You haue now wrought for me.

**180A.9**

1 'Ffarwell hart, and farwell hand!  
2 Farwell all pleasures alsoe!  
3 Farwell th . . . my head  
4 . . . . .

**180A.10**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'If thou wilt . . .  
4 And soe goe away with mee.'

**180A.11**

1 'Goe marry thy daughter to whome thou wilt,'  
2 *Quoth* Browne; 'Thou marrys none to me;  
3 For I'le not be a traitor,' *quoth* Browne,  
4 'For all the gold that euer I see.'

**180A.12**

1 This Douglas, hearing Browne soe say,  
2 Began to flee away full fast;  
3 'But tarry a while,' saies lusty Browne,  
4 'I'le make you to pay before you passe.'



## 180A.13

1 He hath taken the Douglas prisoner,  
2 And hath brought him before the *king*;  
3 He kneeled low vpon the knee,  
4 For pardon there praigne.

## 180A.14

1 'How shold I pardon thee,' saith the *king*,  
2 'And thou 'le remaine a traitor still?  
3 For euer since that I was borne,'  
4 *Quoth* he, 'Thou hast sought my blood to spill.'

## 180A.15

1 'For if you will grant me my pardon,' he said,  
2 'Out of this place soe free,  
3 I wilbe sworne before *your* Grace  
4 A trew subject to bee.'

## 180A.16

1 'God for-gaue his death,' said the *king*,  
2 'When he was nayled vpon a tree;  
3 And as free as euer God forgaue his death,  
4 Douglas,' *quoth* he, 'I'le forgiue thee.

## 180A.17

1 'And all the traitors in Scotland,'  
2 *Quoth* he, 'Both great and small;  
3 As free as euer God forgaue his death,  
4 Soe free I will forgiue them all.'

## 180A.18

1 'I thanke you for *your* pardon, king,  
2 *That* you haue granted forth soe plaine;  
3 If I lue a twelue month to an end,  
4 You shall not aliuie remaine.

## 180A.19

1 'Tomorrow yet, or ere I dine,  
2 I meane to doo thee one good turne;  
3 For Edenborrow, that is thine owne,'  
4 *Quoth* he, 'I will both h-carry] and [burne].'

## 180A.20

1 Thus Douglas hied towards Edenborrow,  
2 And many of his men were gone beffore;  
3 And after him on euery side,  
4 With him there went some twenty score.

## 180A.21

1 But when that they did see him come,  
2 They cryed lowd *with* voices, saying,  
3 'Yonder comes a false traitor,  
4 That wold haue slaine our *king*.'

## 180A.22

1 They chaynd vp the gates of Edenborrow,  
2 And there the made them wonderous fast,  
3 And there Browne sett on Douglas againe,  
4 And quicklye did him ouer cast.

## 180A.23

1 But worde came backe againe to the *king*,  
2 With all the speed that euer might bee,  
3 *That* traitor Douglas there was taken,  
4 And his body was there to see.

## 180A.24

1 'Bring me his taker,' *quoth* the *king*,  
2 'Come, quickly bring him vnto me!  
3 I'le giue a thousand pound a yeere,  
4 What man soeuer he bee.'

## 180A.25

1 But then they called lusty Browne;  
2 Sayes, 'Browne, come thou hither to mee.  
3 How oft hast thou foughten for my sake,  
4 And alwayes woone the victory?'

## 180A.26

1 'The first time that I fought for you,  
2 It was in Edenborrow, *king*;  
3 If there I had not stoutly stood,  
4 My leege, you neuer had beene *king*.

## 180A.27

1 'The second time I fought for you,  
2 Here I will tell you in this place;  
3 I killd the sheriffs sonne of Carlile,'  
4 *Quoth* he, 'That wold haue slaine *your* Grace.

## 180A.28

1 'The third time *that* I fought for you,  
2 Here for to let you vnderstand,  
3 I slew the Bishopp of St Andrew<s],'  
4 *Quoth* he, 'with a possat in [his hand],'

## 180A.29

1 . . . *quoth* hee,  
2 'That euer my manhood I did trye;  
3 I'le make a vow for Englands sake  
4 *That* I will neuer battell flee.'

## 180A.30

1 'God amercy, Browne,' then said the *king*,  
2 'And God amercy heartily!  
3 Before I made thee but a knight,  
4 But now an earle I will make thee.

## 180A.31

1 'God saue the queene of England,' he said,  
2 'For her blood is verry neshe;  
3 As neere vnto her I am  
4 As a colloppe shorne from the fleshe.

## 180A.32

1 'If I be false to England,' he said,  
2 'Either in earnest or in iest,  
3 I might be likened to a bird,'  
4 *Quoth* he, 'That did defile it nest.'

## 181A.1

1 YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,  
2 Oh where have you been?  
3 They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
4 And they layd him on the green.

## 181A.2

1 'Now wae be to thee, Huntly!  
2 And wherefore did you sae?  
3 I bade you bring him wi you,  
4 But forbade you him to slay.'

## 181A.3

1 He was a braw gallant,  
2 And he rid at the ring;  
3 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
4 Oh he might have been a king!

## 181A.4

1 He was a braw gallant,  
2 And he playd at the ba;  
3 And the bonny Earl of Murray  
4 Was the flower amang them a'.

## 181A.5

1 He was a braw gallant,  
2 And he playd at the glove;  
3 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
4 Oh he was the Queen's love!

## 181A.6

1 Oh lang will his lady  
2 Look oer the castle Down,  
3 Eer she see the Earl of Murray  
4 Come sounding thro the town!  
5 Eer she, etc.

## 181B.1

1 'OPEN the gates,  
2 and let him come in;  
3 He is my brother Huntly,  
4 he'll do him nae harm.'

## 181B.2

1 The gates they were opent,  
2 they let him come in,  
3 But fause traitor Huntly,  
4 he did him great harm.

## 181B.3

1 He's ben and ben,  
2 and ben to his bed,  
3 And with a sharp rapier  
4 he stabbed him dead.

## 181B.4

1 The lady came down the stair,  
2 wringing her hands:  
3 'He has slain the Earl o Murray,  
4 the flower o Scotland.'

## 181B.5

1 But Huntly lap on his horse,  
2 rade to the king:  
3 'Ye're welcome hame, Huntly,  
4 and whare hae ye been?'

## 181B.6

1 'Whare hae ye been?  
2 and how hae ye sped?'  
3 'I've killed the Earl o Murray,  
4 dead in his bed.'

## 181B.7

1 'Foul fa you, Huntly!  
2 and why did ye so?'  
3 'You might have taen the Earl o Murray,  
4 and saved his life too.'

## 181B.8

1 'Her bread it's to bake,  
2 her yill is to brew;  
3 My sister's a widow,  
4 and sair do I rue.

## 181B.9

1 'Her corn grows ripe,  
2 her meadows grow green,  
3 But in bonny Dinnibristle  
4 I darena be seen.'

## 182A.1

1 I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,  
2 If ye will hearken unto me;  
3 The king has taen a poor prisoner,  
4 The wanton laird o Young Logie.

## 182A.2

1 Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,  
2 Carmichael's the keeper o the key;  
3 And May Margaret's lamenting sair,  
4 A' for the love of Young Logie.

## 182A.3

1 'Lament, lament na, May Margaret,  
2 And of your weeping let me be;  
3 For ye maun to the king himsell,  
4 To seek the life of Young Logie.'

## 182A.4

1 May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,  
2 And she has curld back her yellow hair:  
3 'If I canna get Young Logie's life,  
4 Farewell to Scotland for evermair!'

## 182A.5

1 When she came before the king,  
2 She knelit lowly on her knee:  
3 'O what's the matter, May Margaret?  
4 And what needs a' this courtesie?'

## 182A.6

1 'A boon, a boon, my noble liege,  
2 A boon, a boon, I beg o thee,  
3 And the first boon that I come to crave  
4 Is to grant me the life of Young Logie.'

## 182A.7

1 'O na, O na, May Margaret,  
2 Forsooth, and so it mauna be;  
3 For a' the gowd o fair Scotland  
4 Shall not save the life of Young Logie.'

## 182A.8

1 But she has stown the king's redding-kaim,  
2 Likewise the queen her wedding knife,  
3 And sent the tokens to Carmichael,  
4 To cause Young Logie get his life.

## 182A.9

1 She sent him a purse o the red gowd,  
2 Another o the white monie;  
3 She sent him a pistol for each hand,  
4 And bade him shoot when he gat free.

## 182A.10

1 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,  
2 There he let his volley flee;  
3 It made the king in his chamber start,  
4 Een in the bed where he might be.

## 182A.11

1 'Gae out, gae out, my merry men a',  
2 And bid Carmichael come speak to me;  
3 For I'll lay my life the pledge o that  
4 That yon's the shot o Young Logie.'

## 182A.12

1 When Carmichael came before the king,  
2 He fell low down upon his knee;  
3 The very first word that the king spake  
4 Was, Where's the laird of Young Logie?

## 182A.13

1 Carmichael turnd him round about,  
2 I wot the tear blinded his ee:  
3 'There came a token frae *your* Grace  
4 Has taen away the laird frae me.'

## 182A.14

1 'Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael?  
2 And hast thou playd me that?' *quoth* he;  
3 'The morn the Justice Court's to stand,  
4 And Logie's place ye maun supplie.'

## 182A.15

1 Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,  
2 Even as fast as he may dree:  
3 'O if Young Logie be within,  
4 Tell him to come and speak with me.'

## 182A.16

1 May Margaret turnd her round about,  
2 I wot a loud laugh laughed she:  
3 'The egg is chippd, the bird is flown,  
4 Ye'll see nae mair of Young Logie.'

**182A.17**

1 The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,  
2 The tother at the Queen's Ferrie,  
3 And she's gotten a father to her bairn,  
4 The wanton laird of Young Logie.

**182[A2.1]**

1 I will sing, if ye will harken,  
2 An ye wad listen unto me;  
3 I'll tell ye of a merry passage  
4 Of the wanton laird of Young Logie.

**182[A2.2]**

1 Young Logie's laid in *Edinburgh* chapel,  
2 Carmichael's keeper of the key;  
3 I heard a may lamenting sair,  
4 All for the laird of Young Logie.

**182[A2.3]**

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.'

**182[A2.4]**

1 May Margaret has kilted her green cleeding,  
2 And she's currl'd back her yellow hair,  
3 And she's away to the king herself,  
4 And adieu to Scotland for ever mair!

**182[A2.5]**

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 courtesey?'  
5 'Naething, naething, my sovereign liege,  
6 But grant me the life of Young Logie.'

**182[A2.6]**

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.'

**182[A2.7]**

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.

**182[A2.8]**

1 She sent him a purse of the red gold,  
2 Another of the white money,  
3 And sent him a pistol into each hand,  
4 And bade him shoot when he got frae.

**182[A2.9]**

1 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,  
2 There he loot his volley flee,  
3 *Which* made the king in his chamber start,  
4 Even in the chamber where he lay.

**182[A2.10]**

1 'Gae out, gae out, my merrie men,  
2 And gar Carmichael come speake wi me,  
3 For I'll lay my life the pledge of that,  
4 That yon's the volley of Young Logie.'

**182[A2.11]**

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?'

**182[A2.12]**

1 Carmichael turnd him round about,  
2 A wait the salt tear blint his eye:  
3 'There came a tacken frae the king  
4 Has taen the laird awa frae me.'

**182[A2.13]**

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.'

**182[A2.14]**

1 Carmichael's away to May Margr<e>'s bower,  
2 Een as fast as he may dree:  
3 'It's if Young Logie be within,  
4 Tell him to come speak to me.'

**182[A2.15]**

1 May Margret's turnd her round about,  
2 A wait a loud laughter gae she:  
3 'The egg is cheeped and the bird is flown,  
4 And seek ye the laird of Young Logie.'

**182[A2.16]**

1 The one is sheppd 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 richt mournfullie,  
3 'O what will cum of Lady Margret!  
4 Wha beirs sick luv to Ochiltrie.'

**182B.3**

1 Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair  
2 When as the queen tald hir the saim:  
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'll fynd ye out a better way  
4 To saif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'

**182B.5**

1 The queen sche trippit up the stair,  
2 And lowlie knielt upon hir knee:  
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 thrie;  
3 Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland  
4 Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'

**182B.7**

1 The queen sche trippit down the stair,  
2 And down she gade richt mournfullie:  
3 'It's a' the monie in fair Scotland  
4 Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie!'

**182B.8**

1 Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair  
2 When as the queen tald hir the saim:  
3 'I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,  
4 And be in the grave as soon as him!'

**182B.9**

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.10**

1 The queen sche slippit up the stair,  
2 And sche gaid up richt privatlie,  
3 And sche has stoun the prison-keys,  
4 And gane 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, Shute, when ye win frie.

**182B.12**

1 And when he cam to the queen's window,  
2 Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!  
3 'Peace be to our royal queen,  
4 And peace be in her companie!'

**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 king;  
4 'I think it's the voyce of Ochiltrie.'

**182B.14**

1 'Call to me a' my gaolours,  
2 Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie;  
3 Whairfor the morn, at twelve a clock,  
4 It's hangit schall they ilk ane be.'

**182B.15**

1 'O didna ye send your keyis to us?  
2 Ye sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,  
3 And wi thaim sent a strait command  
4 To set at large young Ochiltrie.'

**182B.16**

1 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
2 'Fie, my dear luv, 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 schippit at the pier of Leith,  
2 The ither at the Queen's Ferrie,  
3 And now the lady has gotten hir luv,  
4 The winsom 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 courtesie?'

**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 Then what needs all this courtesie?'

**182C.5**

1 'You have made me queen of [fair] Scotland,  
2 The queen of England I surely be;  
3 Since you have made me your wedded wife,  
4 Will you grant a pardon for Young Logie?'

**182C.6**

1 The king he turned him right round about,  
2 I think an angry man was he:  
3 'The morrow, before it is twelve o'clock,  
4 O handg 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  
4 says,  
5 'For hanged must the laird of Logie be.'

**182C.8**

1 She has torn her silken scarf and hood,  
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 gown 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  
4 said,  
5 '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  
4 king,  
5 '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 Margret  
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 awakend 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 The other at the Queen's Ferrie;  
3 Lady Margaret has gotten the man she loves,  
4 I mean the young laird of Logie.

**182D.1**

1 PRETTY is the story I hae to tell,  
2 Pretty is the praisin o itsel,  
3 An pretty is the prisner oor king's tane,  
4 The rantin young laird o Logie.

**182D.2**

1 Has he brunt? or has he slain?  
2 Or has he done any injurie?  
3 Oh no, no, he's done nothing at all,  
4 But stown a kiss frae the queen's marie.

**182D.3**

1 Ladie Margaret cam doon the stair,  
2 Wringin her hands an tearin her hair;  
3 Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,  
4 Aye to see Young Logie dee!

**182D.4**

1 'Had your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,  
2 An a' your weepin lat a bee!  
3 For I'll gae to the king my sell,  
4 An plead for life to Young Logie.'

**182D.5**

1 'First whan I to Scotland cam,  
2 You promised to gie me askens three;  
3 The first then o these askens is  
4 Life for the young laird o Logie.'

**182D.6**

1 'If you had asked house or lands,  
2 They suld hae been at your command;  
3 But the morn, ere I taste meat or drink,  
4 High hanged sall Young Logie be.'

**182D.7**

1 Lady Margaret cam doon the stair,  
2 Wringin her hands an tearin her hair;  
3 Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,  
4 A' to see Young Logie dee!

**182D.8**

1 'Haud your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,  
2 An a' your weepin lat a bee!  
3 For I'll counterfiet the king's hand-write,  
4 An steal frae him his right-hand gloe,  
5 An send them to Pitcairn's wa's,  
6 A' to lat Young Logie free.'

**182D.9**

1 She counterfieted the king's hand-write,  
2 An stole frae him his richt hand gloe,  
3 An sent them to Pitcairn's wa's,  
4 A' to let Young Logie free.

**182D.10**

1 The king luikit owre his castle-wa,  
2 Was luikin to see what he cald see:  
3 'My life to wad an my land to pawn,  
4 Yonder comes the young laird o Logie!'

**182D.11**

1 'Pardon, oh pardon! my lord the king,  
2 Aye I pray you pardon me;  
3 For I counterfieted your hand-write,  
4 An stole frae you your richt hand gloe,  
5 An sent them to Pitcairn's wa's,  
6 A' to set Young Logie free.'

**182D.12**

1 'If this had been done by laird or lord,  
2 Or by baron of high degree,  
3 I'se mak it sure, upon my word,  
4 His life suld hae gane for Young Logie.

**182D.13**

1 'But since it is my gracious queen,  
2 A hearty pardon we will gie,  
3 An for her sake we'll free the loon,  
4 The rantin young laird o Logie.'

**182E.1**

1 MAY MARGARET sits in the queen's bouir,  
2 Knicking her fingers ane be ane,  
3 Cursing the day that she ere was born,  
4 Or that she ere heard o Logie's name.

**183A.1**

1 'TURN, Willie Macintosh,  
2 Turn, I bid you;  
3 Gin ye burn Auchindown,  
4 Huntly will head you.'

**183A.2**

1 'Head me or hang me,  
2 That canna fley me;  
3 I'll burn Auchindown  
4 Ere the life lea me.'

**183A.3**

1 Coming down Deeside,  
2 In a clear morning,  
3 Auchindown was in flame,  
4 Ere the cock-crawing.

**183A.4**

1 But coming oer Cairn Croom,  
2 And looking down, man,  
3 I saw Willie Macintosh  
4 Burn Auchindown, man,

**183A.5**

1 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
2 Whare left ye your men?'  
3 'I left them in the Stapler,  
4 But they'll never come hame.'

**183A.6**

1 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
2 Whare now is your men?'  
3 'I left them in the Stapler,  
4 Sleeping in their sheen.'

**183B.1**

1 AS I came in by Fiddich-side,  
2 In a May morning,  
3 I met Willie Mackintosh,  
4 An hour before the dawning.

**183B.2**

1 'Turn again, turn again,  
2 Turn again, I bid ye;  
3 If ye burn Auchindown,  
4 Huntly he will head ye.'

**183B.3**

1 'Head me, hang me,  
2 That sall never fear me;  
3 I'll burn Auchindown  
4 Before the life leaves me.'

**183B.4**

1 As I came in by Auchindown,  
2 In a may morning,  
3 Auchindown was in a bleeze,  
4 An hour before the dawning.

**183B.5**

1 Crawing, crawling,  
2 For my crowse crawling,  
3 I lost the best feather i my wing  
4 For my crowse crawling.

**184A.1**

1 TWIXT the Girthhead and Langwood-end  
2 Livd the Galiard and Galiard's men.

**184A.2**

1 It is the lads of Lethenha,  
2 The greatest rogues among them a'.

**184A.3**

1 It is the lads of Leverhay,  
2 That drove the Crichtons' gier away.

**184A.4**

1 It is the lads o the Kirkhill,  
2 The gay Galiard and Will o Kirkhill,

**184A.5**

1 But and the lads o Stefenbiggin,  
2 They broke the house in at the riggin.

**184A.6**

1 The lads o Fingland and Hellbackhill,  
2 They were neer for good, but aye for ill.

**184A.7**

1 Twixt the Staywood Bass and Langside Hill,  
2 They stell'd the broked cow and branded bull.

**184A.8**

1 It is the lads o the Girthhead,  
2 The diel's in them for pride and greed.

**184A.9**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .

**184A.10**

1 The Galiard is to the stable gane;  
2 Instead of the Dun, the Blind he's taen.

**184A.11**

1 'Come out now, Simmy o the Side,  
2 Come out and see a Johnston ride!

**184A.12**

1 'Here's the boniest horse in a' Nithside,  
2 And a gentle Johnston aboon his hide.'

**184A.13**

1 Simmy Crichton's mounted then,  
2 And Crichtons has raised mony a ane.

**184A.14**

1 The Galiard thought his horse had been fleet,  
2 But they did outstrip him quite out o sight.

**184A.15**

1 As soon as the Galiard the Crichton he saw,  
2 Beyond the saugh-bush he did draw.

**184A.16**

1 The Crichtons there the Galiard hae taen,  
2 And nane wi him but Willy alane.

**184A.17**

1 'O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,  
2 And I vow I'll neer do a Crichton wrang!

**184A.18**

1 'O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,  
2 And a peck o goud I'll gie to thee!

**184A.19**

1 'O Simmy, Simmy, let me gang,  
2 And my wife shall heap it wi her hand!'

**184A.20**

1 But the Crichtons wadna let Willy bee,  
2 But they hanged him high upon a tree.

**184A.21**

1 O think then Will he was right wae,  
2 When he saw his uncle guided sae.

**184A.22**

1 'But if ever I live Wamphray to see,  
2 My uncle's death revenged shall be!'

**184A.23**

1 Back to Wamphray Willy's gane,  
2 And riders has raised mony a ane.

**184A.24**

1 Saying, My lads, if ye'll be true,  
2 Ye's a' be clad in the noble blue.

**184A.25**

1 Back to Nidsdale they are gane,  
2 And away the Crichtons' nout they hae taen.

**184A.26**

1 As they came out at the Wallpath-head,  
2 The Crichtons bad them light and lead.

**184A.27**

1 And when they came to the Biddess-burn,  
2 The Crichtons bad them stand and turn.

**184A.28**

1 And when they came to the Biddess-strand,  
2 The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

**184A.29**

1 But when they cam to the Biddess-law,  
2 The Johnstons bad them stand and draw.

**184A.30**

1 Out then spake then Willy Kirkhill:  
2 'Of fighting, lads, ye's hae your fill.'

**184A.31**

1 Then off his horse Willy he lap,  
2 And a burnishd brand in his hand he took.

**184A.32**

1 And through the Crichtons Willy he ran,  
2 And dang them down both horse and man.

**184A.33**

1 O but these lads were wondrous rude,  
2 When the Biddess-burn ran three days blood!

**184A.34**

1 'I think, my lads, we've done a noble deed;  
2 We have revengd the Galiard's blood.

**184A.35**

1 'For every finger o the Galiard's hand,  
2 I vow this day I've killed a man.'

**184A.36**

1 And hame for Wamphray they are gane,  
2 And away the Crichtons' nout they've taen.

**184A.37**

- 1 'Sin we've done na hurt, nor we'll take na wrang,
- 2 But back to Wamphray we will gang.'

**184A.38**

- 1 As they came in at Evanhead,
- 2 At Reaklaw-holm they spread abroad.

**184A.39**

- 1 'Drive on, my lads, it will be late;
- 2 We'll have a pint at Wamphray Gate.

**184A.40**

- 1 'For where eer I gang, or eer I ride,
- 2 The lads o Wamphr<a>y's on my side.

**184A.41**

- 1 'For o' a' the lads that I do ken,
- 2 The lads o Wamphr<a>y's king o men.'

**185A.1**

- 1 NOW Liddisdale has lain long in,
- 2 Fa la
- 3 There is no rideing there a ta;
- 4 Fa la
- 5 Their horse is growing so lidder and fatt
- 6 That are lazie in the sta.
- 7 Fa la la didle

**185A.2**

- 1 Then Johnë Armstrang to Willie can say,
- 2 Billie, a rideing then will we;
- 3 England and us has been long at a feed;
- 4 Perhaps we may hitt of some bootie.

**185A.3**

- 1 Then they'r comd on to Hutton Hall,
- 2 They rade that proper place about;
- 3 But the laird he was the wiser man,
- 4 For he had left nae gear without.

**185A.4**

- 1 Then he had left nae gear to steal,
- 2 Except six sheep upon a lee;
- 3 Says Johnie, I'de rather in England die
- 4 Before their six sheep good to Liddesdale with me.

**185A.5**

- 1 'But how cald they the man we last *with* mett,
- 2 Billie, as we came over the know?'
- 3 'That same he is an innocent fool,
- 4 And some men calls him Dick o the Cow.'

**185A.6**

- 1 'That fool has three as good kyne of his own
- 2 As in a' Cumberland, billie,' quoth he:
- 3 'Betide my life, betide my death,
- 4 These three kyne shal go to Liddisdaile with me.'

**185A.7**

- 1 Then they're comd on to the poor fool's house,
- 2 And they have broken his wals so wide;
- 3 They have loosd out Dick o the Cow's kyne three,
- 4 And tane three coerlets off his wife's bed.

**185A.8**

- 1 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,
- 2 The shouts and crys rose loud and high:
- 3 'Hold thy tongue, my wife,' he says,
- 4 'And of thy crying let me bee.

**185A.9**

- 1 'Hald thy tongue, my wife,' he says,
- 2 'And of thy crying let me bee,
- 3 And ay that where thou wants a kow,
- 4 Good sooth that I shal bring the three.'

**185A.10**

- 1 Then Dick's comd on to lord and master,
- 2 And I wate a drerie fool [was] he:
- 3 'Hald thy tongue, my fool,' he says,
- 4 'For I may not stand to jest with thee.'

**185A.11**

- 1 'Shame speed a your jesting, my lord,' quo Dickie,
- 2 'For nae such jesting grees with me;
- 3 Liddesdaile has been in my house this last night,
- 4 And they have tane my three kyne from me.

**185A.12**

- 1 'But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwel,
- 2 To be your poor fool and your leel,
- 3 Unless ye give me leave, my lord,
- 4 To go to Liddisdale and steal.'

**185A.13**

- 1 'To give thee leave, my fool,' he says,
- 2 'Thou speaks against mine honour and me;
- 3 Unless thou give me thy trowth and thy right hand
- 4 Thou'l steal frae nane but them that sta from thee.'

**185A.14**

- 1 'There is my trowth and my right hand;
- 2 My head shal hing on Hairibie,
- 3 I'le never crose Carlele sands again,
- 4 If I steal frae a man but them that sta frae me.'

**185A.15**

- 1 Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,
- 2 And I wate a merrie fool was he;
- 3 He has bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,
- 4 And has packed them up in his breek-thigh.

**185A.16**

- 1 Then Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,
- 2 Even as fast as he may drie;
- 3 Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,
- 4 Where there was thirty Armstrongs and three.

**185A.17**

- 1 'What's this comd on me!' quo Dickë,
- 2 'What meakle wae's this happend on me,' quo he,
- 3 'Where here is but ae innocent fool,
- 4 And there is thirty Armstrongs and three!'

**185A.18**

- 1 Yet he's comd up to the hall among them all;
- 2 So wel he became his courtiese:
- 3 'Well may ye be, my good Laird's Jock!
- 4 But the deil bless all your companie.

**185A.19**

- 1 'I'm come to plain of your man Fair Johnie Armstrong,
- 2 And syne his billie Willie,' quou he;
- 3 'How they have been in my house this last night,
- 4 And they have tane my three ky frae me.'

**185A.20**

- 1 Quo Johnie Armstrong, We'll him hang;
- 2 'Nay,' thain quo Willie, 'we'll him slae;'
- 3 But up bespake another young man, We'le nit him in a four-nooked sheet,
- 4 Give him his burden of batts, and lett him gae.

**185A.21**

- 1 Then up bespake the good Laird's Jock,
- 2 The best falla in the companie:
- 3 Fitt thy way down a little while, Dickë,
- 4 And a peice of thine own cow's hough I'l give to thee.

**185A.22**

- 1 But Dicki's heart it grew so great
- 2 That never a bitt of it he dough to eat;
- 3 But Dickie was warr of ane auld peat-house,
- 4 Where there al the night he thought for to sleep.

**185A.23**

- 1 Then Dickie was warr of that auld peat-house,
- 2 Where there al the night he thought for to ly;
- 3 And a' the prayers the poor fool prayd was,
- 4 'I wish I had a mense for my own three kye!'

**185A.24**

- 1 Then it was the use of Puddinburn,
- 2 And the house of Mangertoun, all haile!
- 3 These that came not at the first call
- 4 They gott no more meat till the next meall.

**185A.25**

- 1 The lads, that hungry and aevery was,
- 2 Above the door-head they flang the key;
- 3 Dickie took good notice to that;
- 4 Says, There's a bootie younder for me.

**185A.26**

- 1 Then Dickie's gane into the stable,
- 2 Where there stood thirty horse and three;
- 3 He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knot,
- 4 All these horse but barely three.

**185A.27**

- 1 He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knott,
- 2 All these horse but barely three;
- 3 He has loupén on one, taken another in his hand,
- 4 And out at the door and gane is Dickie.

**185A.28**

- 1 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,
- 2 The shouts and crys rose loud and high;
- 3 'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's Jock;
- 4 'Tel me the truth and the verity.

**185A.29**

- 1 'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's Jock;
- 2 'See unto me ye do not lie:'
- 3 'Dick o the Cow has been in the stable this last night,
- 4 And has my brother's horse and mine frae me.'

**185A.30**

- 1 'Ye wad never be told it,' quo the Laird's Jock;
- 2 'Have ye not found my tales fu leel?
- 3 Ye wade never out of England bide,
- 4 Till crooked and blind and a' wad steal.'

**185A.31**

- 1 'But will thou lend me thy bay?' Fair Johnë Armstrong can say,
- 2 'There's nae mae horse loose in the stable but he;
- 3 And I'le either bring ye Dick o the Kow again,
- 4 Or the day is come that he must die.'

**185A.32**

- 1 'To lend thee my bay,' the Laird's Jock can say,
- 2 'He's both worth gold and good monie;
- 3 Dick o the Kow has away twa horse,
- 4 I wish no thou should no make him three.'

**185A.33**

- 1 He has tane the Laird's jack on his back,
- 2 The twa-handed sword that hang lieugh by his thigh;
- 3 He has tane the steel cap on his head,
- 4 And on is he to follow Dickie.

**185A.34**

- 1 Then Dickie was not a mile off the town,
- 2 I wate a mile but barely three,
- 3 Till John Armstrang has oertane Dick o the Kow,
- 4 Hand for hand on Cannobei lee.

**185A.35**

- 1 'Abide th<e>, bide now, Dickie than,
- 2 The day is come that thou must die;'
- 3 Dickie looked oer his left shoulder;
- 4 'Johnie, has thou any mo in thy company?'

**185A.36**

- 1 'There is a preacher in owr chapel,
- 2 And a' the lee-lang day teaches he;
- 3 When day is gane, and night is come,
- 4 There's never a word I mark but three.

**185A.37**

- 1 'The first and second's Faith and Conscience;
- 2 The third is, Johnie, Take head of thee;
- 3 But what faith and conscience had thou, traitor,
- 4 When thou took my three kye frae me?'

**185A.38**

- 1 'And when thou had tane my three kye,
- 2 Thou thought in thy heart thou was no wel sped;
- 3 But thou sent thi billie Willie oer the know,
- 4 And he took three coerlets of my wife's bed.'

**185A.39**

- 1 Then Johnie lett a spear fa leugh by his thigh,
- 2 Thought well to run the innocent through;
- 3 But the powers above was more than his,
- 4 He ran but the poor fool's jerkin through.

**185A.40**

- 1 Together they ran or ever they blan—
- 2 This was Dickie, the fool, and hee—
- 3 Dickie could not win to him *with* the blade of the sword,
- 4 But he feld [him] with the plummet under the eye.

**185A.41**

- 1 Now Dickie has [feld] Fair Johnë Armstrong,
- 2 The prettiest man in the south country;
- 3 'Gramercie,' then can Dickie say,
- 4 'I had twa horse, thou has made me three.'

**185A.42**

- 1 He has tane the laird's jack off his back,
- 2 The twa-handed sword that hang lieugh by his thigh;
- 3 He has tane the steel cape off his head:
- 4 'Johnie, I'le tel my master I met with thee.'

**185A.43**

1 When Johnë wakend out of his dream,  
2 I wate a dreiry 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 companie!  
3 For if I should live this hundred year,  
4 I shal never fight with a fool after thee.'

**185A.45**

1 Then Dickie comed home to lord and master,  
2 Even as fast as he may drie:  
3 'Now Dickie, I shal neither eat meat nor drink  
4 Till high hanged that thou shall be!'

**185A.46**

1 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo  
Dickie,  
2 'That was no the promise ye made to me;  
3 For I'd never gane 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 stoln 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 Johnë Armstrong,  
4 Hand for hand on Cannobie lee.

**185A.49**

1 'There's the jack was on his back,  
2 The twa-handed sword that hung lewgh by his  
thigh;  
3 There's the steel cap was on his head;  
4 I have a' these takens to lett you see.'

**185A.50**

1 'If that be true thou to me tels——  
2 I trow thou dare not tel a lie——  
3 I'll give thee twenty pound for the good horse,  
4 Wel told in thy cloke-lap shall be.

**185A.51**

1 'And I'll give thee one of my best milk-kye,  
2 To maintain thy wife and children three;  
3 [And that may be as good, I think,  
4 As ony twa o thine might be.'

**185A.52**

1 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo  
Dicke,  
2 'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?  
3 I'll either have thirty pound for the good horse,  
4 Or els he's gae to Mattan fair wi me.'

**185A.53**

1 Then he has given him thirty pound for the  
good horse,  
2 All in gold and good monie;  
3 He has given him one of his best milk-kye,  
4 To maintain his wife and children three.

**185A.54**

1 Then Dickie's come down through Carlile  
town,  
2 Even as fast as he may drie:  
3 The first of men that he with mett  
4 Was my lord's brother, Bailife Glazenberrie.

**185A.55**

1 'Well may ye be, my good Ralph Scrupe!  
2 'Welcome, my brother's fool!' quo he;  
3 'Where did thou gett Fair Johnie Armstrong's  
horse?'  
4 'Where did I get him but steall him,' quo he.

**185A.56**

1 'But will thou sell me Fair Johnie Armstrong<  
s] horse?  
2 And, billie, will thou sel him to me?' quo he:  
3 'Ay, and tel me the monie on my cloke-lap,  
4 For there's not one fathing I'll trust thee.'

**185A.57**

1 'I'll give thee fifteen pound for the good horse,  
2 Wel told on thy cloke-lap shal be;  
3 And I'll give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,  
4 To maintain thy wife and children three.'

**185A.58**

1 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo  
Dickë,  
2 'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?' quo he:  
3 'I'll 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 him one of his best milk-kye,  
4 To maintain his wife and children three.

**185A.60**

1 Then Dickie lap a loup on high,  
2 And I wate a loud laughter leugh he:  
3 'I wish the neck of the third horse were  
browken,  
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 her three score of English pounds  
4 For the three auld coerlets was tane of her bed.

**185A.62**

1 'Hae, take thee there twa as good kye,  
2 I trow, as al thy three might be;  
3 And yet here is a white-footed naigg;  
4 I think he'll carry booth thee and me.

**185A.63**

1 'But I may no longer in Cumberland dwell;  
2 The Armstrongs the'll hang me high:'  
3 But 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 Scroop?  
3 How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,  
4 On Hairibee 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, fivesome on each side,  
4 And they brought him ower the Liddelrack.

**186A.4**

1 They led him thro the Liddel-rack,  
2 And also thro the Carlisle sands;  
3 They brought him to Carlisle castell,  
4 To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

**186A.5**

1 'My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,  
2 And whae will dare this deed avow?  
3 Or answer by the border law?  
4 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?'

**186A.6**

1 'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!  
2 There's never a Scot shall set ye free;  
3 Before ye cross my castle-yate,  
4 I trow ye shall take farewell o me.'

**186A.7**

1 'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo Willie;  
2 'By the faith o my bodie, Lord Scroop,' he said,  
3 'I never yet lodged in a hostelrie  
4 But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'

**186A.8**

1 Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,  
2 In Branksome Ha where that he lay,  
3 That Lord Scroope has taen the Kinmont  
Willie,  
4 Between the hours of night and day.

**186A.9**

1 He has taen the table wi his hand,  
2 He garrd the red wine spring on hie;  
3 'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said,  
4 'But avenged of Lord Scroop I'll be!

**186A.10**

1 'O is my basnet a widow's curch?  
2 Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?  
3 Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand?  
4 That an English lord should lightly me.

**186A.11**

1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,  
2 Against the truce of Border tide,  
3 And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
4 Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

**186A.12**

1 'And have they een taen him Kinmont Willie,  
2 Withouten either dread or fear,  
3 And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
4 Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

**186A.13**

1 'O were there war between the lands,  
2 As well I wot that there is none,  
3 I would slight Carlisle castell high,  
4 Tho it were builded of marble-stone.

**186A.14**

1 'I would set that castell in a low,  
2 And sloken it with English blood;  
3 There's nevir a man in Cumberland  
4 Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

**186A.15**

1 'But since nae war's between the lands,  
2 And there is peace, and peace should be,  
3 I'll neither harm English lad or lass,  
4 And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'

**186A.16**

1 He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
2 I trow they were of his ain name,  
3 Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld  
4 The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

**186A.17**

1 He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
2 Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,  
3 With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,  
4 And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

**186A.18**

1 There were five and five before them a',  
2 Wi hunting-horns and bugles bright;  
3 And five and five came wi Buccleuch,  
4 Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.

**186A.19**

1 And five and five like a mason-gang,  
2 That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
3 And five and five like broken men;  
4 And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

**186A.20**

1 And as we crossd the Bateable Land,  
2 When to the English side we held,  
3 The first o men that we met wi,  
4 Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde!

**186A.21**

1 'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'  
2 Quo fause Sakelde; 'Come tell to me!'  
3 'We go to hunt an English stag,  
4 Has trespassd on the Scots countrie.'

**186A.22**

1 'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?'  
2 Quo fause Sakelde; 'Come tell me true!'  
3 'We go to catch a rank reiver,  
4 Has broken faith wi the bauld Buccleuch.'

**186A.23**

1 'Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,  
2 Wi a' your ladders lang and hie?'  
3 'We gang to herry a corbie's nest,  
4 That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

**186A.24**

1 'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'  
2 Quo fause Sakelde; 'Come tell to me!'  
3 Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
4 And the nevir a word o lear had he.

**186A.25**

1 'Why trespass ye on the English side?  
2 Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo he;  
3 The neer a word had Dickie to say,  
4 Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie.

**186A.26**

1 Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
2 And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossd;  
3 The water was great, and meikle of spait,  
4 But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

**186A.27**

1 And when we reachd the Staneshaw-bank,  
2 The wind was rising loud and hie;  
3 And there the laird garrd leave our steeds,  
4 For fear that they should stamp and nie.

**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 sae 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 'Had 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 merrilie!'  
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 slogan ane and a',  
3 And cut a hole thro a sheet of lead,  
4 And so we wan to the castel-ha.

**186A.33**

1 They thought King James and a' his men  
2 Had won the house wi bow 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 garrd the bars bang merrilie,  
3 Untill we came to the inner prison,  
4 Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie.

**186A.35**

1 And when we cam to the lower prison,  
2 Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie,  
3 'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,  
4 Upon the morn that thou's to die?'

**186A.36**

1 'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,  
2 It's lang since sleeping was fleyd 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 Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

**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-maill  
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 Kinmont's airns playd clang.

**186A.40**

1 'O mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,  
2 'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;  
3 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan  
4 I ween my legs have neer bestrode.

**186A.41**

1 'And mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,  
2 'I've pricked a horse out oure the furs;  
3 But since the day I backed a steed  
4 I nevir wore sic cumbrous 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 bank to brim,  
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 Scotland come visit me!'

**186A.45**

1 All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,  
2 He stood as still as rock of stane;  
3 He scarcely dared to trow his eyes  
4 When thro the water they had gane.

**186A.46**

1 'He is either himsell a devil frae hell,  
2 Or else him mother a witch maun be;  
3 I wad na have ridden that wan water  
4 For a' the gowd in Christentie.'

**187A.1**

1 ' . . . .  
2 PEETER a Whifield he hath slaine,  
3 And Iohn a Side, he is tane,  
4 And Iohn is bound both hand and foote,  
5 And to the New-castle he is gone.

**187A.2**

1 But tydinges came to the Sybill o the Side,  
2 By the water-side as shee rann;  
3 Shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,  
4 And fast shee runn to Mangerton.

**187A.3**

1 . . . .  
2 The lord was sett downe at his meate;  
3 When these tydings shee did him tell,  
4 Neuer a morsell might he eate.

**187A.4**

1 But lords, the wrunge their fingars white,  
2 Ladyes did pull themselues by the haire,  
3 Crying, Alas and weladay!  
4 For Iohn o the Side wee shall neuer see more.

**187A.5**

1 'But wee'le goe sell our droues of kine,  
2 And after them our oxen sell,  
3 And after them our troopes of sheepe,  
4 But wee will loose him out of the New Castell.'

**187A.6**

1 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
2 And spoke these words wonderous hye;  
3 Sayes, Giue my fieve men to my selfe,  
4 And I'le feitch Iohn o the Side to thee.

**187A.7**

1 'Yea, thou'st haue fieve, Hobby Noble,  
2 Of the best *that* are in this countrye;  
3 I'le giue thee fieve thousand, Hobby Noble,  
4 *That* walke in Tyuidale trulye.'

**187A.8**

1 'Nay, I'le haue but fieve,' saies Hobby Noble,  
2 '*That* shall walke away with mee;  
3 Wee will ryde like noe men of warr;  
4 But like poore badgers wee wilbe.'

**187A.9**

1 They stufet vp all their baggs with straw,  
2 And their steeds barefoot must bee;  
3 'Come on, my bretheren,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
4 'Come on *your* wayes, and goe with mee.'

**187A.10**

1 And when they came to Culerton ford,  
2 The water was vp, they cold it not goe;  
3 And then they were ware of a good old man,  
4 How his boy and hee were at the plowe.

**187A.11**

1 'But stand you still,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
2 'Stand you still heere at this shore,  
3 And I will ryde to Yonder old man,  
4 And see w<h>ere the gate it lyes ore.

**187A.12**

1 'But Christ you saue, father!' *quo* hee,  
2 'Crist both you saue and see!  
3 Where is the way *ouer* this fford?  
4 For Christ's sake tell itt mee!'

**187A.13**

1 'But I have dwelled heere three score yeere,  
2 Soe haue I done three score and three;  
3 I *neuer* sawe man nor horsse goe ore,  
4 Except itt were a horse of tree.'

**187A.14**

1 'But fare thou well, thou good old man!  
2 The devill in hell I leave with thee,  
3 Noe better comfort heere this night  
4 Thow giues my bretheren heere and me.'

**187A.15**

1 But when he came to his brether againe,  
2 And told this tydings full of woe,  
3 And then they found a well good gate  
4 They might ryde ore by two and two.

**187A.16**

1 And when they were come *ouer* the fforde,  
2 All safe gotten att the last,  
3 'Thankes be to God!' sayes Hobby Noble,  
4 'The worst of our perill is past.'

**187A.17**

1 And then they came into Howbrame wood,  
2 And there then they found a tree,  
3 And cutt itt downe then by the roote;  
4 The length was thirty ffoote and three.

**187A.18**

1 And four of them did take the planke,  
2 As light as it had beene a fflee,  
3 And carryed itt to the New Castle,  
4 Where as Iohn a Side did lye.

**187A.19**

1 And some did climbe vp by the walls,  
2 And some did climbe vp by the tree,  
3 Vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle,  
4 Where Iohn made his moane trulye.

**187A.20**

1 He sayd, God be with thee, Sybill o the Side!  
2 My owne mother thou art, *quo*th hee;  
3 If thou knew this night I were here,  
4 A woe woman then woldest thou bee.

**187A.21**

1 And fare you well, Lord Mangerton!  
2 And *euer* I say God be with thee!  
3 For if you knew this night I were heere,  
4 You wold sell your land for to loose mee.

**187A.22**

1 And fare thou well, Much, Millers sonne!  
2 Much, Millars sonne, I say;  
3 Thou has beene better att merke midnight  
4 Then *euer* thou was att noone o the day.

**187A.23**

1 And fare thou well, my good Lord Clough!  
2 Thou art thy ffathers sonne and heire;  
3 Thou *neuer* saw him in all thy liffe  
4 But with him durst thou breake a speare.

**187A.24**

1 'Wee are brothers childer nine or ten,  
2 And sisters children ten or eleven.  
3 We *neuer* came to the feild to fight,  
4 But the worst of us was counted a man.'

**187A.25**

1 But then bespake him Hoby Noble,  
2 And spake these words vnto him;  
3 Saies, Sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn o the  
4 Side,  
5 Or art thou this castle within?

**187A.26**

1 'But who is there,' *quo*th Iohn oth Side,  
2 '*That* knowes my name soe right and free?'  
3 'I am a bastard-brother of thine;  
4 This night I am comen for to loose thee.'

**187A.27**

1 'Now nay, now nay,' *quo*th Iohn o the Side;  
2 'Itt feares me sore *that* will not bee;  
3 Ffor a pecke of gold and silver,' Iohn sayd,  
4 'In faith this night will not loose mee.'

**187A.28**

1 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
2 And till his brother thus sayd hee;  
3 Sayes, Four shall take this matter in hand,  
4 And two shall tent our geldings freee.

**187A.29**

1 Four did breake one dore without,  
2 Then Iohn brake fieve himself;  
3 But when they came to the iron dore,  
4 It smote twelue vpon the bell.

**187A.30**

1 'Itt feares me sore,' sayd Much, the Miller,  
2 '*That* heere taken wee all shalbee;  
3 'But goe away, bretheren,' sayd Iohn a Side,  
4 'For *euer* alas! this will not bee.'

**187A.31**

1 'But fye vpon thee!' sayd Hobby Noble;  
2 'Much, the Miller, fye vpon thee!  
3 'It sore feares me,' said Hobby Noble,  
4 'Man *that* thou wilt *neuer* bee.'

**187A.32**

1 But then he had Fflanders files two or three,  
2 And hee fyled downe *that* iron dore,  
3 And tooke Iohn out of the New Castle,  
4 And sayd, Looke thou *neuer* come heere more!

**187A.33**

1 When he had him fforth of the New Castle,  
2 'Away with me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde:'  
3 But euer alas! itt could not bee;  
4 For Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.

**187A.34**

1 But then he had sheets two or three,  
2 And bound Iohns boultts fast to his ffeete,  
3 And sett him on a well good steede,  
4 Himselfe on another by him seete.

**187A.35**

1 Then Hobby Noble smiled and loug<h>e,  
2 And spoke these worde in mickle pryde:  
3 Thou sitts soe finely on thy geldinge  
4 *That*, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde.

**187A.36**

1 And when they came thorrow Howbrame  
towne,  
2 Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stone;  
3 'Out and alas!' cryed Much, the Miller,  
4 'Iohn, thou'le make vs all be tane.'

**187A.37**

1 'But fye vpon thee!' saies Hobby Noble,  
2 'Much, the Millar, fye on thee!  
3 I know full well,' saies Hobby Noble,  
4 'Man *that* thou wilt neuer bee.'

**187A.38**

1 And when the came into Howbrame wood,  
2 He had Fflanders files two or three  
3 To file Iohns bolts beside his ffeete,  
4 *That* hee might ryde more easilye.

**187A.39**

1 Sayes, 'Iohn, now leape *ouer* a steede!  
2 And Iohn then hee lope *ouer* fue:  
3 'I know well,' saies Hobby Noble,  
4 'Iohn, thy ffellow is not aliue.'

**187A.40**

1 Then he brought him home to Mangerton;  
2 The *lord* then he was att his meate;  
3 But when Iohn o the Side he there did see,  
4 For faine hee cold noe more eate.

**187A.41**

1 He sayes, Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,  
2 *That* euer thou wast man borne!  
3 Thou hast feitchd vs home good Iohn oth Side,  
4 *That* was now cleane ffrom vs gone.

**187B.1**

1 'NOW Liddisdale has ridden a raid,  
2 But I wat they had better staid at hame;  
3 For Mitchel o Winfield he is dead,  
4 And my son Johnie is prisner tane.'  
5 With my fa ding diddle, la la dow diddle.

**187B.2**

1 For Mangerton House auld Downie is gane;  
2 Her coats she has kilted up to her knee,  
3 And down the water wi speed she rins,  
4 While tears in spaits fa fast frae her eie.

**187B.3**

1 Then up and bespake the lord Mangerton:  
2 'What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?'  
3 'Bad news, bad news, my lord Mangerton;  
4 Mitchel is killd, and tane they hae my son  
Johnie.'

**187B.4**

1 'Neer fear, sister Downie,' quo Mangerton;  
2 'I hae yokes of oxen four and twentie,  
3 My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a' weel  
filld,  
4 And I'll part wi them a' ere Johnie shall die.

**187B.5**

1 'Three men I'll take to set him free,  
2 Weel harnessd a' wi best o steel;  
3 The English rogues may hear, and drie  
4 The weight o their braid swords to feel.

**187B.6**

1 'The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,  
2 Oh, Hobie Noble, thou ane maun be;  
3 Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,  
4 Since England banishd thee, to me.'

**187B.7**

1 Now Hobie was a English man,  
2 In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;  
3 But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
4 They banishd him neer to return.

**187B.8**

1 Lord Mangerton them orders gave,  
2 'Your horses the wrang way maun a' be shod;  
3 Like gentlemen ye must not seem,  
4 But look like corn-caugers gawn ae road.

**187B.9**

1 'Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
2 Nor ance appear like men o weir;  
3 As country lads be all arrayd,  
4 Wi branks and brecham on ilk mare.'

**187B.10**

1 Sae now a' their horses are shod the wrang  
way,  
2 And Hobie has mounted his grey sae fine,  
3 Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse  
behind,  
4 And on they rode for the water o Tyne.

**187B.11**

1 At the Choler-ford they a' light down,  
2 And there, wi the help o the light o the moon,  
3 A tree they cut, wi fifteen naggs upo ilk side,  
4 To climb up the wa o Newcastle town.

**187B.12**

1 But when they cam to Newcastle town,  
2 And were alighter at the wa,  
3 They fand their tree three ells oer laigh,  
4 They fand their stick baith short and sma.

**187B.13**

1 Then up and spake the Laird's ain Jock,  
2 'There's naething for 't, the gates we maun  
force;'  
3 But when they cam the gates unto,  
4 A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

**187B.14**

1 His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung,  
2 Wi hand or foot he neer playd paw;  
3 His life and his keys at anes they hae tane,  
4 And cast his body ahind the wa.

**187B.15**

1 Now soon they reach Newcastle jail,  
2 And to the prisner thus they call:  
3 'Sleips thou, wakes thou, Jock o the Side?  
4 Or is thou wearied o thy thrall?'

**187B.16**

1 Jock answers thus, wi dolefu tone:  
2 Aft, aft I wake, I seldom sleip;  
3 But wha's this kens my name sae weel,  
4 And thus to hear my waes do<es> seik?

**187B.17**

1 Then up and spake the good Laird's Jock,  
2 'Neer fear ye now, my billie,' quo he;  
3 'For here's the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,  
4 And Hobie Noble, come to set thee free.'

**187B.18**

1 'Oh, had thy tongue, and speak nae mair,  
2 And o thy tawk now let me be!  
3 For if a' Liddisdale were here the night,  
4 The morn's the day that I maun die.

**187B.19**

1 'Full fifteen stane o Spanish iron  
2 They hae laid a' right sair on me;  
3 Wi locks and keys I am fast bound  
4 Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.'

**187B.20**

1 'Fear ye no that,' quo the Laird's Jock;  
2 'A faint heart neer wan a fair ladie;  
3 Work thou within, we'll work without,  
4 And I'll be bound we set thee free.'

**187B.21**

1 The first strong dore that they came at,  
2 They loosed it without a key;  
3 The next chaind dore that they cam at,  
4 They gard it a' in flinders flee.

**187B.22**

1 The prisner now, upo his back,  
2 The Laird's Jock's gotten up fu hie;  
3 And down the stair him, irons and a',  
4 Wi nae sma speed and joy brings he.

**187B.23**

1 'Now, Jock, I wat,' quo Hobie Noble,  
2 'Part o the weight ye may lay on me;'  
3 'I wat weel no,' quo the Laird's Jock,  
4 'I count him lighter than a flee.'

**187B.24**

1 Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,  
2 The prisner's set on horseback hie;  
3 And now wi speed they've tane the gate,  
4 While ilk ane jokes fu wantonlie.

**187B.25**

1 'O Jock, sae winsomely's ye ride,  
2 Wi baith your feet upo ae side!  
3 Sae weel's ye're harnessd, and sae trig!  
4 In troth ye sit like ony bride.'

**187B.26**

1 The night, tho wat, they didna mind,  
2 But hied them on fu mirrilie,  
3 Until they cam to Cholerford brae,  
4 Where the water ran like mountains hie.

**187B.27**

1 But when they came to Cholerford,  
2 There they met with an auld man;  
3 Says, Honest man, will the water ride?  
4 Tell us in haste, if that ye can.

**187B.28**

1 'I wat weel no,' quo the good auld man;  
2 'Here I hae livd this threty yeirs and three.  
3 And I neer yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
4 Nor rinning ance sae like a sea.'

**187B.29**

1 Then up and spake the Laird's saft Wat,  
2 The greatest coward in the company;  
3 'Now halt, now halt, we needna try't;  
4 The day is comd we a' maun die!'

**187B.30**

1 'Poor faint-hearted thief!' quo the Laird's Jock,  
2 'There'll nae man die but he that's fie;  
3 I'll lead ye a' right safely through;  
4 Lift ye the prisner on ahint me.'

**187B.31**

1 Sae now the water they a' hae tane,  
2 By anes and twas they a' swam through;  
3 'Here are we a' safe,' saies the Laird's Jock,  
4 'And, poor faint Wat, what think ye now?'

**187B.32**

1 They scarce the ither side had won,  
2 When twenty men they saw pursue;  
3 Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,  
4 A' English lads, right good and true.

**187B.33**

1 But when the land-sergeant the water saw,  
2 'It winna ride, my lads,' quo he;  
3 Then out he cries, Ye the prisner may take,  
4 But leave the irons, I pray, to me.

**187B.34**

1 'I wat weel no,' cryd the Laird's Jock,  
2 'I'll keep them a', shoon to my mare they'll be;  
3 My good grey mare, for I am sure,  
4 She's bought them a' fu dear frae thee.'

**187B.35**

1 Sae now they're away for Liddisdale,  
2 Een as fast as they coud them hie;  
3 The prisner's brought to his ain fire-side,  
4 And there o's aims they make him free.

**187B.36**

1 'Now, Jock, my billie,' quo a' the three,  
2 'The day was comd thou was to die;  
3 But thou's as weel at thy ain fire-side,  
4 Now sitting, I think, tween thee and me.'

**187B.37**

1 They hae gard fill up ae punch-bowl,  
2 And after it they maun hae anither,  
3 And thus the night they a' hae spent,  
4 Just as they had been brither and brither.

**187C.1**

1 'NOW Liddisdale has ridden a rade,  
2 But I wat they had a better staid at home;  
3 For Michel of Windfield he is slain,  
4 And my son Jonny, they have him tane.'  
5 With my fa dow diddle, lal la dow didle

**187C.2**

1 Now Downy's down the water gone,  
2 With all her cots unto her arms,  
3 And she gave never over swift running  
4 Untill she came to Mengertown.

**187C.3**

- 1 Up spack Lord Mengertown and says,
- 2 What news, what news now, sister Downy?  
what news hast thou to me?
- 3 'Bad news, bad news, Lord Mengertown,
- 4 For Michal of Windfield he is slain, and my son  
Jonny they have him tain.'

**187C.4**

- 1 Up speaks Lord Mengertown and says, I have  
four and twenty yoke of oxen,
- 2 And four and twenty good milk-ky,
- 3 And three times as mony sheep,
- 4 And I'll gie them a' before my son Jonny die.

**187C.5**

- 1 I will tak three men unto myself;
- 2 The Laird's Jack he shall be ane,
- 3 The Laird's Wat another,
- 4 For, Hobbie Noble, thow must be ane.

**187C.6**

- 1 . . . .
- 2 . thy cot is of the blue;
- 3 For ever since thou cam to Liddisdale
- 4 To Mengertown thou hast been true.

**187C.7**

- 1 Now Hobbie hath mounted his frienged gray,
- 2 And the Laird's Jack his lively bey,
- 3 And Watt with the ald horse behind,
- 4 And they are away as fast as they can ride.

**187C.8**

- 1 Till they are come to the Cholar foord,
- 2 And there they lighted down;
- 3 And there they cut a tree with fifty nags upo  
each side,
- 4 For to clim Newcastle wall.

**187C.9**

- 1 And when they came there . .
- 2 It wad not reach by ellish three;
- 3 'There's nothing for't,' says the Laird's Jack,
- 4 'But forcing o New Castle gate.'

**187C.10**

- 1 And when they came there,
- 2 There was a proud porter standing,
- 3 And I wat they were obliged to wring his neck  
in twa.

**187C.11**

- 1 Now they are come to New Castle gile:
- 2 Says they, Sleep thou, wakes thou, John o the  
Side?

**187C.12**

- 1 Says he, Whiles I wake, but seldom sleep;
- 2 Who is there that knows my name so well?

**187C.13**

- 1 Up speaks the Laird's Jack and says,
- 2 . . . .
- 3 Here is Jack and Watt and Hobby Noble,
- 4 Come this night to set thee free.

**187C.14**

- 1 Up speaks John of the Side and says,
- 2 O hold thy tongue now, billy, and of thy talk  
now let me be;
- 3 For if a' Liddisdale were here this night,
- 4 The morn is the day that I must die.

**187C.15**

- 1 For their is fifty stone of Spanish iron
- 2 Laid on me fast wee lock and key,
- 3 . . . .
- 4 . . . .

**187C.16**

- 1 Then up speaks the Laird's Jack and says,
- 2 A faint heart neer wan a fair lady;
- 3 Work thou within and we without,
- 4 And this night we'el set thee free.

**187C.17**

- 1 The first door that they came at
- 2 They lowsed without either lock or key,
- 3 . . . .
- 4 And the next they brock in flinders three.

**187C.18**

- 1 Till now Jack has got the prisner on his back,
- 2 And down the tolbooth stair came he;
- 3 . . . .
- 4 . . . .

**187C.19**

- 1 Up spack Hobby Noble and says,
- 2 O man, I think thou may lay some weight o the  
prisner upo me;
- 3 'I wat weel no,' says the Laird's Jack,
- 4 'For I do not count him as havy as ane poor  
flee.'

**187C.20**

- 1 So now they have set him upo horse back,
- 2 And says, O now so winsomly 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 swum'd through.

**187C.26**

- 1 Be they wan safe a' through,
- 2 There were twenty men pursueing them from  
New Castle town.

**187C.27**

- 1 Up speaks the land-sergeant and says,
- 2 If you 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  
mere;
- 3 . . . .
- 4 For I am sure she has bought them dear.'

**187C.29**

- 1 'Good sooth,' says the Laird's Jack,
- 2 'The worst perel is now past.'

**187C.30**

- 1 So now they have set him upo hoseback,
- 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 falln 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 ridden 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 her knes,
- 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 h<e] is gane.

**187D.5**

- 1 They have cuttin their yad's tailles,
- 2 They've cut them a little abune the hough,
- 3 And they nevir gave oer s. . . . d running
- 4 Till they came to Hathery Haugh.

**187D.6**

- 1 And when they came to Chollerton ford
- 2 Tyne was mair running like a sea.
- 3 . . . .
- 4 . . . .

**187D.7**

- 1 And when they came to Swinburne wood,
- 2 Quickly they ha fellen a tree;
- 3 Twenty snags on either side,
- 4 And on the top it had lang three.

**187D.8**

- 1 'My mare is young, she wul na swim,'
- 2 . . . .
- 3 . . . .
- 4 . . . .

**187D.9**

- 1 . . . .
- 2 'Now Mudge the Miller, fie on thee!
- 3 Tak thou mine, and I'll tak thine,
- 4 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 condemnd to die.

**188A.3**

- 1 Then up bespake Jock the laird:
- 2 'If I had but a hundre men,
- 3 A hundred 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'l 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 Liddesdale cracked he);
- 3 'An ever we come till a pinch,
- 4 He'll be as good as ony 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 siccer 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 out oer the lee,
- 3 Until they came to the Bonshaw 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 bespak 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 Hoddam 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 stricken 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 Christenty;  
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 bespak then Jocky Ha,  
2 For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he:  
3 'I am the man,' said Jocky than,  
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 'O sleeps thou, wakest thou, Archie, my billy?  
2 O sleeps thou, wakes thou, dear billy?'  
3 'Sometimes I sleep, sometimes I wake;  
4 But who's that knows my name so well?' [said  
he.]  
5 'I am thy brother Dicky,' he says;  
6 '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 'If that be a' the crime they lay to thee, Archie,  
my billy,  
2 If that be the crime they lay to thee,  
3 Work thou within, and me without,  
4 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 crabby chiel!' cried he;  
3 He's taen the door aye with his foot,  
4 And fast he followd it with his knee.  
5 Till a' the bolts the door hung on,  
6 O th' prison-floor he made them flee.

**188A.24**

1 'Thou's welcome, welcome, Archy, my billy,  
2 Thou's aye right dear welcome to me;  
3 There shall be straits 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 irons and aw,  
3 ...  
4 ...

**188A.26**

1 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,  
2 'Let some o th' prisoner lean on me';  
3 'The diel o there,' quo Dicky than,  
4 'He's no the wightdom of a flea.'

**188A.27**

1 They are on o that gray mare,  
2 And they are on o her aw three,  
3 And they linked the irons about her neck,  
4 And galloped the street right wantonly.

**188A.28**

1 'To horse, to horse,' then, æll, he says,  
2 'Horse ye with all the might ye may,  
3 For the jailor he will waken next;  
4 And the prisoners had a' wan away.'

**188A.29**

1 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
2 And cracking o whips out oer the lea,  
3 Until they came to the Bonshaw Shield;  
4 There they held their council privately.

**188A.30**

1 Some says, 'We'll gang the Annan road;  
2 It is the better road,' said they;  
3 But up bespak than Dicky Ha,  
4 The wisest of that company:

**188A.31**

1 'Annan road's a publick road,  
2 It's not the road that makes for me;  
3 But we will through at Annan Holme,  
4 It is the better road,' said he;  
5 'An we were in at Wamfrey Gate,  
6 The Johnstones they will a' help me.'

**188A.32**

1 But Dicky lookd oer his left shoulder,  
2 I wait a wiley look gave he;  
3 He spied the lieutenant coming,  
4 An a hundre men of his company.

**188A.33**

1 'So horse ye, horse ye, lads!' he said,  
2 'O horse ye, sure and siccerly!  
3 For yonder is the lieutenant,  
4 With a hundred men of his company.'

**188A.34**

1 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
2 And cracking o whips out oer the lea.  
3 Until they came to Annan Holme,  
4 And it was running like a sea.

**188A.35**

1 But up bespake the lieutenant,  
2 Until a bonny lad said he,  
3 'Who is the man,' said the lieutenant,  
4 'Rides foremost of yon company?'

**188A.36**

1 Then up bespake the bonny lad,  
2 Until the lieutenant said he,  
3 'Some men do ca him Dicky Ha,  
4 Rides foremost of yon company.'

**188A.37**

1 'O haste ye, haste ye!' said the lieutenant,  
2 'Pursue with a' the might ye may!  
3 For the man had needs to be well saint  
4 That comes thro the hands o Dicky Ha.'

**188A.38**

1 But up bespak Jock the laird,  
2 'This has been a dearsome night to me;  
3 I've a colt of four years old,  
4 I wait he wannelld like the wind;  
5 If ever he come to the deep,  
6 He will plump down, leave me behind.'

**188A.39**

1 'Wae light o thee and thy horse baith, Jock,  
2 And even so thy horse and thee!  
3 Take thou mine, and I'll take thine,  
4 Foul fa the worst horse i th' company!  
5 I'll cast the prisoner me behind;  
6 There'll no man die but him that's fee.'

**188A.40**

1 There they've a' taen the flood,  
2 And they have taen it hastily;  
3 Dicky was the hindmost took the flood,  
4 And foremost on the land stood he.

**188A.41**

1 Dicky's turnd his horse about,  
2 And he has turnd it hastily:  
3 'Come through, come thro, my lieutenant,  
4 Come thro this day, and drink wi me,

**188A.41**

5 And thy dinner's be dressd in Annan Holme,  
6 It sall not cost thee one penny.'

**188A.42**

1 'I think some witch has bore the, Dicky,  
2 Or some devil in hell been thy daddy;  
3 I woud not swum that wan water double  
-horsed,  
4 For a' the gold in Christenty.

**188A.43**

1 'But throw me thro my irons, Dicky,  
2 I wait they cost me full dear;  
3 'O devil be there,' quo Jocky Hall,  
4 'They'l be good shoon to my gray mare.'

**188A.44**

1 O up bespake then Jock the laird,  
2 'This has been a dearsome night to me;  
3 For yesternight the Cawfield was my ain,  
4 Landsman again I never sall be.'

**188A.45**

1 'Now wae light o thee and thy lands baith,  
Jock,  
2 And even so baith the land and thee!  
3 For gear will come and gear will gang,  
4 But three brothers again we never were to be.'

**188B.1**

1 AS I was walking mine alane,  
2 It was by the dawning o the day,  
3 I heard twa brothers make their maine,  
4 And I listned well what they did say.

**188B.2**

1 The eldest to the youngest said,  
2 'O dear brother, how can this be!  
3 There was three brethren of us born,  
4 And one of us is condemnd to die.'

**188B.3**

1 'O chuse ye out a hundred men,  
2 A hundred men in Christ<e>ndie,  
3 And we'll away to Dumfries town,  
4 And set our billie Archie free.'

**188B.4**

1 'A hundred men you cannot get,  
2 Nor yet sixteen in Christendie;  
3 For some of them will us betray,  
4 And other some will work for fee.

**188B.5**

1 'But chuse ye out eleven men,  
2 And we ourselves thirteen will be,  
3 And we'll away to Dumfries town,  
4 And borrow bony billie Archie.'

**188B.6**

1 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
2 And there was marching upon the lee,  
3 Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
4 And they lighted a' right speedylie.

**188B.7**

1 'A smith, a smith,!' Dickie he crys,  
2 'A smith, a smith, right speedily,  
3 To turn back the cakers o our horses feet!  
4 For it is forward we woud be.'

**188B.8**

1 There was a horsing, horsing in haste,  
2 There was marching on the lee,  
3 Untill they came to Dumfries port,  
4 And there they lighted right manfulie.

**188B.9**

1 'There<'s] six of us will hold the horse,  
2 And other five watchmen will be;  
3 But who is the man among you a'  
4 Will go to the Tolbooth door wi me?'

**188B.10**

5 O up then spake Jokie Hall  
6 (Fra the laigh of Tiviotdale was he),  
7 'If it should cost my life this very night,  
8 I'll ga to the Tollbooth door wi thee.'

**188B.11**

1 'O sleepst thou, wakest thou, Archie laddie?  
2 O sleepst thou, wakest thou, dear billie?  
3 'I sleep but saft, I waken oft,  
4 For the morn's the day that I man die.'

**188B.12**

1 'Be o good cheer now, Archie lad,  
2 Be o good cheer now, dear billie;  
3 Work thou within and I without,  
4 And the morn thou's dine at Cafield wi me.'

**188B.13**

1 'O work, O work, Archie?' he cries,  
2 'O work, O work? ther's na working for me;  
3 For ther's fifteen stane o Spanish iron,  
4 And it lys fow sair on my body.'

**188B.14**

1 O Jokie Hall stept to the door,  
2 And he bended it back upon his knee,  
3 And he made the bolts that the door hang on  
4 Jump to the wa right wantonlie.

**188B.15**

1 He took the prisoner on his back,  
2 And down the Tollbooth stairs came he;  
3 Out then spak Dickie and said,  
4 Let some o the weight fa on me;  
5 'O shame a ma!' co Jokie Ha,  
6 'For he's no the weight of a poor flee.'

**188B.16**

1 The gray mare stands at the door,  
2 And I wat neer a foot stirt she,  
3 Till they laid the links out oer her neck,  
4 And her girth was the gold-twist to be.

**188B.17**

1 And they came down thro Dumfries town,  
2 And O but they came bonily!  
3 Until they came to Lochmaben port,  
4 And they leugh a' the night manfulie.

**188B.18**

1 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
2 And there was marching on the lee,  
3 Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
4 And they lihgted a' right speedilie.

**188B.19**

1 'A smith, a smith!' Dickie he cries,  
2 'A smith, a smith, right speedilie,  
3 To file off the shakles fra my dear brother!  
4 For it is forward we wad be.'

**188B.20**

1 They had not filtt a shakle of iron,  
2 A shakle of iron but barely three,  
3 Till out then spake young Simon brave,  
4 'Ye do na see what I do see.

**188B.21**

1 'Lo yonder comes Liewtenant Gordon,  
2 And a hundred men in his company:'  
3 'O wo is me!' then Archie cries,  
4 'For I'm the prisoner, and I must die.'

**188B.22**

1 O there was horsing, horsing in haste,  
2 And there was marching upon the lee,  
3 Untill they came to Annan side,  
4 And it was flowing like the sea.

**188B.23**

1 'I have a colt, and he's four years old,  
2 And he can amble like the wind,  
3 But when he comes to the belly deep,  
4 He lays himself down on the ground.'

**188B.24**

1 'But I have a mare, and they call her Meg,  
2 And she's the best in Christendie;  
3 Set ye the prisoner me behind;  
4 Ther'll na man die but he that's fae!'

**188B.25**

1 Now they did swim that wan water,  
2 And O but they swam bonilie!  
3 Untill they came to the other side,  
4 And they wrang their cloathes right drunk<i>  
>lie.

**188B.26**

1 'Come through, come through, Liewtenant  
Gordon!  
2 Come through, and drink some wine wi me!  
3 For ther's a ale-house neer hard by,  
4 And it shall not cost thee one penny.'

**188B.27**

1 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
2 'For I wat they cost me right dear;'  
3 'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
4 'For they'll be good shoon to my gray mare.'

**188B.28**

1 'Surely thy minnie has been some witch,  
2 Or thy dad some warlock has been;  
3 Else thow had never attempted such,  
4 Or to the bottom thow had gone.

**188B.29**

1 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
2 'For I wot they cost me dear enough;'  
3 'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
4 'They'll be good shakles to my plough.'

**188B.30**

1 'Come through, come through, Liewtenant  
Gordon!  
2 Come throw, and drink some wine wi me!  
3 For yesterday I was your prisoner,  
4 But now the night I am set free.'

**188C.1**

1 AS I walked on a pleasant green—  
2 'Twas on the first morning of May—  
3 I heard twa brothers make their moan,  
4 And hearkend well what they did say.

**188C.2**

1 The first he gave a grievous sigh,  
2 And said, Alas, and wae is me!  
3 We hae a brother condemned to death,  
4 And the very morn must hanged be.

**188C.3**

1 Then out it speaks him Little Dick,  
2 I wat a gude fellow was he:  
3 'Had I three men unto mysell,  
4 Well borrowed shoud Bell Archie be.'

**188C.4**

1 Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,  
2 A better fellow by far was he:  
3 'Ye shall hae six men and yoursell,  
4 And me to bear you companie.

**188C.5**

1 'Twa for keepers o the guard,  
2 See that to keep it sickerlie,  
3 And twa to come, and twa to gang,  
4 And twa to speak wi Bell Archie.

**188C.6**

1 'But we winna gang like men o weir,  
2 Nor yet will we like cavalliers;  
3 But we will gang like corn-buyers,  
4 And we'll put brechens on our mares.'

**188C.7**

1 Then they are to the jail-house doors,  
2 And they hae tirlt at the pin:  
3 'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Bell Archie?  
4 Quickly rise, lat us come in.'

**188C.8**

1 'I sleep not aft, I lie not saft;  
2 What's there that knocks and kens my name?'  
3 'It is your brothers Dick and John;  
4 Ye'll open the door, lat us come in.'

**188C.9**

1 'Awa, awa, my brethren dear,  
2 And ye'll had far awa frae me;  
3 If ye be found at jail-house door,  
4 I fear like dogs they'll gar ye die.'

**188C.10**

1 'Ohon, alas! my brother dear,  
2 Is this the hearkening ye gie to me?  
3 If ye'll work therein as we thereout,  
4 Well borrowd should your body be.'

**188C.11**

1 'How can I work therein, therein,  
2 Or yet how can I work thereout,  
3 When fifty tons o Spanish iron  
4 Are my fair body round about?'

**188C.12**

1 He put his fingers to the lock,  
2 I wat he handled them sickerlie,  
3 And doors of deal, and bands of steel,  
4 He gart them all in flinders flee.

**188C.13**

1 He's taen the prisoner in his arms,  
2 And he has kissd him cheek and chin:  
3 'Now since we've met, my brother dear,  
4 There shall be dunts ere we twa twine.'

**188C.14**

1 He's taen the prisoner on his back,  
2 And a' his heavy irons tee,  
3 But and his marie in his hand,  
4 And straight to Annan gate went he.

**188C.15**

1 But when they came to Annan water,  
2 It was roaring like the sea:  
3 'O stay a little, Johnny Ha,  
4 Here we can neither fecht nor flee.

**188C.16**

1 'O a refreshment we maun hae,  
2 We are baith dry and hungry tee;  
3 We'll gang to Robert's at the mill,  
4 It stands upon yon lily lee.'

**188C.17**

1 Up in the morning the jailor raise,  
2 As soon's 'twas light that he coud see;  
3 Wi a pint o wine and a mess sae fine,  
4 Into the prison-house went he.

**188C.18**

1 When he came to the prison-door,  
2 A dreary sight he had to see;  
3 The locks were shot, the doors were broke,  
4 And a' the prisoners won free.

**188C.19**

1 'Ye'll gae and waken Annan town,  
2 Raise up five hundred men and three;  
3 And if these rascals may be found,  
4 I vow like dogs I'll gar them die.

**188C.20**

1 'O dinna ye hear proud Annan roar,  
2 Mair loud than ever roard the sea?  
3 We'll get the rascals on this side,  
4 Sure they can neither fecht nor flee.

**188C.21**

1 'Some gar ride, and some gar rin,  
2 Wi a' the haste that ye can make;  
3 We'll get them in some tavern-house,  
4 For Annan water they winna take.'

**188C.22**

1 As Little Dick was looking round,  
2 All for to see what he could see,  
3 Saw the proud sheriff trip the plain,  
4 Five hundred men his companie.

**188C.23**

1 'O fare ye well, my bonny wife,  
2 Likewise farewell, my children three!  
3 Fare ye well, ye lands o Cafield!  
4 For you again I neer will see.

**188C.24**

1 'For well I kent, ere I came here,  
2 That Annan water woud ruin me;  
3 My horse is young, he'll nae lat ride,  
4 And in this water I maun die.'

**188C.25**

1 Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,  
2 I wat a gude fellow was he:  
3 'O plague upo your cowardly face!  
4 The bluntest man I eer did see.

**188C.26**

1 'Gie me your horse, take ye my mare,  
2 The devil drown my mare and thee!  
3 Gie me the prisoner on behind,  
4 And nane will die but he that's fay.'

**188C.27**

1 He quickly lap upo the horse,  
2 And strait the stirrups siccarlie,  
3 And jumpd upo the other side,  
4 Wi the prisoner and his irons tee.

**188C.28**

1 The sheriff then came to the bank,  
2 And heard its roaring like the sea;  
3 Says, How these men they hae got ower,  
4 It is a marvel unto me.

**188C.29**

1 'I wadna venture after them,  
2 For a' the criminals that I see;  
3 Nevertheless now, Johnny Ha,  
4 Throw ower the fetters unto me.'

**188C.30**

1 'Deil part you and the fetters,' he said,  
2 'As lang as my mare needs a shee;  
3 If she gang barefoot ere they be done,  
4 I wish an ill death mat ye die.'

**188C.31**

1 'Awa, awa, now Johnny Ha,  
2 Your talk to me seems very snell;  
3 Your mither's been some wild rank witch,  
4 And you yoursell an imp o hell.'

**188D.1**

1 'SEVEN years have I loved my love,  
2 And seven years my love's loved me,  
3 But now to-morrow is the day  
4 That billy Archie, my love, must die.'

## 188D.2

1 O then out spoke him Little Dickie,  
2 And still the best fellow was he;  
3 'Had I but five men and my self,  
4 Then we would borrow billy Archie.'

## 188D.3

1 Out it spoke him Caff o Lin,  
2 And still the worst fellow was he:  
3 'You shall have five men and yourself,  
4 And I will bear you companye.'

## 188D.4

1 We will not go like to dragoons,  
2 Nor yet will we like grenadiers,  
3 But we will go like corn-dealers,  
4 And lay our brechams on our meares.

## 188D.5

1 'And twa of us will watch the road,  
2 And other twa will go between,  
3 And I will go to jail-house door,  
4 And hold the prisoner unthought lang.'

## 188D.6

1 'Who is this at jail-house door,  
2 So well as they do know the gin?'  
3 'It's I myself,' [said] him Little Dickie,  
4 'And oh sae fain's I would be in!'

## 188D.7

1 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
2 Away let all your folly be!  
3 If the Lord Lieutenant come on you,  
4 Like unto dogs he'll cause you die.'

## 188D.8

1 'Hold you, hold you, billy Archie,  
2 And now let all your folly be!  
3 Tho I die without, you'll not die within,  
4 For borrowed shall your body be.'

## 188D.9

1 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
2 Away, let all this folly be!  
3 An hundred pounds of Spanish irons  
4 Is all bound on my fair bodie.'

## 188D.10

1 Wi plough-culters and gavellocks  
2 They made the jail-house door to flee;  
3 'And in God's name,' said Little Dickie,  
4 'Cast you the prisoner behind me!'

## 188D.11

1 They had not rode a great way off,  
2 Will all the haste that ever could be,  
3 Till they espied the Lord Lieutenant,  
4 With a hundred men in's companye.

## 188D.12

1 But when they came to wan water,  
2 It now was rumbling like the sea;  
3 Then were they got into a strait,  
4 As great a strait as well could be.

## 188D.13

1 Then out did speak him Caff o Lin,  
2 And aye the warst fellow was he:  
3 'Now God be with my wife and bairns!  
4 For fatherless my babes will be.

## 188D.14

1 'My horse is young, he cannot swim;  
2 The water's deep, and will not wade;  
3 My children must be fatherless,  
4 My wife a widow, whateer betide.'

## 188D.15

5 O then cried out him Little Dickie,  
6 And still the best fellow was he:  
7 'Take you my mare, I'll take your horse,  
8 And Devil drown my mare and thee!'

## 188D.16

1 Now they have taken the wan water,  
2 Tho it was roaring like the sea,  
3 And whan they got to the other side,  
4 I wot they bragged right crouselie,

## 188D.17

1 'Come thro, come thro now, Lord Lieutenant!  
2 O do come thro, I pray of thee!  
3 There is an alehouse not far off,  
4 We'll dine you and your companye.'

## 188D.18

1 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
2 O now let all your taunting be!  
3 There's not a man in the king's army  
4 That would have tried what's done by thee.

## 188D.19

1 'Cast back, cast back my fetters again!  
2 Cast back my fetters! I say to thee;  
3 And get you gane the way you came,  
4 I wish no prisoners like to thee.'

## 188D.20

1 'I have a mare, she's called Meg,  
2 The best in all our low countrie;  
3 If she gang barefoot till they are done,  
4 An ill death may your lordship die!'

## 188E.1

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'We'll awa to bonnie Dundee,  
4 And set our brither Archie free.'  
5 . . . . .

## 188E.2

1 They broke through locks, and they broke  
through bars,  
2 And they broke through everything that cam in  
their way,  
3 Until they cam to a big iron gate,  
4 And that's where brother Archie lay.  
5 [Little John says]

## 188E.3

1 . . . .  
2 'O brither Archie speak to me,  
3 . . . .  
4 For we are come to set ye free.'

## 188E.4

1 . . . .  
2 'Such a thing it canna be,  
3 For there's fifty pund o gude Spanish aim  
4 Atween my neckbane and my knee.'

## 188F.1

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.

## 188F.2

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.'

## 188F.3

1 'Oh, no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,  
2 'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
3 For forty men is full little enough  
4 And I for to ride in their companie.

## 188F.4

1 'Ten to hold the horses in,  
2 Ten to guard the city about,  
3 Ten for to stand at the prison-door,  
4 And ten to fetch poor Archer out.'

## 188F.5

1 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
2 Who but they so merrilie!  
3 They rode till they came to a broad river's side,  
4 And there they alighted so manfullie.

## 188F.6

1 They mounted their horses, and so swam they,  
2 Who but they so merrilie!  
3 They swam till they came to the other side,  
4 And there they alighted so manfullie.

## 188F.7

1 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
2 Who but they so merrilie!  
3 They rode till they came to that prison-door,  
4 And then they alighted so manfullie.

## 188F.8

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'For I have forty men in my companie,  
4 And I have come to set you free.'

## 188F.9

1 'Oh no, no, no!' poor Archer says he,  
2 'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
3 For I have forty pounds of good Spanish iron  
4 Betwixt my ankle and my knee.'

## 188F.10

1 Bold Dickie broke lock, Bold Dickie broke key,  
2 Bold Dickie broke everything that he could see;  
3 He took poor Archer under one arm,  
4 And carried him out so manfullie.

## 188F.11

1 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
2 Who but they so merrilie!  
3 They rode till they came to that broad river's  
side,  
4 And there they alighted so manfullie.

## 188F.12

1 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says  
he,  
2 'Take my love home to my wife and children  
three;  
3 For my horse grows lame, he cannot swim,  
4 And here I see that I must die.'

## 188F.13

1 They shifted their horses, and so swam they,  
2 Who but they so merrilie!  
3 They swam till they came to the other side,  
4 And there they alighted so manfullie.

## 188F.14

1 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says  
he,  
2 'Look you yonder there and see;  
3 For the high-sheriff he is a coming,  
4 With an hundred men in his companie.'

## 188F.15

1 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff said  
he,  
2 'You're the damndest rascal that ever I see!  
3 Go bring me back the iron you've stole,  
4 And I will set the prisoner free.'

## 188F.16

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.'

## 188F.17

1 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff says  
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.'

## 189A.1

1 FOUL fa the breast first treason bred in!  
2 That Liddisdale may safely say,  
3 For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
4 And corn unto our geldings gay.  
5 Fala la diddle, etc.

## 189A.2

1 We were stout-hearted men and true,  
2 As England it did often say;  
3 But now we may turn our backs and fly,  
4 Since brave Noble is seld away.

## 189A.3

1 Now Hobie he was an English man,  
2 And born into Bewcastle dale,  
3 But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
4 They banishd him to Liddisdale.

## 189A.4

1 At Kershope-foot the tryst was set,  
2 Kershope of the lily lee;  
3 And there was traitour Sim o the Mains,  
4 With him a private companie.

## 189A.5

1 Then Hobie has graithd his body weel,  
2 I wat it was wi baith good iron and steel;  
3 And he has pulld out his fringed grey,  
4 And there, brave Noble, he rade him weel.

## 189A.6

1 Then Hobie is down the water gane,  
2 Een as fast as he may drie;  
3 Tho they shoud a' brusten and broken their  
hearts,  
4 Frae that tryst Noble he would not be.

## 189A.7

1 'Weel may ye be, my feiries five!  
2 And aye, what is your wills wi me?'  
3 Then they cryd a' wi ae consent,  
4 Thou 'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

## 189A.8

1 Wilt thou with us in England ride?  
2 And thy safe-warrant we will be,  
3 If we get a horse worth a hyndred puns,  
4 Upon his back that thou shalt be.

**189A.9**

1 'I dare not with you into England ride,  
2 The land-sergeant has me at feid;  
3 I know not what evil may betide  
4 For Peter of Whitfield his brother's dead.

**189A.10**

1 'And Anton Shiel, he loves not me,  
2 For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;  
3 The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,  
4 For nae gear frae me he eer could keep.

**189A.11**

1 'But will ye stay till the day gae down,  
2 Until the night come oer the grund,  
3 And I'll be a guide wonly orth twa  
4 That may in Liddisdale be fund.

**189A.12**

1 'Tho dark the night as pick and tar,  
2 I'll guide ye oer yon hills fu hie,  
3 And bring ye a' in safety back,  
4 If you'll be true and follow me.'

**189A.13**

1 He's guided them oer moss and muir,  
2 Oer hill and houp, and mony ae down,  
3 Til they came to the Foulbogshiel,  
4 And there brave Noble he lighted down.

**189A.14**

1 Then word is gane to the land-sergeant,  
2 In Askirton where that he lay:  
3 'The deer that ye hae hunted lang  
4 Is seen into the Waste this day.'

**189A.15**

1 'Then Hobbie Noble is that deer;  
2 I wat he carries the style fu hie!  
3 Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back,  
4 And set yourselves at little ee.

**189A.16**

1 'Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,  
2 See they shaft their arrows on the wa!  
3 Warn Willewa and Spear Edom,  
4 And see the morn they meet me a'.

**189A.17**

1 'Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh,  
2 And see it be by break o day;  
3 And we will on to Conscowthart Green,  
4 For there, I think, w'll get our prey.'

**189A.18**

1 Then Hobbie Noble has dreamd a dream,  
2 In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;  
3 He thought his horse was neath him shot,  
4 And he himself got hard away.

**189A.19**

1 The cocks could crow, and the day could dawn,  
2 And I wat so even down fell the rain;  
3 If Hobbie had no wakend at that time,  
4 In the Foulbogshiel he had been tane or slain.

**189A.20**

1 'Get up, get up, my feiries five—  
2 For I wat here makes a fu ill day—  
3 And the warst clock of this companie  
4 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'

**189A.21**

1 Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear,  
2 But, ever alas! it was not sae;  
3 They were beset wi cruel men and keen,  
4 That away brave Noble could not gae.

**189A.22**

1 'Yet follow me, my feiries five,  
2 And see of me ye keep good ray,  
3 And the worst clock of this companie  
4 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'

**189A.23**

1 There was heaps of men now Hobbie before,  
2 And other heaps was him behind,  
3 That had he been as wight as Wallace was  
4 Away brave Noble he could not win.

**189A.24**

1 Then Hobbie he had but a laddies sword,  
2 But he did more than a laddies deed;  
3 In the midst of Conscowthart Green,  
4 He brake it oer Jers a Wigham's head.

**189A.25**

1 Now they have tane brave Hobbie Noble,  
2 Wi his ain bowstring they band him sae;  
3 And I wat his heart was neer sae sair  
4 As when his ain five band him on the brae.

**189A.26**

1 They have tane him [on] for West Carlisle;  
2 They askd him if he knew the way;  
3 Whatever he thought, yet little he said;  
4 He knew the way as well as they.

**189A.27**

1 They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate;  
2 The wives they cast their windows wide,  
3 And ilka wife to anither can say,  
4 'That's the man loosd Jock o the Side!

**189A.28**

1 'Fy on ye, women! why ca ye me man?  
2 For it's nae man that I'm usd like;  
3 I'm but like a forfoughen hound,  
4 Ha been fighting in a dirty syke.'

**189A.29**

1 Then they hae tane him up thro Carlisle town,  
2 And set him by the chimney-fire;  
3 They gave brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,  
4 And that was little his desire.

**189A.30**

1 Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat  
2 And after that a can o beer;  
3 Then they cried a', wi ae consent,  
4 Eat, brave Noble, and make good cheer!

**189A.31**

1 Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie, they say,  
2 And the morn in Carlisle thou's no die;  
3 'How shall I confess them?' Hobbie says,  
4 'For I never saw them with mine eye.'

**189A.32**

5 Then Hobbie has sworn a fu great aith,  
6 By the day that he was gotten or born,  
7 He never had onything o my lord's  
8 That either eat him grass or corn.

**189A.33**

1 'Now afre thee weel, sweet Mangerton!  
2 For I think again I'll neer thee see;  
3 I wad betray nae lad alive,  
4 For a' the goud in Christentie.

**189A.34**

1 'And fare thee well now, Liddisdale,  
2 Baith the hie land and the law!  
3 Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains!  
4 For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.

**189A.35**

1 'I'd rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,  
2 In Carlisle, where he suffers for his faut,  
3 Before I were ca'd traitor Mains,  
4 That eats and drinks of meal and maut.'

**190A.1**

1 IT fell about the Martinmas tyde,  
2 Whan our Border steeds get corn and hay,  
3 The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,  
4 And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

**190A.2**

1 The first ae guide that they met wi,  
2 It was high up in Hardhaughswire;  
3 The second guide that they met wi,  
4 It was laigh down in Borthwick water.

**190A.3**

1 'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'  
2 'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;  
3 But gin ye'll gae to the Fair Dodhead,  
4 Mony a cow's cauf I'll let thee see.'

**190A.4**

1 And when they cam to the Fair Dodhead,  
2 Right hastily they clam the peel;  
3 They loosd the kye out, ane and a',  
4 And ranshaked the house right weel.

**190A.5**

1 Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,  
2 The tear aye rowing in his ee;  
3 He pled wi the Captain to hae his gear,  
4 Or else revenged he wad be.

**190A.6**

1 The Captain turned him round and leugh;  
2 Said, Man, there's naething in thy house  
3 But ae auld sword without a sheath,  
4 That hardly now wad fell a mouse.

**190A.7**

1 The sun was na up, but the moon was down,  
2 It was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw;  
3 Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a-foot,  
4 Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha.

**190A.8**

1 And when he cam to the fair tower-yate,  
2 He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,  
3 Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot,  
4 'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'

**190A.9**

1 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
2 And a harried man I think I be;  
3 There's naething left at the Fair Dodhead  
4 But a waefu wife and bairnies three.'

**190A.10**

1 'Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha,  
2 For succour ye'se get nane frae me;  
3 Gae seek your succour where ye paid  
4 blackmail,  
5 For, man, ye neer paid money to me.'

**190A.11**

1 Jamie has turned him round about,  
2 I wat the tear blinded his ee:  
3 'I'll neer pay mail to Elliot again,  
4 And the Fair Dodhead I'll never see.'

**190A.12**

1 'My hounds may a' rin masterless,  
2 My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,  
3 My lord may grip my vassal-lands,  
4 For there again maun I never be!'

**190A.13**

1 He has turned him to the Tiviot-side,  
2 Een as fast as he could drie,  
3 Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,  
4 And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

**190A.14**

1 Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve:  
2 'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'  
3 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
4 A harried man I trow I be.'

**190A.15**

1 'There's naething left in the Fair Dodhead  
2 But a greeting wife and bairnies three,  
3 And sax poor ca's stand in the sta,  
4 A' routing loud for their minnie.'

**190A.16**

1 'Alack a wae!' quo auld Jock Grieve,  
2 'Alack, my heart is sair for thee!  
3 For I was married on the elder sister,  
4 And you on the youngest of a' the three.'

**190A.17**

1 Then he has taen out a bonny black,  
2 Was right weel fed wi corn and hay,  
3 And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,  
4 To the Catslockhill to tak the fray.

**190A.18**

1 And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,  
2 He shouted loud and cried weel hie,  
3 Till out and spak him William's Wat,  
4 'O whae's this brings the fray to me?'

**190A.19**

1 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
2 A harried man I think I be;  
3 The Captain o Bewcastle has driven my gear;  
4 For God's sake, rise and succour me!'

**190A.20**

1 'Alas for wae!' quo William's Wat,  
2 'Alack, for thee my heart is sair!  
3 I never cam bye the Fair Dodhead  
4 That ever I fand thy basket bare.'

**190A.21**

1 He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,  
2 Himsel upon a freckled gray,  
3 And they are on wi Jamie Telfer,  
4 To Branksome Ha to tak the fray.

**190A.22**

1 And when they cam to Branksome Ha,  
2 They shouted a' baith loud and hie,  
3 Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,  
4 Said, Whae's this brings the fray to me?'

**190A.23**

1 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
2 And a harried man I think I be;  
3 There's nought left in the Fair Dodhead  
4 But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'

**190A.24**

1 'Alack for wae!' quo the gude auld lord,  
2 'And ever my heart is wae for thee!  
3 But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,  
4 And see that he cum to me speedilie.'

**190A.25**

1 'Gar warn the water, braid 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 Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,  
4 And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.

**190A.27**

1 'Ride by the gate at Prieststhaughswire,  
2 And warn the Currors o the Lee;  
3 As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,  
4 Warn doughty Willie o Gorrinberry.'

**190A.28**

1 The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
2 Sae starkly and sae steadilie,  
3 And aye the ower-word o the thrang  
4 Was, Rise for Branksome readilie!

**190A.29**

1 The gear was driven the Frostylee up,  
2 Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,  
3 Whan 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 for thee.'

**190A.31**

1 'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?  
2 Or will ye do aught for regard o me?  
3 Or, by the faith of my body,' quo Willie Scott,  
4 'I se ware my dame's cauf's skin on thee.'

**190A.32**

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.33**

1 'Set on them, lads!' quo Willie than;  
2 'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!  
3 For ere they win to the Ritterford,  
4 Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'

**190A.34**

1 Then till't they gaed, wi heart and hand;  
2 The blows fell thick as bickering hail;  
3 And mony a horse ran masterless,  
4 And mony a comely cheek was pale.

**190A.35**

1 But Willie was stricken ower the head,  
2 And through the knapsap the sword has gane;  
3 And Harden grat for very rage,  
4 Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.

**190A.36**

1 But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,  
2 And thrice he's waved it in the air;  
3 The Dinlay snaw was neer mair white  
4 Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

**190A.37**

1 'Refenge! revenge!' auld Wat can cry;  
2 'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!  
3 We'll neer see Tiviot side again,  
4 Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'

**190A.38**

1 O mony a horse ran masterless,  
2 The splintered lances flew on hie;  
3 But or they wan to the Kershope ford,  
4 The Scotts had gotten the victory.

**190A.39**

1 John o Brigham there was slane,  
2 And John o Barlow, as I hear say,  
3 And thirty mae o the Captain's men  
4 Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

**190A.40**

1 The Captain was run through the thick of the  
thigh,  
2 And broken was his right leg-bane;  
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 trow, 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 Since into Tivdale he had led the way.

**190A.43**

1 'I wad loud have had a winding-sheet,  
2 And helped to put it ower his head,  
3 Ere he had been disgraced by the border Scot,  
4 Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'

**190A.44**

1 There was a wild gallant amang us a',  
2 His name was Watty wi the Wudspurs,  
3 Cried, On for his house in Stanegirthside,  
4 If ony man will ride with us!

**190A.45**

1 When they cam to the Stanegirthside,  
2 They dang wi trees 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 ayont the fire,  
2 A wee bit o the Captain's kin:  
3 'Whae dar loose out the Captain's kye,  
4 Or answer to him and his men?'

**190A.47**

1 'It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,  
2 I winna layne my name frae thee;  
3 And I will loose out the Captain's kye  
4 In scorn of a' his men and he.'

**190A.48**

1 Whan they cam to the Fair Dodhead,  
2 they were a wellcum sight to see,  
3 For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,  
4 Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

**190A.49**

1 And he has paid the rescue-shot,  
2 Baith wi gowd and white monie,  
3 And at the burial o Willie Scott  
4 I wat was mony a weeping ee.

**191A.1**

1 AS it befell upon one time,  
2 About mid-summer of the year,  
3 Every man was taxt of his crime,  
4 For stealing the good Lord Bishop's mare.

**191A.2**

1 The good Lord Screw he sadled a horse,  
2 And rid after this same scime;  
3 Before he did get over the moss,  
4 There was he aware of Sir Hugh of the Grime.

**191A.3**

1 'Turn, O turn, thou false traitor,  
2 Turn, and yield thyself unto me;  
3 Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishops mare,  
4 And now thou thinkest away to flee.'

**191A.4**

1 'No, soft, Lord Screw, that may not be!  
2 Here is a broad sword by my side,  
3 And if that thou canst conquer me,  
4 The victory will soon be try'd.'

**191A.5**

1 'I ner was afraid of a traitor bold,  
2 Although thy name be Hugh in the Grime;  
3 I le make thee repent thy speeches foul,  
4 If day and life but give me time.'

**191A.6**

1 'Then do thy worst, good Lord Screw,  
2 And deal your blows as fast as you can;  
3 It will be try'd between me and you  
4 Which of us two shall be the best man.'

**191A.7**

1 Thus as they dealt their blows so free,  
2 And both so bloody at that time,  
3 Over the moss ten yeomen they see,  
4 Come for to take Sir Hugh in the Grime.

**191A.8**

1 Sir Hugh set his back against a tree,  
2 And then the men encompass him round;  
3 His mickle sword from his hand did flee,  
4 And then they brought Sir Hugh to the ground.

**191A.9**

1 Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is  
2 And brought back to Garlard town;  
3 [Then cry'd] the good wives all in Garlard  
town,  
4 'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st ner gang down  
'

**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 fact so great  
4 But thou mayst put it into thy own will.'

**191A.12**

1 The quest of jury-men was calld,  
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 ner gang down  
'

**191A.13**

1 Then another questry-men was calld,  
2 The best that was in Rumary;  
3 Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,  
4 'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st now guilty.'

**191A.14**

1 Then came down my good Lord Boles,  
2 Falling down upon his knee;  
3 'Five hundred peices of gold would I 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 eleven 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 of 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 condemnd 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 pittifully.

**191A.20**

1 'Peace, peace, my father dear,  
2 And of your speeches set them by!  
3 Though they have bereavd 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 pittifully.

**191A.22**

1 'Pray have me remembered 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 mettleso fine,  
3 And when thou comst 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 tied 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 braid sword in the same,  
3 He's no in Stirling town this day  
4 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.'

**191B.4**

1 Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
2 As he sat by the bishop's knee:  
3 'Five hundred white stots I'll gie 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 tho ten Grahams were in his coat,  
4 Highie Graham this day shall die.'

**191B.6**

1 Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
2 As she sat by the bishop's knee:  
3 'Five hundred white pence I'll gee you,  
4 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.'

**191B.7**

1 'O haud your tongue now, lady fair,  
2 And wi your pleading let it be!  
3 Altho 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 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 Than a' that they can do to me.

**191B.11**

1 'And ye may gie my brother John  
2 My sword that's bent in the middle clear,  
3 And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
4 And see me pay 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 four 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 Tell her, she was the bishop's whore.

**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 To mak it shorter by the hood.'

**191C.1**

1 GUDE Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,  
2 He has ridden oer moss and muir,  
3 And he has grippet Hughie the Græme,  
4 For stealing o the bishop's mare.

**191C.2**

1 'Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!  
2 Here hangs a broad sword by my side,  
3 And if that thou canst conquer me,  
4 The matter it may soon be tried.'

**191C.3**

1 'I neer was afraid of a traitor thief;  
2 Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,  
3 I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,  
4 If God but grant me life and time.'

**191C.4**

1 'Then do your worst now, goo Lord Scroope,  
2 And deal your blows as hard as you can;  
3 It shall be tried, within an hour,  
4 Which of us two is the better man.'

**191C.5**

1 But as they were dealing their blows so free,  
2 And both so bloody ay the time,  
3 Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,  
4 All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

**191C.6**

1 Then they hae grippet Hughie the Græme,  
2 And brought him up through Carlisle town;  
3 The lasses and lads stood on the walls,  
4 Crying, Hughie the Græme, thou'se neer gae  
down!

**191C.7**

1 Then they hae chosen a jury of men,  
2 The best that were in Carlisle town,  
3 And twelve of them cried out at once,  
4 Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down!

**191C.8**

1 Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,  
2 As he sat by the judge's knee:  
3 'Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,  
4 If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me.'

**191C.9**

1 'O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume,  
2 Forsooth and sae it mauna be;  
3 For were there but three Græmes of the name,  
4 They suld be hanged a' for me.'

**191C.10**

1 'twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,  
2 As she sat by the judge's knee:  
3 'A peck of white pennies, my good lord judge,  
4 If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me.'

**191C.11**

1 'O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume,  
2 Forsooth and so ti mustna be;  
3 Were he but the one Græme of the name,  
4 He suld be hanged high for me.'

**191C.12**

1 'If I be guilty,' said Hughie the Græme,  
2 'Of me my friends shall hae small talk;  
3 And he has loupd fifteen feet and three,  
4 Though his hands they were tied behind his  
back.

**191C.13**

1 He looked over his left shoulder,  
2 And for to see what he might see;  
3 There was he aware of his auld father,  
4 Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

**191C.14**

1 'O haud your tongue, my father,' he says,  
2 'And see that ye dinna weep for me!  
3 For they may ravish me of my life,  
4 But they canna banish me fro heaven hie.

**191C.15**

1 'Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!  
2 The last time we came ower the muir  
3 'Twas thou bereft me of my life,  
4 And wi the bishop thou playd the whore.

**191C.16**

1 'Here, Johnnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,  
2 That is made o the metal sae fine,  
3 And when thou comest to the English side  
4 Remember the death of Hughie the Græme.'

**191D.1**

1 GOOD Lord John is a hunting gone,  
2 Over the hills and dales so far,  
3 For to take Sir Hugh in the Grime,  
4 For stealing of the bishop's mare.  
5 He derry derry down

**191D.2**

1 Hugh in the Grime was taken then  
2 And carried to Carlisle town;  
3 The merry women came out amain,  
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 hangd,  
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 bespoken our good Lady Ward,  
2 As she set on the bench so high:  
3 'A peck of white pennys I'll give to my lord,  
4 If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me.

**191D.7**

1 'And if it be not full enough,  
2 I'll stroke it up with my silver fan;  
3 And if it be not full enough,  
4 I'll heap it up with my own hand.'

**191D.8**

1 'Hold your tongue now, Lady Ward,  
2 And of your talkitive let it be!  
3 There is never a Grime came in this court  
4 That at thy bidding shall saved be.'

**191D.9**

1 Then bespoken our good Lady Moor,  
2 As she sat on the bench so high:  
3 'A yoke of fat oxen I'll give to my lord,  
4 If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me.'

**191D.10**

1 'Hold your tongue now, good Lady Moor,  
2 And of your talkitive let it be!  
3 There is never a Grime came to this court  
4 That at thy bidding shall saved be.'

**191D.11**

1 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out of the door,  
2 With his hand out of the bar;  
3 There he spy'd his father dear,  
4 Tearing of his golden hair.

**191D.12**

1 'Hold your tongue, good father dear,  
2 And of your weeping let it be!  
3 For if they bereave me of my life,  
4 They cannot bereave me of the heavens so high  
'

**191D.13**

1 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out at the door,  
2 Oh, what a sorry heart had he!  
3 There [he] spy'd his mother dear,  
4 Weeping and wailing 'Oh, woe is me!'

**191D.14**

1 Hold your tongue now, mother dear,  
2 And of your weeping let it be!  
3 For if they bereave me of my life,  
4 They cannot bereave me of heaven's fee.

**191D.15**

1 'I'll leave my sword to Johnny Armstrong  
2 That is made of mettal so fine,  
3 That when he comes to the border-side  
4 He may think of Hugh in the Grime.'

**191E.1**

1 LORD HOME he is a hunting gane,  
2 Through the woods and valleys clear,  
3 And he has taen Sir Hugh the Græme,  
4 For stealing o the bishop's mare.

**191E.2**

1 They hae taen Sir Hugh the Græme,  
2 Led him down thro Striaveling town;  
3 Fifeteen o them cried a' at ance,  
4 'Sir Hugh the Græme he must go down!'

**191E.3**

1 They hae causd a court to sit,  
2 Mang a' their best nobilitie;  
3 Fifeteen o them cried a' at ance,  
4 Sir Hugh the Græme he now must die!'

**191E.4**

1 Out is speaks the lady Black,  
2 And o her will she was right free:  
3 'A thousand pounds, my lord, I'll gie,  
4 If Hugh the Græme set free to me.'

**191E.5**

1 'Hold your tongue, ye Lady Black,  
2 And ye'll let a' your pleadings be!  
3 Though ye woud gie me thousands ten,  
4 It's for my honour he must die.'

**191E.6**

1 Then out it speaks her Lady Bruce,  
2 And o her will she was right free:  
3 'A hundred steeds, my lord, I'll gie,  
4 If ye'll gie Hugh the Græme to me.'

**191E.7**

1 'O hold your tongue, ye Lady Bruce,  
2 And ye'll let a' your pleadings be!  
3 Though a' the Græmes were in this court,  
4 It's for my honour he must die.'

**191E.8**

1 He looked over his shoulder,  
2 It was to see what he could see,  
3 And there he saw his auld father,  
4 Weeping and wailing bitterlie.

**191E.9**

1 'O hold your tongue, my old father,  
2 And ye'll let a' your mourning be!  
3 Though they bereave me o my life,  
4 They canna had the heavens frae me.

**191E.10**

1 'Ye'll gie my brother John the sword  
2 That's pointed wi the metal clear,  
3 And bid him come at eight o'clock,  
4 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

**191E.11**

1 'And, brother James, take here the sword  
2 That's pointed wi the metal brown;  
3 Come up the morn at eight o'clock,  
4 And see your brother putten down.

**191E.12**

1 'And, brother Allan, take this sword  
2 That's pointed wi the metal fine;  
3 Come up the morn at eight o'clock,  
4 And see the death o Hugh the Græme.

**191E.13**

1 'Ye'll tell this news to Maggy my wife,  
2 Niest time ye gang to Strivling town,  
3 She is the cause I lose my life,  
4 She wi the bishop playd the loon.'

**191E.14**

1 Again he ower his shoulder lookd,  
2 It was to see what he could see,  
3 And there he saw his little son,  
4 Was screaming by his nourice knee.

**191E.15**

1 Then out it spake the little son,  
2 'Since 'tis the morn that he must die,  
3 If that I live to be a man,  
4 My father's death revengd shall be.'

**191E.16**

1 'If I must die,' Sir Hugh replied,  
2 'My friends o me they will think lack;'  
3 He leapt a wa eighteen feet high,  
4 Wi his hands bound behind his back.

**191E.17**

1 Lord Home then raised ten armed men,  
2 And after him they did pursue;  
3 But he has trudged ower the plain  
4 As fast as any bird that flew.

**191E.18**

1 He looked ower his left shoulder,  
2 It was to see what he could see;  
3 His brother John was at his back,  
4 And a' thee rest o his brothers three.

**191E.19**

1 Some they wound, and some they slew,  
2 They fought sae fierce and valiantly;  
3 They made his enemies for to yield,  
4 And sent Sir Hugh out ower the sea.

**191F.1**

1 'YE may tell to my wife Maggie,  
2 When that she comes to the fair,  
3 She was the cause of all my ruin,  
4 It was her that stole the bishop's mare.

**191F.2**

1 'Ye may tell to my wife Maggie,  
2 When that she comes to the town,  
3 She was the cause of all my ruin,  
4 It was her that stole the bishop's gown.'

**191G.1**

1 DUKES an lords a huntin gane,  
2 Over hills an vallies clear;  
3 There the've bound him Hughie Græme,  
4 For stealin o the bishop's mare.

**191[H.1]**

1 Lairds and lords a hounting gane,  
2 Out-over hills and valleys clear,  
3 And there they met Hughie Græme,  
4 Was riding on the bishop's mare.

**191[H.2]**

1 And they have tied him hand and foot,  
2 And they have carried him to Stirling town;  
3 The lads and lasses there about  
4 Crys, Hughie Græme, you are a lown!

**191[H.3]**

1 'If I be a lown,' says he,  
2 'I am sure my friends has had bad luck;'  
3 We that he jumpted fifteen foot,  
4 With his hands tied behind his back.

**191[H.4]**

1 Out and spoke Laidy Whiteford,  
2 As she sat by the bishop's knee;  
3 'Four-and-twenty milk-kie I'll give to thee,  
4 If Hughie Græme you will let free.'

**191[H.5]**

1 'Hold your tongue, my laidy Whiteford,  
2 And of your pleading now lay by;  
3 If fifty Græmes were in his coat,  
4 Upon my honour he shall die.'

**191[H.6]**

1 Out and spoke Lord Whiteford,  
2 As he sat by the bishop's knee;  
3 'Four-and-twenty stots I'll give thee,  
4 If Hughie Græme you will let free.'

**191[H.7]**

1 'Hold your tongue, my lord Whiteford,  
2 And of your pleading now lay by;  
3 If twenty Græmes were in his coat,  
4 Upon my honour he shall die.'

**191[H.8]**

1 'You may tell to Meg, my wife,  
2 The first time she comes through the mu<ir>,  
3 She was the causer of my death,  
4 For with the bishop [she] plaid the whore.

**191[H.9]**

1 'You may tell to Meg, my wife,  
2 The first time she comes through the town,  
3 She was the causer of my death,  
4 For with the bishop [she ] plaid the lown.'

**191[H.10]**

1 He looked oer his left shoulder,  
2 To see what he could spy or see,  
3 And there he spied his old father,  
4 Was weeping bitterly.

**191[H.11]**

1 'Hold your tongue, my dear father,  
2 And of your weeping now lay by;  
3 They may rub me of my sweet life,  
4 But not from me the heavence high.

**191[H.12]**

1 'You may give my brother John  
2 The sword that's of the mettle clear,  
3 That he may come the morn at four o'clock  
4 To see me pay the bishop's mare.

**191[H.13]**

1 'You may give my brother James  
2 The sword that's of the mettle brown;  
3 Tell him to come the morn at four o'clock  
4 To see his brother Hugh cut down.'

**191[H.14]**

1 Up and spoke his oldest son,  
2 As he sat by his nurse's knee;  
3 'If ere I come to be a man,  
4 Revenged for my father<'s> death I'll be.'

**191[I.1]**

1 Ye dukes and lords that hunt and go  
2 Out-over moors and mountains clear,  
3 And they have taen up poor Hughie Græme,  
4 For stealing of the bishope's mare.

**110[I.1b]**

1 Fall all the day, fall all the daudy,  
2 Fall all the day, fall the daudy O.

**191[I.2]**

1 They hae tied him hand and foot,  
2 They hae led him thro the town;  
3 The lads and lassies they all met,  
4 Cried, Hughie Græme, ye've playd the loon!

**191[I.3]**

1 'O if that I had playd the loon,  
2 My friends of me they hae bad luck;'  
3 With that he jumped fifteen feet,  
4 Wi his hands tied fast behind his back.

**191[I.4]**

1 Up then spoke my lady Whiteford,  
2 As she sat by the bishope's knee;  
3 'Five hundred white pence I'll give thee,  
4 If you let Hughie Græme go free.'

**191[I.5]**

1 'I'll hae nane of your hundred pense,  
2 And your presents you may lay by;  
3 For if Græme was ten times in his coat,  
4 By my honour, Hugh shall die.'

**191[I.6]**

1 Up then spoke my lord Whiteford,  
2 As he sat by the bishope's knee;  
3 'Five score of good stotts I'll thee give,  
4 If you'll sett Hughie Græme but free.'

**191[I.7]**

1 'I'll have none of your hundred stotts,  
2 And all your presents you may keep to yourself;  
3 'For if Græme was ten times in his coat  
4 Hugh shall die, and die he shall.'

**191[I.8]**

1 Then they hae tied him hand and foot,  
2 And they hae led [him] to the gallows high;  
3 The lads and lassies they all met,  
4 Cried, Hughie Græme, thou art to die!

**191[I.9]**

1 Now's he looked oer his left shoulder,  
2 All for to see what he could spy,  
3 And there he saw his father dear,  
4 Stood weeping there most bitterly.

**191[I.10]**

1 'O hold your tongue now, father,' he said,  
2 'And of your weeping lai'd now by;  
3 For they can rob me of my life,  
4 But they cannot rob me of the heavens high.

**191[I.11]**

1 'But you must give to my brother John  
2 The sword that's bent in the middle clear,  
3 And tell him to come at twelve o'clock  
4 And see me pay the bishope's mare.

**191[I.12]**

1 'And you may give to my brother James  
2 The sword that's bent in the middle brown,  
3 And tell him to come at four o'clock  
4 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

**191[I.13]**

1 'And you may tell to Meg, my wife,  
2 The first time she comes thro the town,  
3 She was the occasion of my death  
4 And wi the bishope playd the loon.

**191[I.14]**

1 'And you may tell to Meg, my wife,  
2 The first time she comes thro the fair,  
3 She was the occasion of my death,  
4 And from the bishope stole the mare.'

**192A.1**

1 HEARD ye eer of the silly blind harper,  
2 That long livd in Lochmaben town,  
3 How he wad gang to fair England,  
4 To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown?  
5 Sing, Faden dilly and faden dilly  
6 Sing, Faden dilly and deedle dan

**192A.2**

1 But first he gaed to his gude wife,  
2 Wi a' the speed that he could thole;  
3 'This wark,' quo he, 'will never work  
4 Without a mare that has a foal.'

**192A.3**

1 Quo she, Thou has a gude gray mare,  
2 That'al rin oer hills baith law and hie;  
3 Gae tak the gray mare in thy hand,  
4 And leave the foal at hame wi me.

**192A.4**

1 'And tak a halter in thy hose,  
2 And o thy purpose dinna fail;  
3 But wap it oer the Wanton's nose,  
4 And tie her to the gray mare's tail.

**192A.5**

1 'Synce ca her out at yon back geate,  
2 Oer moss and muir and ilka dale;  
3 For she'll neer let the Wanton bite  
4 Till she come hame to her ain foal.'

**192A.6**

1 So he is up to England gane,  
2 Even as fast as he can hie,  
3 Till he came to King Henry's geate;  
4 And wha was there but King Henry?

**192A.7**

1 'Come in,' quo he, 'Thou silly blind harper,  
2 And of thy harping let me hear;'  
3 'O, by my sooth,' quo the silly blind harper,  
4 'I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.'

**192A.8**

1 The king he looks oer his left shoulder,  
2 And says unto his stable-groom,  
3 Gae tak the silly poor harper's mare,  
4 And tie her side my Wanton Brown.

**192A.9**

1 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
2 Till a' the lords had fitted 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 safly down the stair did creep.

**192A.11**

1 Syne to the stable-door he hies,  
2 Wi tread as light as light could be,  
3 And when he opned and gaed in,  
4 There he fand thirty gude steads and three.

**192A.12**

1 He took the halter frae his hose,  
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 Oer moss and muir and ilka dale,  
3 And she loot neer the Wanton bite,  
4 But held her still gaun at her tail.

**192A.14**

1 The gray mare was right swift o fit,  
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 gave 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.17**

1 'Come had thy peace, thou foolish lass,  
2 The moon's but glancing in thy eye;  
3 I'll wad my hail fee against a groat,  
4 It's bigger than eer our foal will be.'

**192A.18**

1 The neighbours too that heard the noise  
2 Cried to the wife to put hir in;  
3 'By my sooth,' then quo the wife,  
4 'She's better than ever he rade on.'

**192A.19**

1 But on the morn, at fair day light,  
2 When they had ended a' thier cheer,  
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 gray mare.'

**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 away to fair Carlisle,  
4 To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown.  
5 Sing, Fadle didle dodle didle  
6 Sing, Fadle didle fadle doo

**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 askd 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 musick 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 deceiver as he was,  
4 He quickly down the stair did creep.

**192B.7**

1 He pulld a colt-halter out o his hoe,  
2 On purpose as I shall to you tell;  
3 He slipt 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 daily flower;  
3 She told me to ken my ain gray mare  
4 When eer I felt her by the ewer.'

**192B.9**

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.10**

1 'For in Scotland I lost a good brown foal,  
2 And in England a good gray mare,  
3 .....  
4 .....

**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 thou's hae a far 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 it was well payed,  
4 And he got a better gray mare.

**192B.13**

1 His mare's away to Lochmaben,  
2 Wi mony a nicker and mony a sneer;  
3 His wife cry's, 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,' crys the lazy lass,  
4 'Our mare has brought 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 the mare.'

**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?  
5 Faw aiden diden an diden an diden  
6 Faw aiden diden faw aiden dee

**192C.2**

1 Out then bespak his gude auld wife,  
2 I wat she spak out very wiselie;  
3 'Ye'll ride the mear 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 no fail;  
3 Ye'll cast a hook on the Wanton's nose,  
4 And tie him to the gray mear's tail.

**192C.4**

1 'Ye'll lead them awa by a back yett,  
2 And hound them out at a wee hole;  
3 The mear she'll neer [let] the Wanton bait  
4 Till hame at Lochmaben town wi her foal.'

**192C.5**

1 Awa then rade the auld harper,  
2 I wat he rade richt merrilie,  
3 Until he cam to England fair,  
4 Where wonned the gude King Henerie.

**192C.6**

1 'Light down, light down, ye auld harper,  
2 And some o your harping let me hear;  
3 'O williwa!' quo the auld harper,

**192C.6**

4 Will I get stabling for my mear?'  
5 '.....'

**192C.7**

1 And aye he harped and he carped,  
2 Till a' the lordlings fell asleep;  
3 Syne bundled his fiddles upon his back,  
4 And down the stairs fu fast did creep.

**192C.8**

1 He's taen the halter out o his hose,  
2 And o his purpose he didna fail;  
3 He's cast a hook on the Wanton's nose,  
4 And tied him to the gray mear's tale.

**192C.9**

1 He's led them awa by the back yett,  
2 And hounded them out at a wee hole;  
3 The mear she neer let the Wanton bait  
4 Till hame at Lochmaben town wi her foal.

**192C.10**

1 And when they cam to the house-end,  
2 Wi mony a nicker but an a neigh,  
3 They waukend the auld wife out o her sleep;  
4 She was a-dreaming she was fouie.

**192C.11**

1 'Rise up, rise up, my servant-lass,  
2 Let in your master and his mear;'  
3 'It's by my sooth,' the wee lassie goud say,  
4 'I'm in a sleeping drowsy air.'

**192C.12**

1 Wi mony a graunt she turned her round,  
2 And keekit through at a wee hole;  
3 'It's by my sooth!' the wee lassie goud say,  
4 'Our mear has gotten a braw brown foal!'

**192C.13**

1 Lie still, lie still, ye lazy lass,  
2 It's but the moon shines in your ee;'  
3 'Na, by my sooth,' the lassie goud say,  
4 'And he's bigger than ony o his degree.'

**192C.14**

1 Then lightly rose the gude auld wife,  
2 I wat the first up in a' the town;  
3 She took the grit oats intil her lap  
4 And fodderd King Henry's Wanton Brown.

**192C.15**

1 King Henry's groom rase in the morn,  
2 And he was of a sorry cheer:  
3 'King Henry's Wanton Brown's awa,  
4 And sae is the silly auld harper's mear!'

**192C.16**

1 Up then rase the auld harper,  
2 And loudly he did curse and swear:  
3 'In Scotland they but steald my foal,  
4 In England ye hae steald my mear!'

**192C.17**

1 'It's hae your tongue,' King Henry did say,  
2 'Ye'll hae nae cause to curse or swear;  
3 Here's thirty guineas for your foal,  
4 And three times thirty for your mear.'

**192D.1**

1 THERE was a poor silly harper-man,  
2 And he lived in Lochmaben toon,  
3 And he has wagered wi lairds and lords,  
4 And mony a guinea *against* a croon.  
5 Tum tid iddly  
6 Dodaly diddely  
7 Tidaly diddaly  
8 Dodaly dan

**192D.2**

1 And he has wagered wi lairds and lords,  
2 And mony a guinea *against* a croon,  
3 That into England he *would* go.  
4 And steal King Henerie's Wanton Broun.

**192D.3**

1 Out spak the silly poor harper's wife,  
2 And O but she spak wililie:  
3 'If into England you do go,  
4 Leave the wee-wee foal wi me.'

**192D.4**

1 The harper he got on to ride,  
2 And O but he rode richt highlie!  
3 The very first man that he did meet,  
4 They said it was King Henerie.

**192D.5**

1 'Licht doon, licht doon, ye silly poor 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 mear.'



**192D.6**

1 O he lookit ower his left shoulder,  
2 And saw ane of the stable-grooms:  
3 'Go take the sillie poor harper's mear,  
4 And stable her by my Wanton Brown.'

**192D.7**

1 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
2 Till a' the nobles fell on the floor,  
3 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
4 Till they forgot the key of the stabel-door.

**192D.8**

1 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
2 Till a' the nobles fell fast asleep;  
3 He has taen his harp upon his back,  
4 And doon the stair did softly creep.

**192D.9**

1 He has taen a halter frae his hose,  
2 And o his purpose did not fail;  
3 He coost a wap on Wanton's nose,  
4 And tyed her to his ain mear's tail.

**192D.10**

1 He ca'd her through at the bye-yett,  
2 Through mony a syre and mony a hole;  
3 She never loot Wanton licht till she  
4 Was at Lochmaben, at her foal.

**192D.11**

1 And she came oer Lochmaben heights,  
2 Wi mony a nicker and mony a sneeze,  
3 And waukend the silly poor harper's wife,  
4 As she was a sleeping at her ease.

**192D.12**

1 'Rise up, rise up, ye servant-lass,  
2 Let in the maister and the mear;'  
3 'By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
4 'I think my maister be na here.'

**192D.13**

1 Up then rose the servant-lass,  
2 And lookit through a wee, wee hole;  
3 'By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
4 'Our mear has gotten a waly foal.'

**192D.14**

1 'Ye clatter, ye clatter, ye servant-lass,  
2 It is the moon shines in your ee;'  
3 'By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
4 'It's mair than ever her ain will be.'

**192D.15**

1 It's whan the stable-groom awoke,  
2 Put a' the nobles in a fear;  
3 King Henerie's Wanton Brown was stown,  
4 And Oh! the silly poor harper's mear.

**192D.16**

1 Out then spak the silly poor harper,  
2 Says, Oh, this loos I douna thole!  
3 In England fair a guid grey mear,  
4 In fair Scotland a guid cout-foal.

**192D.17**

1 'Haud your tongue, ye sillie poor harper,  
2 And wi your carping let me be;  
3 Here's ten pounds for your auld gray mear,  
4 And a weel paid foal it's be to thee!'

**192D.18**

1 And O the silly poor harper's wife,  
2 She's aye first up in Lochmaben toun;  
3 She's stealing the corn and stealing the hay,  
4 And wappin it oer to Wanton Broun.

**192E.1**

1 THERE was a jolly harper-man,  
2 That harped aye frae toun to toun;  
3 A wager he made, with two knights he laid  
4 To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown.

**192E.2**

1 Sir Roger he wared five ploughs o land,  
2 Sir Charles wared five thousand pound,  
3 And John he's taen the deed in hand,  
4 To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown.

**192E.3**

1 He's taen his harp into his hand,  
2 And he gaed harping thro the toun,  
3 And as the king in his palace sat,  
4 His ear was touched wi the soun.

**192E.4**

1 'Come in, come in, ye harper-man,  
2 Some o your harping let me hear;'  
3 'Indeed, my liege, and by your grace,  
4 I'd rather hae stabling to my mare.'

**192E.5**

1 'Ye'll gang to yon outer court,  
2 That stands a little below the toun;  
3 Ye'll find a stable snug and neat,  
4 Where stands my stately Wanton Brown.'

**192E.6**

1 He's doon him to the outer court,  
2 That stood a little below the toun;  
3 There found a stable snug and neat,  
4 For stately stood the Wanton Brown.

**192E.7**

1 Then he has fixd a good strong cord  
2 Unto his grey mare's bridle-rein,  
3 And tied it unto that steed's tail,  
4 Syne shut the stable-door behin.

**192E.8**

1 Then he harped on, and he carped on,  
2 Till all were fast asleep;  
3 Then down thro bower and ha he's gone,  
4 Even on his hands and feet.

**192E.9**

1 He's to yon stable snug and neat,  
2 That lay a little below the toun;  
3 For there he placed his ain grey mare,  
4 Alang wi Henry's Wanton Brown.

**192E.10**

1 'Ye'll do you down thro mire and moss,  
2 Thro mony bog and lairy hole;  
3 But never miss your Wanton slack;  
4 Ye'll gang to Mayblane, to your foal.'

**192E.11**

1 As soon's the door he had unshut,  
2 The mare gaed prancing frae the toun,  
3 An at her bridle-rein was tied  
4 Henry's stately Wanton Brown.

**192E.12**

1 Then she did rin thro mire an moss,  
2 Thro mony bog an miery hole;  
3 But never missed her Wanton slack  
4 Till she reachd Mayblane, to her foal.

**192E.13**

1 When the king awaked from sleep  
2 He to the harper-man did say,  
3 O waken ye, waken ye, jolly John,  
4 We've fairly slept till it is day.

**192E.14**

1 'Win up, win up, ye harper-man,  
2 Some mair o harping ye'll gie me;'  
3 He said, My liege, wi a' my heart,  
4 But first my gude grey mare maun see.

**192E.15**

1 Then forth he ran, and in he came,  
2 Dropping mony a feigned tear:  
3 'Some rogue<s] hae broke the outer court,  
4 An stown awa my gude grey mare.'

**192E.16**

1 'Then by my sooth,' the king replied,  
2 'If there's been rogues into the toun,  
3 I fear, as well as your grey mare,  
4 Awa is my stately Wanton Brown.'

**192E.17**

1 'My loss is great,' the harper said,  
2 'My loss is twice as great, I fear;  
3 In Scotland I lost a gude grey steed,  
4 An here I've lost a gude grey mare.'

**192E.18**

1 'Come on, come on, ye harper-man,  
2 Some o your music lat me hear;  
3 Well paid ye'se be, John, for the same,  
4 An likewise for your gude grey mare.'

**192E.19**

1 When that John his money received,  
2 Then he went harping frae the toun,  
3 But little did King Henry ken  
4 He'd stown awa his Wanton Brown.

**192E.20**

1 The knights then lay ower castle-wa,  
2 An they beheld baith dale an down,  
3 An saw the jolly harper-man  
4 Come harping on to Striveling toun.

**192E.21**

1 Then, 'By my sooth,' Sir Roger said,  
2 'Are ye returned back to toun?'  
3 Idoubt my lad ye hae ill sped  
4 Of stealing o the Wanton Brown.'

**192E.22**

1 'I ahe been into fair England,  
2 An even into Lunan toun,  
3 An in King Henry's outer court,  
4 An stown awa the Wanton Brown.'

**192E.23**

1 'Ye lie, ye lie,' Sir Charles he said,  
2 'An aye sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
3 Twall armed men, in armour bright,  
4 They guard the stable night and day.'

**192E.24**

1 'But I did harp them all asleep,  
2 An managed my business cunninglie;  
3 If ye make light o what I say,  
4 Come to my stable an ye'll see.

**192E.25**

1 'My music pleasd the king sae well  
2 Mair o my harping he wishd to hear;  
3 An for the same he paid me well,  
4 And also for my gude grey mare.'

**192E.26**

1 Then he drew out a gude lang purse,  
2 Well stored wi gowd an white monie,  
3 An in a short time after this  
4 The Wanton Brown he lat them see.

**192E.27**

1 Sir Roger produced his ploughs o land,  
2 Sir Charles produced his thousand pounds,  
3 Then back to Henry, the English king,  
4 Restored the stately Wanton Brown.

**193A.1**

1 THE Liddesdale Crosiers hae ridden a race,  
2 And they had far better staid at hame,  
3 For they have lost a gallant gay,  
4 Young Whinton Crosier it was his name.

**193A.2**

1 For Parcy Reed he has him taen,  
2 And he's delivered him to law,  
3 But auld Crosier has made answer  
4 That he'll gar the house of the Troughend fa.

**193A.3**

1 So as it happened on a day  
2 That Parcy Reed is a hunting gane,  
3 And the three false Halls of Girsonsfield  
4 They all along with him are gane.

**193A.4**

1 They hunted up and they hunted down,  
2 They hunted all Reedwater round,  
3 Till weariness has on him siezed;  
4 At the Batinghope he's fallen asleep.

**193A.5**

1 O some they stole his powder-horn,  
2 And some put water in his lang gun:  
3 'O waken, waken, Parcy Reed!  
4 For we do doubt thou sleeps too sound.

**193A.6**

1 'O waken, O waken, Parcy Reed!  
2 For we do doubt thou sleeps too long;  
3 For yonder's the five Crosiers coming,  
4 They're coming by the Hingin Stane.

**193A.7**

1 'If they be five men, we are four,  
2 If ye will all stand true to me;  
3 Now every one of you may take one,  
4 And two of them ye may leave to me.'

**193A.8**

1 'We will not stay, nor we 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 us and thee.'

**193A.9**

1 'O stay, O stay, O Tommy Hall,  
2 O stay, O man, and fight with me!  
3 If we see the Troughend again,  
4 My good black mare I will give thee.'

**193A.10**

1 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
2 O Parcy Reed, to fight for thee;  
3 For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,  
4 That they will slay both me and thee.'

**193A.11**

1 'O stay, O stay, O Johnnie Hall,  
2 O stay, O man, and fight for me!  
3 If I see the Troughend again,  
4 Five yoke of oxen I will give thee.'

**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 Troughend 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 foul 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.'

**193A.16**

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!

**193A.17**

1 'O fare thee well, my brother Tom!  
2 And fare you well his children five!  
3 If you had been with me this day,  
4 I surely had been man alive.'

**193A.18**

1 'Farewell all friends! as for my foes,  
2 To distant lands may they be tane,  
3 And the three false Halls of Girsonsfield,  
4 They'll never be trusted nor trowed again.'

**193B.1**

1 GOD send the land deliverance  
2 Frae every reaving, riding Scot;  
3 We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,  
4 We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.'

**193B.2**

1 The outlaws come fare Liddesdale,  
2 They herry Redesdale far and near;  
3 The rich man's gelding it maun gang,  
4 They canna pass the pur man's mear.'

**193B.3**

1 Sure it were weel, had ilka thief  
2 Around his neck a halter strang;  
3 And curses heavy may they light  
4 On traitors vile oursel's amang.'

**193B.4**

1 Now Parcy Reed has Crosier taen,  
2 He has delivered him to the law;  
3 But Crosier says he'll do waur than that,  
4 He'll make the tower o Troughend fa.'

**193B.5**

1 And Crosier says he will do waur,  
2 He will do waur if waur can be;  
3 He'll make the bairns a' fatherless,  
4 And then, the land it may lie lee.'

**193B.6**

1 'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,  
2 'The morning sun is on the dew;  
3 The cauler breeze frae off the fells  
4 Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.'

**193B.7**

1 'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,  
2 And to the hunting he has gane;  
3 And the three fause Ha's o Girsonsfield  
4 Alang wi him he has them taen.'

**193B.8**

1 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
2 By heathery hill and birken shaw;  
3 They raised a buck on Rookan Edge,  
4 And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.'

**193B.9**

1 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
2 They made the echoes ring amain;  
3 With music sweet o horn and hound,  
4 They merry made fair Redesdale glen.'

**193B.10**

1 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
2 They hunted up, they hunted down,  
3 Until the day was past the prime,  
4 And it grew late in the afternoon.'

**193B.11**

1 They hunted high in Batinghope,  
2 When as the sun was sinking low;  
3 Says Parcy then, Ca off the dogs,  
4 We'll bait our steeds and homeward go.'

**193B.12**

1 They lighted high in Batinghope,  
2 Atween the brown and benty ground;  
3 They had but rested a little while  
4 Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.'

**193B.13**

1 There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,  
2 But him that risks to get a fa;  
3 There's nane may in a traitor trust,  
4 And traitors black were every Ha.'

**193B.14**

1 They've stown the bridle off his steed,  
2 And they've put water in his lang gun;  
3 They've fixed his sword within the sheath  
4 That out again it winna come.'

**193B.15**

1 'Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,  
2 Or by your enemies be taen;  
3 For yonder are the five Crosiers  
4 A-coming owre the Hingin-stane.'

**193B.16**

1 'If they be five, and we be four,  
2 Sae that ye stand alang wi me,  
3 Then every man ye will take one,  
4 And only leave but two to me:  
5 We will them meet as brave men ough,  
6 And make them either fight or flee.'

**193B.17**

1 'We mayna stand, we canna stand,  
2 We daurna stand alang wi thee;  
3 The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
4 And they wad kill baith thee and we.'

**193B.18**

1 'O turn thee, turn thee, Johnie Ha,  
2 O turn thee, man, and fight wi me;  
3 When ye come to Troughend again,  
4 My gude black naig I will gie thee;  
5 He cost full twenty pound o gowd,  
6 Atween my brother John and me.'

**193B.19**

1 'I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
2 I daurna turn and fight wi thee;  
3 The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
4 And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

**193B.20**

1 'O turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha,  
2 O turn thee, man, and fight wi me;  
3 When ye come to Troughend again,  
4 A yoke o owsen I'll gie thee.'

**193B.21**

1 'I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
2 I daurna turn and fight wi thee;  
3 The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
4 And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

**193B.22**

1 'O turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha,  
2 O turn now, man, and fight wi me;  
3 If ever we come to Troughend again,  
4 My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.'

**193B.23**

1 'I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
2 I daurna turn and fight wi thee;  
3 The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
4 And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

**193B.24**

1 'O shame upon ye, traitors a'!  
2 I wish your hames ye may never see;  
3 Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,  
4 And I can neither fight nor flee.'

**193B.25**

1 'Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,  
2 And ye've put water i my Inag gun;  
3 Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath  
4 That out again it winna come.'

**193B.26**

1 He had but time to cross himsel,  
2 A prayer he hadna time to say,  
3 Till round him came the Crosiers keen,  
4 All riding graithed and in array.'

**193B.27**

1 'Weel met, weel met, now, Parcy Reed,  
2 Thou art the very man we sought;  
3 Owre lang hae we been in your debt,  
4 Now will we pay you as we ough.'

**193B.28**

1 'We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,  
2 Where we shall hang thee like a hound;'  
3 Brave Parcy raisd his fankit sword,  
4 And felld the foremost to the ground.'

**193B.29**

1 Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed,  
2 Alake, he was an unarmed man;  
3 Four weapons pierced him all at once,  
4 As they assailed him there and than.'

**193B.30**

1 They fell upon him all at once,  
2 They mangled him most cruellie;  
3 The slightest wound might caused his deid,  
4 And they hae gien him thirty-three;  
5 They hacket off his hands and feet,  
6 And left him lying on the lee.'

**193B.31**

1 'Now, Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt,  
2 Ye canna weel dispute the tale,'  
3 The Crosiers said, and off they rade;  
4 They rade the airt o Liddesdale.'

**193B.32**

1 It was the hour o gloaming gray,  
2 When herds come in frae fauld and pen;  
3 A herd he saw a huntsman lie,  
4 Says he, Can this be Laird Troughen?'

**193B.33**

1 'There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
2 And some will ca me Laird Troughen;  
3 It's little matter what they ca me,  
4 My faes hae made me ill to ken.'

**193B.34**

1 'There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
2 And speak my praise in tower and town;  
3 It's little matter what they do now,  
4 My life-blood rudds the heather brown.'

**193B.35**

1 'There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
2 And a' my virtues say and sing;  
3 I would much rather have just now  
4 A draught o water frae the spring.'

**193B.36**

1 The herd flung aff his clouded shoon  
2 And to the nearest fountain ran;  
3 He made his bonnet serve a cup,  
4 And wan the blessing o the dying man.'

**193B.37**

1 'Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair,  
2 Ye maun do mair, as I you tell;  
3 Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,  
4 And bear likewise my last farewell.'

**193B.38**

1 'A farewell to my wedded wife,  
2 A farewell to my brother John,  
3 Wha sits into the Troughend tower  
4 Wi heart as black as any stone.'

**193B.39**

1 'A farewell to my daughter Jean,  
2 A farewell to my young sons five;  
3 Had they been at their father's hand,  
4 I had this night been man alive.'

**193B.40**

1 'A farewell to my followers a',  
2 And a' my neighbours gude at need;  
3 Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's  
4 Betrayed the life o Parcy Reed.'

**193B.41**

1 'The laird o Clennel bears my bow,  
2 The laird o Brandon bears my brand;  
3 Whene'er they ride i the Border-side,  
4 They'll mind the fate o the laird Troughend.'

**193[B2.1]**

1 O Parcy Reed has Crozer taen,  
2 And has delivered him to the law;  
3 But Crozer says he'll do warse than that,  
4 For he'll gar the tower of the Troughend fa.'

**193[B2.2]**

1 And Crozer says he will do warse,  
2 He will do warse, if warse can be;  
3 For he'll make the bairns a' fatherless,  
4 And then the land it may lie lee.'

## 193[B2.3]

1 O Parcy Reed has ridden a raid,  
2 But he had better have staid at hame;  
3 For the three fause Ha's of Girsensfield  
4 Alang with him he has them taen.

## 193[B2.4]

1 He's hunted up, and he's hunted down,  
2 He's hunted a' the water of Reed,  
3 Till wearydness has on him taen,  
4 I the Baitinghope he's faen asleep.

## 193[B2.5]

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 And the fause, fause Ha's o Girsensfield,  
4 They'll never be trowed nor trusted again.

## 193[B2.6]

1 They've taen frae him his powther-bag,  
2 And they've put water i his lang gun;  
3 They've put the sword into the sheath  
4 That out again it'll never come.

## 193[B2.7]

1 'Awaken ye, awaken ye, Parcy Reed,  
2 For I do fear ye've slept owre lang;  
3 For yonder are the five Crozers,  
4 A coming owre by the hinging-stane.'

## 193[B2.8]

1 'If they be five and we be four,  
2 If that ye will stand true to me,  
3 If every man ye will take one,  
4 Ye surely will leave two to me.

## 193[B2.9]

1 'O turn, O turn, O Johny Ha,  
2 O turn now, man, and fight wi me;  
3 If ever ye come to Troughend again,  
4 A good black nag I will gie to thee;  
5 He cost me twenty pounds o gowd  
6 Atween my brother John and me.'

## 193[B2.10]

1 'I winna turn, I canna turn;  
2 I darena turn and fight wi thee;  
3 For they will find out Parcy Reed,  
4 And then they'll kill baith thee and me.'

## 193[B2.11]

1 'O turn, O turn now, Willie Ha,  
2 O turn, O man, and fight wi me,  
3 And if ever ye come to the Troughend again  
4 A yoke of owsen I will gie thee.'

## 193[B2.12]

1 'I winna turn, I canna turn;  
2 I darena turn and fight wi thee;  
3 For they will find out Parcy Reed,  
4 And they will kill baith thee and me.'

## 193[B2.13]

1 'O turn, O turn, O Thommy Ha,  
2 O turn now, man, and fight wi me;  
3 If ever ye come to the Troughend again,  
4 My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.;

## 193[B2.14]

1 'I winna turn, I darena turn;  
2 I winna turn and fight with thee;  
3 For they will find out Parcy Reed,  
4 And then they'll kill baith thee and me.'

## 193[B2.15]

1 'O woe be to ye, traitors a'!  
2 I wish England ye may never win;  
3 Ye've left me in the field to stand,  
4 And in my hand an uncharged gun.'

## 193[B2.16]

1 'Ye've taen frae me my powther-bag,  
2 And ye've put water i my lang gun;  
3 Ye've put the sword into the sheath  
4 That out again it'll never come.

## 193[B2.17]

1 'O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
2 And fare ye weel, my brother John!  
3 That sits into the Troughend ha  
4 With heart as black as any stone.

## 193[B2.18]

1 'O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
2 And fare ye weel now, my sons five!  
3 For hae ye been wi me this day  
4 I surely had been man alive.

## 193[B2.19]

1 'O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
2 And fare ye weel now, my sons five!  
3 And fare ye weel, my daughter Jean!  
4 I loved ye best ye were born alive.

## 193[B2.20]

1 'O some do ca me Parcy Reed,  
2 And some do ca me Laird Troughend,  
3 But it's nae matter what they ca me,  
4 My faes have made me ill to ken.

## 193[B2.21]

1 'The laird o Clennel wears my bow,  
2 The laird o Brandon wears my brand;  
3 Whae ever rides i the Border side  
4 Will mind the laird o the Troughend.'

## 194A.1

1 DOWN by yon garden green  
2 Sae merrily as she gaes;  
3 She has twa weel-made feet,  
4 And she trips upon her taes.

## 194A.2

1 She has twa weel-made feet,  
2 Far better is her hand;  
3 She's as jimp in the middle  
4 As ony willow-wand.

## 194A.3

1 'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
2 At my bidding for to be,  
3 It's I will make you lady  
4 Of a' the lands you see.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 194A.4

1 He spak a word in jest;  
2 Her answer wasna good;  
3 He threw a plate at her face,  
4 Made it a' gush out o blood.

## 194A.5

1 She wasna frae her chamber  
2 A step but barely three,  
3 When up and at her richt hand  
4 There stood Man's Enemy.

## 194A.6

1 'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
2 At my bidding for to be,  
3 I'll learn you a wile  
4 Avenged for to be.'

## 194A.7

1 The Foul Thief knotted the tether,  
2 She lifted his head on hie,  
3 The nourice drew the knot  
4 That gard lord Waristoun die.

## 194A.8

1 Then word is gane to Leith,  
2 Also to Edinburgh town,  
3 That the lady had killd the laird,  
4 The laird o Waristoun.  
5 ' , , , , , '

## 194A.9

1 'Tak aff, tak aff my hood,  
2 But lat my petticoat be;  
3 Put my mantle oer my head,  
4 For the fire I downa see.

## 194A.10

1 'Now, a' ye gentle maids,  
2 Tak warning now by me,  
3 And never marry ane  
4 But wha pleases your ee.

## 194A.11

1 'For he married me for love,  
2 But I married him for fee;  
3 And sae brak out the feud  
4 That gard my dearie die.'

## 194B.1

1 IT was at dinner as they sat,  
2 And whan they drank the wine,  
3 How happy war the laird and lady  
4 Of bonnie Wariston!

## 194B.2

1 The lady spak but ae word,  
2 The matter to conclude;  
3 The laird strak her on the mouth,  
4 Till she spat out o blude.

## 194B.3

1 She did not know the way  
2 Her mind to satisfy,  
3 Till evil cam in to [her] head  
4 All by the Enemy.

## 194B.4

1 'At evening when ye sit,  
2 And whan ye drink the wine,  
3 See that ye fill the glass weill up  
4 To the laird o Wariston.'

## 194B.5

1 So at table whan they sat,  
2 And whan they drank the wine,  
3 She made the glass aft gae round  
4 To the laird o Wariston.

## 194B.6

1 The nurice she knet the knot,  
2 And O she knet it sicker!  
3 The lady did gie it a twig,  
4 Till it began to wicker.

## 194B.7

1 But word's gane down to Leith,  
2 And up to Embro toun,  
3 That the lady she has slain the laird,  
4 The laird o Waristoun.

## 194B.8

1 Word has gane to her father, the grit Dunipace,  
2 And an angry man was he;  
3 Cries, Gar mak a barrel o pikes,  
4 And row her down some lea!

## 194B.9

1 She said, Wae be to ye, Wariston,  
2 I wish ye may sink for sin!  
3 For I have been your wife  
4 These nine years, running ten;  
5 And I never loved ye sae well  
6 As now whan ye're lying slain.

## 194B.10

1 'But tak aff this gowd brocade,  
2 And let my petticoat stay,  
3 And tie a handkerchief round my face,  
4 That the people may not see.'

## 194C.1

1 'MY mother was an ill woman,  
2 In fifteen years she marrid me;  
3 I hadna wit to guide a man,  
4 Alas! ill counsel guided me.

## 194C.2

1 'O Warriston, O Warriston,  
2 I wish that ye may sink for sin!  
3 I was but bare fifteen years auld,  
4 Whan first I enterd your yates within.

## 194C.3

1 'I hadna been a month married,  
2 Till my gude lord went to the sea;  
3 I bare a bairn ere he came hame,  
4 And set it on the nourice knee.

## 194C.4

1 'But it fell aunc upon a day,  
2 That my gude lord returnd from sea;  
3 Then I did dress in the best array,  
4 As blythe as ony bird on tree.

## 194C.5

1 'I took my young son in my arms,  
2 Likewise my nourice me forebye,  
3 And I went down to yon shore-side,  
4 My gude lord's vessel I might spy.

## 194C.6

1 'My lord he stood upon the deck,  
2 I wyte he haild me courteouslie;  
3 Ye are thrice welcome, my lady gay,  
4 Whae's aught that bairn on your knee?'

## 194C.7

1 She turnd her right and round about,  
2 Says, 'Why take ye sic dreads o me?'  
3 Alas! I was too young married,  
4 To love another man but thee.'

## 194C.8

1 'Now hold your tongue, my lady gay,  
2 Nae mair falsehoods ye'll tell to me;  
3 This bonny bairn is not mine,  
4 You've loved another while I was on sea.'

## 194C.9

1 In discontent then hame she went,  
2 And aye the tear did blin her ee;  
3 Says, Of this wretch I'll be revenged  
4 For these harsh words he's said to me.

## 194C.10

1 She's counsell'd wi her father's steward  
2 What way she could revenged be;  
3 Bad was the counsel then he gave,  
4 It was to gar her gude lord dee.

## 194C.11

1 The nourice took the deed in hand,  
2 I wat she was well paid her fee;  
3 She kiest the knot, and the loop she ran,  
4 Which soon did gar this young lord dee.

**194C.12**

1 His brtother lay in a room hard by,  
2 Alas! that night he slept too soun;  
3 But then he wakend wi a cry,  
4 'I fear my brother's putten down.

**194C.13**

1 'O get me coal and candle light,  
2 And get me some gude companie;'  
3 But before the light was brought,  
4 Warriston he was gart dee.

**194C.14**

1 They've taen the lady and fause nourice,  
2 In prison strong they hae them boun;  
3 The nourice 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 woud 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 woud 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 ti came her father dear,  
2 I wyte a sorry man was he;  
3 Says, 'Ohon, alas! my bonny Jean,  
4 If I had you at hame wi me!

**194C.20**

1 Seven daughters I hae left at hame,  
2 As fair women as fair can be;  
3 But I woud 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 I that is worthy o the death,  
4 It is but right that I shoud dee.'

**194C.22**

1 Then out is speaks the king himsell,  
2 And aye as he steps in the flier;  
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 Whateer ye ask it's granted be.'

**194C.24**

1 'Cause 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 had her to yon heading-hill,  
4 And headed her baith neat and fine.

**194C.27**

1 Then out it speaks the king himsell,  
2 I wyte a sorry man was he:  
3 'I've travell'd east, I've travell'd 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**

1 'But Warriston was sair to blame,  
2 For slighting o his lady so;  
3 He had the wyte o his ain death,  
4 And bonny lady's overthrow.'

**195A.1**

1 'GOOD lord of the land, will you stay thane  
2 About my faither's house,  
3 And walk into these gardines green,  
4 In my arms I'll the embrace.

**195A.2**

1 'Ten thousand times I'll kiss thy face;  
2 Make sport, and let's be merry;'  
3 'I thank you, lady, fore your kindness;  
4 Trust me, I may not stay with the.

**195A.3**

1 'For I have kil'd the laird Johnston;  
2 I vallow not the feed;  
3 My wiked heart did still incline;  
4 He was my faither's dead.

**195A.4**

1 'Both night and day I did proced,  
2 And a' on him revaing to be;  
3 But now have I gotten what I long sought,  
4 Trust me, I may not stay with the.

**195A.5**

1 'Aduè, Dumfriese, that proper place!  
2 Fair well, Carlaurike faire!  
3 Aduè the castle of the Trive,  
4 And all my buldings there!

**195A.6**

1 'Aduè, Lochmaben gaitis so faire,  
2 And the Langhm shank, where birks bobs bony!  
3 Aduè, my leady and only joy!  
4 Trust me, I may not stay with the.

**195A.7**

1 'Aduè, fair Eskdale, up and doun,  
2 Wher my poor friends do duell!  
3 The bangisters will beat them doun,  
4 And will them sore compell.

**195A.8**

1 'I'll reveinge the cause mysell,  
2 Again when I come over the sea;  
3 Aduè, my leady and only joy!  
4 Fore, trust me, I may not stay with the.

**195A.9**

1 'Aduè, Dumlanark! fals was ay,  
2 And Cloosburn! in a band;  
3 The laird of the Lag from my faither fled  
4 When the Jhohnstones struek of his hand.

**195A.10**

1 'They wer three brethren in a band;  
2 I pray they may never be merry;  
3 Aduè, my leady and only joy!  
4 Trust me, I may not stay with the.

**195A.11**

1 'Aduè, madam my mother dear,  
2 But and my sister<S> two!  
3 Fair well, Robin in the Orchet!  
4 Fore the my heart is wo.

**195A.12**

1 'Aduè, the lillie, and fair well, rose,  
2 And the primros, spreads fair and bony!  
3 Aduè, my leady and only joy!  
4 Fore, trust me, I may not stay with the.'

**195A.13**

1 He took out a good gold ring,  
2 Where at hang sygnets three:  
3 'Take thou that, my own kind thing,  
4 And ay have mind of me.

**195A.14**

1 'Do not mary another lord  
2 Agan or I come over the sea;  
3 Aduè, my leady and only joy!  
4 For, trust me, I may not stay with the.'

**195A.15**

1 The wind was fair, and the ship was clare,  
2 And the good lord went away;  
3 The most part of his frends was there,  
4 Giving him a fair convoy.

**195A.16**

1 They drank the wine, they did not spare,  
2 Presentting in that good lord's sight;  
3 Now he is over the floods so gray;  
4 Lord Maxwell has te'n his last good-night.

**195B.1**

1 'ADIEW, madam my mother dear,  
2 But and my sisters tow!  
3 Adiew, fair Robert of Oarchyardtoan!  
4 For thee my heart is woe.

**195B.2**

1 'Adiew, the lilly and the rose,  
2 The primrose, sweet to see!  
3 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
4 For I manna stay with thee.

**195B.3**

1 'Tho I have killed the laird Johnston,  
2 What care I for his feed?  
3 My noble mind dis still incline;  
4 He was my father's dead.

**195B.4**

1 'Both night and day I laboured oft  
2 Of him revenged to be,  
3 And now I've got what I long sought;  
4 But I manna stay with thee.

**195B.5**

1 'Adiew, Drumlanrig! false was ay,  
2 And Cloosburn! in a band,  
3 Where the laird of Lagg fra my father fled  
4 When the Johnston struck off his hand.

**195B.6**

1 'They were three brethren in a band;  
2 Joy may they never see!  
3 But now I've got what I long sought,  
4 And I maunna stay with thee.

**195B.7**

1 'Adiew, Dumfries, my proper place,  
2 But and Carlaveroock fair,  
3 Adiew, the castle of the Thrieve,  
4 And all my buildings there!

**195B.8**

1 'Adiew, Lochmaben's gates so fair,  
2 The Langholm shank, where birks they be!  
3 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
4 And, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.

**195B.9**

1 'Adiew, fair Eskdale, up and doun,  
2 Where my poor friends do dwell!  
3 The bangisters will ding them doun,  
4 And will them sore compell.

**195B.10**

1 'But I'll revenge that feed mysell  
2 When I come ou'r the sea;  
3 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
4 For I maunna stay with thee.'

**195B.11**

1 'Lord of the land, will you go then  
2 Unto my father's place,  
3 And walk into their gardens green,  
4 And I will you embrace.

**195B.12**

1 'Ten thousand times I'll kiss your face,  
2 And sport, and make you merry;'  
3 'I thank thee, my lady, for thy kindness,  
4 But, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.'

**195B.13**

1 Then he took off a great gold ring,  
2 Where at hang signets three:  
3 'Hae, take thee that, my ain dear thing,  
4 And still hae mind of me.

**195B.14**

1 'But if thow marry another lord  
2 Ere I come ou'r the sea—  
3 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
4 For I maunna stay with thee.'

**195B.15**

1 The wind was fair, the ship was close,  
2 That good lord went away,  
3 And most part of his frends were there,  
4 To give him a fair convey.

**195B.16**

1 They drank thair wine, they did not spare,  
2 Even in the good lord's sight;  
3 Now he is oer the floods so gray,  
4 And Lord Maxwell has taen his goodnight.

**196A.1**

1 THE eighteenth of October,  
2 A dismal tale to hear  
3 How good Lord John and Rothiemay  
4 Was both burnt in the fire.

**196A.2**

1 When steeds was saddled and well bridled,  
2 And ready for to ride,  
3 Then out it came her false Fren draught,  
4 Inviting them to bide.

**196A.3**

1 Said, 'Stay this night untill we sup,  
2 The morn untill we dine;  
3 'twill be 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 turn you to our Saviour;  
4 There is strong treason here.'

**196A.8**

1 When they were dressed in their cloaths,  
2 And ready for to boun,  
3 The doors and windows was all secur'd,  
4 The roof-tree burning down.

**196A.9**

1 He did him to the wire-window,  
2 As fast as we could gang;  
3 Says, Wae to the hands put in the stancheons!  
4 For out we'll never win.

**196A.10**

1 When he stood at the wire-window,  
2 Most doleful to be seen,  
3 He did espy her Lady Fren draught,  
4 Who stood upon the green.

**196A.11**

1 Cried, Mercy, mercy, Lady Fren draught!  
2 Will ye not sink with sin?  
3 For first your husband killed my father,  
4 And now you burn his son.

**196A.12**

1 O then out spoke her Lady Fren draught,  
2 And loudly did she cry;  
3 'It were grtate pity for good Lord John,  
4 But none for Rothiemay;  
5 But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well,  
6 Ye cannot get away.'

**196A.13**

1 While he stood in this dreadful plight,  
2 Most piteous to be seen,  
3 There called out his servant Gordon,  
4 As he had frantic been:

**196A.14**

1 'O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
2 O loup and come to me!  
3 I'll catch you in my arms two,  
4 One foot I will not flee.

**196A.15**

1 'O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
2 O loup and come away!  
3 I'll catch you in my arms two,  
4 But Rothiemay may lie.'

**196A.16**

1 'The fish shall never swim in the flood,  
2 Nor corn grow through the clay,  
3 Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kindled  
4 Twin me and Rothiemay.

**196A.17**

1 'But I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
2 I cannot win to thee;  
3 My head's fast in the wire-window,  
4 My feet burning from me.

**196A.18**

1 'My eyes are seething in my head,  
2 My flesh roasting also,  
3 My bowels are boiling with my blood;  
4 Is not that a woeful woe?'

**196A.19**

1 'Take here the rings from my white fingers,  
2 That are so long and small,  
3 And give them to my lady fair,  
4 Where she sits in her hall.

**196A.20**

1 'So I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
2 I cannot loup to thee;  
3 My earthly part is all consumed,  
4 My spirit but speaks to thee.'

**196A.21**

1 Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,  
2 His lady she was seen,  
3 And thus addressed his servant Gordon,  
4 Where he stood on the green.

**196A.22**

1 'O wae be to you, George Gordon!  
2 An ill death may you die!  
3 So safe and sound as you stnad there,  
4 And my lord bereaved from me.'

**196A.23**

1 'I bad him loup, I bad him come,  
2 I bad him loup to me;  
3 I'd catch him in my arms two,  
4 A foot I should not flee. &c.

**196A.24**

1 'He threw me the rings from his white fingers,  
2 Which were so long and small,  
3 To give to you, his lady fair,  
4 Where you sat in your hall.' &c.

**196A.25**

1 Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
2 O bonny Sophia was her name,  
3 Her waiting maid put on her cloaths,  
4 But I wot she tore them off again.

**196A.26**

1 And aft she cried, Ohon! alas! alas!  
2 A sair heart's ill to win;  
3 I wan a sair heart when I married him,  
4 And the day it's well returnd again.

**196B.1**

1 'YE'LL stay this night wi me, Lord John,  
2 Ye'll stay this night wi me,  
3 For there is appearance of good greement  
4 Betwixt Fren draught and thee.'

**196B.2**

1 'How can I bide, or how shall I bide,  
2 Or how can I bide wi thee,  
3 Sin my lady is in the lands of Air,  
4 And I long till I her see?'

**196B.3**

1 'Oh stay this night wi me, Lord John,  
2 Oh stay this night wi me,  
3 And bonny [']s] be the morning-gift  
4 That I will to you gie.

**196B.4**

1 'I'll gie you a Strathboggie lands,  
2 And the laigh lands o Strathray,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**196B.5**

1 'Ye'll saty this night wi me, Lord John,  
2 Ye'll stay this night wi me,  
3 And I'll lay you in a bed of down,  
4 And Rothiemay you wi.'

**196B.6**

1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
2 And a' men bun to bed,  
3 Gude Lord John and Rothiemay  
4 In one chamber were laid.  
5 . . . . .

**196B.7**

1 Out hes he taen his little psalm-buik,  
2 And verses sang he three,  
3 And aye at every verse's end,  
4 'God end our misery!'

**196B.8**

1 The doors were shut, the keys were thrown  
2 Into a vault of stone,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**196B.9**

1 He is dune him to the weir-window,  
2 The stancheons were oer strong;  
3 There he saw him Lord George Gordon  
4 Come haisling to the town.

**196B.10**

1 'What news, what news now, George Gordon?  
2 Whats news hae you to me?  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**196B.11**

1 He's dune him to the weir-window,  
2 The stancheons were oer strang;  
3 And there he saw the Lady Fren draught,  
4 Was walking on the green.

**196B.12**

1 'Open yer doors now, Lady Fren draught,  
2 Ye'll open yer doors to me;  
3 And bonny's be the mornin-gift  
4 That I shall to you gie.

**196B.13**

1 'I'll gie you a' Straboggie lands,  
2 And the laigh lands o Strathbrae,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**196B.14**

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 . . . . .

**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?'

**196B.16**

1 'If I was swift as any swallow,  
2 And then had wings to fly,  
3 I could fly on to fause Fren draught  
4 And cry vengeance till I die.'

**196C.1**

1 IT was in October the woe began——  
2 It lasts for now and aye,——  
3 The burning o the bonny house o fause  
4 Fren draught,  
5 Lord John and Rothiemay.

**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 Beseeking them to stay.

**196C.3**

1 'Ye's hae a firlot o the gude red gowd,  
2 Well strai ket wi a wan;  
3 And if that winna please you well,  
4 I'll heap it wi my han.'

**196C.4**

1 Then out it spake the gude Lord John,  
2 And said to Rothiemay,  
3 'It is a woman 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 doors were lockd, the windows shut,  
4 And the keys were casten by.

**196C.6**

1 When a' man was well drunken,  
2 And a' man bound for sleep,  
3 The dowy reek began to rise,  
4 And the joists began to crack.

**196C.7**

1 He's deen him to the wire-window,  
2 And ruefu strack and dang;  
3 But they would neither bow nor brack,  
4 The stanchions were so strang.

**196C.8**

1 He's deen him back and back again,  
2 And back to Rothiemay;  
3 Says, Waken, waken, brother dear!  
4 Waken, Rothiemay!

**196C.9**

1 'Come let us praise the Lord our God,  
2 The fiftieth psalm and three;  
3 For the reek and smoke are us about,  
4 And there's fause treason tee.

**196C.10**

1 'O mercy, mercy, Lady Fren draught!  
2 As ye walk on the green:'  
3 'The keys are in the deep draw-well,  
4 The doors were lockt the streen.'

**196C.11**

1 'O woe be to you, Lady Frenndraught!  
2 And ill death may you die!  
3 For think na ye this a sad torment  
4 Your own flesh for to burn?'

**196C.12**

1 George Chalmers was a bonny boy;  
2 He leapt the stanks so deep,  
3 And he is on to Rothiemay,  
4 His master for to help.

**196C.13**

1 Colin Irving was a bonny boy,  
2 And leapt the stanks so deep:  
3 'Come down, come down, my master dear!  
4 In my arms I'll thee kep.'

**196C.14**

1 'Come down? come down? how can I come?  
2 How can I come to thee?  
3 My flesh is burning me about,  
4 And yet my spirit speaks to thee.'

**196C.15**

1 He's taen a purse o the gude red gowd,  
2 And threw it oer the wa:  
3 'It's ye'll deal that among the poor,  
4 Bid them pray for our souls a'.'

**196C.16**

1 He's taen the rings off his fingers,  
2 And threw them oer the wa;  
3 Says, Ye'll gie that to my lady dear,  
4 From me she'll na get more.

**196C.17**

1 'Bid her make her bed well to the length,  
2 But no more to the breadth,  
3 For the day will never dawn  
4 That I'll sleep by her side.'

**196C.18**

1 Ladie Rothiemay came on the morn,  
2 She kneeled it roun and roun:  
3 'Restore your lodgers, fause Frenndraught,  
4 That ye burnd here the streen.

**196C.19**

1 'O were I like yon trutle-dove,  
2 Had I wings for to flie,  
3 I'd fly about fause Frenndraught  
4 Crying vengeance till I die.

**196C.20**

1 'Frenndraught fause, all thro the ha's,  
2 Both back and every side;  
3 For ye've betrayd the gay Gordons,  
4 And lands wherein they ride.

**196C.21**

1 'Frenndraught fause, all thro the ha's;  
2 I wish you'd sink for sin;  
3 For first you killd my own good lord,  
4 And now you've burnd my son.

**196C.22**

1 'I caredna sae muckle for my good lord  
2 I saw him in battle slain,  
3 But a' is for my own son dear,  
4 The heir o a' my lan.

**196C.23**

1 'I caredna sae muckle for my good lord  
2 I saw him laid in clay,  
3 But a' is for my own son dear,  
4 The heir o Rothiemay.'

**196D.1**

1 THE reek it rose, and the flame it flew,  
2 And oh! the fire augmented high,  
3 Until it came to Lord John's chamber-window,  
4 And to the bed where Lord John lay.

**196D.2**

1 'O help me, help me, Lady Frennet!  
2 I never ettled harm to thee;  
3 And if my father slew thy lord,  
4 Forget the deed and rescue me.'

**196D.3**

1 He looked east, he looked west,  
2 To see if any help was nigh;  
3 At length his little page he saw,  
4 Who to his lord aloud did cry:

**196D.4**

1 'Loup doun, loup doun, my master dear!  
2 What though the window's dreigh and hie?  
3 I'll catch you in my arms twa,  
4 And never a foot from you I'll flee.'

**196D.5**

1 'How can I loup, you little page?  
2 How can I leave this window hie?  
3 Do you not see the blazing low,  
4 And my twa legs burnt to my knee?'

**196E.1**

1 NOW wake, now wake you, Rothiemay!  
2 I dread you sleep oer soun;  
3 The bed is burnin us about  
4 And the curtain's faain down.

**197A.1**

1 'AWAY with you, away with you, James de  
Grant!  
2 And, Douglas, ye'll be slain;  
3 For Baddinalloch's at your gates,  
4 With many brave Highland men.'

**197A.2**

1 'Baddinalloch has no feud at me,  
2 And I have none at him;  
3 Cast up my gates baith broad and wide,  
4 Let Baddinalloch in.'

**197A.3**

1 'James de Grant has made a vaunt,  
2 And leaped the castle-wa;  
3 But, if he comes this way again,  
4 He'll no win sae well awa.

**197A.4**

1 'Take him, take him, brave Gordons,  
2 O take him, fine fellows a'!  
3 If he wins but ae mile to the Highland hills,  
4 He'll defy you Gordons a'.'

**198A.1**

1 UPON the eighteenth day of June,  
2 A dreary day to see,  
3 The southern lords did pitch their camp  
4 Just at the bridge of Dee.

**198A.2**

1 Bonny John Seton of Pitmeddin,  
2 A bold baron was he,  
3 He made his testament ere he went out,  
4 The wiser man was he.

**198A.3**

1 He left his land to his young son,  
2 His lady her dowry,  
3 A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,  
4 Yet on the nurse's knee.

**198A.4**

1 Then out came his lady fair,  
2 A tear into her ee;  
3 Says, Stay at home, my own good lord,  
4 O stay at home with me!

**198A.5**

1 He looked over his left shoulder,  
2 Cried, Souldiers, follow me!  
3 O then she looked in his face,  
4 An angry woman was she:  
5 'God send me back my steed again,  
6 But neer let me see thee!'

**198A.6**

1 His name was Major Middleton  
2 That manned the bridge of Dee,  
3 His name was Colonel Henderson  
4 That let the cannons flee.

**198A.7**

1 His name was Major Middleton  
2 That manned the bridge of Dee,  
3 And his name was Colonel Henderson  
4 That dung Pitmeddin in three.

**198A.8**

1 Some rode on the black and grey,  
2 And some rode on the brown,  
3 But the bonny John Seton  
4 Lay gasping on the ground.

**198A.9**

1 Then bye there comes a fause Forbes,  
2 Was riding from Driminere;  
3 Says, Here there lies a proud Seton;  
4 This day they ride the rear.

**198A.10**

1 Cragievar said to his men,  
2 'You may play on your shield;  
3 For the proudest Seton in all the lan  
4 This day lies on the field.'

**198A.11**

1 'O spoil him! spoil him!' cried Cragievar,  
2 'Him spoiled let me see;  
3 For on my word,' said Cragievar,  
4 'He had no good will at me.'

**198A.12**

1 They took from him his armour clear,  
2 His sword, likewise his shield;  
3 Yea, they have left him naked there,  
4 Upon the open field.

**198A.13**

1 The Highland men, they're clever men  
2 At handling sword and shield,  
3 But yet they are too naked men  
4 To stay in battle field.

**198A.14**

1 The Highland men are clever men  
2 At handling sword or gun,  
3 But yet they are too naked men  
4 To bear the cannon's rung.

**198A.15**

1 For a cannon's roar in a summer night  
2 Is like thunder in the air;  
3 There's not a man in Highland dress  
4 Can face the cannon's fire.

**198B.1**

1 IT fell about the month of June,  
2 On Tuesday, timouslie,  
3 The northern lords hae pitchd their camps  
4 Beyond the brig o Dee.

**198B.2**

1 They ca'ed him Major Middleton  
2 That mand the brig o Dee;  
3 They ca'ed him Colonel Henderson  
4 That gard the cannons flee.

**198B.3**

1 Bonny John Seton o Pitmedden,  
2 A brave baron was he;  
3 He made his tesment ere he gaed,  
4 And the wiser man was he.

**198B.4**

1 He left his lands unto his heir,  
2 His ladie her dowrie;  
3 Ten thousand crowns to Lady Jane,  
4 Sat on the nourice knee.

**198B.5**

1 Then out it speaks his lady gay,  
2 'O stay my lord wi me;  
3 For word is come, the cause is won  
4 Beyond the brig o Dee.'

**198B.6**

1 He turned him right and round about  
2 And a light laugh hae he;  
3 Says, I wouldna for my lands sae broad  
4 I stayed this night wi thee.

**198B.7**

1 He's taen his sword then by his side,  
2 His buckler by his knee,  
3 And laid his leg in oer his horse,  
4 Said, Sodgers, follow me!

**198B.8**

1 So he rade on, and further on,  
2 Till to the third mile corse;  
3 The Covenanters' cannon balls  
4 Dang him aff o his horse.

**198B.9**

1 Up then rides him Cragievar,  
2 Said, Wha's this lying here?  
3 It surely is the Lord o Aboyne,  
4 For Huntly was not here.

**198B.10**

1 Then out is speaks a fause Forbes,  
2 Lived up in Druminner;  
3 'My lord, this is a proud Seton,  
4 The rest will ride the thinner.'

**198B.11**

1 'Spulyie him, spulyie him,' said Craigievar,  
2 'O spulyie him, presentlie;  
3 For I could lay my lugs in pawn  
4 He had nae gude will at me.'

**198B.12**

1 They've taen the shoes frae aff his feet,  
2 The garters frae his knee,  
3 Likewise the gloves upon his hands;  
4 They've left him not a flee.

## 198B.13

1 His fingers they were sae sair swelled  
2 The rings would not come aff;  
3 They cutted the grips out o his ears,  
4 Took out the gowd signots.

## 198B.14

1 Then they rade on, and further on,  
2 Till they came to the Crabestane,  
3 And Craigievar, he had a mind  
4 To burn a' Aberdeen.

## 198B.15

1 Out is speaks the gallnt Montrose,  
2 Grace on his fair body!  
3 'We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
4 We'll even laet it be.'

## 198B.16

1 Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
2 'Your purpose I will break;  
3 We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
4 We'll nevvver build its make.

## 198B.17

1 'I see the women and their children  
2 Climbing the craigs sae hie;  
3 We'll sleep this night in the bonny burgh,  
4 And even lat it be.'

## 199A.1

1 IT fell on a day, and a bonny simmer day,  
2 When green grew aits and barley,  
3 That there fell out a great dispute  
4 Between Argyll and Airlie.

## 199A.2

1 Argyll has raised an hunder men,  
2 An hunder harnessd rarely,  
3 And he's awa by the back of Dunkell,  
4 To plunder the castle of Airlie.

## 199A.3

1 Lady Ogilvie looks oer her bower-window.  
2 And oh, but she looks weary!  
3 And there she spy'd the great Argyll,  
4 Come to plunder the bonny house of Airlie.

## 199A.4

1 'Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,  
2 Come down, and kiss me fairly.'  
3 'O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,  
4 If he should na leave a standing stane in Airlie.'

## 199A.5

1 He hath taken her by the left shoulder,  
2 Says, Dame where lies thy dowry?  
3 'O it's east and west yon wan water side,  
4 And it's down by the banks of the Airlie.'

## 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 shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.

## 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 Airlie.

## 199A.8

1 'Gif my gude lord war here this night,  
2 As he is with King Charlie,  
3 Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,  
4 Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.

## 199A.9

1 'Gif my gude lord war now at hame,  
2 As he is with his king,  
3 There durst nae a Campbell in a' Argyll  
4 Set fit on Airlie green.

## 199A.10

1 'Ten bonny sons I have born unto him,  
2 The eleventh neer saw his daddy;  
3 But though I had an hundred mair,  
4 I'd gie them a' to King Charlie.'

## 199B.1

1 IT fell on a day, a clear summer day,  
2 When the corn grew green and bonny,  
3 That there was a combat did fall out  
4 'Tween Argyle and the bonny house of Airly.

## 199B.2

1 Argyle he did raise five hundred men,  
2 Five hundred men, so many,  
3 And he did place them by Dunkeld,  
4 Bade them shoot at the bonny house of Airly.

## 199B.3

1 The lady looked over her own castle-wa,  
2 And oh, but she looked weary!  
3 And there she espied the gleyed Argyle,  
4 Come to plunder the bonny house of Airly.

## 199B.4

1 'Come down the stair now, Madam Ogilvie,  
2 And let me kiss thee kindly;  
3 Or I vow and I swear, by the sword that I wear,  
4 That I winna leave a standing stone at Airly.'

## 199B.5

1 'O how can I come down the stair,  
2 And how can I kiss thee kindly,  
3 Since you vow and you swear, by the sword  
4 that you wear,  
5 That you winna leave a standing stone on  
6 Airly?'

## 199B.6

1 'Come down the stair then, Madam Ogilvie,  
2 And let me see thy dowry;  
3 'O 'tis east and it is west, and 'tis down by yon  
4 burn-side,  
5 And it stands at the planting sae bonny.

## 199B.7

1 'But if my brave lord had been at hame this  
2 day,  
3 As he is wi Prince Charlie,  
4 There durst na a Campbell in all Scotland  
5 Set a foot on the bowling-green of Airly

## 199B.8

1 'O I hae born him seven, seven sons,  
2 And an eighth neer saw his daddy,  
3 And tho I were to bear him as many more,  
4 They should a' carry arms for Prince Charlie.'

## 199C.1

1 IT fell on a day, on a bonny summer day,  
2 When the corn grew green and yellow,  
3 That there fell out a great dispute  
4 Between Argyle and Airlye.

## 199C.2

1 The great Argyle raised five hundred men,  
2 Five hundred men and many,  
3 And he has led them down by the bonny  
4 Dunkeld,  
5 Bade them shoot at the bonny house of Airly.

## 199C.3

1 The lady was looking oer her castle-wa,  
2 And O but she looked weary!  
3 And there she spied the great Argyle,  
4 Came to plunder the bonny house of Airly.

## 199C.4

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 should na leave a standing stane in  
5 Airly.'

## 199C.5

1 'I ask but one favour of you, Argyle,  
2 And I hope you'll grant me fairly  
3 To tak me to some doak dowey glen,  
4 That I may na see the plundering of Airly.'

## 199C.6

1 He has taen her by the left shoulder,  
2 And O but she looked weary!  
3 And he has led her down to the top of the town,  
4 Bade her look at the plundering of Airly.

## 199C.7

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 wear  
5 That I winna leave a standing stane in Airly.

## 199C.8

1 'You 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 sav'd all the plundering of Airly.'

## 199C.9

1 'If the great Sir John had been but at hame,  
2 As he is this night wi Prince Charlie,  
3 Neither Argyle nor no Scottish lord  
4 Durst hae plundered the bonny house of Airly.

## 199C.10

1 '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  
5 Charlie.'

## 199D.1

1 O GLEYPD Argyll has written to Montrose  
2 To see gin the fields they were fairly,  
3 And to see whether he *should* stay at hame,  
4 'or come to plunder bonnie Airly.

## 199D.2

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.

## 199D.3

1 The lady was looking oer her castle-wa,  
2 She was carrying her courage sae rarely,  
3 And there she spied him gleyd Arguill,  
4 Was coming for to plunder bonnie Airly.

## 199D.4

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.'

## 199D.5

1 'And 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.'

## 199D.6

1 'But gin my guid lord had been at hame,  
2 As he is wi Prince Charlie,  
3 There durst not a rebel on a' Scotch ground  
4 Set a foot on the bonnie green of Airly.

## 199D.7

1 'But ye'll tak me by the milk-white hand,  
2 And ye'll lift me up sae rarely,  
3 And ye'll throw me outoure my [ain] castle-wa,  
4 Let me neuer see the plundering of Airly.'

## 199D.8

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 outoure her ain castle-wa,  
4 And she neuer saw the plundering of Airly.

## 199D.9

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.

## 199D.10

1 'O wae be to ye, gleyd Argyll!  
2 And are you there sae rarely?  
3 Ye might hae kept your men at hame,  
4 And no gane to plunder bonnie Airly.'

## 199D.11

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.'

## 199D.12

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.'

## 200A.1

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.

## 200A.2

1 And she came tripping down the stair,  
2 And a' her maids before her;  
3 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,  
4 They coost the glammer oer her.

## 200A.3

1 'Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
2 And bring to me a plaidie;  
3 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
4 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

## 200A.4

1 'Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
2 And my good lord beside me;  
3 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
4 Whatever shall betide me.'

**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 my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

**200A.7**

1 'I'll mak a hap to my Johnny Faa,  
2 And I'll mak a hap to my deary;  
3 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
4 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

**200A.8**

1 And when our lord came hame at een,  
2 And speir'd for his fair lady,  
3 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
4 'She's away with the gypsie 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 bonnie!  
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 maids before her;  
3 As soon as they saw her weel-far'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 staff of my spear,  
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 gypsie 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 Jockie Faa,  
4 And with pleasure could drown with my dearie.'

**200B.7**

1 They wandred high, they wandred low,  
2 They wandred 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 glowering 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 wandred high, they wandred low,  
2 They wandred late and early,  
3 Untill they came to that wan water,  
4 And by this time she was wearie.

**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 gypsie laddie.'

**200B.12**

1 By and by came home this noble lord,  
2 And asking for his ladie,  
3 The one did cry, the other did reply,  
4 'She is gone with the gypsie laddie.'

**200B.13**

1 'Go saddle to me the black,' he says,  
2 'The brown rides never so speedie,  
3 And I will neither eat nor drink  
4 Till I bring home my ladie.'

**200B.14**

1 He wandred high, he wandred low,  
2 He wandred late and early,  
3 Untill he came to that wan water,  
4 And there he spied his ladie.

**200B.15**

1 'O wilt thou go home, my hinny and my heart,  
2 O wilt thou go home, my dearie?  
3 And I'll close thee in a close room,  
4 Where no man shall come near thee.'

**200B.16**

1 'I will not go home, my hinny and my heart,  
2 I will not go home, my dearie;  
3 If I have brewn good beer, I will drink of the  
4 same,  
5 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

**200B.17**

1 'But I will swear, by the moon and the stars,  
2 And the sun that shines so clearly,  
3 That I am as free of the gypsie gang  
4 As the hour my mother did bear me.'

**200B.18**

1 They were fifteen valiant men,  
2 Black, but very bonny,  
3 And they lost all their lives for one,  
4 The Earl of Cassillis' ladie.

**200C.1**

1 THERE cam singers to Earl Cassillis' gates,  
2 And oh, but they sang bonnie!  
3 They sang sae sweet and sae complete,  
4 Till down cam the earl's lady.

**200C.2**

1 She cam tripping down the stair,  
2 And all her maids before her;  
3 As soon as they saw her weel-faurd face,  
4 They coost their glamourye owre her.

**200C.3**

1 They gave her o the gude sweetmeats,  
2 The nutmeg and the ginger,  
3 And she gied them a far better thing,  
4 Ten gold rings aff her finger.

**200C.4**

1 'Tak from me my silken cloak,  
2 And bring me down my plaidie;  
3 For it is gude eneuch,' she said,  
4 'To follow a Gipsy Davy.'

**200C.5**

1 'Yestreen I rode this water deep,  
2 And my gude lord beside me;  
3 But this nicht I maun set in my pretty fit and  
4 wade,  
5 A when blackguards wading wi me.'

**200C.6**

1 'Yestreen I lay in a fine feather-bed,  
2 And my gude lord beyond me;  
3 But this nicht I maun lye in some cauld tenant  
4 's-barn,  
5 A when blackguards waiting on me.'

**200C.7**

1 'Come to thy bed, my bonny Jeanie Faw,  
2 Come to thy bed, my dearie,  
3 For I do swear, by the top o my spear,  
4 Thy gude lord'll nae mair come near thee.'

**200C.8**

1 When her good lord cam hame at nicht,  
2 It was asking for his fair ladye;  
3 One spak slow, and another whisperd out,  
4 'She's awa wi Gipsy Davy!'

**200C.9**

1 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
2 'Come saddle and amk him readie!  
3 For I'll neither sleep, eat, nor drink  
4 Till I find out my lady.'

**200C.10**

1 They socht her up, they socht her doun,  
2 They socht her thro nations many,  
3 Till at length they found her out in Abbey dale,  
4 Drinking wi Gipsy Davy.

**200C.11**

1 'Rise, oh rise, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,  
2 Oh rise, and do not tarry!  
3 Is this the thing ye promised to me  
4 When at first I did thee marry?'

**200C.12**

1 They drank her cloak, so did they her gown,  
2 They drank her stockings and her shoon,  
3 And they drank the coat that was nigh to her  
4 smock,  
5 And they pawned her pearled apron.

**200C.13**

1 They were sixteen clever men,  
2 Suppose they were na bonny;  
3 They are a' to be hangd on ae tree,  
4 For the stealing o Earl Cassilis' lady.

**200C.14**

1 'We are sixteen clever men,  
2 One woman was a' our mother;  
3 We are a' to be hangd on ae day,  
4 For the stealing of a wanton lady.'

**200D.1**

1 THERE came Gyptians to Corse Field yeats,  
2 Black, tho they warna bonny;  
3 They danced so neat and they danced so fine,  
4 Till down came the bonny lady.

**200D.2**

1 She came trippin down the satir,  
2 And her nine maidens afore her;  
3 But up and starts him Johny Fa,  
4 And he cast the glamour oer her.

**200D.3**

1 'Ye'll take frae me this gay mantle,  
2 And ye'll gie to me a plaidie;  
3 For I shall follow Johny Fa,  
4 Lat weel or woe betide me.'

**200D.4**

1 They've taen frae her her fine mantle,  
2 And they've gaen to her a plaidie,  
3 And she's awa wi Johny Fa,  
4 Whatever may betide her.

**200D.5**

1 When they came to a wan water,  
2 I wite it wasna bonny,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**200D.6**

1 'Yestreen I wade this wan water,  
2 And my good lord was wi me;  
3 The night I man cast aff my shoes and wide,  
4 And the black bands widen wi me.'

**200D.7**

1 'Yestreen I lay in a well made bed,  
2 And my good lord lay wi me;  
3 The night I maun ly in a tenant's barn,  
4 And the black bands lyin wi me.'

**200D.8**

1 'Come to yer bed,' says Johnie Fa,  
2 'Come to yer bed, my dearie,  
3 And I shall swer, by the coat that I wear,  
4 That my hand it shall never go near thee.'

**200D.9**

1 'I will never come to yer bed,  
2 I will never be yer dearie;  
3 For I think I hear his horse's foot  
4 That was once called my dearie.'

**200D.10**

1 'Come to yer bed,' says Johny Fa,  
2 'Come to yer bed, my dearie,  
3 And I shall swear, by the coat that I wear,  
4 That my hand it shall never go oer thee.'

**200D.11**

1 'I will niver come to yer bed,  
2 I will niver be yer dearie;  
3 For I think I hear his bridle ring  
4 That was once called my dearie.'  
5 . . . . .

**200D.12**

1 When that good lord came hame at night,  
2 He called for his lady;  
3 The one maid said, and the other replied,  
4 'She's aff wi the Gyptian laddy.'



**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.'

**200D.14**

1 'Yestreen we were fifteen good armed men;  
2 Tho black, we werena bonny;  
3 The night we a' ly slain for one,  
4 It's the Laird o Corse Field's lady.'

**200E.1**

1 THE gypsies they came to Lord Cassle's yet,  
2 And O but they sang ready!  
3 They sang sae sweet and sae complete  
4 That down came the lord's fair lady.

**200E.2**

1 O she came tripping down the stair,  
2 Wi a' her maids afore her,  
3 And as soon as they saw her weelfared face  
4 They cuist their glaurmy owre her.

**200E.3**

1 She gaed to them the gude white bread,  
2 And they gaed to her the ginger,  
3 Then she gaed to them a far brawer thing,  
4 The gowd rings af her finger.

**200E.4**

1 Quo she to her maids, There's my gay mantle,  
2 And bring to me my plaidy,  
3 And tell my lord whan he comes hame  
4 I'm awa wi a gypsie laddie.

**200E.5**

1 For her lord he had to the hounting gane,  
2 Awa in the wild green wuddie,  
3 And Jockie Faw, the gypsie king,  
4 Saw him there wi his cheeks sae ruddy.

**200E.6**

1 On they mounted, and af they rade,  
2 Ilk gypsie had a cuddy,  
3 And whan through the stincher they did prance  
4 They made the water muddy.

**200E.7**

1 Quo she, Aft times this water I hae rade,  
2 Wi many a laord and lady,  
3 But never afore did I it wade  
4 To folow a gypsie laddie.

**200E.8**

1 'Aft hae I lain in a saft feather-bed,  
2 Wi my gude lord aside me,  
3 But now I maun sleep in an auld reeky kilt,  
4 Alang wi a gypsie laddie.'

**200E.9**

1 Sae whan that the yirl he came hame,  
2 His servants a' stood ready;  
3 Some took his horse, and some drew his boots,  
4 But gane was his fair lady.

**200E.10**

1 And whan he came ben to the parlour-door,  
2 He asked for his fair lady,  
3 But dome denied, and ithers some replied,  
4 'She's awa wi a gypsie laddie.'

**200E.11**

1 'Then saddle,' quoth he, 'My gude black naig,  
2 For the brown is never sae speedy;  
3 As I will neither eat nor drink  
4 Till I see my fair lady.'

**200E.12**

1 'I met wi a cheel as I rade hame,  
2 And thae queer stories said he;  
3 Sir, I saw this day a fairy queen  
4 Fu pack wi a gypsie laddie.'

**200E.13**

1 'I hae been east, and I hae been west,  
2 And in the lang town o Kircadie,  
3 But the bonniest lass that ever I saw  
4 Was following a gypsie laddie.'

**200E.14**

1 Sae his lordship has rade owre hills and dales,  
2 And owre mony a wild hie mountain,  
3 Until that he heard his ain lady say,  
4 'Now my lord will be hame frae the hounting.'

**200E.15**

1 'Than will you come hame, my hinnie and my  
love?'  
2 Quoth he to his charming dearie,  
3 'And I'll keep ye aye in a braw close room,  
4 Where the gypsies will never can steer ye.'

**200E.16**

1 Said she, 'I can swear by the sun and the stars,  
2 And the moon whilk shines sae clearie,  
3 That I am as chaste for the gypsie Jockie Faw  
4 As the day my minnie did bear me.'

**200E.17**

1 'Gif ye wad swear by the sun,' said he,  
2 'And the moon, till ye wad deave me,  
3 Ay and tho ye wad take a far bigger aith,  
4 My dear, I wadna believe ye.'

**200E.18**

1 'I'll tak ye hame, and the gypsies I'll hang,  
2 Ay, I'll make them girn in a wuddie,  
3 And afterwards I'll burn Jockie Faw,  
4 Wha fashed himself wi my fair lady.'

**200E.19**

1 Quoth the gypsies, We're fifteen weel-made  
men,  
2 Tho the maist o us be ill bred ay,  
3 Yet it wad be a pity we should a' hang for ane,  
4 Wha fashed himself wi your fair lady.'

**200E.20**

1 Quoth the lady, My lord, forgive them a',  
2 For they nae ill eer did ye,  
3 And gie ten guineas to the chief, Jockie Faw,  
4 For he is a worthy laddie.

**200E.21**

1 The lord he hearkened to his fair dame,  
2 And O the gypsies war glad ay!  
3 They danced round and round their merry  
Jockie Faw,  
4 And roosed the gypsie laddie.

**200E.22**

1 Sae the lord rade hame wi his charming spouse,  
2 Owre the hills and the haughs sae whunnie,  
3 And the gypsies slade down by yon bonny  
burnside,  
4 To beek themsells there sae sunnie.

**200F.1**

1 THE gypsies came to the Earl o Cassilis' gate,  
2 And O but they sang bonnie!  
3 They sang sae sweet and sae complete  
4 That down cam our fair ladie.

**200F.2**

1 And she cam tripping down the stair,  
2 Wi her twa maids before her;  
3 As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
4 They coost their glamer oer her.

**200F.3**

1 'O come wi me,' says Johnnie Faw,  
2 'O come wi me, my dearie,  
3 For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
4 Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

**200F.4**

1 'Here, tak frae me this gay mantile,  
2 And gie to me a plaidie;  
3 Tho kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
4 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.'

**200F.5**

1 'Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
2 And my gude lord beside me;  
3 This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,  
4 Whatever shall betide me.'

**200F.6**

1 'Last night I lay in a weel-made bed,  
2 Wi silken hangings round me;  
3 But now I'll lie in a farmer's barn,  
4 Wi the gypsies all around me.'

**200F.7**

1 'The first ale-house that we come at,  
2 We'll hae a pot o brandie;  
3 The next ale-house that we came at,  
4 We'll drink to gypsie Geordie.'

**200F.8**

1 Now when our lord cam home at een,  
2 He speir'd for his fair lady;  
3 The ane she cried, [the] tither replied,  
4 'She's awa wi the gypsie laddie.'

**200F.9**

1 'Gae saddle me the gude black steed;  
2 The bay was neer sae bonnie;  
3 For I will neither eat nor sleep  
4 Till I be wi my lady.'

**200F.10**

1 Then he rode east, and he rode west,  
2 And he rode near Strabogie,  
3 And there he found his ain dear wife,  
4 Drinking wi gypsie Geordie.

**200F.11**

1 'And what made you leave your houses and  
land?  
2 Or what made you leave your money?  
3 Or what made you leave your ain wedded lord,  
4 To follow the gypsie laddie?'

**200F.12**

1 'Then come thee hame, my ain dear wife,  
2 Then come thee hame, my hinnie,  
3 And I do swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
4 The gypsies nae mair shall come near thee.'

**200F.13**

1 Then we were seven weel-made men,  
2 But lack! we were nae bonnie,  
3 And we were a' put down for ane,  
4 For the Earl o Cassilis' ladie.

**200G.1**

1 THERE was seven gypsies all in a gang,  
2 They were brisk and bonny; O  
3 They rode till they came to the Earl of Casstle's  
house,  
4 And there they sang most sweetly. O

**200G.2**

1 The Earl of Castle's lady came down,  
2 With the waiting-maid beside her;  
3 As soon as her fair face they saw,  
4 They called their grandmother over.

**200G.3**

1 They gave to her a nutmeg brown,  
2 And a race of the best ginger;  
3 She gave to them a far better thing,  
4 'Twas the ring from off her finger.

**200G.4**

1 She pulld off her high-heeld shoes,  
2 They was made of Spanish leather;  
3 She put on her highland brog-u>es,  
4 To follow the gypsey loddy.

**200G.5**

1 At night when my good lord came home,  
2 Enquiring for his lady,  
3 The waiting-maid made this reply,  
4 'She's following the gypsey loddy.'

**200G.6**

1 'Come saddle me my milk-white steed,  
2 Come saddle it so bonny,  
3 As I may go seek my own wedded wife,  
4 That's following the gypsey loddy.'

**200G.7**

1 'Have you been east? have you been west?  
2 Or have you been brisk and bonny?  
3 Or have you seen a gay lady,  
4 A following the gypsey loddy?'

**200G.8**

1 He rode all that summer's night,  
2 And part of the next morning;  
3 At length he spy'd his own wedded wife,  
4 She was cold, wet, and weary.

**200G.9**

1 'Why did you leave your houses and land?  
2 Or why did you leave your money?  
3 Or why did you leave your good wedded lord,  
4 To follow the gypsey loddy?'

**200G.10**

1 'O what care I for houses and land?  
2 Or what care I for money?  
3 So as I have brewd, so will I return;  
4 So fare you well, my honey!'

**200G.11**

1 There was seven gypsies in a gang,  
2 And they was brisk and bonny,  
3 And they're to be hanged all on a row,  
4 For the Earl of Castle's lady.

**200H.1**

1 THERE came a gang o gypsies by,  
2 And they was singing so merry, O  
3 Till they gained the heart o my lady gay,  
4 . . . . .

**200H.2**

1 As soon as the lord he did come in,  
2 Enquired for his lady, O  
3 And some o the sarvants did-a reply,  
4 'Her's away wi the gipsy laddie.' O

**200H.3**

1 'O saddle me the bay, and saddle me the grey,  
2 Till I go and sarch for my lady;  
3 And some o the sarvants did-a reply,  
4 'Her's away wi the gipsy laddie.'

**200H.4**

1 And he rode on, and he rode off,  
2 Till he came to the gipsies' tentie,  
3 And there he saw his lady gay,  
4 By the side o the gipsy laddie.

**200H.5**

1 'Didn't I leave you houses and land?  
2 And didn't I leave you money?  
3 Didn't I leave you three pretty babes  
4 As ever was in yonder green island?'

**200H.6**

1 'What care I for houses and land?  
2 And what care I for money?  
3 What do I care for three pretty babes?  
4 . . . . .

**200H.7**

1 'The tother night you was on a feather bed,  
2 Now you're on a straw one,  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**200L1**

1 THERE come seven gypsies on a day,  
2 Oh, but they sang bonny! O  
3 And they sang so sweet, and they sang so clear,  
4 Down cam the earl's ladie. O

**200L2**

1 They gave to her the nutmeg,  
2 And they gave to her the ginger;  
3 But she gave to them a far better thing,  
4 The seven gold rings off her fingers.

**200L3**

1 When the earl he did come home,  
2 Enquiring for his ladie,  
3 One of the servants made this reply,  
4 'She's awa with the gipsie lad<d>ie.'

**200L4**

1 'Come saddle for me the brown,' he said,  
2 'For the black was neer so speedy,  
3 And I will travel night and day  
4 Till I find out my ladie.

**200L5**

1 'Will you come home, my dear?' he said,  
2 'Oh will you come home, my honey?  
3 And, by the point of my broad sword,  
4 A hand I'll neer lay on you.'

**200L6**

1 'Last night I lay on a good feather-bed,  
2 And my own wedded lord beside me,  
3 And tonight I'll lie in the ash-corner,  
4 With the gypsies all around me.

**200L7**

1 'They took off my high-heeled shoes,  
2 That were made of Spanish leather,  
3 And I have put on coarse Lowland brogues,  
4 To trip it oer the heather.'

**200L8**

1 'The Earl of Cashan is lying sick;  
2 Not one hair I'm sorry;  
3 I'd rather have a kiss from his fair lady's lips  
4 Than all his gold and his money.'

**200J.1**

1 THERE was a gip came oer the land,  
2 He sung so sweet and gaily;  
3 He sung with glee, neath the wild wood tree,  
4 He charmed the great lord's lady.  
5 Ring a ding a ding go ding go da,  
6 Ring a ding a ding go da dy,  
7 Ring a ding a ding go ding go da,  
8 She's gone with the gipsy Davy.

**200J.2**

1 The lord he came home late that night;  
2 Enquiring for his lady,  
3 'She's gone, she's gone,' said his old  
servantman,  
4 'She's gone with the gipsy Davy.'

**200J.3**

1 'Go saddle me my best black mare;  
2 The grey is neer so speedy;  
3 For I'll ride all night, and I'll ride all day,  
4 Till I overtake my lady.'

**200J.4**

1 Riding by the river-side,  
2 The grass was wet and dewy;  
3 Seated with her gipsy lad,  
4 It's there he spied his lady.

**200J.5**

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?'

**200J.6**

1 'Yes, I'll forsake my house and home,  
2 Yes, I'll forsake my baby;  
3 What care I for my true love?  
4 I love the gipsy Davy.'

**200J.7**

1 The great lord he rode home that night,  
2 He took good care of his baby,  
3 And ere six months had passed away  
4 He married another lady.

**200K.1****200K.1**

1 'GO bring me down my high-heeled shoes,  
2 Made of the Spanish leather,  
3 And I'll take off my low-heeled shoes,  
4 And away we'll go together.'  
5 Lumpy dumpy linky dinky day  
6 Lumpy dumpy linky dinky daddy

**200K.2**

1 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.

**200K.3**

1 And when Lord Garrick he got there,  
2 Inquiring for his lady,  
3 Then up steps his best friend:  
4 'She's gone with a gipsy laddie.'

**200K.4**

1 'Go saddle me my bonny brown,  
2 For the grey is not so speedy,  
3 And away we'll go to the Misty Mount,  
4 And overtake my lady.'

**200K.5**

1 They saddled him his bonny brown,  
2 For the grey was not so speedy,  
3 And away they went to the Misty Mount,  
4 And overtook his lady.

**200K.6**

1 And when Lord Garrick he got there,  
2 'Twas in the morning early,  
3 And there he found his lady fair,  
4 And she was wet and weary.

**200K.7**

1 'And it's fare you well, my dearest dear,  
2 And it's fare you well for ever,  
3 And if you don't go with me now,  
4 Don't let me see you never.'

**200[L.1]**

1 A band of gypsies, all in a road,  
2 All so black and brawny, oh  
3 Away come a lady all dressed in silk,  
4 To follow the roving gypsies. oh

**200[L.1r]**

1 The gypsies, oh!  
2 The gypsies, oh!  
3 To follow the roving gypsies, oh!

**200[L.2]**

1 Her husband came home at ten o'clock of night,  
2 An asked for his lady fair;  
3 The servant informed him very soon  
4 She had gone with the roving gypsies.

**200[L.3]**

1 'Saddle to me my bonny gray mare,  
2 Saddle to me my pony;  
3 I will go where the green grass grow,  
4 To find out the roving gypsies.

**200[L.4]**

1 'Last night she slept in a fair feather-bed,  
2 And blankets by bonins;  
3 Tonight she sleeps in a cold shed-barn,  
4 Through following the roving gypsies.

**200[L.5]**

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?'

**200[L.6]**

1 'What cares 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.'

**201A.1**

1 O BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,  
2 They war twa bonnie lasses;  
3 They bigget a bower on yon burn-brae,  
4 And theekit it oer wi rashes.

**201A.2**

1 They theekit it oer wi rashes green,  
2 They theekit it oer wi heather;  
3 But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,  
4 And slew them baith thegither.

**201A.3**

1 They thought to lye in Methven kirk-yard,  
2 Among their noble kin;  
3 But they maun lye in Stronach haugh,  
4 To biek forenent the sin.

**201A.4**

1 And Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
2 They war twa bonnie lasses;  
3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
4 And theekit it oer wi rashes.

**202A.1**

1 ON Philiphaugh a fray began,  
2 At Hairheadwood it ended;  
3 The Scots outoer the Grames they ran,  
4 Sae merrily they bended.

**202A.2**

1 Sir David frae the Border came,  
2 Wi heart an hand came he;  
3 Wi him three thousand bonny Scots,  
4 To bear him company.

**202A.3**

1 Wi him three thousand valiant men,  
2 A noble sight to see!  
3 A cloud o mist them weel conceald,  
4 As close as eer might be.

**202A.4**

1 When they came to the Shaw burn,  
2 Said he, Sae weel we frame,  
3 I think it is convenient  
4 That we should sing a psalm.

**202A.5**

1 When they came to the Lingly burn,  
2 As daylight did appear,  
3 They spy'd an aged father,  
4 And he did draw them near.

**202A.6**

1 'Come hither, aged father,'  
2 Sir David he did cry,  
3 'And tell me where Montrose lies,  
4 With al his great army.'

**202A.7**

1 'But first you must come tell to me,  
2 If friends or foes you be;  
3 I fear you are Montrose's men,  
4 Come frae the north country.'

**202A.8**

1 'No, we are nane o Montrose's men,  
2 Nor eer intend to be;  
3 I am Sir David Lesly,  
4 That's speaking unto thee.'

**202A.9**

1 'If you're Sir David Lesly,  
2 As I think weel ye be,  
3 I am sorry ye hae brought so few  
4 Into your company.

**202A.10**

1 'There's fifteen thousand armed men  
2 Encamped on yon lee;  
3 Ye'll never be a bite to them,  
4 For aught that I can see.

**202A.11**

1 'But halve your men in equal parts,  
2 Your purpose to fulfill;  
3 Let ae half keep the water-side,  
4 The rest gae round the hill.

**202A.12**

1 'Your nether party fire must,  
2 Then beat a flying drum;  
3 And then they'll think the day's their ain,  
4 And frae the trench they'll come.

**202A.13**

1 'Then, those that are behind them maun  
2 Gie shot, baith grit and sma;  
3 And so, between your armies twa,  
4 Ye may make them to fa.'

**202A.14**

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 betrayd.

**202A.15**

1 'Again I was at curst Dunbar,  
2 And was a prisner taen,  
3 And many weary night and day  
4 In prison I hae lien.'

**202A.16**

1 'If ye will lead these men aright,  
2 Rewarded shal ye be;  
3 But, if that ye a traitor prove,  
4 I'll hang thee on a tree.'

**202A.17**

1 'Sir, I will not a traitor prove;  
2 Montrose has plunderd me;  
3 I'll do my best to banish him  
4 Away frae this country.'

**202A.18**

1 He halvd his men in equal parts,  
2 His purpose to fulfill;  
3 The one part kept the water-side,  
4 The other gaed round the hill.

**202A.19**

1 The nether party fired brisk,  
2 Then turnd and seemd to rin;  
3 And then they a' came frae the trench,  
4 And cry'd The day's our ain!

**202A.20**

1 The rest then ran into the trench,  
2 And loosd their cannons a':  
3 And thus, between his armies twa,  
4 He made them fast to fa.

**202A.21**

1 Now let us a' for Lesly pray  
2 And his brave company,  
3 For they hae vanquishd great Montrose,  
4 Our cruel enemy.

**203A.1**

1 Inverey cam down Deeside, whistlin an4 pla89  
5 He was at brave Braikley's yett ere it was  
dawin.

**203A.2**

1 He rappit fu loudly and wi a great roar,  
2 Cried, Cum down, cum down, Braikley, and  
open the door.

**203A.3**

1 'Are ye sleeping, Baronne, or are ye wakin?  
2 Ther's sharpe swords at your yett, will gar your  
blood spin.

**203A.4**

1 'Open the yett, Braikley, and lat us within,  
2 Till we on the green turf gar your bluid rin.'

**203A.5**

1 Out spak the brave baronne, owre the castell  
-wa:  
2 'Are ye cum to spulyie and plunder mi ha?

**203A.6**

1 'But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and cum in:  
2 Gin ye drink o my wine, ye'll nae gar my bluid  
spin.

**203A.7**

1 'Gin ye be hir'd widifus, ye may gang by,  
2 Ye may gang to the lawlands and steal their fat  
ky.

**203A.8**

1 'Ther spulyie like rievvers o wyld kettrin clan,  
2 Who plunder unsparing baith houses and lan.

**203A.9**

1 'Gin ye be gentlemen, licht an cum [in],  
2 Ther's meat an drink i my ha for every man.

**203A.10**

1 'Gin ye bir'd widifus, ye may gang by,  
2 Gang down to the lawlands, and steal horse and  
ky.'

**203A.11**

1 Up spak his ladie, 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 plaids.'

**203A.12**

1 'Cum kiss me, mi Peggy, I'le nae langer stay,  
2 For I will go out and meet Inverey.

**203A.13**

1 'But haud your 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 your rocks, lassies, we will  
them command.

**203A.15**

1 'Get up, get up, Braikley, and turn bak your 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 cowards 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 'Ther's four-and-twenty milk-whit calv5s, tw11  
o them ky,  
2 In the woods o Glentanner, it's ther thei a' ly.

**203A.19**

1 'Ther's goat i the Etnach, and sheep o the brae,  
2 An a' will be plunderd by young Inverey.'

**203A.20**

1 'Now haud your 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 Mi cousin James Gordon; we'll mount and we  
'll go.'

**203A.22**

1 When Braikley was ready and stood i the closs,  
2 He was the bravest baronne that eer mounted  
horse.

**203A.23**

1 Whan all wer assembl'd 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 sichin 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, and nae langer stay:  
2 What'll cum o your ladie, gin Braikley thei  
slay?

**203A.29**

1 'What'll cum o your ladie 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,' crys Inverey, ænd ficht till ye're  
slayn,  
2 For we are four hundered, ye are but four men.

**203A.32**

1 'Strik, strik, ye proud boaster, 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 Auchoilzie thei killd the first man.

**203A.34**

1 First thei killd ane, and soon they killd twa,  
2 Thei killd gallant Braikley, the flour o them a'.

**203A.35**

1 Thei killd William Gordon, and James o the  
Knox,  
2 And brave Alexander, the flour o Glenmuick.

**203A.36**

1 What sichin 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 pretty Peggy tearing her hair?'

**203A.38**

1 'Yes, I cam by Braikley, and I gaed in there,  
2 And ther [saw] his ladie braiding her hair.

**203A.39**

1 'She was rantin, and dancin, and singin for joy,  
2 And vovin that nicht she woud feest Inverey.

**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 Ther's dool i the kitchin, and mirth i the ha,  
2 The Baronne o Braikley is dead and awa.

**203B.1**

1 'Baron of Brackley, are ye in there?  
2 The're sharp swords at yer yetts, winna ye  
spear.'

**203B.2**

1 If they be gentlemen, lat them cum in;  
2 But if they be reavers, we'll gar them be taen.'

**203B.3**

1 It is na gentlemen, nor yet pretty lads,  
2 But a cum hir'd widdifus, wears belted plaids.'

**203B.4**

1 She called on her women and bade them come  
in:  
2 'Tack a' yer rocks, lasses, and we'll them  
coman.

**203B.5**

1 'We'll fecht them, we'll slight them, we'll do  
what we can,  
2 And I vow we will shoot them altho we shod  
bang.

**203B.6**

1 'Rise up, John,' she said, ænd turn in yer kye,  
2 For they'll hae them to the Hielands, and you  
they'l defie.'

**203B.7**

1 'Had your still, Catharine, and still yer young  
son,  
2 For ye'll get me out, but I'll never cum in.'

**203B.8**

1 'If I had a man, as I hae na nane,  
2 He wudna lye in his bed and see his kye tane.'

**203B.9**

1 'Ye'll cum kiss me, my Peggy, and bring me  
my gun,  
2 For I'm gaing out, but I'll never cum in.'

**203B.10**

1 There was twenty wi Inverey, twenty and ten;  
2 There was nane wi the baron but his brother an  
d him.

**203B.11**

1 At the head of Reneeten the battle began;  
2 Ere they wan Auchoilzie, they killed mony a  
man.

**203B.12**

1 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the  
Knock,  
2 The mullertd's four sons up at Glenmuick.

**203B.13**

1 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the  
Knock,  
2 And they made the brave baron like kail to a  
pot.

**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 Then up came Craigievar, and a party wi him!
- 2 If he had come an hour sooner, Brackley had not been slain.

**203B.16**

- 1 'Came ye by Brackley? and was ye in there?'
- 2 Or say ye his lady, was making great care?'

**203B.17**

- 1 'I came by Brackley, and I was in there,
- 2 But I saw his lady no making great care.'

**203B.18**

- 1 'For she eat wi them, drank wi them, welcome d them in;
- 2 She drank to the villain that killed her guid man.

**203B.19**

- 1 'Woe to ye, Kate Fraser! sorry may yer heart be,
- 2 To see yer brave baron's blood cum to yer knee.'

**203B.20**

- 1 There is dule in the kitchen, and mirth i the ha,
- 2 But the Baron o B<r>ackley is dead and awa.

**203C.1**

- 1 O Inverey came down Dee side, whistling and playing;
- 2 He's landed at Braikly's yates at the day dawing.

**203C.2**

- 1 Says, Baron of Braikly, are ye within?
- 2 There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin.

**203C.3**

- 1 The lady raise up, to the window she went;
- 2 She heard her kye lowing oer hill and oer bent.

**203C.4**

- 1 'O rise up, John,' she says, 'Turn back your kye;
- 2 They're oer the hills rinning, they're skipping away.'

**203C.5**

- 1 'Come to your bed, Peggie, and let the kye rin,
- 2 For were I to gang out, I would never get in.'

**203C.6**

- 1 Then she's cry'd on her women, they quickly came ben:
- 2 'Take up your rocks, lassies, and fight a' like men.

**203C.7**

- 1 'Though I'm but a woman, to head you I'll try,
- 2 Nor let these vile Highland-men steal a' our kye.'

**203C.8**

- 1 Then up gat the baron, and cry'd for his graith;
- 2 Says, Lady, I'll gang, tho to leave you I'm laith.

**203C.9**

- 1 'Come, kiss me, my Peggie, nor think I'm to blame;
- 2 For I may well gang out, but I'll never win in.'

**203C.10**

- 1 When the Baron of Braikly rade through the close,
- 2 A gallanter baron neer mounted a horse.

**203C.11**

- 1 Tho there came wi Inverey thirty and three,
- 2 There was nane wi bonny Braikly but his brother and he.

**203C.12**

- 1 Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw;
- 2 But against four and thirty, wae's me, what wa s twa?

**203C.13**

- 1 Wi swords and wi daggers they did him surround,
- 2 And they've pierc'd bonny Braikly wi mony a wound.

**203C.14**

- 1 Frae the head of the Dee to the banks of the Spey,
- 2 The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey.

**203C.15**

- 1 'O came ye by Braikly, and was ye in there?'
- 2 Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?'

**203C.16**

- 1 'O I came by Braikly, and I was in there,
- 2 But I saw not his Peggy dear riving her hair.'

**203C.17**

- 1 'O fye on ye, lady! how could ye do sae?'
- 2 You open'd your yate to the faus Inverey.'

**203C.18**

- 1 She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcom'd him in;
- 2 She welcom'd the villain that slew her baron.

**203C.19**

- 1 She kept him till morning, syne bad him be gane,
- 2 And show'd him the road that he woud na be tane.

**203C.20**

- 1 'Thro Birss and Aboyne,' she says, 'lyin a tour,
- 2 Oer the hills of Glentenor 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.1**

- 1 'Baron o Breachell, are ye within?'
- 2 The sharp souer'd is at yer gate, Breachell, we'l I gar yer blood spin.'

**203D.2**

- 1 'Thei'r at yer gate, Breachel, the'r neither men nor lads,
- 2 But fifty heard widifas, wi belted plaids.'

**203D.3**

- 1 'O if I had a man,' she says, 'as it looks I had nane,
- 2 He widna sit in the house and see my kye tane.'

**203D.4**

- 1 'But lasses tak down yer rocks, and we will defend

**203D.5**

- 1 'O kiss me, dear Peggy, and gee me down my gun,
- 2 I may well ga out, but I'll never come in.'

**203D.6**

- 1 Out spak his brither, says, Gee me yer hand;
- 2 I'll fight in yer cause sae lang as I may stand.

**203D.7**

- 1 Whan the Baron o Breachell came to the closs,
- 2 A braver baron neir red upon horse.

**203D.8**

- 1 . . . . .
- 2 I think the silly heard widifas are grown fighte n men.

**203D.9**

- 1 First they killed ane, and syen they killed twa,
- 2 And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.

**203D.10**

- 1 They killed Sandy Gordon, Sandy Gordon o the Knock,
- 2 The miller and his three sons, that lived at Glenmuick.

**203D.11**

- 1 First they killed ane, and seyn they killed twa,
- 2 And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.

**203D.12**

- 1 Up came Crigevar and a' his fighten men:
- 2 'Had I come an hour soonur, he sudna been slain.'

**203D.13**

- 1 For first they killed ane, and seyn they killed twa,
- 2 And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.

**203D.14**

- 1 'O came ye by Breachell, lads? was ye in their?'
- 2 Saw ye Peggy Dann riving her hair?'

**203D.15**

- 1 'We cam by Breachell, lads, we was in there,
- 2 And saw Eggie Dann cairling her hair.'

**203D.16**

- 1 'She eat wi them, drank wi them, bad them come in
- 2 To her house an bours that had slain her baron.

**203D.17**

- 1 'Come in, gentlemen, eat and drink wi me;
- 2 Tho ye ha slain my baron, I ha na a wite at ye.'

**203D.18**

- 1 'O was [ye] at Glenmuik, lads? was ye in their?'
- 2 Saw ye Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair?'

**203D.19**

- 1 'We was at Glenmuik, lads, we was in there,
- 2 We saw Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair.'

**203D.20**

- 1 'Wi the tear in her eye, seven bairns at her foot,
- 2 The eighth on her knee . . .

**203D.21**

- 1 The killed Peter Gordon, Peter Gordon of the Knock,
- 2 The miller and his three sons, that lived at Glenmuik.

**203D.22**

- 1 First they killed ane, and syn they killed twa,
- 2 And the Baron of Breachell is dead and awa.

**204A.1**

- 1 I WAS a lady of high renown
- 2 As lived in the north countrie;
- 3 I was a lady of high renown
- 4 Whan Earl Douglas loved me.

**204A.2**

- 1 Whan we came through Glasgow toun,
- 2 We war a comely sight to see;
- 3 My gude lord in velvet green,
- 4 And I mysel in cramasie.

**204A.3**

- 1 Whan we cam to Douglas toun,
- 2 We war a fine sight to behold;
- 3 My gude lord in cramasie,
- 4 And I myself in shining gold.

**204A.4**

- 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.

**204A.5**

- 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!

**204A.6**

- 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.

**204A.7**

- 1 There cam anither to this house,
- 2 And a bad friend he was to me;
- 3 He put Jamie's shoon below my bed-stock,
- 4 And bade my gude lord come and see.

**204A.8**

- 1 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,
- 2 And ae an ill death may ye dee!
- 3 For ye was the first and the foremost man
- 4 That parted my gude lord and me.

**204A.9**

- 1 Whan my gude lord cam in my room,
- 2 This grit falsehood for to see,
- 3 He turnd about, and, wi a gloom,
- 4 He straucht did tak farewell o me.

**204A.10**

- 1 'O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!
- 2 O fare thee well, once dear to me!
- 3 O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!
- 4 For wi me again ye sall never be.'

**204A.11**

- 1 'Sit doun, sit doun, Jamie Douglas,
- 2 Sit thee doun and dine wi me,
- 3 And Ill set thee on a chair of gold,
- 4 And a silver towel on thy knee.'

**204A.12**

- 1 'Whan cockle-shells turn silver bells,
- 2 And mussels they bud on a tree,
- 3 Whan frost and snaw turns fire to burn,
- 4 Then I'll sit down and dine wi thee.'

**204A.13**

- 1 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,
- 2 And ae an ill death may ye dee!
- 3 Ye war the first and the foremost man
- 4 That parted my gude lord and me.

**204A.14**

- 1 Whan my father he heard word
- 2 That my gude lord had forsaken me,
- 3 He sent fifty o his brisk dragoons
- 4 To fesh me hame to my ain countrie.

**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 WALY, 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 Blacklaywood 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 lichtlie me.

**204B.4**

1 Now woe betide ye, Blacklaywood!  
2 I'm sure an ill death you 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 I'll come down the stair and drink wine wi thee.'

**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 trow a sorry man he'll be;  
3 He'll send four score o his soldiers brave  
4 To tak me hame to mine ain countrie.'

**204B.9**

1 As I lay owre my castell-wa,  
2 I beheld my father comin for 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 that I love best.

**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, waly up yon bank!  
2 And wally down yon brae!  
3 And wally, wally up yon burn-side,  
4 Where me and my lord wont to gae!

**204C.2**

1 I leand me on yon saugh sae sweet,  
2 I leand me on 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 Lockhart 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 frost and snow turn fire-brands,  
4 Then I'll come up and dine wi thee.'

**204C.6**

1 When my father and mother they got word  
2 That my good lord had forsaken me,  
3 They sent fourscore of soldiers brave  
4 To bring me hame to my ain countrie.

**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 anither 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 Whan we gaed 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 And 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 the nurse's 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 dee;  
3 A friend o mine cam frae the west,  
4 A friend o mine came me to see,  
5 And the black told it to my gude lord  
6 He was oure lang in the chamber wi me.  
7 .....

**204D.2**

1 'Come down the stair, Jamie Douglas,  
2 Come down and drink wine wi me;  
3 I'll set ye on a chair of gold,  
4 And not ae farthing will it cost thee.'

**204D.3**

1 'Whan cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
2 And fishes flee frae tree to tree,  
3 Whan frost and snaw turn fire-beams,

**204D.3**

4 I'll come doun and drink wine wi thee.'  
5 .....

**204D.4**

1 'What ails ye at your young son James,  
2 That sits upo the nurse's knee?  
3 I'm sure he never did ye no harm,  
4 If it war na for the nurse or me.'

**204D.5**

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 And of that my mither's the gay ladie;  
5 They will send fourscore of his soldiers bold  
6 For to tak me hame to my ain countrie.'  
7 .....

**204D.6**

1 Whan 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.'  
5 .....

**204D.7**

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.8**

1 'Hold your tongue, my dochter dear,  
2 And of your weeping let abee;  
3 A bill of divorcement I'll send to him,  
4 A far better match I'll get for thee.'

**204D.9**

1 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And with your folly let abee;  
3 There'll never man sleep in my twa arms,  
4 Sin my gude lord has forsaken me.'  
5 .....

**204D.10**

1 As I was sitting at my bouer-window,  
2 What a blythe sicht did I see!  
3 I saw four score of his soldiers bold,  
4 And I wishd that they were coming for me.

**204D.11**

1 Out bespeaks 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 doun and speak to me.'

**204D.12**

1 It's out bespak my auld father then,  
2 I wat an angry man was he;  
3 'Ye may gang back the road ye cam,  
4 For her face again ye'll never see.'

**204D.13**

1 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And with your folly let abee;  
3 For I'll ga back, and I'll ne'er return;  
4 Do ye think I love you as weel as he?'

**204D.14**

1 As I cam in by the Orange gate,  
2 What a blythe sicht did I see!  
3 I saw Jamie Douglas coming me to meet,  
4 And at his foot was his babies three.

**204D.15**

1 'Ga fetch, ga fetch a bottle of wine,  
2 That I may drink to my gay ladie;  
3 She took the cup into her hand,  
4 But her bonnie heart it broke in three.

**204E.1**

1 I LAY sick, and very sick,  
2 And I was bad, and like to dee;  
3 .....  
4 A friend o mine cam to visit me,  
5 And Blackwood whisperd in my lord's ear  
6 That he was oure lang in chamber wi me.

**204E.2**

1 'O what need I dress up my head,  
2 Nor what need I caim doun my hair,  
3 Whan my gude lord has forsaken me,  
4 And says he will na love me mair!

**204E.3**

1 'But oh, an my young babe was born,  
2 And set upon some nourice knee,  
3 And I mysel war dead and gane!  
4 For a maid again I'll never be.'

## 204E.4

1 'Na mair o this, my dochter dear,  
2 And of your mourning let abee;  
3 For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,  
4 A mair better lord I'll get for thee.'

## 204E.5

1 'Na mair o this, my father dear,  
2 And of your folly let abee;  
3 For I wad ne gie ae look o my lord's face  
4 For aw the lords in the haill cuntree.

## 204E.6

1 'But I'll cast aff my robes o red,  
2 And I'll put on my robes o blue,  
3 And I will travel to some other land,  
4 To see gin my love will on me rue.

## 204E.7

1 'There shall na wash come on my face,  
2 There shall na kaim come on my hair;  
3 There shall neither coal nor candle-light  
4 Be seen until my bouer na mair.

## 204E.8

1 'O wae be to thee, Blackwood,  
2 And an ill death may ye dee!  
3 Foe ye've been the haill occasion  
4 Of parting my lord and me.'

## 204F.1

1 WALY, waly up yon bank!  
2 And waly, waly up yon brae!  
3 And waly, waly by yon river-side,  
4 Where me and my love were wont to gae!

## 204F.2

1 My mither tauld me when I was young  
2 That young men's love was ill to trow;  
3 But to her I would give nae ear,  
4 And alas! my ain wand dings me now.

## 204F.3

1 'But gin I had wist or I had kisst  
2 That young man's love was sae ill to win,  
3 I would hae lockt my heart wi a key o gowd,  
4 And pinnd it wi a sillar pin.

## 204F.4

1 When lairds and lords cam to this toun,  
2 And gentlemen o a high degree,  
3 I took my auld son in my arms,  
4 And went to my chamber pleasantly.

## 204F.5

1 But when gentlemen come thro this toun,  
2 And gentlemen o a high degree,  
3 I must sit alane in the dark,  
4 And the babie on the nurse's knee.

## 204F.6

1 I had a nurse, and she was fair,  
2 She was a dearly nurse to me;  
3 She took my gay lord frae my side,  
4 And used him in her company.

## 204F.7

1 Awa! awa, thou false Blackwood!  
2 Ay and an ill death may thou die!  
3 Thou wast the first occasioner  
4 Of parting my gay lord and me.

## 204F.8

1 When I was sick, and very sick,  
2 Sick I was, and like to die,  
3 I drew me near to my stair-head,  
4 And I heard my own lord lightly me.

## 204F.9

1 'Come down, come down, thou Earl of March,  
2 Come down, come down and dine with me;  
3 I'll set thee on a chair of gowd,  
4 And treat thee kindly on my knee!'

## 204F.10

1 'When cockle-shells grow sillar bells,  
2 And mussells grow on every tree,  
3 When frost and snaw turns fiery ba's,  
4 Then I'll come down and dine with thee.'

## 204F.11

1 When my father and mother got word  
2 That my gay lord had forsaken me,  
3 They sent three score of soldiers bold  
4 To bring me to my own countrie.

## 204F.12

1 When I in my coach was set,  
2 My tenants all was with me tane;  
3 They set them down upon their knees,  
4 And they begd me to come back again.

## 204F.13

1 Fare ye weel, Jamie Douglas!  
2 And fare ye weel, my babies three!  
3 I wish your father may be kind  
4 To these three faces that I do see.

## 204F.14

1 When we cam in by Edinbro toun,  
2 My father and mother they met me;  
3 The cymbals sounded on every side,  
4 But alace! the gave no comfort to me.

## 204F.15

1 'Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 And of your weeping let abee,  
3 And I'll give him a bill of divorce,  
4 And I'll get as good a lord to thee.'

## 204F.16

1 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And of your scoffing let me bee;  
3 I would rather hae a kiss of my own lord's  
4 mouth  
4 As all the lords in the north countrie.'

## 204G.1

1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
2 And waly, waly down the brae!  
3 And waly by yon river side,  
4 Where me and my lord was wont to gae!

## 204G.2

1 An I had wit what I wit now,  
2 Before I came over the river Tay,  
3 I would hae staid at Lord Torchard's yetts,  
4 And I might hae been his own lady gae.

## 204G.3

1 When I lay sick, and was very sick,  
2 A friend of mine came me to see;  
3 When our Blacklywood told it in my lord's ears  
4 That he staid too long in chamber with me.

## 204G.4

1 Woe be to thee, thou Blacklywood!  
2 I wish an ill death may thou die;  
3 For thou's been the first and occasion last  
4 That put strife between my good lord and me.

## 204G.5

1 When my father he heard of this,  
2 His heart was like for to break in three;  
3 He sent fourscore of his soldiers brave  
4 For to take me home to mine own cuntree.

## 204G.6

1 In the morning when I arose,  
2 My bonnie palace for to see,  
3 I came unto my lord's room-door,  
4 But he would not speak one word to me.

## 204G.7

1 'Come down the stair, my lord Jamie Douglas,  
2 Come down and speak one word with me;  
3 I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
4 And the never a penny it will cost thee.'

## 204G.8

1 'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
2 And grass grows over the highest tree,  
3 When frost and snaw turns fiery bombs,  
4 Then will I come down and drink wine with  
5 thee.'

## 204G.9

1 O what need I care for Jamie Douglas  
2 More than he needs to care for me?  
3 For the Pord of Murray's my father dear,  
4 And the Dike of York's daughter my mother be.

## 204G.10

1 Thou thocht that I was just like thyself,  
2 And took every one that I did see;  
3 But I can swear by the heavens above  
4 That I never knew a man but thee.

## 204G.11

1 But fare thee well, my lord Jamie Douglas!  
2 And fare you weel, my sma childer three!  
3 God grant your father grace to be kind  
4 Till I see you all in my own countrie.

## 204G.12

1 Quickly, quickly then rose he up,  
2 And quickly, quickly came he down;  
3 When I was in my coaches set,  
4 He made his trumpets all to sound.

## 204G.13

1 As we came in by Edinburgh town,  
2 My loving father came to meet me,  
3 With trumpets sounding on every side;  
4 But it was not comfort at all to me.

## 204G.14

1 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 And of your weeping pray let abee;  
3 A bill of divorcement I'll to him send,  
4 And a better lord I will chose for thee.'

## 204G.15

1 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And of your flattery pray let abee;  
3 I'll never lye in another man's arms,  
4 Since my Jamie Douglas has forsaken me.'

## 204G.16

1 It's often said in a foreign land  
2 That the hawk she flies far from her nest;  
3 It's often said, and it's very true,  
4 He's far from me this day that I luv best.

## 204H.1

1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
2 And waly, waly down the brae!  
3 And waly, waly by yon burn-side,  
4 Whare me and my luv was wont to gae!

## 204H.2

1 If I had kent what I ken now,  
2 I wud neer hae crossed the waters o Tay;  
3 For an I had staid at Argyle's yetts,  
4 I might hae been his lady gae.

## 204H.3

1 When I lay sick, and very sick,  
2 And very sick, just like to die,  
3 A gentleman, a friend of mine own,  
4 A gentleman came me to see;  
5 But Blackliewoods sounded in my luv's ears  
6 He was too long in chamer with me.

## 204H.4

1 O woe be to thee, Blackliewoods,  
2 But an ill death may you die!  
3 Thou's been the first and occasion last  
4 That eer put ill twixt my luv and me.

## 204H.5

1 'Come down the stairs now, Jamie Douglas,  
2 Come down the stairs and drink wine wi me;  
3 I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
4 And it's not one penny it will cost thee.'

## 204H.6

1 'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
2 And gowd grows oer yon lily lea,  
3 When frost and snaw grows fiery bombs,  
4 I will come down and drink wine wi thee.'

## 204H.7

1 'What ails you at our youngest son,  
2 That sirs upon the nurse's knee?  
3 I'm sure he's never done any harm  
4 And it's not to his ain nurse and me.'

## 204H.8

1 My loving father got word of this,  
2 But and an angry man was he;  
3 He sent three score of his soldiers brave  
4 To take me to my own countrie.

## 204H.9

1 'O fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
2 And fare ye weel, my children three!  
3 God grant your father may prove kind  
4 Till I see you in my own countrie.'

## 204H.10

1 When she was set into her coach  
2 . . .  
3 . . .  
4 . . .

## 204H.11

1 'Cheer up your heart, my loving daughter,  
2 Cheer up your heart, let your weeping bee!  
3 A bill of divorce I will write to him,  
4 And a far better lord I'll provide for thee.'

## 204H.12

1 It's very true, and it's often said,  
2 The hawk she's flown and she's left her nest;  
3 But a' the warld may plainly see  
4 They're far awa that I luv best.

## 204I.1

1 'O WALY, waly up yon bank!  
2 And waly, waly down yon brae!  
3 And waly, waly by yon burn-bank,  
4 Where me and my lord wont to gae!

**204I.2**

1 'A gentleman of good account,  
2 A friend of mine, came to visit me,  
3 And Blackly whispered in my lord's ears  
4 He was too long in chamber with me.

**204I.3**

1 'When my father came to hear 't,  
2 I wot an angry man was he;  
3 He sent five score of his soldiers bright  
4 To take me safe to my own countrie.

**204I.4**

1 'Up in the mornin when I arose,  
2 My bonnie palace for to lea,  
3 And when I came to my lord's door,  
4 The neer a word he would speak to me.

**204I.5**

1 'Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,  
2 And drink the Orange wine with me;  
3 I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
4 That neer a penny it cost thee.'

**204I.6**

1 'When sea and sand turns foreign land,  
2 And mussels grow on every tree,  
3 When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
4 I'll drink the Orange wine with thee.'

**204I.7**

1 'Wae be to you, Blackly,' she said,  
2 'Aye and an ill death may you die!  
3 You are the first, and I hope the last,  
4 That eer made my lord lightly me.'

**204I.8**

1 'Fare ye weel then, Jamie Douglas!  
2 I value you as little as you do me;  
3 The Earl of Mar is my father dear,  
4 And I soon will see my own countrie.

**204I.9**

1 'Ye thought that I was like yoursell,  
2 And loving each ane I did see;  
3 But here I swear, by the day I die,  
4 I never loved a man but thee.

**204I.10**

1 'Fare ye weel, my servants all!  
2 And you, my bonny children three!  
3 God grant your father grace to be kind  
4 Till I see you safe in my own countrie.'

**204I.11**

1 'As I came into Edinburgh toun,  
2 With trumpets sounding my father met me;  
3 But no mirth nor musick sounds in my ear,  
4 Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.'

**204I.12**

1 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 And of your weeping let abee;  
3 I'll send a bill of divorce to the Earl of March,  
4 And get a better lord for thee.'

**204I.13**

1 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And of your folly let abee;  
3 No other lord shall lye in my arms,  
4 Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.

**204I.14**

1 'An I had known what I know now,  
2 I'd never crossed the water o Tay,  
3 But stayed still at Atholl's gates;  
4 He would have made me his lady gay.'

**204I.15**

1 When she came to her father's lands,  
2 The tenants a' came her to see;  
3 Never a word she could speak to them,  
4 But the buttons off her clothes did flee.

**204I.16**

1 'The linnet is a bonnie bird,  
2 And aften flees far frae its nest;  
3 So all the world may plainly see  
4 They're far awa that I luv best.'

**204J.1**

1 O WALY, waly up yon bank!  
2 And waly, waly down yon brae!  
3 And waly, waly by yon burn-side,  
4 Where me and my luve used to gae!

**204J.2**

1 Oh Johnie, Johnie, but love is bonnie  
2 A little while, when it is new;  
3 But when love grows aulder, it grows mair  
caulder,  
4 And it fades awa like the mornin dew.

**204J.3**

1 I leaned my back against an aik,  
2 I thocht it was a trusty tree;  
3 But first [it] bowed, and syne it brak,  
4 And sae did my fause luve to me.

**204J.4**

1 Once I lay sick, and very sick,  
2 And a friend of mine cam to visit me,  
3 But the small bird whispered in my love's ears  
4 That he was owre lang in the room wi me.

**204J.5**

1 'It's come down stairs, my Jamie Douglas,  
2 Come down stairs, luve, and dine wi me;  
3 I'll set you on a chair of gold,  
4 And court ye kindly on my knee.'

**204J.6**

1 'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
2 And gold it grows on every tree,  
3 When frost and snaw turns fiery balls,  
4 Then, love, I'll come down and dine wi thee.'

**204J.7**

1 If I had known what I know now,  
2 That love it was sae ill to win,  
3 I should neer hae wet my cheffy cheek  
4 For onie man or woman's son.

**204J.8**

1 When my father he cam to know  
2 That my first luve had sae slighted me,  
3 He sent four score of his soldiers bright  
4 To guard me home to my own countrie.

**204J.9**

1 Slowly, slowly rose I up,  
2 And slowly, slowly I came down,  
3 And when he saw me sit in my coach,  
4 He made his drums and trumpets sound.

**204J.10**

1 It's fare ye weel, my pretty palace!  
2 And fare ye weel, my children three!  
3 And I hope your father will get mair grace,  
4 And love you better that he's done to me.

**204J.11**

1 When we came near to bonnie Edinburgh toun,  
2 My father cam for to meet me;  
3 He made his drums and trumpets sound,  
4 But they were no comfort at all to me.

**204J.12**

1 'It's hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 And of your weeping pray let be;  
3 For a bill of divorcement I'll send to him,  
4 And a better husband I'll you supply.'

**204J.13**

1 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And of your folly pray now let be;  
3 For there's neer a lord shall enter my bower,  
4 Since my first love has so slighted me.'

**204K.1**

1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
2 And waly, waly down the brae!  
3 And waly by yon river-side,  
4 Where me and my love were wont to gae!

**204K.2**

1 A gentleman, a friend of mine,  
2 Came to the toun me for to see,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**204K.3**

1 'Come down the stair, Jamie Douglas,  
2 Come down the stair and drink wine wi me;  
3 For a chair of gold I will set thee in,  
4 And not one farthing it will cost thee.'

**204K.4**

1 'When cockle-shells grow siller bells,  
2 And mussels grow on ilka tree,  
3 When frost and snaw turns out fire-bombs,  
4 Then I'll come down and drink wine wi thee.'

**204K.5**

1 But when her father heard of this,  
2 O but an angry man was he!  
3 And he sent four score of his ain regiment  
4 To bring her hame to her ain countrie.

**204K.6**

1 O when she was set in her coach and six,  
2 And the saut tear was in her ee,  
3 Saying, Fare you well, my bonnie palace!  
4 And fare ye weel, my children three!

**204K.7**

1 O when I came into Edinburgh toun,  
2 My loving father for to see,  
3 The trumpets were sounding on every side,  
4 But they were not music at all for me.

**204K.8**

1 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 And of your folly I pray let be;  
3 For a bill of divorcement I'll send him,  
4 And a better lord I'll provide for thee.'

**204K.9**

1 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And of your folly I pray let be;  
3 For if I had stayed in fair Orange Green,  
4 I might have been his gay ladye.'

**204L.1**

1 WHEN I fell sick, an very sick,  
2 An very sick, just like to die,  
3 A gentleman of good account  
4 He came on purpose to visit me;  
5 But his blackie whispered in my lord's ear  
6 He was owre lang in the room wi me.

**204L.2**

1 'Gae, little page, an tell your lord,  
2 Gin he will come and dine wi me  
3 I'll set him on a chair of gold  
4 And serve him on my bended knee.'

**204L.3**

1 The little page gaed up the stair:  
2 'Lord Douglas, dine wi your ladie;  
3 She'll set ye on a chair of gold,  
4 And serve you on her bended knee.'

**204L.4**

1 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
2 When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,  
3 When frost and snaw will warm us a',  
4 Then I'll cum down an dine wi thee.'

**204L.5**

1 But whan my father gat word o this,  
2 O what an angry man was he!  
3 He sent fourscore o his archers bauld  
4 To bring me safe to his countrie.

**204L.6**

1 When I rose up then in the morn,  
2 My goodly palace for to lea,  
3 I knocked at my lord's chamber-door,  
4 But neer a word wad he speak to me.

**204L.7**

1 But slowly, slowly, rose he up,  
2 And slowly, slowly, cam he down,  
3 And when he saw me set on my horse,  
4 He caused his drums and trumpets soun.

**204L.8**

1 'Now fare ye weel, my goodly palace!  
2 And fare ye weel, my children three!  
3 God grant your father grace to love you  
4 Far more than ever he loved me.'

**204L.9**

1 He thocht that I was like himsel,  
2 That had a woman in every hall;  
3 But I could swear, by the heavens clear,  
4 I never loved man but himsel.

**204L.10**

1 As on to Embro toun we cam,  
2 My guid father he welcomed me;  
3 He caused his minstrels meet to sound,  
4 It was nae music at a' to me.

**204L.11**

1 'Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 Leave off your weeping, let it be;  
3 For Jamie's divorcement I'll send over;  
4 Far better lord I'll provide for thee.'

**204L.12**

1 'Now haud your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And of such talking let me be;  
3 For never a man shall come to my arms,  
4 Since my lord has sae slighted me.'

**204L.13**

1 O an I had neer crossed the Tweed,  
2 Nor yet been owre the river Dee,  
3 I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's gate,  
4 Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.

**204L.14**

1 The ladies they will cum to town,  
2 And they will cum and visit me;  
3 But I'll set me down now in the dark,  
4 For ochanie! who'll comfort me?

**204L.15**

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.

**204M.1**

1 EARL DOUGLAS, than wham never knight  
2 Had valour moe ne courtesie,  
3 Yet he's now blamet be a' the land  
4 For lightlying o his gay lady.

**204M.2**

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.'

**204M.3**

1 The little page gaed up the stair:  
2 'Lord Douglas, dine wi your lady;  
3 She'll set ye on a seat of gold,  
4 And serve ye on her bended knee.'

**204M.4**

1 'When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
2 When mussels grow on ilka tree,  
3 When frost and snow sall warm us a',  
4 Then I sall dyne wi my ladie.

**204M.5**

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.'

**204N.1**

1 SHE looked out at her father's window,  
2 To take a view of the countrie;  
3 Who did she see but Jamie Douglas,  
4 And along with him her children three!

**204N.2**

1 There came a soldier to the gate,  
2 And he did knock right hastilie:  
3 'If Lady Douglas be within,  
4 Bid her come down and speak to me.'

**204N.3**

1 'O come away, my lady fair,  
2 Come away now along with me,  
3 For I have hanged fause Blackwood,  
4 At the very place where he told the lie.'

**204O.1**

1 'O COME down stairs, Jamie Douglas,  
2 O come down stairs and speak to me,  
3 And I'll set thee in a fine chair of gowd,  
4 And I'll kindly daut thee upon my knee.

**205A.1**

1 YOU'L marvel when I tell ye o  
2 Our noble Burly and his train,  
3 When last he marchd up through the land,  
4 Wi sax-and-twenty westland men.

**205A.2**

1 Than they I neer o braver heard,  
2 For they had a' baith wit and skill;  
3 They proved right well, as I heard tell,  
4 As they cam up oer Loudoun Hill.

**205A.3**

1 Weel prosper a' the gospel-lads  
2 That are into the west countrie  
3 Ay wicked Claverse to demean,  
4 And ay an ill dead may he die!

**205A.4**

1 For he's drawn up i battle rank,  
2 An that baith soon an hastilie;  
3 But they wha live till simmer come,  
4 Some bludie days for this will see.

**205A.5**

1 But up spak cruel Claverse then,  
2 Wi hastie wit an wicked skill,  
3 'Gae fire on yon westlan men;  
4 I think it is my sov'reign's will.'

**205A.6**

1 But up bespake his cornet then,  
2 'It's be wi nae consent o me;  
3 I ken I'll neer come back again,  
4 An mony mae as weel as me.

**205A.7**

1 'There is not ane of a' yon men  
2 But wha is worthy other three;  
3 There is na ane amang them a'  
4 That in his cause will stap to die.

**205A.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 thysel an other ten.'

**205A.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.

**205A.10**

1 'I never kend the like afore,  
2 Na, never since I came frae hame,  
3 That you sae cowardly here suld prove,  
4 An yet come of a noble Gràme.'

**205A.11**

1 But up bespake his cornet then,  
2 'Since that it is your honour's will,  
3 Mysel shall be the foremost man  
4 That shall gie fire on Loudoun Hill.

**205A.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.'

**205A.13**

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.

**205A.14**

1 Then back he came the way he gaed,  
2 I wat right soon a suddenly;  
3 He gave command amang his men,  
4 And sent them back, and bade them flee.

**205A.15**

1 Then up came Burly, bauld an stout,  
2 Wi 's little train o westland men,  
3 Wha mair than either aince or twice  
4 In Edinburgh confind had been.

**205A.16**

1 They hae been up to London sent,  
2 An yet they're a' come safely down;  
3 Sax troop o horsemen they hae beat,  
4 And chased them into Glasgow town.

**206A.1**

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 gar them trow slain men are we.'

**206A.2**

1 'O no, O no!' says Earlstoun,  
2 'For that's the thing that mauna be;  
3 For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,  
4 Where I maun either gae or die.'

**206A.3**

1 So Earlstoun rose in the morning,  
2 An mounted by the break o day,  
3 An he has joint our Scottish lads,  
4 As they were marching out the way.

**206A.4**

1 'Now, farewell, father! and farewell, mother!  
2 An fare ye weel, my sisters three!  
3 An fare ye well, my Earlstoun!  
4 For thee again I'll never see.'

**206A.5**

1 So they're awa to Bothwell Hill,  
2 An waly, they rode bonnily!  
3 When the Duke o Monmouth saw them comin,  
4 He went to view their company.

**206A.6**

1 'Ye're welcome, lads,' then Monmouth said,  
2 Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;  
3 And sae are you, brave Earlstoun,  
4 The foremost o your company.

**206A.7**

1 'But yield your weapons ane an a',  
2 O yield your weapons, lads, to me;  
3 For, gin ye'll yield your weapons up,  
4 Ye'se a' gae hame to your country.'

**206A.8**

1 Out then spak a Lennox lad,  
2 And waly, but he spoke bonnily!  
3 'I winna yield my weapons up,  
4 To you nor nae man that I see.'

**206A.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.'

**206A.10**

1 They stelld their cannons on the height,  
2 And showrd their shot down in the how,  
3 An beat our Scots lads even down;  
4 Thick they lay slain on every know.

**206A.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.

**206A.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 sud be.

**206A.13**

1 'O hold your hand,' Monmouth cry'd,  
2 'If ony thing you'll do for me;  
3 Hold up your hand, you cursd Gràme,  
4 Else a rebel to our king ye'll be.'

**206A.14**

1 Then wicked Claverhouse turnd about——  
2 I wot an angry man was he——  
3 And he has lifted up his hat,  
4 And cry'd, God bless his Majesty!

**206A.15**

1 Than he's awa to London town,  
2 Ay een as fast as he can dree;  
3 Fause witnesses he has wi him taen,  
4 An taen Monmouth's head frae his body.

**206A.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.

**207A.1**

1 GOOD people, give attention, a story you shall  
hear,  
2 It is of the king and my lord Delamere;  
3 The quarrel it arose in the Parliament House,  
4 Condrning some taxations going to be put in  
force.  
5 Ri toora loora la.

**207A.2**

1 Says my lord Delamere to his Majesty soon,  
2 'If it please you, my liege, of you I'll soon beg  
a boon.'  
3 'Then what is your boon? let me it understand:'  
4 'It's to have all the poor men you have in your  
land.'

**207A.3**

1 'And I'll take them to Cheshire, and there I wil  
I sow  
2 Both hempseed and flaxseed, and [hang] them  
all in a row.  
3 Why, they'd better be hanged, and stopped soon  
n their breath,  
4 If it please you, my liege, than to starve them t  
o death.'

**207A.4**

1 Then up starts a French lord, as we do hear,  
2 Saying, 'Thou art a proud Jack,' to my lord  
Delamere;  
3 'Thou oughtest to be stabbed'——then he turnd  
him about——  
4 'For affronting the king in the Parliament  
House.'

**207A.5**

1 Then up starts his grace, the Duke of  
Devonshire,  
2 Saying, I'll fight in defence of my lord  
Delamere.  
3 Then a stage was erected, to battle they went,  
4 To kill or to be killed was our noble duke's  
intent.

**207A.6**

1 The very first push, as we do understand,  
2 The duke's sword he bended it back into his  
hand.  
3 He waited a while, but nothing he spoke,  
4 Till on the king's armour his rapier he broke.



**207A.7**

- 1 An English lord, who by that stage did stand,
- 2 Threw Devonshire another, and he got it in his hand;
- 3 'Play low for your life, brave Devonshire,' said he,
- 4 'Play low for your life, or a dead man you will be.'

**207A.8**

- 1 Devonshire dropped on his knee, and gave him his death-wound;
- 2 O then that French lord fell dead upon the ground.
- 3 The king called his guards, and he unto them did say,
- 4 'Bring Devonshire down, and take the dead man away.'

**207A.9**

- 1 'No, if it please you, my liege, no! I've slain him like a man;
- 2 I'm resolved to see what clothing he's got on.
- 3 Oh, fie upon your treachery, your treachery!' said he,
- 4 'Oh, king, 'twas your intention to have took my life away.'

**207A.10**

- 1 'For he fought in your armour, whilst I have fought in bare;
- 2 The same thou shalt win, king, before thou dost it wear.'
- 3 Then they all turned back to the Parliament House,
- 4 And the nobles made obsequies with their hands to their mouths.

**207A.11**

- 1 'God bless all the nobles we have in our land,
- 2 And send the Church of England may flourish still and stand;
- 3 For I've injured no king, no kingdom, nor no crown,
- 4 But I wish that every honest man might enjoy his own.'

**207B.1**

- 1 GOOD people give attention to a story you shall hear:
- 2 Between the king and my lord Delamere,
- 3 A quarrel arose in the Parliament House,
- 4 Concerning the taxes to be put in force.
- 5 With my fal de ral de ra.

**207B.2**

- 1 I wonder, I wonder that James, our good king,
- 2 So many hard taxes upon the poor should bring;
- 3 So many hard taxes, as I have heard them say,
- 4 Makes many a good farmer to break and run away.

**207B.3**

- 1 Such a rout has been in the parliament, as I hear,
- 2 Betwixt a Dutch lord and my lord Delamere.
- 3 He said to the king, as he sat on the throne,
- 4 'If it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon.'

**207B.4**

- 1 'O what is thy boon? Come, let me understand.'
- 2 'Tis to give me all the poor you have in the land;
- 3 I'll take them down to Cheshire, and there I will sow
- 4 Both hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang them in a row.

**207B.5**

- 1 'It's better, my liege, they should die a shorter death
- 2 Than for your Majesty to starve them on earth.'
- 3 With that up starts a Dutch lord, as we hear,
- 4 And he says, 'Thou proud Jack,' to my lord Delamere,

**207B.6**

- 1 'Thou ought to be stabbed,' and he turned him about,
- 2 'For affronting the king in the Parliament House.'
- 3 Then up got a brave duke, the Duke of Devonshire,
- 4 Who said, I will fight for my lord Delamere.

**207B.7**

- 1 'He is under age, as I'll make it appear,
- 2 So I'll stand in defence of my lord Delamere.'
- 3 A stage then was built, and to battle they went,
- 4 To kill or be killed it was their intent.

**207B.8**

- 1 The very first blow, as we understand,
- 2 Devonshire's rapier went back to his hand;
- 3 Then he mused awhile, but not a word spoke,
- 4 When against the king's armour his rapier he broke.

**207B.9**

- 1 O then he stept backward, and backward stept he,
- 2 And then stept forward my lord Willoughby;
- 3 He gave him a rapier, and thus he did say;
- 4 Play low, Devonshire, there's treachery, I see.

**207B.10**

- 1 He knelt on his knee, and he gave him the wound,
- 2 With that the Dutch lord fell dead on the ground:
- 3 The king called his soldiers, and thus he did say:
- 4 Call Devonshire down, take the dead man away.

**207B.11**

- 1 He answered, My liege, I've killed him like a man,
- 2 And it is my intent to see what clothing he's got on.
- 3 O treachery! O treachery! as I well may say,
- 4 It was your intent, O king, to take my life away.

**207B.12**

- 1 'He fought in your armour, while I fought him bare,
- 2 And thou, king, shalt win it before thou dost it wear;
- 3 I neither do curse king, parliament, or throne,
- 4 But I wish every honest man may enjoy his own.

**207B.13**

- 1 'The rich men do flourish with silver and gold,
- 2 While poor men are starving with hunger and cold;
- 3 And if they hold on as they have begun,
- 4 They'll make little England pay dear for a king.'

**207C.1**

- 1 O THE Duchess of Devonshire was standing hard by;
- 2 Upon her dear husband she cast her lovely eye:
- 3 'Oh, fie upon treachery! there's been treachery I say,
- 4 It was your full intent to have taen my duke's life away.'

**207C.2**

- 1 Then away to the parliament these votes all went again,
- 2 And there they acted like just and honest men.
- 3 I neither curse my king, nor kingdom, crown or throne,
- 4 But I wish every honest man to enjoy but what is his own.

**207D.1**

- 1 IN the Parliament House a great rout has been there,
- 2 Betwixt our good king and the lord Delaware:
- 3 Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,
- 4 'Will it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon?'

**207D.2**

- 1 'What's your boon?' says the king, 'Now let me understand.'
- 2 'It's, give me all the poor men we've starving in this land,
- 3 And without delay I'll hie me to Lincolnshire,
- 4 To sow hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang them all there.

**207D.3**

- 1 'For with hempen cord it's better to stop each poor man's breath
- 2 Than with famine you should see your subjects starve to death.'
- 3 Up starts a Dutch lord, who to Delaware did say,
- 4 Thou deservest to be stabbed! then he turned himself away.

**207D.4**

- 1 'Thou deservest to be stabbed, and the dogs have thine ears,
- 2 For insulting our king, in this parliament of peers.'
- 3 Up sprang a Welsh lord, the brave Duke of Devonshire:
- 4 'In young Delaware's defence, I'll fight this Dutch lord, my sire.'

**207D.5**

- 1 'For he is in the right, and I'll make it so appear;
- 2 Him I dare to single combat, for insulting Delaware.'
- 3 A stage was soon erected, and to combat they went;
- 4 For to kill or to be killed, it was either's full intent.

**207D.6**

- 1 But the very first flourish, when the heralds gave command,
- 2 The sword of brave Devonshire bent backward on his hand.
- 3 In suspense he paused a while, scanning his foe before he strake,
- 4 Then against the king's armour his bent sword he brake.

**207D.7**

- 1 Then he sprang from the stage to a soldier in the ring,
- 2 Saying, Lend your sword, that to an end this tragedy we bring.
- 3 Though he's fighting me in armour, while I am fighting bare,
- 4 Even more than this I'd venture for young Lord Delaware.

**207D.8**

- 1 Leaping back on the stage, sword to buckler now resounds,
- 2 Till he left the Dutch lord a bleeding in his wounds.
- 3 This seeing, cries the king to his guards without delay,
- 4 Call Devonshire down! take the dead man away!

**207D.9**

- 1 'No,' says brave Devonshire, 'I've fought him as a man;
- 2 Since he's dead, I will keep the trophies I have won.
- 3 For he fought me in your armour, while I fought him bare,
- 4 And the same you must win back, my liege, if ever you them wear.'

**207D.10**

- 1 'God bless the Church of England! may it prosper on each hand,
- 2 And also every poor man now starving in this land.
- 3 And while I pray success may crown our king upon his throne,
- 4 I'll wish every poor man may long enjoy his own.'

**208A.1**

- 1 OUR king has wrote a lang letter,
- 2 And sealed it owre with gold;
- 3 He sent to my lord Dunwaters,
- 4 To read it if he could.

**208A.2**

- 1 He has not sent it with a boy, with a boy,
- 2 Nor with anie Scotch lord;
- 3 But he's sent it with the noblest knight
- 4 Eer Scotland could afford.

**208A.3**

- 1 The very first line that my lord did read,
- 2 He gave a smirking smile;
- 3 Before he had the half o't read,
- 4 The tears from his eyes did fall.

**208A.4**

- 1 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,
- 2 'Come saddle to me with speed;
- 3 For I must away to fair London town,
- 4 For me was neer more need.'

**208A.5**

- 1 Out and spoke his lady gay,
- 2 In child-bed where she lay;
- 3 'I would have you make your will, my lord  
Dunwaters,
- 4 Before you go away.'

**208A.6**

- 1 'I leave to you, my eldest son,
- 2 My houses and my land;
- 3 I leave to you, my second son,
- 4 Ten thousand pounds in hand.

**208A.7**

- 1 'I leave to you, my lady gay—
- 2 You are my wedded wife—
- 3 I leave to you, the third of my estate;
- 4 That'll keep you in a lady's life.'

**208A.8**

- 1 They had not rode a mile but one,
- 2 Till his horse fell owre a stane;
- 3 'It's warning gude eneuich,' my lord Dunwaters  
said,
- 4 'Alive I'll neer come hame.'

**208A.9**

- 1 When they came into fair London town,
- 2 Into the courtiers' hall,
- 3 The lords and knights in fair London town
- 4 Did him a traitor call.

**208A.10**

- 1 'A traitor! a traitor!' says my lord,
- 2 'A traitor! how can that be,
- 3 An it was na for the keeping of five thousand  
men
- 4 To fight for King Jamie?

**208A.11**

- 1 'O all you lords and knichts in fair London  
town,
- 2 Come out and see me die;
- 3 O all you lords and knichts into fair London  
town,
- 4 Be kind to my ladie.

**208A.12**

- 1 'There's fifty pounds in my richt pocket,
- 2 Divide it to the poor;
- 3 There's other fifty pounds in my left pocket,
- 4 Divide it from door to door.'

**208B.1**

- 1 THE king he wrote a love-letter,
- 2 And he sealed it up with gold,
- 3 And he sent it to Lord Derwentwater,
- 4 For to read it if he could.

**208B.2**

- 1 The first two lines that he did read,
- 2 They made him for to smile;
- 3 But the next two lines he looked upon
- 4 Made the tears from his eyes to fall.

**208B.3**

- 1 'Oh,' then cried out his lady fair,
- 2 As she in child-bed lay,
- 3 'Make your will, make your will, Lord  
Derwentwater,
- 4 Before that you go away.'

**208B.4**

- 1 'Then here's for thee, my lady fair,
- 2 . . . .
- 3 A thousand pounds of beaten gold,
- 4 To lead you a lady's life.'

**208B.5**

- 1 . . . .
- 2 . . his milk-white steed,
- 3 The ring dropt from his little finger,
- 4 And his nose it began to bleed.

**208B.6**

- 1 He rode, and he rode, and he rode along,
- 2 Till he came to Westminster Hall,
- 3 Where all the lords of England's court
- 4 A traitor did him call.

**208B.7**

- 1 'Oh, why am I a traitor?' said he;
- 2 'Indeed, I am no such thing;
- 3 I have fought the battles valiantly
- 4 Of James, our noble king.'

**208B.8**

- 1 O then stood up an old gray-headed man,
- 2 With a pole-axe in his hand:
- 3 "'Tis your head, 'tis your head, Lord  
Derwentwater,
- 4 'Tis your head that I demand.'

**208B.9**

- 1 . . . .
- 2 His eyes with weeping sore,
- 3 He laid his head upon the block,
- 4 And words spake never more.

**208C.1**

- 1 THE king has written a broad letter,
- 2 And sealed it up with gold,
- 3 And sent it to the lord of Derwentwater,
- 4 To read it if he would.

**208C.2**

- 1 He sent it with no boy, no boy,
- 2 Nor yet with eer a slave,
- 3 But he sent it with as good a knight
- 4 As eer a king could have.

**208C.3**

- 1 When he read the three first lines,
- 2 He then began to smile;
- 3 And when he read the three next lines
- 4 The tears began to sile.

**208D.1**

- 1 THE king has written a braid letter,
- 2 And sealed it up wi gowd,
- 3 And sent it to Lord Derntwater,
- 4 To read it if he couid.

**208D.2**

- 1 The first lines o't that he read,
- 2 A blythe, blythe man was he;
- 3 But ere he had it half read through,
- 4 The tear blinded his ee.

**208D.3**

- 1 'Go saddle to me my milk-white horse,
- 2 Go saddle it with speed;
- 3 For I maun ride to Lun<n>on town,
- 4 To answer for my head.'

**208D.4**

- 1 'Your will, your will, my lord Derntwater,
- 2 Your will before ye go;
- 3 For you will leave three dochters fair,
- 4 And a wife to wail and woe.'

**208D.5**

- 1 'My will, my will, my lady Derntwater?
- 2 Ye are my wedded wife;
- 3 Be kind, be kind to my dochters dear,
- 4 If I should lose my life.'

**208D.6**

- 1 He set his ae fit on the grund,
- 2 The tither on the steed;
- 3 The ring upon his finger burst,
- 4 And his nose began to bleed.

**208D.7**

- 1 He rode till he cam to Lunnon town,
- 2 To a place they ca Whiteha;
- 3 And a' the lords o merry England
- 4 A traitor him gan ca.

**208D.8**

- 1 'A traitor! a traitor! O what means this?
- 2 A traitor! what mean ye?"
- 3 'It's a' for the keeping o five hundred men
- 4 To fecht for bonny Jamie.'

**208D.9**

- 1 Then up started a gray-headed man,
- 2 Wi a braid axe in his hand:
- 3 'Your life, your life, my lord Derntwater,
- 4 Your life's at my command.'

**208D.10**

- 1 'My life, my life, ye old gray-headed man,
- 2 My life I'll freely gie;
- 3 But before ye tak my life awa
- 4 Let me speak twa words or three.

**208D.11**

- 1 'I've fifty pounds in ae pocket,
- 2 Go deal it frae door to door;
- 3 I've fifty five i the other pocket,
- 4 Go gie it to the poor.

**208D.12**

- 1 'The velvet coat that I hae on,
- 2 Ye may take it for your fee;
- 3 And a' ye lords o merry Scotland
- 4 Be kind to my ladie!'

**208E.1**

- 1 THE king wrote a letter to my lord  
Derwentwater,
- 2 And he sealed it with gold;
- 3 He sent it to my Lord Derwentwater,
- 4 To read it if he could.

**208E.2**

- 1 He sent it by no boy,
- 2 He sent it by no slave,
- 3 But he sent it by as true a knight
- 4 As heart could wish or have.

**208E.3**

- 1 The very first line that he looked upon
- 2 Made him for to laugh and to smile;
- 3 The very next line that he looked upon,
- 4 The tears from his eyes did fall.

**208E.4**

- 1 He called to his stable-boy
- 2 To saddle his bonny grey steed,
- 3 'That I unto loving London
- 4 May ride away with speed.'

**208E.5**

- 1 'His wife heard him say so,
- 2 In childbed as she lay;
- 3 Says she, 'My lord Derwentwater,
- 4 Make thy will before thou goest away.'

**208E.6**

- 1 'It's to my little son I give
- 2 My houses and my land,
- 3 And to my little daughter
- 4 Ten thousand pounds in hand.

**208E.7**

- 1 'And unto thee, my lady gay,
- 2 Who is my wedded wife,
- 3 The third part of my estate thou shalt have,
- 4 To maintain thee through thy life.'

**208E.8**

- 1 He set his foot in the level stirrup,
- 2 And mounted his bonny grey steed;
- 3 The gold rings from his fingers did break,
- 4 And his nose began for to bleed.

**208E.9**

- 1 He had not ridden past a mile or two,
- 2 When his horse stumbled over a stone;
- 3 'These are tokens enough,' said my lord  
Derwentwater,
- 4 'That I shall never return.'

**208E.10**

- 1 He rode and he rode till he came to merry  
London,
- 2 And near to that famous hall;
- 3 The lords and knights of merry London,
- 4 They did him a traitor call.

**208E.11**

- 1 'A traitor! a traitor! a traitor!' he cried,
- 2 'A traitor! how can that be,
- 3 Unless it's for keeping five hundred men
- 4 For to fight for King Jamie?'

**208E.12**

- 1 It's up yon steps there stands a good old man,
- 2 With a broad axe in his hand;
- 3 Says he, 'Now, my lord Derwentwater,
- 4 Thy life's at my command.'

**208E.13**

- 1 'My life, my life, thou good old man,
- 2 My life I'll give to thee,
- 3 And the green coat of velvet on my back
- 4 Thou mayst take it for thy fee.

**208E.14**

- 1 'There's fifty pounds and five in my right  
pocket,
- 2 Give that unto the poor;
- 3 There's twenty pounds and five in my left  
pocket,
- 4 Deal that from door to door.'

**208E.15**

- 1 Then he laid his head on the fatal block,
- 2 . . . .

**208F.1**

- 1 THE king has written a broad letter,
- 2 And sealed it with his hand,
- 3 And sent it on to Lord Armwaters,
- 4 To read and understand.

**208F.2**

- 1 Now he has sent it by no boy,
- 2 No boy, nor yet a slave,
- 3 But one of England's fairest knights,
- 4 The one that he would have.

**208F.3**

- 1 When first he on the letter lookd,
- 2 Then he began to smile;
- 3 But ere he read it to an end,
- 4 The tears did trickling fall.

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 kissd 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 good,' said Lord Arnwaters,  
 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 Arnwaters,  
 4 A traitor,' 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 Arnwaters,  
 4 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 Dunwaters,  
 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 auldest 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.'  
 5 '''''''

208H.1

1 THE king he wrote a letter,  
 2 And sealéd it with gold,  
 3 And sent it to Lor 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 whole 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 calléd him a traitor,  
 4 Made the tears fall from his eyes.

208H.10

1 'A traitor, a traitor!' his lordship said,  
 2 . . . .  
 3 Is it for keeping eight score men  
 4 To fight for pretty Jimmee?'

208H.11

1 O then bespoke a grave man,  
 2 With a broad axe in his hand:  
 3 'Hold your tongue, Lord Derwentwater,  
 4 Your life lies at my command.'

208H.12

1 'My life, my life,' his lordship said,  
 2 'My life I will give to thee,  
 3 And the black velvet coat upon my back,  
 4 Take it for thy fee.'

208H.13

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.

208I.1

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.

208I.2

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.

208I.3

1 The first line that my lord lookd on  
 2 Struck him with strong surprise;  
 3 The second, more alarming still,  
 4 Made tears fall from his eyes.

208I.4

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.

208I.5

1 His lady, hearing what he said,  
 2 As she in child-bed lay,  
 3 Cry'd, My dear lord, pray make your will  
 4 Before you go away.

208I.6

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.

208I.7

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.'

208I.8

1 He knelt him down by her bed-side,  
 2 And kissed her lips so sweet;  
 3 The words that passd, alas! presaged  
 4 They never more should meet.

208I.9

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.

208I.10

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 gushd out and bled.

208I.11

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.'

208I.12

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.

208I.13

1 'A traitor!' Lord Derwentwater said,  
 2 'A traitor how can I be,  
 3 Unless for keeping five hundred men  
 4 Fighting for King Jemmy?'

208I.14

1 Then started forth a grave old man,  
 2 With a broad-mouthd axe in hand:  
 3 'Thy head, thy head, Lord Derwentwater,  
 4 Thy head's at my command.'

208I.15

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.

208I.16

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.

208I.17

1 'Here's a purse of fifty sterling pounds,  
 2 Pray give it to the poor;  
 3 Here's one of forty-five beside  
 4 You may dole from door to door.'

208I.18

1 He laid his head upon the block,  
 2 The axe was sharp and strong,  
 3 . . . .  
 4 . . . .

208[J.1]

1 The king has written a brod letter,  
 2 An sealed it our with gould,  
 3 An sent it to Lord Darnwater,  
 4 To read it if he could.

208[J.2]

1 Whan Lord Darnwater saa 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 sighan said him good Lord Darnwater,  
 6 I am near the day to dei.

**208[J.3]**

1 Out spak his lady,  
2 In child-bed wher she lay;  
3 'My d<ea>r Lord Darnweter, what is to becom  
of me,  
4 An my young famely?'

**208[J.4]**

1 'I will leave my young famely  
2 As well as I cane;  
3 For I will leave to my lady  
4 The third part of my land,  
5 An I will live to my e<ld>dest son,  
6 The tua part of my land.

**208[J.5]**

1 'An I will live to my eldest daught<er>  
2 Five thousand pound of gold,  
3 An I will live to my second daughter  
4 Three thousand pound of gold.

**208[J.6]**

1 'Ye saddel to me my littel gray horse,  
2 That I had wont to ried;  
3 .....  
4 .....

**208[J.7]**

1 The first stape Lord Darnwater staped,  
2 He stumbled on a ston;  
3 Said Lord Darnwater,  
4 I feer I ill never come home.

**208[J.8]**

1 When he came to fair London city,  
2 An near unt<o> the toun,  
3 'A trater! a trater!' said they,  
4 'A trator wee see!'

**208[J.9]**

1 'A trater?' said good Lord Darnwater,  
2 'A trator I nier could be,  
3 Unless it was bringen three hundred men  
4 To fight for young Jamie.'

**208[J.10]**

1 But when he came to Tour Hill  
2 Befor him came a bold man,  
3 .....  
4 With a broad aix in his hand.

**208[J.11]**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 'Hear is five ginies of gold an my green velvet  
coat,  
4 For to be your fee.'

**208[J.12]**

1 'Ye nobels all,  
2 Come hear to see me die,  
3 An ye peopell of fair Sco<D>land,  
4 Be kind to my family.'

**208[J.13]**

1 Lord Darnuater was dumed to die, to die,  
2 Good Lord Darnwater was dumed to die.

**209A.1**

1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
2 And nobles there was many,  
3 And they hae killd Sir Charlie Hay,  
4 And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

**209A.2**

1 O he has written a lang letter,  
2 He sent it to his lady;  
3 'Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town,  
4 To see what word's o Geordie.'

**209A.3**

1 When first she lookd the letter on,  
2 She was baith red and rosy;  
3 But she had na read a word but twa  
4 Till she wallowt like a lily.

**209A.4**

1 'Gar get to me my gude grey steed,  
2 My menyie a' gae wi me,  
3 For I shall neither eat nor drink  
4 Till Enbrugh town shall see me.'

**209A.5**

1 And she has mountit her gude grey steed,  
2 Her menyie a' gaed wi her,  
3 And she did neither eat nor drink  
4 Till Enbrugh town did see her.

**209A.6**

1 And first appeard the fatal block,  
2 And syne the aix to head him,  
3 And Geordie cumin down the stair,  
4 And bands o airn upon him.

**209A.7**

1 But tho he was chaid in fetters strang,  
2 O airn and steel sae heavy,  
3 There was na ane in a' the court  
4 Sae bra a man as Geordie.

**209A.8**

1 O she's down on her bended knee,  
2 I wat she's pale and weary:  
3 'O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
4 And gie me back my dearie!

**209A.9**

1 'I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,  
2 The seventh neer saw his daddie;  
3 O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
4 Pity a waefu lady!'

**209A.10**

1 'Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,'  
2 Our king reply'd fu lordly:  
3 'O noble king, tak a' that's mine,  
4 But gie me back my Geordie!'

**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.12**

1 An aged lord at the king's right hand  
2 Says, Noble king, but hear me;  
3 Gar her tell down five thousand pound,  
4 And gie her back her dearie.

**209A.13**

1 Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
2 Some gae her dollars many,  
3 And she's telld down five thousand pound,  
4 And she's gotten again her dearie.

**209A.14**

1 She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,  
2 Says, Dear I've bought thee, Geordie;  
3 But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green  
4 Or I had tint my laddie.

**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 Amang our nobles many,  
3 And they have killed Sir Charles Hay,  
4 And they've taen thrae me my Geordie.'

**209B.2**

1 'O where'll I gett a wi bit boy,  
2 A bonnie boy that's ready,  
3 That will gae in to my biggin  
4 With a letter to my ladie?'

**209B.3**

1 Then up and startit a wi bit boy,  
2 An a bonnie boy was ready:  
3 'It's I'll gae in to your biggin  
4 Wi a letter to your ladie.'

**209B.4**

1 When the day was fair an the way was clear,  
2 An the wi bit boy was ready,  
3 An he's gane in to his biggin,  
4 Wi a letter to his ladie.

**209B.5**

1 When she lookd the letter on,  
2 She was no a wearit ladie;  
3 But when she lookit the other side,  
4 She mourned for her Geordie.

**209B.6**

1 'Gar sadle to me the black,' she says,  
2 'For the brown rade neer sey bonnie,  
3 An I'll gae down to Enbro town,  
4 An see my true-love Geordie.'

**209B.7**

1 When she cam to the water-side,  
2 The cobles war na ready;  
3 She's turnd her horse's head about,  
4 An in by the Queen's Ferry.

**209B.8**

1 When she cam to the West Port,  
2 There war poor folks many;  
3 She dealt crowns an the ducatdowns,  
4 And bade them pray for Geordie.

**209B.9**

1 When she cam to the Parliament Closs,  
2 There amang our nobles many,  
3 Cravats an caps war standing there,  
4 But low, low lay her Geordie.

**209B.10**

1 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stairs,  
2 Amang our nobles manie,  
3 The napkin's tyed oer Geordie's face,  
4 And the gallows makin ready.

**209B.11**

1 'O wad ye hae his lands or rents?  
2 Or wad ye hae his monie?  
3 Take a', a' frae him but his sark alone,  
4 Lesve me my true-love Geordie.'

**209B.12**

1 The captain pu'd her on his knee,  
2 An ca'd her heart an honey:  
3 'An ye wad wait se'en years for me,  
4 Ye wad never jump for Geordie.'

**209B.13**

1 'O hold your tongue, you foolish man,  
2 Your speech it's a' but folly;  
3 For an ye wad wait till the day ye die,  
4 I wad neer take John for Geordie.'

**209B.14**

1 'Twas up and spak the Lord Corstarph,  
2 The ill gae wi his body!  
3 'O Geordie's neck it war on a block,  
4 Gif I had his fair ladie!'

**209B.15**

1 'O haud yer tongue, ye foolish man,  
2 Yer speech is a' but folly;  
3 For if Geordie's neck war on a block,  
4 Ye soud neer enjoy his ladie.

**209B.16**

1 'It's I hae se'en weel gawn mills,  
2 I wait they a' gang daily;  
3 I'll gie them a' an amang ye a'  
4 For the sparin o my Geordie.

**209B.17**

1 'I hae ele'en bairns i the wast,  
2 I wait the're a' to Geordie;  
3 I'd see then a' streekit afore mine eyes  
4 Afore I lose my Geordie.

**209B.18**

1 'I hae ele'en bairns i the wast,  
2 The twalt bears up my body;  
3 The youngest's on his nurse's knee,  
4 An he never saw his dadie.

**209B.19**

1 'I hae se'en uncles in the north,  
2 They gang baith proud an lordly;  
3 I'd see them a' tread down afore my eyes  
4 Afore I lose my Geordie.'

**209B.20**

1 Then out an spak an English lord,  
2 The ill gae wi his bodie!  
3 'It's I gard hang Sir Francie Grey,  
4 An I'll soon gar hang your Geordie.'

**209B.21**

1 It's out an spak than a Scottish lord,  
2 May the weel gae wi his body!  
3 'It's I'll cast of my coat an fecht  
4 Afore ye lose your Geordie.'

**209B.22**

1 It's out then spak an English lord,  
2 May the ill gae wi his bodie!  
3 'Before the morn at ten o'clock,  
4 I's hae the head o Geordie.'

**209B.23**

1 Out then spak the Scottish lord,  
2 May the weel gae wi his body!  
3 'I'll fight i bluid up to the knees  
4 Afore ye lose your Geordie.'

**209B.24**

1 But out an spak the royal king,  
2 May the weel gae wi his body!  
3 'There's be bluidie heads amang us a'  
4 Afore ye lose your Geordie.'

**209B.25**

1 'Twas up than spak the royal queen,  
2 'May the weel gae wi his body!  
3 Tell down, tell down five hunder pound,  
4 An ye's get wi you yer Geordie.'



**209F.8**

1 She gaed up the Cannogate,  
2 Amang the puir folk monie;  
3 She made the handfus o red gold fly,  
4 And bade them pray for Geordie,  
5 And aye she wrang her lily-white hands,  
6 Saying, I am a wearyd lady!

**209F.9**

1 Up and spoke the king himsell,  
2 And oh, but he spok bonnie!  
3 'It's ye may see by her countenance  
4 That she is Geordie's lady.'

**209F.10**

1 Up and spoke a bold bluidy wretch,  
2 And oh, but he spoke boldly!  
3 'Tho [thou] should pay ten thousand pounds,  
4 Thou'll never get thy own love Geordie.'

**209F.11**

1 'For I had but ae brother to mysell,  
2 I loved him best of any;  
3 They cutted his head from his fair bodie,  
4 And so will they thy love Geordie.'

**209F.12**

1 Up and spoke the king again,  
2 And oh, but he spak bonnie!  
3 'If thou'll pay me five thousand pound,  
4 I'll gie thee hame thy love Geordie.'

**209F.13**

1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
2 She freely paid the money,  
3 And she's awa to the Gallows Wynd,  
4 To get her nain love Geordie.'

**209F.14**

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.'

**209F.15**

1 The napkin was tyed on Geordie's face,  
2 And the hangman was just readie:  
3 'Hold your hand, you bluidy wretch!  
4 O hold it from my Geordie!  
5 For I've got a remit from the king,  
6 That I'll get my ain love Geordie.'

**209F.16**

1 When he heard his lady's voice,  
2 He was baith blythe and merry:  
3 'There's many ladies in this place,  
4 Have not I a worthy ladie?'

**209F.17**

1 She mounted him on the bonnie dapple grey,  
2 Herself on the wee pony,  
3 And she rode home on his right hand,  
4 All for the pride o Geordie.'

**209G.1**

1 THE weather it is clear, and the wind blows  
fair,  
2 And yonder a boy rins bonnie,  
3 And he is awa to the gates of Hye,  
4 With a letter to my dear ladie.'

**209G.2**

1 The first line that she lookit on,  
2 She was baith red and rosy;  
3 She droppit down, and she dropt in a swoon,  
4 Crys, Och and alace for Geordie!

**209G.3**

1 'Gar saddle to me the black, black horse;  
2 The brown is twice as bonnie;  
3 But I will neither eat nor drink  
4 Till I relieve my Geordie.'

**209G.4**

1 When she cam to the canny Cannogate,  
2 Amang the puir folk many,  
3 She made the dollars flee amang them a',  
4 And she bade them plead for Geordie.'

**209G.5**

1 When she came to the tolbooth-gate,  
2 Amang the nobles many,  
3 She made the red gold flee amang them a',  
4 And she bade them plead for Geordie.'

**209G.6**

1 Out and spoke the king himsell,  
2 'Wha's aught this weary lady?'  
3 Out and spoke a pretty little page,  
4 'She's the Earl o Cassilis lady.'

**209G.7**

1 'Has he killed? or has he slain?  
2 Or has he ravishd any?'  
3 'He stole three geldings 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 pay you down five hundred pund,  
4 And tak you hame your Geordie.'

**209G.9**

1 Some gave marks, and som 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 bluidy  
breaks  
4 Or I had parted wi thee.'

**209H.1**

1 'WILL ye go to the Hielans, my bonny lad?  
2 Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?  
3 Though ye tak the high road and I tak the low,  
4 I will be in the Hielans afore ye.'

**209H.2**

1 He hadna been in the high Hielans  
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 cannie,  
3 And gae quickly on to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
4 Wi a letter to my lady?'

**209H.4**

1 'O here am I, a bonny, bonny boy,  
2 That will run your errand cannie,  
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 gae she, O;  
3 But before she read it to an end  
4 The saut tear was in her ee, O.

**209H.6**

1 'O has he robbd? or has he stown?  
2 Or has he killèd any?  
3 Or what is the ill that he has done,  
4 That he's gaun to be hangd sae shortly?'

**209H.7**

1 'He hasna robbd, ha hasna stown,  
2 He hasna killèd any;  
3 But he has hunted the king's deer and rae,  
4 And he will be hangèd 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 anither 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 dealt them monek roun and roun,  
4 Bade them pray for the life o her Geordie.'

**209H.11**

1 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
2 She saw there nobles mony,  
3 And ilka noble stood hat on head,  
4 But hat in hand stood Geordie.'

**209H.12**

1 Then out it spak an English lord,  
2 And vow, but he spake bonny!  
3 'If ye pay down ten thousand crouns,  
4 Ye'll get the life o your Geordie.'

**209H.13**

1 Some gae her marks, some gae her crouns,  
2 Some gae her guineas rarely,  
3 Till she paid down ten thousand crouns,  
4 And she got the life o her 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 my Geordie!'

**209H.16**

1 When she was in the saddle set,  
2 And on ahint 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' Carnie,  
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 Hielans,  
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-boaties rowing.'

**209I.1**

1 'I choosed my love at the bonny yates of Gight,  
2 Where the birks an the flowers spring bony,  
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 Kinraigie,  
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 lady,  
3 But day by day he saddles the grey,  
4 And rides off to Bignet's lady.'

**209I.4**

1 Bignet he got word of this,  
2 That Gight lay wi his lady;  
3 He swore a vow, and kept it true,  
4 To be revengd on 's body.'

**209I.5**

1 'Where will I get a bonny boy  
2 Will run my errand shortly,  
3 That woud run on to the bonny yates o Gight  
4 Wi a letter to my lady?'

**209I.6**

1 Gight has written a broad letter,  
2 And seald it soon and ready,  
3 And sent it on to Gight's own yates,  
4 For to acquaint his lady.'

**209I.7**

1 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,' she says,  
2 'Come saddle him soon and shortly,  
3 Ere I ride down to Edinburgh town,  
4 Wi a lang side sark to Geordie.'

**209I.9**

1 When she came to the boat of Leith,  
2 I wad she did na tarry;  
3 She gave the boatman a guinea o gold  
4 To boat her oer the ferry.'

**209I.10**

1 As she gaed oer the pier of Leith,  
2 Among the peerls many,  
3 She dealt the crowns and dukedoons,  
4 Bade them a' pray for Geordie.'

**209I.11**

1 As she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
2 Among the nobles many,  
3 Every one sat hat on head,  
4 But hat in hand stood Geordie.'

**209I.12**

1 'Has he brunt? or has he slain?  
2 Or has he robbèd any?  
3 Or has he done any other crime,  
4 That gars you head my Geordie?'

**209I.13**

1 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,  
2 He hasna robbed any;  
3 But he has done another crime,  
4 For which he will pay dearly.'

**209I.14**

1 In it comes First Lord Judge,  
2 Says, George, I'm sorry for you;  
3 You must prepare yourself for death,  
4 For there'll be nae mercy for you.

**209I.15**

1 In it comes his Second Lord Judge,  
2 Says, George I'm sorry for you;  
3 You must prepare yourself for death,  
4 For there'll be nae mercy for you.

**209I.16**

1 Out it speaks Gight's lady herself,  
2 And vow, but she spake wordy!  
3 'Is there not a lord among you all  
4 Can plead a word for Geordy?'

**209I.17**

1 Out it speaks the first Lord Judge:  
2 'What lady's that amang you  
3 That speaks to us so boldly here,  
4 And bids us plead for Geordy?'

**209I.18**

1 Out then spake a friend, her own,  
2 And says, It's Gight's own lady,  
3 Who is come to plead her own lord's cause,  
4 To which she's true and steady.

**209I.19**

1 The queen, looking oer her shott-window,  
2 Says, Ann, I'm soory for you;  
3 If ye'll tell down ten thousand crowns,  
4 Ye shall get home your Geordy.

**209I.20**

1 She's taen the hat out of his hand,  
2 And dear! it set her bonny;  
3 She's beggd the red gold them among,  
4 And a' to borrow Geordy.

**209I.21**

1 She turnd her right and round about  
2 Among the nobles many;  
3 Some gave her dollars, some her crowns,  
4 And some gave guineas many.

**209I.22**

1 She spread her mantle on the floor,  
2 O dear! she spread it bonny,  
3 And she told down that noble sum;  
4 Says, Put on your hat, my Geordy.

**209I.23**

1 But out it speaks him gleid Argyle,  
2 Says, Woe be to your body!  
3 I wish that Gight had lost his head,  
4 I should enjoyd his lady.

**209I.24**

1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
2 A proud look and a saucy;  
3 Says, Woe be to you, gleid Argyle!  
4 Ye'll neer be like my Geordy.

**209I.25**

1 'You'll hae me to some writer's house,  
2 And that baith seen and shortly,  
3 That I may write down Gight's lament,  
4 And how I borrowed Geordy.'

**209I.26**

1 When she was in her saddle set,  
2 And aye behind her Geordy,  
3 Birds neer sang blyther in the bush  
4 Than she behind her Geordy.

**209I.27**

1 'O bonny George, but I love thee well,  
2 And O sae dear as I love thee!  
3 The sun and moon and firmament above  
4 Bear witness how I love thee!'

**209I.28**

1 'O bonny Ann, but I love thee well,  
2 And O but sae dear as I love thee!  
3 The birds in the air, that fly together pair and  
4 pair,  
4 Bear witness, Ann, that I love thee!'

**209J.1**

1 'FIRST I was lady o Black Riggs,  
2 And then into Kincaigie;  
3 Now I am the Lady o Gight,  
4 And my love he's ca'd Geordie.

**209J.2**

1 'I was the mistress o Pitfan,  
2 And madam o Kincaigie;  
3 But now my name is Lady Anne,  
4 And I am Gight's own lady.

**209J.3**

1 'We courted in the woods o Gight,  
2 Where birks and flows spring bonny;  
3 But pleasures I had never one,  
4 But sorrows thick and mony.

**209J.4**

1 'He never ownd me as his wife,  
2 Nor honourd me as his lady,  
3 But day by day he saddles the grey,  
4 And rides to Bignet's lady.'

**209J.5**

1 When Bignet he got word of that,  
2 That Gight lay wi his lady,  
3 He's casten him in prison strong,  
4 To ly till lords were ready.

**209J.6**

1 'Where will I get a little wee boy,  
2 That is baith true and steady,  
3 That will run on to bonny Gight,  
4 And bring to me my lady?'

**209J.7**

1 'O here am I, a little wee boy,  
2 That is baith true and steady,  
3 That will run to the yates of Gight,  
4 And bring to you your lady.'

**209J.8**

1 'Ye'll bid her saddle the grey, the grey,  
2 The brown rode neer so smartly;  
3 Ye'll bid her come to Edinbro town,  
4 A' for the life of Geordie.'

**209J.9**

1 The night was fair, the moon was clear,  
2 And he rode by Bevan, y  
3 And stopped at the yates o Gight,  
4 Where leaves were thick and mony.

**209J.10**

1 The lady lookd oer castle-wa,  
2 And dear, but she was sorry!  
3 'Here comes a page frae Edinbro town;  
4 A' is nae well wi Geordie.'

**209J.11**

1 'What news, what news, my little boy?  
2 Come tell me soon and shortly;  
3 'Bad news, bad news, my lady,' he said,  
4 'They're going to hang your Geordie.'

**209J.12**

1 'Ye'll saddle to me the grey, the grey,  
2 The brown rade neer so smartly;  
3 And I'll awa to Edinbro town,  
4 Borrow the life o Geordie.'

**209J.13**

1 When she came near to Edinbro town,  
2 I wyte she didna tarry,  
3 But she has mounted her grey steed,  
4 And ridden the Queen's Ferry.

**209J.14**

1 When she came to the boat of Leith,  
2 I wat she didna tarry;  
3 She gae the boatman a guinea o gowd  
4 To boat her ower the ferry.

**209J.15**

1 When she came to the pier o Leith,  
2 The poor they were sae many;  
3 She dealt the gowd right liberallie,  
4 And bade them pray for Geordie.

**209J.16**

1 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
2 The nobles there were many:  
3 And ilka ane stood hat on head,  
4 But hat in hand stood Geordie.

**209J.17**

1 She gae a blink out-ower them a',  
2 And three blinks to her Geordie;  
3 But when she saw his een fast bound,  
4 A swoon fell in this lady.

**209J.18**

1 'Whom has he robbd? What has he stole?  
2 Or has he killed ony?  
3 Or what's the crime that he has done,  
4 His foes they are sae mony?'

**209J.19**

1 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,  
2 He hasna robbed ony;  
3 But he has done another crime,  
4 For which he will pay dearly.'

**209J.20**

1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
2 O wae be to his body!  
3 'The day we hangd young Charles Hay,  
4 The morn we'll head your Geordie.'

**209J.21**

1 Then out it speaks the king himsell,  
2 Vow, but he spake bonny!  
3 'Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,  
4 Let's hear if they be mony.

**209J.22**

1 'Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,  
2 See ye be true and steady;  
3 And if your sins they be but sma,  
4 Then ye'se win wi your lady.'

**209J.23**

1 'Nane have I robbd, nought have I stown,  
2 Nor have I killed ony;  
3 But ane of the king's best brave steeds,  
4 I sold him in Bevan.'

**209J.24**

1 Then out it speaks the king again,  
2 Dear, but he spake bonny!  
3 'That crime's nae great; for your lady's sake,  
4 Put on your hat now, Geordie.'

**209J.25**

1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
2 O wae be to his body!  
3 'There's guilt appears in Gight's ain face,  
4 Ye'll cross-examine Geordie.'

**209J.26**

1 'Now since it all I must confess,  
2 My crimes' baith great and mony;  
3 A woman abused, five orphan babes,  
4 I killd them for their money.'

**209J.27**

1 Out it speaks the king again,  
2 And dear, but he was sorry!  
3 'Your confession brings confusion,  
4 Take aff your hat now, Geordie.'

**209J.28**

1 Then out it speaks the lady hersell,  
2 Vow, but she was sorry!  
3 'Now all my life I'll wear the black,  
4 Mourn for the death o Geordie.'

**209J.29**

1 Lord Huntly then he did speak out,  
2 O fair mot fa his body!  
3 'I there will fight doublet alane  
4 Or ony thing ails Geordie.'

**209J.30**

1 Then out it speaks the king again,  
2 Vow, but he spake bonny!  
3 'If ye'll tell down ten thousand crowns,  
4 Ye'll buy the life o Geordie.'

**209J.31**

1 She spread her mantle on the ground,  
2 Dear, but she spread it bonny!  
3 Some gae her crowns, some ducadoons,  
4 And some gae dollars mony:  
5 Then she tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
6 'Put on your hat, my Geordie.'

**209J.32**

1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
2 Wae be to his body!  
3 'I wisht that Gight wanted the head;  
4 I might enjoyd his lady.'

**209J.33**

1 Out it speaks the lady hersell,  
2 'Ye need neer wish my body;  
3 O ill befa your wizzend snout!  
4 Woud ye compare wi Geordie?'

**209J.34**

1 When she was in her saddle set,  
2 Riding the leys sae bonny,  
3 The fiddle and fleet playd neer sae sweet  
4 As she behind her Geordie.

**209J.35**

1 'O Geordie, Geordie, I love you well,  
2 Nae jealousy coud move me;  
3 The birds in air, that fly in pairs,  
4 Can witness how I love you.

**209J.36**

1 'Ye'll call for one, the best o clerks,  
2 Ye'll call him soon amd shortly,  
3 As he may write what I indite,  
4 A' this I've done for Geordie.'

**209J.37**

1 He turned him right and round about,  
2 And high, high looked Geordie:  
3 'A finger o Bignet's lady's hand  
4 Is worth a' your fair body.'

**209J.38**

1 'My lands may a' be masterless,  
2 My babes may want their mother;  
3 But I've made a vow, will keep it true,  
4 I'll be bound to no other.'

**209J.39**

1 These words they causd a great dispute,  
2 And proud and fierce grew Geordie;  
3 A sharp dagger he pulled out,  
4 And pierced the heart o 's lady.

**209J.40**

1 The lady's dead, and Gight he's fled,  
2 And left his lands behind him;  
3 Altho they searched south and north,  
4 There were nane there coud find him.

**209J.41**

1 Now a' that lived into Black Riggs,  
2 And likewise in Kinraigie,  
3 For seven years were clad in black,  
4 To mourn for Gight's own lady.

**209K.1**

1 'I HAVE eleven babes into the north,  
2 And the twelfth is in my body,O  
3 And the youngest o them's in the nurse's arms,  
4 He neer yet saw his daddy.' O

**209K.2**

1 Some gied her ducks, some gied her drakes,  
2 And some gied her crowns monie,  
3 And she's paid him down five thousand pound,  
4 And she's gotten hame her Geordie.

**209L.1**

1 AND soon she came to the water broad,  
2 Nor boat nor barge was ready;  
3 She turned her horse's head to the flood,  
4 And swam through at Queensferry.

**209L.2**

1 But when she to the presence came,  
2 'Mang earls high and lordlie,  
3 There hat on head sat every man,  
4 While hat in hand stood Geordie.

**209M.1**

1 WHEN he came out at the tolbooth-stair,  
2 He was baith red and rosy;  
3 But gin he cam to the gallows-fit,  
4 He was wallourt like the lily.

**209N.1**

1 I HAVE nine children in the west,  
2 The tenth ane's in my bodie;  
3 The eldest o them she never knew a man,  
4 And she knows not wha's her daddy.

**210A.1**

1 O it's up in the Highlands,  
2 and along the sweet Tay,  
3 Did bonie James Campbell  
4 ride monie a day.

**210A.2**

1 Saddled and bridled,  
2 and bonie rode he;  
3 Hame came horse, hame came saddle,  
4 but neer hame cam he.

**210A.3**

1 And doun cam his sweet sisters,  
2 greeting sae sair,  
3 And down cam his bonie wife,  
4 tearing her hair.

**210A.4**

1 'My house is unbigged,  
2 my barn's unbeen,  
3 My corn's unshorn,  
4 my meadow grows green.'  
5 ' , , , , ,'

**210B.1**

1 Saddled and bridled  
2 and bootied rade he;  
3 Toom hame cam the saddle,  
4 but never cam he.

**210B.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 bridled  
2 and bootied rade he;  
3 Toom hame cam the saddle,  
4 but never cam he.

**210C.1**

1 Hie upon Hielands,  
2 and laigh upon Tay,  
3 Bonnie George Campbell  
4 rode out on a day.

**210C.2**

1 He saddled, he bridled,  
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 fu 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 bridled  
2 and bootied rode he,  
3 A plume in his helmet,  
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 and my corn is unshorn,  
3 My barn is to build,  
4 and my babe is unborn.

**211A.1**

1 OLD Grahame [he] is to Carlisle gone,  
2 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he;  
3 In arms to the wine they are gone,  
4 And drank till they were both merry.

**211A.2**

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

**211A.3**

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

**211A.4**

1 'They might have been calld two bold brethren  
2 Where ever they did go or ride;  
3 They might [have] been calld two bold  
4 brethren,  
5 They might have crackd the Border-side.

**211A.5**

1 'Thy son is bad, and is but a lad,  
2 And bully to my son cannot be;  
3 For my son Bewick can both write and read,  
4 Amd sure I am that cannot he.'

**211A.6**

1 'I put him to school, but he would not learn,  
2 I bought him books, but he would not read;  
3 But my blessing he's never have  
4 Till I see how his hand can save his head.'

**211A.7**

1 Old Grahame called for an account,  
2 And he askd what was for to pay;  
3 There he paid a crown, so it went round,  
4 Which was all for good wine and hay.

**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 'He said thou was bad, and calld 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 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 stooped 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 we'll leave talking of Christy Grahame,  
2 And talk of him again belive;  
3 But we will talk of bonny Bewick,  
4 Where he was teaching his scholars five.



**211A.25**

1 Now when he had learn'd them well to fence,  
2 To handle their swords without any doubt,  
3 He's taken his own sword under his arm,  
4 And walk'd his father's close about.

**211A.26**

1 He look'd between him and the sun,  
2 To see what farleys he could see;  
3 There he spy'd a man with armour on,  
4 As he came riding over the lee.

**211A.27**

1 'I wonder much what man you be  
2 That so boldly this way does come;  
3 I think it is my highest friend,  
4 I think it is my bully Grahame.

**211A.28**

1 'O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame!  
2 O man, thou art my dear, welcome!  
3 O man, thou art my dear, welcome!  
4 For I love thee best in Christendom.'

**211A.29**

1 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
2 And of thy bullyship let me be!  
3 The day is come I never thought on;  
4 Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee.'

**211A.30**

1 'O no! not so, O bully Grahame!  
2 That eer such a word should spoken be!  
3 I was thy master, thou was my scholar:  
4 So well as I have learn'd thee.'

**211A.31**

1 My father he was in Carlisle town,  
2 Where thy father Bewick there met he;  
3 He said I was bad, and he call'd me a lad,  
4 And a baffled man by thou I be.'

**211A.32**

1 'Away, away, O bully Grahame.  
2 And of all that talk, man, let us be!  
3 We'll take three men of either side  
4 To see if we can our fathers agree.'

**211A.33**

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

**211A.34**

1 'O no! not so, my bully Grahame!  
2 That eer such a word should spoken be!  
3 Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
4 With a man that's faith and troth to me?'

**211A.35**

1 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
2 And of all that care, man, let us be!  
3 If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
4 Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

**211A.36**

1 'Now, if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,  
2 As God's will's, man, it all must be;  
3 But if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,  
4 'Tis home again I'll never gae.'

**211A.37**

1 'Thou art of my mind then, bully Bewick,  
2 And sworn-brethren will we be;  
3 If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
4 Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

**211A.38**

1 He flang his cloak from [off] his shoulders,  
2 His psalm-book out of his hand flang he,  
3 He clap'd his hand upon the hedge,  
4 And oer lap he right wantonly.

**211A.39**

1 When Grahame did see his bully come,  
2 The salt tear stood long in his eye:  
3 'Now needs must I say that thou art a man,  
4 That dare venture thy body to fight with me.

**211A.40**

1 'Now I have a harness on my back;  
2 I know that thou hath none on thine;  
3 But as little as thou hath on thy back,  
4 Sure as little shall there be on mine.'

**211A.41**

1 He flang his jack from off his back,  
2 His steel cap from his head flang he;  
3 He's taken his sword into his hand,  
4 He's tyed his horse unto a tree.

**211A.42**

1 Now they fell to it with two broa<d swords],  
2 For two long hours fought Bewick [and he];  
3 Much sweat was to be seen on them both,  
4 But never a drop of blood to see.

**211A.43**

1 'Now Grahame gave Bewick an ackward  
stroke,  
2 An ackward stroke surely struck he;  
3 He struck him now under the left breast,  
4 Then down to the ground as dead fell he.

**211A.44**

1 'Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,  
2 Arise, and speak three words to me!  
3 Whether this be thy deadly wound,  
4 Or God and good surgeons will mend thee.'

**211A.45**

1 'O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,  
2 And pray do get thee far from me!  
3 Thy sword is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,  
4 And so no further can I gae.

**211A.46**

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

**211A.47**

1 'O if this be true, my bully dear,  
2 The words that thou dost tell to me,  
3 The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep;  
4 I swear I'll be the first that die.

**211A.48**

1 Then he stuck his sword in a moody-hill,  
2 Where he lap thirty good foot and three;  
3 First he bequeathed his soul to God,  
4 And upon his own sword-point lap he.

**211A.49**

1 Now Grahame he was the first that died,  
2 And then came Robin Bewick to see;  
3 'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
4 'For I see thou's won the victory.'

**211A.50**

1 'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
2 'For I see thou's won the victory:'  
3 '[Father, co>uld ye not drunk your wine at  
home,  
4 [And le>tten me and my brother be?'

**211A.51**

1 'Nay, dig a grave both low and wide,  
2 And in it us two pray bury;  
3 But bury my bully Grahame on the sun-side,  
4 For I'm sure he's won the victory.'

**211A.52**

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

**211A.53**

1 With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:  
2 'O man, was I not much to blame?  
3 I have lost one of the liveliest lads  
4 That ever was bred unto my name.'

**211A.54**

1 With that bespoke my good lord Grahame:  
2 'O man, I have lost the better block;  
3 I have lost my comfort and my joy,  
4 I have lost my key, I have lost my lock.

**211A.55**

1 'Had I gone through all Ladderdale,  
2 And forty horse had set on me,  
3 Had Christy Grahame been at my back,  
4 So well as he woud guarded me.'

**211A.56**

1 I have no more of my song to sing,  
2 But two or three words to you I'll name;  
3 But 'twill be talk'd in Carlisle town  
4 That these two [old] men were all the blame.

**212A.1**

1 'WHERE shall I gang, my ain true love?  
2 Where shall I gang to hide me?  
3 For weel ye ken i yere father's bowr  
4 It wad be death to find me.'

**212A.2**

1 'O go you to yon tavern-house,  
2 An there count owre your lawin,  
3 An, if I be a woman true,  
4 I'll meet you in the dawin.'

**212A.3**

1 O he's gone to yon tavern-house,  
2 An ay he counted his lawin,  
3 An ay he drank to her guid health  
4 Was to meet him in the dawin.

**212A.4**

1 O he's gone to yon tavern-house,  
2 An counted owre his lawin,  
3 When in there cam three armed men,  
4 To meet him in the dawin.

**212A.5**

1 'O woe be unto woman's wit!  
2 It has beguiled many;  
3 She promised to come hersel,  
4 But she sent three men to slay me.'

**212B.1**

1 'YE are the Duke of Athol's nurse,  
2 And I'm the new-come darling;  
3 I'll gie you my gay gold rings  
4 To get ae word of my leman.'

**212B.2**

1 'I am the Duke Athol's nurse,  
2 And ye're the new-come darling;  
3 Keep well your gay gold rings,  
4 Ye sall get twa words o your leman.'

**212B.3**

1 He leand oure his saddle-bow,  
2 It was not for to kiss her:  
3 'Anither woman has my heart,  
4 And I but come here to see ye.'

**212B.4**

1 'If anither woman has your heart,  
2 O dear, but I am sorry!  
3 Ye hie you down to yon ale house,  
4 And stay untill 't be dawing,  
5 And if I be a woman true  
6 I'll meet you in the dawing.'

**212B.5**

1 He did him down to yon ale-house,  
2 And drank untill 't was dawing;  
3 He drank the bonnie lassie's health  
4 That was to clear his lawing.

**212B.6**

1 He lookit out of a shot-window,  
2 To see if she was coming,  
3 And there he seed her seven brithers,  
4 So fast as they were running!

**212B.7**

1 He went up and down the house,  
2 Says, 'Landlady, can you save me?  
3 For yonder comes her seven brithers,  
4 And they are coming to slay me.'

**212B.8**

1 So quick she minded her on a wile  
2 How she might protect him!  
3 She dress'd him in a suit of woman's attire  
4 And set him to her baking.

**212B.9**

1 'Had you a quarterer here last night,  
2 Or staid he to the dawing?  
3 Shew us the room the squire lay in,  
4 We are come to clear his lawing.'

**212B.10**

1 'I had a quarterer here last night,  
2 But he staid not to the dawing;  
3 He called for a pint, and paid as he went,  
4 You have nothing to do with his lawing.'

**212B.11**

1 They search'd the house baith up and down,  
2 The curtains they spair'd not to rive em,  
3 And twenty times they pass'd  
4 The squire at his baking.

**212C.1**

1 AS I went down by the Duke of Athole's gates,  
2 Where the bells of the court were ringing,  
3 And there I heard a fair maid say,  
4 O if I had but ae sight o my Johnie!

**212C.2**

1 'O here is your Johnie just by your side;  
2 What have ye to say to your Johnie?  
3 O here is my hand, but anither has my heart,  
4 So ye'll never get more o your Johnie.'

**212C.3**

1 'O ye may go down to yon ale-house,  
2 And there do sit till the dawning;  
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 dawning;  
3 And he's calld for the wine that's very, very  
fine,  
4 But she neer cam to clear up his lawing.

**212C.5**

1 Lang or the dawning he oure the window looks,  
2 To see if his true-love was coming,  
3 And there he spied twelve weel armd boys,  
4 Coming over the plainstanes running.

**212C.6**

1 'O landlady, landlady, 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 will be your undertaking.

**212C.7**

1 'I will clothe you in my own body-clothes  
2 And I'll send you like a girl to the baking.'  
3 And loudly, loudly they rapped at the door,  
4 And loudly, loudly they rapped.

**212C.8**

1 'O had you any strangers here late last night?  
2 Or were they lang gane or the dawning?  
3 O had you any strangers here late last night?  
4 We are now come to clear up his lawing.'

**212C.9**

1 'O I had a stranger here late last night,  
2 But he was lang gane or the dawning;  
3 He called for a pint, and he paid it as he went,  
4 And ye've no more to do with his lawing.'

**212C.10**

1 'O show me the room that your stranger lay in,  
2 If he was lang gane or the dawning.'  
3 She showed them the room that her stranger la  
y in,  
4 But he was lang gane or the dawning.

**212C.11**

1 O they stabbed the feather-bed all round and  
round,  
2 And the curtains they neer stood to tear them;  
3 And they gade as they cam, and left a' things  
undone,  
4 And left the young squire by his baking.

**212D.1**

1 AS I cam in by the Duke of Athole's gate,  
2 I heard a fair maid singing,  
3 Wi a bonny baby on her knee,  
4 And the bells o the court were ringing.

**212D.2**

1 'O it's 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 Johnnie.  
5 ' . . . . '

**212D.3**

1 'If ye'll gae down to yon ale-house,  
2 And stop till it be dawning,  
3 And ca for a pint o the very, very best,  
4 And I'll come and clear up your lawing.'

**212D.4**

1 O he's gane down to yon ale-house,  
2 And stopt till it was dawning;  
3 He ca'd for a pint o the very, very best,  
4 But she cam na to clear up his lawing.

**212D.5**

1 He looked out at the chamber-window,  
2 To see if she was coming;  
3 And there he spied ten armed men,  
4 Across the plain coming running.

**212D.6**

1 'O landlady, landlady, what shall I do?  
2 For my life is not worth a farthing;  
3 I paid you a guinea for my lodging last night,  
4 But I fear I'll never see sun shining.'

**212D.7**

1 'If ye will be advised by me,  
2 I'll be your undertaking;  
3 I'll dress you up in my ain body-clothes  
4 And set you to the baking.'

**212D.8**

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.9**

1 'O I had a stranger here last night,  
2 But he wos gane or dawning;  
3 He ca'd for a pint, and he paid it or he went,  
4 And I hae nae mair to do wi his lawing.'

**212D.10**

1 They stabd the feather-beds round and round,  
2 The curtains they spared na to tear them;  
3 But they went as they came, and left a' things  
undone,  
4 And the young man busy baking.

**212E.1**

1 'I AM the Duke o Athole's nurse,  
2 My part does well become me,  
3 And I wad gie aw my half-year's fee  
4 For ae sicht o my Johnnie.'

**212E.2**

1 'Keep weill, keep weill your half-year's fee,  
2 For ye'll soon get a sicht o your Johnnie;  
3 But anither woman has my heart,  
4 And I'm sorry for to leave ye.'

**212E.3**

1 'Ye'll dow ye down 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 Ay he ranted and he sang,  
2 And drank till the day was dawin,  
3 And ay he drank the bonnie lassie'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 . . . .

**212E.6**

1 He's dune him to the shot-window,  
2 To see an she was coming,  
3 And there he spied twelve armed men,  
4 That oure the plain cam rinning.

**212E.7**

1 He's dune him down to the landlady,  
2 To see gin she wad protect him;  
3 She's buskit him up into women's claihs  
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?'  
5 ' . . . . '

**212F.1**

1 AS I gaed in yon greenwood-side,  
2 I heard a fair maid singing;  
3 Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete  
4 That all the woods were ringing.

**212F.2**

1 'O I'm the duke o Athole's nurse,  
2 My post is well becoming;  
3 But I woud gie a' my half-year's fee  
4 For ae sight o my leman.'

**212F.3**

1 'Ye say, ye're the Duke o Athole's nurse,  
2 Your post is well becoming;  
3 Keep well, keep well your half-year's fee,  
4 Ye'se hae twa sights o your leman.'

**212F.4**

1 He leand him over his saddle-bow  
2 And cannilie kissd his dearie:  
3 'Ohon and alake! anither has my heart,  
4 And I darena mair come near thee.'

**212F.5**

1 'Ohon and alake! if anither hae your heart,  
2 These words hae fairly undone me;  
3 But let us set a time, tryst to meet again,  
4 Then in gude friends you will twine me.

**212F.6**

1 'Ye will do you down to yon tavern-house  
2 And drink till the day be dawning,  
3 And, as sure as I ance had a love for you,  
4 I'll come there and clear your lawing.

**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 dawning,  
3 And aye he drank the bonnie lassie's health  
4 That was coming to clear his lawing.

**212F.9**

1 And aye as he birlid, and aye as he drank,  
2 The gude beer and the brandy,  
3 He spar'd not 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 ance,  
4 She woud be here by the dawning.'

**212F.11**

1 He's done him to a shott-window,  
2 A little before the dawning,  
3 And there he spied her 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 claise  
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 dawning?  
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 dawning;  
3 But ane that took a pint, and paid it ere he went,  
4 And there's naething to clear o his lawing.'

**212F.18**

1 A lad among the rest, being o 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 stabbed the house baith but and ben,  
2 The curtains they spared nae riving,  
3 And for a' that they search and ca,  
4 For a kiss o the knight they were striving.

**213A.1**

1 O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,  
2 The young heir of Buleighen?  
3 For he has killd a gallant squire,  
4 An 's friends are out to take him.

**213A.2**

1 Now he's gone to the house of Marr,  
2 Where the nourrice was his leman;  
3 To see his dear he did repair,  
4 Thinking she woud befriend him.

**213A.3**

1 'Where are you going, Sir James?' she says,  
2 'Or where now are you riding?'  
3 'O I am bound to a foreign land,  
4 For now I'm under hiding.

**213A.4**

1 'Where shall I go? Where shall I run?  
2 Where shall I go to hide me?  
3 For I have killd a gallant squire,  
4 And they're seeking to slay me.'

**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 woman true,  
4 I'll meet you in the dawing.'

**213A.6**

1 'I'll not go down to yon ale-house,  
2 For you to pay my lawing;  
3 There's forty shillings for one supper,  
4 I'll stay in 't till the dawing.'

**213A.7**

1 He's turnd 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 Milstrethen,  
3 Till four and twenty belted knights  
4 Came riding oer the Leathen.

**213A.9**

1 'O have you seen Sir James the Rose,  
2 The young heir of Buleighen?  
3 For he has killd a gallant squire,  
4 And we're sent out to take him.'

**213A.10**

1 'O 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 In the lowlands of Buleighan,  
3 And there they found Sir James the Rose,  
4 A sleeping in his brechan.

**213A.15**

1 Then out bespoke Sir John the Græme,  
2 Who had the charge a keeping;  
3 'It's neer be said, dear gentlemen,  
4 We'll kill him when he's sleeping.'

**213A.16**

1 They seizd his broadsword and his targe,  
2 And closely him surrounded;  
3 But when he wak'd out of his sleep,  
4 His senses were confounded.

**213A.17**

1 'O pardon, pardon, gentlemen!  
2 Have mercy now upon me!  
3 'Such as you gave, such you shall have,  
4 And so we'll fall upon thee.'

**213A.18**

1 'Donald my man, wait me upon,  
2 And I'll give you my brechan,  
3 And, if you stay here till I die,  
4 You'll get my trews of tartan.'

**213A.19**

1 'There is fifty pounds in my pocket,  
2 Besides my trews and brechan;  
3 You'll get my watch and diamond ring;  
4 And take me to Loch Largon.'

**213A.20**

1 Now they have taken out his heart  
2 And stuck it on a spear,  
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 breaxt, and wrung her hands,  
4 Crying, 'What now have I acted!

**213A.22**

1 'Sir James the Rose, now for thy sake  
2 O but my heart's a breaking!  
3 Curst be the day I did thee betray,  
4 Thou brave knight of Buleighen.'

**213A.23**

1 Then up she rose, and forth she goes,  
2 All in that fatal hour,  
3 And bodily was born away,  
4 And never was seen more.

**213A.24**

1 But where she went was never kend,  
2 And so, to end the matter,  
3 A traitor's end, you may depend,  
4 Can be expect'd no better.

**214A.1**

1 'I dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
2 That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
3 I dreamed I was pouing the heather green  
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.'

**214A.2**

1 'O true-love mine, stay still and dine,  
2 As ye ha done before, O;  
3 'O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
4 And frae the braes of Yarrow.'

**214A.3**

1 I dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
2 That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
3 I dreamed my luv came headless hame,  
4 O frae the braes of Yarrow!

**214A.4**

1 'O true-luv mine, stay still and dine,  
2 As ye ha done before, O;  
3 'O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
4 And frae the braes of Yarrow.'

**214A.5**

1 'O are ye going to hawke,' she says,  
2 'As ye ha done before, O?  
3 Or are ye going to weild your brand,  
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow?'

**214A.6**

1 'O I am not going to hawke,' he says,  
2 'As I have done before, O,  
3 But for to meet your brother Jhon,  
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.'

**214A.7**

1 As he gade down yon dowy den,  
2 Sorrow went him before, O;  
3 Nine well-wight men lay waiting him,  
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.

**214A.8**

1 'I have your sister to my wife,  
2 'Ye' think me an unmeet marrow;  
3 But yet one foot will I never flee  
4 Now frae the braes of Yarrow.'

**214A.9**

1 'Than' four he killd 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.'

**214A.10**

1 'Bot' a cowardly 'loon' came him behind,  
2 Our Lady lend him sorrow!  
3 And wi a rappier pierced his heart,  
4 And laid him low on Yarrow.'

**214A.11**

1 'Now Douglas' to his sister's gane,  
2 Wi meikle dule and sorrow:  
3 'Gae to your luv, sister,' he says,  
4 'He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'

**214A.12**

1 As she went down yon dowy den,  
2 Sorrow went her before, O;  
3 She saw her true-love lying slain  
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.'

**214A.13**

1 'She swoond thrice upon his breist  
2 That was her dearest marrow;  
3 Said, Ever alace and wae the day  
4 Thou wentst frae me to Yarrow!'

**214A.14**

1 She kist his mouth, she kaimed his hair,  
2 As she had done before, O ;  
3 She 'wiped' the blood that trickled down  
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.

**214A.15**

1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
2 It hang baith side and yellow;  
3 She tied it round 'Her' white hause-bane,  
4 'And tint her life on Yarrow.'

**214B.1**

1 THREE lords sat drinking at the wine  
2 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow,  
3 An there cam a dispute them between,  
4 Who was the Flower o Yarrow.

**214B.2**

1 'I'm wedded to your sister dear,  
2 Ye coont nae me your marrow;  
3 I stole her fae her father's back,  
4 An made her the Flower o Yarrow.'

**214B.3**

1 'Will ye try hearts, or will ye try hans,  
2 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow?  
3 Or will ye try the weel airmt sword,  
4 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow?'

**214B.4**

1 'I winna try hearts, I winna try hans,  
2 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow,  
3 But I will try the weel airmt sword,  
4 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'

**214B.5**

1 'Ye'll stay at home, my own good lord,  
2 Ye'll stay at home tomorrow;  
3 My brethren three they will slay thee,  
4 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'

**214B.6**

1 'Bonnie, bonnie shines the sun,  
2 An early sings the sparrow;  
3 Before the clock it will strinke nine  
4 An I'll be home tomorrow.'

**214B.7**

1 She's kissed his mouth, an combed his hair,  
2 As she had done before, O;  
3 She's dressed him in his noble bow,  
4 An he's awa to Yarrow.

**214B.8**

1 As he gaed up yon high, high hill,  
2 An doon the dens o Yarrow,  
3 An there he spied ten weel airmt men  
4 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.

**214B.9**

1 It's five he wounded, an five he slew,  
2 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow;  
3 There cam a squire out o the bush,  
4 An pierced his body thorough.

**214B.10**

1 'I dreamed a dream now sin the streen,  
2 God keep us a' fae sorrow!  
3 That my good lord was sleepin soun  
4 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'

**214B.11**

1 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 An tak it not in sorrow;  
3 I'll wed you wi as good a lord  
4 As you've lost this day in Yarrow.'

**214B.12**

1 'O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
2 An wed your sons wi sorrow;  
3 For a fairer flower neer sprang in May nor June  
4 Nor I've lost this day in Yarrow.'

**214B.13**

1 Fast did she gang, fast did she rin,  
2 Until she cam to Yarrow,  
3 An there she fan her own good lord,  
4 He was sleepin soun in Yarrow.

**214B.14**

1 She's taen three lachters o her hair,  
2 That hung doon her side sae bonny,  
3 An she's tied roon his middle tight,  
4 An she's carried him hame frae Yarrow.

**214B.15**

1 This lady being big wi child,  
2 She was fu a grief an sorrow;  
3 Her heart did break, and then she died,  
4 She did not live till morrow.

**214C.1**

1 THERE were three lords birling at the wine  
2 On the dowie downs o Yarrow;  
3 They made a compact them between  
4 They would go fight tomorrow.

**214C.2**

1 'Thou took our sister to be thy bride,  
2 And thou neer thocht her thy marrow;  
3 Thou stealed her frae her daddie's back,  
4 When she was the rose o Yarrow.'

**214C.3**

1 'Yes, I took thy sister to be my bride,  
2 And I made her my marrow;  
3 I stealed her frae her daddie's back,  
4 And she's still the rose o 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 wash his face, she kamed his hair,  
2 As she had dune before, O;  
3 She dressed him up in his armour clear,  
4 Sent him furth to fight on 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 your words,  
4 That you're not the rose o 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 I came not here to eat in my words,  
4 For I'm still the rose o Yarrow.'

**214C.10**

1 Then they a' begoud to fight,  
2 I wad they focht 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 As ye have done before, O,  
3 And tell it to my gay lady  
4 That I soundly sleep on Yarrow.'

**214C.12**

1 His man John he has gane hame,  
2 As he had dune before, O,  
3 And told it to his gay lady,  
4 That he soundly slept on Yarrow.

**214C.13**

1 'I dreamd a dream now since the streen,  
2 God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
3 That my lord and I was pu'ing the heather green  
4 From the dowie downs o Yarrow.'

**214C.14**

1 Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gaed,  
2 As she had dune before, O,  
3 And aye between she fell in a soune,  
4 Lang or she cam to Yarrow.

**214C.15**

1 Her hair it was five quarters lang,  
2 'Twas like the gold for yellow;  
3 She twisted it round his milk-white hand,  
4 And she's drawn him hame from Yarrow.

**214C.16**

1 Out and spak her father dear,  
2 Says, What needs a' this sorrow?  
3 For I'll get you a far better lord  
4 Than ever died on Yarrow.

**214C.17**

1 'O hold your tongue, father,' she said,  
2 'For ye've bred a' my sorrow;  
3 For that rose'll neer spring sae sweet in May  
4 As that rose I lost on Yarrow.'

**214D.1**

1 THERE were three lords drinking of wine  
2 On the bonny braes 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 'Oh stay at hame,' his lady said,  
2 'Oh stay untill 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 dowie deans of Yarrow.'

**214D.6**

1 As he went up yon high, high hill,  
2 Down the dowie 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 dowie deans of Yarrow,  
3 But an English-man out of a bush  
4 Shot at him 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 I am sleeping sound on Yarrow.'

**214D.9**

1 'Sister, sister, I dreamd a dream——  
2 You read a dream to gude, O!  
3 That I was puing the heather green  
4 On the bonny braes 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 And I wot it was wi sorrow,  
3 And she's gane up yon high, high hill,  
4 Down the dowie deans of 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 fow of grief and sorrow;  
3 For a fairer flower ne<v>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 died lang or the morrow.

**214E.1**

1 LATE in een, drinkin the wine,  
2 Or early in a mornin,  
3 The set a combat them between,  
4 To fight it in the dawnin.

**214E.2**

1 'O stay at hame, my noble lord!  
2 O stay at hame, my marrow!  
3 My cruel brother will you betray,  
4 On the dowie houms o Yarrow.'

**214E.3**

1 'O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!  
2 O fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
3 For I maun gae, tho I neer return  
4 Frae the dowie banks o Yarrow.'

**214E.4**

1 She kissd 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 hill——  
2 I wat he gaed wi sorrow——  
3 An in a den spied nine armd men,  
4 I the dowie houms o Yarrow.

**214E.6**

1 'O ir ye come to drink the wine,  
2 As ye hae doon before, O?  
3 Or ir ye come to wield the brand,  
4 On the bonny banks o Yarrow?'

**214E.7**

1 'I im no come to drink the wine,  
2 As I hae don before, O,  
3 But I im come to wield the brand,  
4 On the dowie houms o Yarrow.'

**214E.8**

1 Four he hurt, an five he slew,  
2 On the dowie 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 sleepin sound on Yarrow.'

**214E.10**

1 'Yestreen I dreamd a dolefu dream;  
2 I kend there wad be sorrow;  
3 I dreamd I pu'd the heather green,  
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.'

**214E.11**

1 She gaed up yon high, high hill——  
2 I wat she gaed wi sorrow——  
3 An in a den spy'd nine dead men,  
4 On the dowie houms o Yarrow.

**214E.12**

1 She kissd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,  
2 As of she did before, O;  
3 She drank the red blood frae him ran,  
4 On the dowie houms o Yarrow.

**214E.13**

1 'O haud your tongue, my douchter 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 haud 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 When 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 i the dawnin.

**214F.2**

1 She's kissd 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 hill——  
2 A wait he's gane wi sorrow——  
3 An in a den he spied nine armd men,  
4 On the dowie banks 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 ane an equal marrow;  
3 Now wale the best, I'll take the warst,  
4 An, man for man, I'll try ye.'

**214F.6**

1 He has slain a' the nine men,  
2 A ane an equal marrow,  
3 But up there startit a stubborn lord,  
4 That gard him sleep on Yarrow.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**214F.7**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my sister Anne,  
2 An tell yer sister Sarah  
3 That she may gang and seek her lord,  
4 He's lyin sleepin on Yarrow.'

**214F.8**

1 'I dreamd a dream now sin yestreen,  
2 I thought it wad be sorrow;  
3 I thought I was pouin the hether green  
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.'

**214F.9**

1 Then she's away oer yon high hill——  
2 I wat she's gane wi sorrow——  
3 And in a den she's spy'd ten slain men,  
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

**214F.10**

1 'My love was a' clad oer last night  
2 Wi the finest o the tartan,  
3 But now he's a' clad oer wi red,  
4 An he's red bluid to the garten.'

**214F.11**

1 She's kissd his lips, she's caimd his hair,  
2 As she had done before, O;  
3 She drank the red bluid that frae him ran,  
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

**214F.12**

1 'Tak hame your ousen, father, and yer kye,  
2 For they've bred muckle sorrow;  
3 I wiss that they had a' gaen mad  
4 Afore they came to Yarrow.'

**214F.13**

1 'O haud yer tongue, my daughter dear,  
2 For this breeds ay but sorrow;  
3 I'll wed you to a better lord  
4 Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

**214F.14**

1 'O haud yer tongue, my father dear,  
2 For ye but breed mair sorrow;  
3 A better rose will never spring  
4 Than him I've lost on Yarrow.'

**214F.15**

1 This lady being big wi child,  
2 An fu o lamentation,  
3 She died within her father's arms,  
4 Amang this stubborn nation.

**214G.1**

1 ' , , , , , '  
1 SHE kissd his mouth and she combd his hair,  
2 As she had done before, O,  
3 She belted him in his noble broun,  
4 Before he went to Yarrow.

**214G.2**

1 O he's gone up yon high, [high] hill——  
2 I wat it was with sorrow——  
3 In a den he spied nine weal armd men,  
4 On the bonny banks of Yarrow.

**214G.3**

1 'I see that you are nine for one,  
2 Which are of an unequal marrow;  
3 As lang's I'm able to wield my bran,  
4 I'll fight and be your marrow.'

**214G.4**

1 O he has killed them a' but one,  
2 Which bred to him great sorrow;  
3 For up and rose that stubborn lord,  
4 Made him sleep sound in Yarrow.

**214G.5**

1 'Rise up, rise up, my daughter Ann,  
2 Go tell your sister Sarah  
3 She may rise up go lift her lord;  
4 He's sleeping sound in Yarrow.'

**214G.6**

1 She's gone up yon high, high hill——  
2 I wat it was with sorrow——  
3 And in a den she spied nine slain men,  
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

**214G.7**

1 O she kissed his mouth, and she combd his hair,  
2 As she had done before, O;  
3 She drank the bleed that from him ran,  
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

**214G.8**

1 'Take hame your oxen, tak hame your kye,  
2 They've bred to me great sorrow;  
3 I wish they had all now gone mad  
4 First when they came to Yarrow.'

**214G.9**

1 'O hold your tongue now, daughter dear,  
2 These words to me 's great sorrow;  
3 I'll wed you on a better lord  
4 Than you have lost on Yarrow.'

**214G.10**

1 'O hold your tongue now, father dear,  
2 These words to me 's great sorrow;  
3 A brighter O shall there never spread  
4 Than I have lost in Yarrow.'

**214G.11**

1 This lady being big with child,  
2 And full of lamentation,  
3 She died unto her father's arms,  
4 Among the stubborn nation.

**214H.1**

1 'Twas late at evening drinking wine,  
2 And early in the morning,  
3 He set a combat them among,  
4 And he fought it in the morning.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**214H.2**

1 'I have two swords by my side,  
2 They cost me both gold and money;  
3 Take ye the best, I'll take the worst,  
4 Come man for man, I'll try ye.'

**214H.3**

1 He has foughten them all round,  
2 His equal man and marrow,  
3 While up bespake the stubborn lord,  
4 'He's made them sleep in Yarrow.'

**214H.4**

1 He says, Go home, my daughter Ann,  
2 And tell your sister Sarah  
3 To come and lift her stubborn lord;  
4 The lad's made him sleep in Yarrow.

**214H.5**

1 As she gaed up yon high, high hill,  
2 I wot she gaed right sorrow,  
3 And in a den spied nine well armd men,  
4 In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

**214H.6**

1 'My love was dressd in the finest robes,  
2 And of the finest tartan,  
3 And now he's a' clad oer wi red,  
4 He's bloody to the gartan!'

**214H.7**

1 'O hold yer tongue, daughter!' he says,  
2 'That would breed but sorrow;  
3 Ye shall be wed to a finer lord  
4 Than the one you've lost in Yarrow.'

**214H.8**

1 'Hold your tongue, father!' she says,  
2 'For that will breed but sorrow;  
3 A finer lord can neer be born  
4 Than the one I've lost in Yarrow.'

**214H.9**

1 'Take hame yer ox, and take hame yer kye,  
2 You've bred me muckle sorrow;  
3 I wish they'd a' gane mad that day,  
4 That day they came to Yarrow.'

**214H.10**

1 This woman being big wi child,  
2 And full of lamentation,  
3 She died into her father's arms,  
4 Among that stubborn nation.

**214I.1**

1 TEN lords sat drinking at the wine  
2 Intill a morning early;  
3 There fell a combat them among,  
4 It must be fought, nae parley.

**214I.2**

1 'O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!  
2 O stay, my ain dear marrow!  
3 'Sweetest min, I will be thine,  
4 An dine wi you tomorrow.'

**214I.3**

1 She kissd his lips, an combed his hair,  
2 As she had done before O,  
3 Gied him a brand down by his side,  
4 An he is on to Yarrow.

**214I.4**

1 As he gaed oer yon dowey knowe,  
2 As he had dane before O,  
3 Nine armed men lay in a den,  
4 Upo the braes o Yarrow.

**214I.5**

1 'O came ye here to hunt or hawk,  
2 As ye had dane before O?  
3 Or came ye here to wiel your brand,  
4 Upo the braes o Yarrow?'

**214I.6**

1 'I came nae here to hunt nor hawk,  
2 As I hae done before O;  
3 But I came here to wiel my brand,  
4 Upo the braes o Yarrow?'

**214I.7**

1 Four he hurt, an five he slew,  
2 Till down it fell himsell O;  
3 There stood a fause lord him behin,  
4 Who thrust his body thorrow.

**214I.8**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my brother John,  
2 An tell your sister sorrow;  
3 Your mither woud come take up her son,  
4 Aff o the braes o Yarrow.'

**214I.9**

1 As he gaed oer yon high, high hill,  
2 As he had dane before O,  
3 There he met his sister dear,  
4 Came rinnin fast to Yarrow.

**214I.10**

1 'I dreamd a dream last night,' she says,  
2 'I wish it binna sorrow;  
3 I dreamd I was puing the heather green  
4 Upo the braes o Yarrow.'

**214I.11**

1 'I'll read your dream, sister,' he says,  
2 'I'll read it into sorrow;  
3 Ye're bidden gae take up your luve,  
4 He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'

**214I.12**

1 She's torn the ribbons frae her head——  
2 They were baith thick an narrow——  
3 She's kilted up her green claiting,  
4 An she's awa to Yarrow.

**214I.13**

1 She's taen him in her arms twa,  
2 An gaen him kisses thorough,  
3 An wi her tears she bath'd his wounds,  
4 Upo the braes o Yarrow.

**214I.14**

1 Her father, looking oer the castle-wa,  
2 Beheld his daughter's sorrow;  
3 'O had your tongue, daughter,' he says,  
4 'An lat be a' your sorrow!  
5 I'll wed you wi a better lord  
6 Than he that died on Yarrow.'

**214I.15**

1 'O had your tongue, father,' she says,  
2 'An lat be till tomorrow!  
3 A better lord there couldna be  
4 Than he that died on Yarrow.'

**214I.16**

1 She kissd his lips, an combd his hair,  
2 As she had done before O,  
3 An wi a crack her head did brack,  
4 Upo the braes o Yarrow.

**214J.1**

1 IN Thoro town there lives a maid,  
2 I am sure she has no marrow;  
3 For she has forsaken both lords and knights,  
4 And loved a servant-lad in Galla.

**214J.2**

1 Evening and morning her page he ran,  
2 Her page he ran wi sorrow,  
3 With letters bound, just frae the town,  
4 To the servant-lad in Galla.

**214J.3**

1 Her father he got word of that,  
2 And he's bred all her sorrow;  
3 He sent him forth to fight wi nine,  
4 In the dowie glens of Yarrow.

**214J.4**

1 She washd his face, she combd his hair,  
2 She thought he had no marrow;  
3 Wi a trusty rapier by his side,  
4 She sent him forth to Yarrow.

**214J.5**

1 She's taen fareweel of him that day,  
2 As she had done before, O,  
3 And she's comd back to her bonny bower,  
4 But her love's away to Yarrow.

**214J.6**

1 He wanderd up, he wandred down,  
2 His heart was full of sorrow;  
3 There he spied nine gentlemen,  
4 Watering their steeds in Yarrow.

**214J.7**

1 'O come away, young man,' they said,  
2 'I'm sure ye'r no our marrow;  
3 Ye'r welcome here, young man,' they said,  
4 'For the bonny lass o Thorro.'

**214J.8**

1 'Nine against one, weel do ye ken,  
2 That's no an equal marrow;  
3 Yet for my love's sake I'll venture my life,  
4 In the dowie glens of Yarrow.'

**214J.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 of Thorro!

**214J.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.

**214J.11**

1 'I have dreamd a dream, father,  
2 I doubt I have dreamd for sorrow;  
3 I dreamd I was pouing the heather green  
4 Wi my true love in Yarrow.'

**214J.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.'

**214J.13**

1 She's calld on her maidens then——  
2 Her heart was full of sorrow——  
3 And she's away wi her maidens twa,  
4 To the dowie glens o Yarrow.

**214J.14**

1 She wandered up, she wandred down,  
2 In the dowie glens of Yarrow,  
3 And there she spied her lobe lying sound,  
4 In a heather-bush in Yarrow.

**214J.15**

1 She's washd hin in the clear well-strand,  
2 She's dry'd him wi the holland,  
3 And aye she sighd, and said, Alass!  
4 For my love I had him chosen.

**214J.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.

**214J.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.'

**214J.18**

1 'O you may wed a' your seven sons,  
2 I wish you may wed them in sorrow;  
3 O you may wed a' your seven sons,  
4 For you'll neer wed the bonny lass of Thorro.'

**214J.19**

1 This lady being big wi child,  
2 And her heart was full wi sorrow,  
3 She died between her father's arms,  
4 In the bonny house of Thorro.

**214K.1**

1 THERE lived a lady in the south,  
2 She thought she had not her marrow;  
3 And she was courted by nine gentlemen,  
4 In the dowie dens in Yarrow.

**214K.2**

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.

**214K.3**

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.'

**214K.4**

1 She washd his face, she combd his hair,  
2 Her heart being full of sorrow,  
3 With a rusted rapier down by his side,  
4 To fight his foes in Yarrow.

**214K.5**

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.

**214K.6**

1 'Ye'r 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.'

**214K.7**

1 Four he has wounded, five he has slain,  
2 He left then a' sound in Yarrow;  
3 He turned him round with rejoyfull looks,  
4 Says, I wone the lady of Thoro.

**214K.8**

1 Up then spoke her father dear,  
2 Who bred them a' this sorrow;  
3 He's taen out a broadsword and run him  
through,  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

**214K.9**

1 'I dreamd a dream last night,' she says,  
2 'I fear it is for sorrow;  
3 I dreamd I was pulling the heather green  
4 With my true love in Yarrow.'

**214K.10**

1 'I'll read your dream now, daughter dear,  
2 I fear it is for sorrow;  
3 You will find your true-love lying sound,  
4 In a heather bush in Yarrow.'

**214K.11**

1 She's ridden east, she's ridden west,  
2 She's ridden into Yarrow;  
3 There she found her true lover sound,  
4 In a heather bush in Yarrow.

**214K.12**

1 His hair it was five quarters lang,  
2 It was baith lang and yellow;  
3 She's tied it to her horse's mane,  
4 She's trailed him home from Yarrow.

**214K.13**

1 'O woe be to you, father dear!  
2 You've bred me all this sorrow;  
3 So she died between her father's arms,  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'

**214L.1**

1 AT Dryhope lived a lady fair,  
2 The fairest flower in Yarrow,  
3 And she refused nine noble men  
4 For a servan lad in Gala.

**214L.2**

1 Her father said that he should fight  
2 The nine lords all to-morrow,  
3 And he that should the victor be  
4 Would get the Rose of Yarrow.

**214L.3**

1 Quoth he, You're nine, an I'm but ane,  
2 And in that there's no much marrow;  
3 Yet I shall fecht ye, man for man,  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

**214L.4**

1 She kissed his lips, and combed his hair,  
2 As oft she'd done before, O,  
3 An set him on her milk-white steed,  
4 Which bore him on to Yarrow.

**214L.5**

1 When he got oer yon high, high hill,  
2 An down the dens o Yarrow,  
3 There did he see the nine lords all,  
4 But there was not one his marrow.

**214L.6**

1 'Now here ye're nine, an I'm but ane,  
2 But yet I am not sorrow;  
3 For here I'll fecht ye, man for man,  
4 For my true love in Yarrow.'

**214L.7**

1 Then he wheeld round, and fought so fierce  
2 Till the seventh fell in Yarrow,  
3 When her brother sprang from a bush behind,  
4 And ran his body thorough.

**214L.8**

1 He never spoke more words than these,  
2 An they were words o sorrow;  
3 'Ye may tell my true love, if ye please,  
4 That I'm sleepin sound in Yarrow.'

**214L.9**

1 They've taen the young man by the heels  
2 And trailed him like a harrow,  
3 And then they flung the comely youth  
4 In a whirlpool o Yarrow.

**214L.10**

1 The lady said, I dreamd yestreen——  
2 I fear it bodes some sorrow——  
3 That I was pu'in the heather green  
4 On the scroggy braes o Yarrow.'

**214L.11**

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.12**

1 Then she rode oer yon gloomy height,  
2 An her heart was fu o sorrow,  
3 But only saw the clud o night,  
4 Or heard the roar o Yarrow.

**214L.13**

1 But she wandered east, so did she wast,  
2 And searched the forest thorough,  
3 Until she spied her ain true love,  
4 Lyin deeply drowned in Yarrow.

**214L.14**

1 His hair it was five quarters lang,  
2 Its colour was the yellow;  
3 She twined it round her lily hand,  
4 And drew him out o Yarrow.

**214L.15**

1 She kissed his lips, and combed his head,  
2 As oft she'd done before, O;  
3 She laid hin oer her milk-white steed,  
4 An bore him home from Yarrow.

**214L.16**

1 She washed his wounds in yon well-strand,  
2 And dried him wi the hollan,  
3 And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!  
4 For my love I had him chosen.

**214L.17**

1 'Go hold your tongue,' her father said,  
2 'There's little cause for sorrow;  
3 I'll wed ye on a better lad  
4 Than ye hae lost in Yarrow.'

**214L.18**

1 'Haud your ain tongue, my faither dear,  
2 I canna help my sorrow;  
3 A fairer flower neer sprang in May  
4 Than I hae lost in Yarrow.'

**214L.19**

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 drowned in Yarrow.'

**214L.20**

1 An aye she screighed, and cried Alas!  
2 Till her heart did break wi sorrow,  
3 An sank into her faither's arms,  
4 Mang the dowie dens o Yarrow.

**214M.1**

1 O AY he sat, and ay he drank,  
2 An ay he counted the laying,  
3 An ay he drank to the lass'es health  
4 Was to meet him in the dawning.

**214M.2**

1 Up he gaes on yon high, high hill,  
2 An a wat he geas wi sorrow,  
3 An in a den he spy'd nine well armd men,  
4 On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

**214M.3**

1 'Oh woe be to young women's wit!  
2 For the've bred to me meikle sorrow;  
3 She promisd for to meet me here,  
4 An she's sent nine men to slay me.

**214M.4**

1 'But there is two swords in my scabba<rd],  
2 They cost me gold and money;  
3 Tak ye the best, and I'll tak the wa<rst],  
4 An come man for man, I'll not fly yo<u].'

**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 dreamd a dream,  
2 God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
3 I dreamd I was powing the heather green  
4 In the dowie banks of Yarrow.'

**214M.7**

1 Up she gaes on yon high, high hill,  
2 An a wat she gaes with sorrow,  
3 An in a den she spy'd 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 oer in tartan;  
3 But now he's a' clad oer in red,  
4 An he's a' blood to the gartin.'

**214M.9**

1 She kist his mouth, an she's combd 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 wed 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.'

**214N.1**

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.

**214N.2**

1 'O come down, come down, my true-love  
Anne,  
2 And speak but ae word to me!  
3 But ae kiss o your bonny mouth  
4 Wad yield much comfort to me.'

**214N.3**

1 'O how can I come down?' she says,  
2 'Or how can I win to thee?  
3 When there is nane that I can trust  
4 Wad safe convey me to thee.

**214N.4**

1 'But gang doun, gang doun, to yon hostess'  
house,  
2 And there take on yere lawing,  
3 And, as I'm a woman kind and true,  
4 I'll meet you at the dawing.'

**214N.5**

1 Then he gade thro the good green-wood,  
2 And oer the moor sae eerie,  
3 And lang he stayd, and sair he sighd,  
4 But he never mair saw his dearie.

**214N.6**

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 dawing.

**214N.7**

1 'O she promisd ance to meet me this night,  
2 But I find she deceived me;  
3 She promisd ance to meet me this night,  
4 And she's sent fifteen to slay me!

**214N.8**

1 'There are twa swords in my scabard,  
2 They cost me gowd and money;  
3 Take ye the best, and gie me the warst,  
4 And man for man I'll try ye.'

**214N.9**

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 dawing.

**214N.10**

1 Then he's away to his sister Anne,  
2 To the chamber where's she's lying:  
3 'Come down, come down, my sister Anne,  
4 And take up your true-love Jamie!

**214N.11**

1 'Come down, come down now, sister Anne!  
2 For he's sleeping in yon logie;  
3 Sound, sound he sleeps, nae mair to wake,  
4 And nae mair need ye be vogie.'

**214N.12**

1 'I dreamd a drearie dream yestreen,  
2 Gin it be true, it will prove my sorrow;  
3 I dreamd my luive had lost his life,  
4 Within the yetts o Gowrie.

**214N.13**

1 'O wae betide ye, lassies o Gowrie  
2 For ye hae sleepit soundly;  
3 Gin ye had keepit your yetts shut,  
4 Ye might hae sav'd the life o my Jamie.

**214N.14**

1 'Yestreen my luive had a suit o claise  
2 Were o the finest tartan;  
3 But lang or ere the day did daw  
4 They war a' red bluid to the garten.

**214N.15**

1 'Yestreen my luive had a suit o claise  
2 Were o the apple reamin;  
3 But lang or ere the day did daw  
4 The red bluid had them streamin.'

**214N.16**

1 In yon fair ha, where the winds did blaw,  
2 When the moon shone fair and clearly,  
3 She's thravn her green skirt oer her head,  
4 And ay she cried out mercy.

**214O.1**

1 'I DREAMD a dreary dream last night,  
2 God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
3 I dreamd I pu'd the birk sae green  
4 Wi my true love on Yarrow.'

**214O.2**

1 'I'll read your dream, my sister dear,  
2 I'll tell you a' your sorrow;  
3 You pu'd the birk wi your true love,  
4 He's killd, he's killd on Yarrow!'

**214O.3**

1 'O gentle wind, that blaweth south  
2 To where my love repaireth,  
3 Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
4 And tell me how he fareth!

**214O.4**

1 'But oer yon glen run armed men,  
2 Have wrought me dule and sorrow;  
3 They've slain, they've slain the comliest swain,  
4 He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

**214P.1**

1 'GET up, get up now, sister Ann,  
2 I fear we've wrought you sorrow;  
3 Get up, ye'll find your true love slain,  
4 Among the banks of Yarrow.'

**214P.2**

1 'I made my love a suit of clothes,  
2 I clad him all in tartan,  
3 But ere the morning sun arose,  
4 He was a' bluid to the gartan.'

**214[Q.1]**

1 There lived a lady in the West,  
2 I neer could find her marrow;  
3 She was courted by nine gentlemen,  
4 And a ploughboy-lad in Yarrow.

**214[Q.2]**

1 These nine sat drinking at the wine,  
2 Sat drinking wine in Yarrow;  
3 They made a vow among themselves  
4 To fight for her in Yarrow.

**214[Q.3]**

1 She washed his face, she kaimed his hair,  
2 As oft she'd done before, O,  
3 She made him like a knight sae bright,  
4 To fight for her in Yarrow.

**214[Q.4]**

1 As he walked up yon high, high hill,  
2 And down by the holmes of Yarrow,  
3 There he saw nine armèd men,  
4 Come to fight with him in Yarrow.

**214[Q.5]**

1 'There's nine of you, there's one of me,  
2 It's an unequal marrow;  
3 But I'll fight you all one by one,  
4 On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

**214[Q.6]**

1 Three he slew, and three they flew,  
2 And three he wounded sorely,  
3 Till her brother John he came in beyond,  
4 And pierced his heart most foully.

**214[Q.7]**

1 'Go home, go home, thou false young man,  
2 And tell thy sister Sarah  
3 That her true-love John lies dead and gone  
4 On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

**214[Q.8]**

1 'O father dear, I dreamd a dream,  
2 I'm afraid it will bring sorrow;  
3 I dreamd I was pulling the heather-bell  
4 In the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

**214[Q.9]**

1 'O daughter dear, I read your dream,  
2 I doubt it will prove sorrow;  
3 For your true-love John lies dead and gone  
4 On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

**214[Q.10]**

1 As she walked up yon high, high hill,  
2 And down by the holmes of Yarrow,  
3 There she saw her true-love John,  
4 Lying pale and dead on Yarrow.

**214[Q.11]**

1 Her hair it being three quarters long--  
2 The colour it was yellow--  
3 She wrapped it round his middle sma,  
4 And carried him hame to Yarrow.

**214[Q.12]**

1 'O father dear, you've seven sons,  
2 You may wed them a' tomorrow,  
3 But a fairer flower I never saw  
4 Than the lad I loved in Yarrow.'

**214[Q.13]**

1 The fair maid being great with child,  
2 It filled her heart with sorrow;  
3 She died within her lover's arms,  
4 Between that day and morrow.

**214[R.1]**

1 There were three lords drinking at the wine  
2 In the Leader Haughs of Yarrow:  
3 'Shall we go play at cards and dice,  
4 As we have done before, O?  
5 Or shall we go play at the single sword,  
6 In the Leader Haughs of Yarrow?'  
7 '\*\*\*\*\*'

**214[R.2]**

1 Three he wounded, and five he slew,  
2 As he had [done] before, O,  
3 But an English lord lap from a bush,  
4 And he proved all the sorrow;  
5 He had a spear three quarters long,  
6 And her thrust his body thorough.  
7 '\*\*\*\*\*'

**214[R.3]**

1 'I dreamd . . .  
2 I wis it prove nae sorrow!  
3 I dreamd I was puing the apples green  
4 In the dowie howms o Yarrow.'

**214[R.4]**

1 'O sister, sister, I'll read your dream,  
2 And I'll read it in sorrow;  
3 Ye may gae bring hame your ain true-love,  
4 For he's sleepin sound in Yarrow.'

**214[R.5]**

1 She sought him east, she sought him west,  
2 She sought him all the forest thorough;  
3 She found him asleep at the middle yett,  
4 In the dowie howms o Yarrow.

**214[R.6]**

1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
2 And the colour of it was yellow;  
3 She's bound it round his middle waist,  
4 And borne him hame from Yarrow.

**214[S.1]**

1 There lived a lady in the South,  
2 Ye would scarcely find her marrow;  
3 She was courted by nine gentlemen  
4 An a ploughman-lad frae Yarrow.

**214[S.2]**

1 Ae nicht the nine sat drinkin wine  
2 To the lass wha had nae marrow,  
3 When the ploughman swore, tho they were a  
score  
4 He wad fecht them a' in Yarrow.

**214[S.3]**

1 It's he's gane ower yon high, high hill,  
2 And doon yon glen sae narrow,  
3 An there he saw nine armèd men,  
4 To fecht wi him in Yarrow.

**214[S.4]**

1 'There's nine o you an I'm but ane,  
2 An that's an unequal marrow,  
3 But wi this gude blade and powerfu arm  
4 I'll lay you low on Yarrow.'

**214[S.5]**

1 It's three he slew, and three withdrew,  
2 And three lay dead on Yarrow,  
3 But in behind cam her brother John,  
4 An pierced his body thorough.

**214[S.6]**

1 'Gae hame, gae hame, you fause young man,  
2 An tell your sister sorrow,  
3 That her true-love John lies dead and gone  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'

**214[S.7]**

1 'O father dear, I've dreamed a dream,  
2 I'm feared it will prove sorrow;  
3 I dreamed I was puin the heather-bells sweet  
4 On the bonny braes o Yarrow.'

**214[S.8]**

1 'O daughter dear, your dream is read,  
2 I'm feared it will prove sorrow;  
3 Your true-love John lies dead and gone  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'

**214[S.9]**

1 It's she's gane ower yon high, high hill,  
2 An doon yon glen sae narrow,  
3 An there she saw her true-love John  
4 Lyin cauld an dead on Yarrow.

**214[S.10]**

1 She washed his face an combed his hair,  
2 Wi muckle grief an sorrow,  
3 pshe rowed him i the plaid she wore,  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

**214[S.11]**

1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
2 The colour being yellow;  
3 She tied it round his middle sma,  
4 An carried him hame frae Yarrow.

**214[S.12]**

1 'O daughter dear, I pray forbear,  
2 I'll wed you to another marrow;  
3 I'll wed you to some fitter match  
4 Than the lad that died on Yarrow.'

**214[S.13]**

1 'O father dear, you hae seven sons,  
2 Should you wed them a' to-morrow,  
3 A fairer flower never grew in June  
4 Than the lad that died on Yarrow.'

**214[S.14]**

1 This lady, being six months with child  
2 To the ploughman lad of Yarrow,  
3 She fell into her father's arms  
4 An died wi grief on Yarrow.

**215A.1**

1 'WILLY'S rare, and Willy's fair,  
2 And Willy's wondrous bony,  
3 And Willy hegt to marry me,  
4 Gin eer he marryd ony.

**215A.2**

1 'Yestreen I made my bed fu brade,  
2 The night I'll make it narrow,  
3 For a' the live-long winter's night  
4 I lie twin'd of my marrow.

**215A.3**

1 'O came you by yon water-side?  
2 Pu'd you the rose or lilly?  
3 Or came you by yon meadow green?  
4 Or saw you my sweet Willy?'

**215A.4**

1 She sought him east, she sought him west,  
2 She sought him brade and narrow;  
3 Sine, in the clifing of a craig,  
4 She found him drownd in Yarrow.

**215B.1**

1 SHE sought him east, she sought him west,  
2 She sought him braid and narrow,  
3 Till in the clintin of a craig  
4 She found him drownd in Yarrow.

**215B.2**

1 She's taen three links of her yellow hair,  
2 That hung down lang and yellow,  
3 And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,  
4 An drawn him out of Yarrow.

**215C.1**

1 'WILLIE'S fair, an Willie's rare,  
2 An Willie's wondrous bonny,  
3 An Willie's promised to marry me,  
4 If eer he marry ony.'

**215C.2**

1 'O sister dear, I've dreamed a dream,  
2 I'm afraid it's unco sorrow;  
3 I dreamed I was pu'in the heather green,  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'

**215C.3**

1 'O sister dear, I'll read your dream,  
2 I'm afraid it will be sorrow;  
3 Ye'll get a letter ere it's een  
4 Your lover's drownd in Yarrow.'

**215C.4**

1 She socht him up, she socht him doun,  
2 In mickle dule an sorrow;  
3 She found him neath a buss o brume,  
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

**215C.5**

1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
2 Its colour it was yellow;  
3 She tied it to his middle sma,  
4 An pu'ed him oot o Yarrow.

**215C.6**

1 'My bed it was made wide yestreen,  
2 The nicht it sall be narrow;  
3 There's neer a man lie by my side  
4 Since Willie's drownd in Yarrow.'

**215D.1**

1 'WILLIE'S fair, and Willie's rare,  
2 An he is wondrous bonnie,  
3 An Willie has promist to marry me,  
4 Gin ever he marry ony.'

**215D.2**

1 'Ye's get Jammie, or ye's [get] Johnnie,  
2 Or ye's get bonny Peter;  
3 Ye's get the wale o a' my sons,  
4 But leave me Willie the writer.'

**215D.3**

1 'I winna hae Jamie, I winna hae Johnie,  
2 I winna hae bonny Peter;  
3 I winna hae ony o a' your sons,  
4 An I get na Willie the writer.'

**215D.4**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 There was threescore and ten brisk young men  
4 Was boun to briddal-stool wi him:

**215D.5**

1 'Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',  
2 I forgot something behind me;  
3 I forgot my mither's blessing,  
4 To hae to bride-stool wi me.'

**215D.6**

1 'God's blessin an mine gae wi ye, Willie,  
2 God's blessing an mine gae wi ye;  
3 For ye're nae ane hour but bare nineteen,  
4 Fan ye're gauin to meet your Meggie.'

**215D.7**

1 They rode on, and farther on,  
2 Till they came to the water o Gamrie,  
3 An they a' wan safe through,  
4 Unless it was sweet Willie.

**215D.8**

1 The first ae step that Willie's horse steppit,  
2 He steppit to the bridle;  
3 The next ae step that Willie's horse steppit,  
4 Toom grew Willie's saddle.

**215D.9**

1 They rod on, an farther on,  
2 Till they came to the kirk of Gamrie.  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**215D.10**

1 Out spak the bonny bride,  
2 . . . .  
3 'Whar is the man that's to gie me his han  
4 This day at the kirk of Gamrie?'

**215D.11**

1 Out spak his brother John,  
2 An O bat he was sorrile!  
3 'It fears me much, my bonny bride,  
4 He sleeps oure soun in Gamerie.'

**215D.12**

1 The ribbons that were on her hair——  
2 An they were thick and monny——  
3 She rive them a', let them down fa,  
4 An is on [to] the water o Gamerie.

**215D.13**

1 She sought it up, she sought it down,  
2 She sought it braid and narrow;  
3 An in the deepest pot o Gamerie,  
4 There she got sweet Willie.

**215D.14**

1 She has kissd his comely mouth,  
2 As she had done before [O]:  
3 'Baith our mithers sall be alike sorry,  
4 For we's baith sleep in Gamery.'

**215E.1**

1 'O WILLIE is fair, and Willie is rare,  
2 And Willie is wondrous bonny,  
3 And willie says he'll marry me,  
4 Gin ever he marry ony.'

**215E.2**

1 'O ye'se get James or ye'se get George,  
2 Or ye'se get bonny Johnnie;  
3 Ye'se get the flower o a' my sons,  
4 Gin ye'll forsake my Willie.'

**215E.3**

1 'O what care I for James or George,  
2 Or yet for bonny Peter?  
3 I dinna value their love a leek,  
4 An I getna Willie the writer.

**215E.4**

1 'O Willie has a bonny hand,  
2 And dear but it is bonny!  
3 'He has nae mair for a' his land;  
4 What woud ye do wi Willie?'

**215E.5**

1 'O Willie has a bonny face,  
2 And dear but it is bonny!  
3 'But Willie has nae other grace;  
4 What woud ye do wi Willie?'

**215E.6**

1 'Willie's fair, and Willie's rare,  
2 And Willie's wondrous bonny;  
3 There's nane wi him that can compare,  
4 I love him best of ony.'

**215E.7**

1 On Wednesday, that fatal day,  
2 The people were convening;  
3 Besides all this, threescore and ten,  
4 To gang to the bride-steel wi him.

**215E.8**

1 'Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',  
2 I've forgot something behind me;  
3 I've forgot to get my mother's blessing,  
4 To gae to the bride-steel wi me.'

**215E.9**

1 'Your Peggy she's but bare fifteen,  
2 And ye are scarcely twenty;  
3 The water o Gamery is wide and braid;  
4 My heavy curse gang wi thee!'

**215E.10**

1 Then they rode on, and further on,  
2 Till they came on to Gamery;  
3 The wind was loud, the stream was proud,  
4 And wi the stream gaed Willie.

**215E.11**

1 Then they rode on, and further on,  
2 Till they came to the kirk o Gamery;  
3 And every one on high horse sat,  
4 But Willie's horse rade toomly.

**215E.12**

1 When they were settled at that place,  
2 The people fell a mourning,  
3 And a council held amo them a',  
4 But sair, sair wept Kinmundy.



**215E.13**

1 Then out it speaks the bride hersell,  
2 Says, What means a' this mourning?  
3 Where is the man amo them a'  
4 That shoud gie me fair wedding?

**215E.14**

1 Then out it speaks his brother John,  
2 Says, Meg, I'll tell you plainly;  
3 The stream was strong, the clerk rade wrong,  
4 And Willie's drownd in Gamery.

**215E.15**

1 She put her hand up to her head,  
2 Where were the ribbons many;  
3 She rave them a', let them down fa',  
4 And straightway ran to Gamery.

**215E.16**

1 She sought it 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 Then she stroakd back his yellow hair,  
2 And kissd his mou sae comely;  
3 'My mother's heart's be as wae as thine!  
4 We'se baith asleep in the water o Gamery.'

**215F.1**

1 WHAN Willie was in his saddle set,  
2 And all his merry men wi him,  
3 'Stay still, stay still, my merry men all,  
4 I've forgot something behind me.

**215F.2**

1 'Gie me God's blessing an yours, mither,  
2 To hae me on to Gamery;  
3 Gie me God's blessing an yours, mither,  
4 To gae to the bride-stool wi me.'

**215F.3**

1 'I'll gie ye God's blessing an mine, Willie,  
2 To hae you on to Gamery;  
3 Ye's hae God's blessing an mine, Willie,  
4 To gae to the bride-stool wi you.

**215F.4**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'But Gamery it is wide and deep,  
4 An ye'll never see your wedding;'

**215F.5**

1 Some rede back, an some rede fore,  
2 An some rede on to Gamery;  
3 The bonniest knight's saddle among them all  
4 Aught me this day for wedding?

**215F.6**

1 Out it spake the bride hersell,  
2 Says, What makes all this riding?  
3 Where is the knight amongst you all  
4 Aught me this day for wedding?

**215F.7**

1 Out it spake the bridegroom's brother,  
2 Says, Margaret, I'll tell you plainly;  
3 The knight ye should hae been wedded on  
4 Is drownd in the Water o Gamery.

**215F.8**

1 She's torn the ribbons aff her head—  
2 They were baith thick and mony—  
3 She kilted up her green claiting,  
4 And she has passed the Gamery.

**215F.9**

1 She's plunged in, so did she down,  
2 That was baith black an jumly,  
3 And in the middle o that water  
4 She found her ain sweet Willie.

**215F.10**

1 She's taen him in her arms twa  
2 And gied him kisses many:  
3 'My mother's be as wae as thine!  
4 We'll baith lie in the Water o Gamery.'

**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 not wi thee.'

**215G.2**

1 'I canna stay, nor I winna stay,  
2 And let my bride tak Johnie;  
3 I canna stay, nor I winna stay,  
4 Though your blessing gaes na wi me.

**215G.3**

1 'I have a steed in my stable  
2 That cost me monie a pennie,  
3 And on that steed I winna dread  
4 To ride the water o Gemrie.'

**215G.4**

1 The firsten step that Willie stept,  
2 He steppit to the bellie;  
3 The wind blew loud, the stream ran proud,  
4 And awa wi it gaed Willie.

**215G.5**

1 And when the bride gaed to the kirk,  
2 Into the kirk o Ganrie,  
3 She cuist her ee among them a',  
4 But she sawna her love Willie.

**215G.6**

1 Out and spak her auld brither,  
2 Saying, Peggie, I will tell thee;  
3 The man ye should been married till  
4 Lyes in the water o Gemrie.

**215G.7**

1 She tore the ribbons aff her head,  
2 That were baith rich and manie,  
3 And she has kiltit up her coat,  
4 And ran to the water o Ganrie.

**215G.8**

1 She's sought him up, sae did she doun,  
2 Thro a' the water o Ganrie;  
3 In the deepest weil in a' the burn,  
4 Oh, there she fand her Willie!

**215G.9**

1 She has taen him in her arms twa,  
2 Sae fondly as she kisst him!  
3 Said, 'My mither sall be as wae as thine,'  
4 And she's lain doun aside him.

**215H.1**

1 THEY were saddled a', they were bridled a',  
2 Bridegroom and a' was ready;  
3 'Stop,' says he, 'My nobles a',  
4 For I've left something behind me.

**215H.2**

1 'It is your blessing, mother dear,  
2 To bound [to] the bride-styl with me.'  
3 'God's blessing now, my son,' says she,  
4 'And mine and a' gang wi ye!

**215H.3**

1 'For ye are scarce nineteen years of age  
2 When ye met in wi bonny Maggie,  
3 And I'm sure, my dear, she'll welcome you  
4 This day in the kirk o Gemrie.'

**215H.4**

1 It's they have ridden up, it's they have ridden  
down,  
2 And joy was in their gallant company;  
3 It's they have ridden up, and they have ridden  
down,  
4 Till they came to the water o Gemrie.

**215H.5**

1 When they came to the water, it was flooded;  
2 In the middle Sweet William he fell;  
3 The spray brook over his horse's mane,  
4 And the wind sang his funeral knell.

**215H.6**

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 But alas! now are woeful and wae.

**215H.7**

1 Hame and hame came his stead,  
2 And ran to its ain stable;  
3 They've gien it corn and hay to eat,  
4 As much as it was able.

**215H.8**

1 His mother she was a wae'ful woman,  
2 As dung as woman could be;  
3 'My son,' says she, 'is either hurt or slain,  
4 Or drownd in the waters of Gemrie.'

**215H.9**

1 It's up and spak her daughter Ann:  
2 'What needs be a' this mourning?  
3 He's lighted at yon bonny kirk-style,  
4 And his steed has run away from him.'

**215H.10**

1 'O had yer tongue, my daughter Ann,  
2 Nor scold na me about mourning;  
3 Hadna my son there men enew  
4 To hae taken his steed from him?'

**215H.11**

1 They've ridden up, they've ridden down,  
2 Till they came to the kirk o Gemrie;  
3 There they saw his winsome bride,  
4 Alone at the kirk-style standing.

**215H.12**

1 'Where away is the man,' says she,  
2 'That promised me fair wedding?  
3 This day he vovd to meet me here,  
4 But O he's lang o coming!'

**215H.13**

1 Up and spak his brother John,  
2 Says, 'Meg, I'll tell ye plainly;  
3 The stream was strang, and we rade wrang,  
4 And he's drownd in the water o Gemrie.'

**215H.14**

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 she's away to the waters o Gemrie.

**215H.15**

1 She<'s sought him up, she's sought him down,  
2 Until that she's gotten his body,  
3 And she's laid it on the green, green grass,  
4 And flung her mantle oer him.

**215H.16**

1 'O Willie was red, but O now he's white!  
2 And Willie was wondrous bonny,  
3 And Willie said he'd marry me,  
4 Gin ere he married oney.

**215H.17**

1 'He was red, he was white, he was my delight,  
2 And aye, aye I thought him bonny;  
3 But now since Willie has dy'd for me,  
4 I will sleep wi him in the same grave at Gemrie

**216A.1**

1 'YE gie corn unto my horse,  
2 An meat unto my man,  
3 For I will gae to my true-love's gates  
4 This night, gin that I can.'

**216A.2**

1 'O stay athame this ae night, Willie,  
2 This ae bare night wi me;  
3 The best bed in a' my house  
4 Sall be well made to thee.'

**216A.3**

1 'I carena for your beds, mither,  
2 I carena ae pin,  
3 For I'll gae to my love's gates  
4 This night, gin I can win.'

**216A.4**

1 'O stay, my son Willie, this night,  
2 This ae night wi me;  
3 The best hen in a' my roost  
4 Sall be well made ready for thee.'

**216A.5**

1 'I carena for your hens, mither,  
2 I carena ae pin;  
3 I sall gae to my love's gates  
4 This night, gin I can win.'

**216A.6**

1 'Gin ye winna stay, my son Willie,  
2 This ae bare night wi me,  
3 Gin Clyde's water be deep and fu o flood,  
4 My malisen drownd ye!'

**216A.7**

1 He rode up yon high hill,  
2 An down yon dowie glen;  
3 The roaring of Clyde's water  
4 Wad hae fleyt ten thousand men.

**216A.8**

1 'O spare me, Clyde's water,  
2 O spare me as I gae!  
3 Mak me your wrack as I come back,  
4 But spare me as I gae!'

**216A.9**

1 He rade in, and farther in,  
2 Till he came to the chin;  
3 And he rade in, and farther in,  
4 Till he came to dry lan.

**216A.10**

1 An whan he came to his love's gates,  
2 He tirlid at the pin:  
3 'Open your gates, Meggie,  
4 Open your gates to me,

**216A.10**

5 For my beets are fu o Clyde's water,  
6 And the rain rains ourie 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, Meggie, this ae night,  
2 Open your gates to me;  
3 For Clyde's water is fu o flood,  
4 An 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!  
5 That my true-love Willie  
6 Was staring at my bed-feet.'

**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 gad frae 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 rod agenst the wind.

**216A.17**

1 He rod up yon high hill,  
2 An doun yon douey den;  
3 The roring that was in Clid<e>'s water  
4 Wad ha flayed ten thousand men.

**216A.18**

1 He road in, an farder in,  
2 Till he came to the chine;  
3 An he road in, an farder in,  
4 Bat neuer mare was seen.  
' '' '' ''

**216A.19**

1 Ther was na mare seen of that guid lord  
2 Bat his hat frae his head;  
3 Ther was na mare seen of that lady  
4 Bat her comb an her sneed.

**216A.20**

1 Ther waders went up an doun  
2 Eadying Claid's water  
3 Hav don us wrang

**216B.1**

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 blows cald and sour;  
3 The nicht will be baith mirk and late  
4 Before ye reach her bower.'

**216B.3**

1 'O the nicht were ever sae dark,  
2 Or the wind blew never sae cald,  
3 I will be In my Margaret's bower  
4 Before twa hours be tald.'

**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.

**216B.7**

1 His heart was warm, his pride was up;  
2 Sweet Willie kentna fear;  
3 But yet his mither's malison  
4 Ay sounded in his ear.

**216B.8**

1 O he has swam through Clyde's water,  
2 Tho it was wide and deep,  
3 And he came to May Margaret's door,  
4 When a' were fast asleep.

**216B.9**

1 O he's gane round and round about,  
2 And tirlid at the pin;  
3 But doors were steekd, and windows barrd,  
4 And nane wad let him in.

**216B.10**

1 'O open the door to me, Margaret!  
2 O open amd lat me in!  
3 For my boots are full o Clyde's water  
4 And frozen to the brim.'

**216B.11**

1 'I darena open the door to you,  
2 Nor darena lat you in,  
3 For my mither she is fast asleep,  
4 And I darena mak nae din.'

**216B.12**

1 'O gin ye winna open the door,  
2 Nor yet be kind to me,  
3 Now tell me o some out-chamber  
4 Where I this nicht may be.'

**216B.13**

1 'Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,  
2 Nor here ye canna be;  
3 For I've nae chambers out nor in,  
4 Nae ane but barely three.

**216B.14**

1 'The tane o them is fu o corn,  
2 The tither is fu o hay;  
3 The tither is fu o merry young men;  
4 They winna remove till day.'

**216B.15**

1 'O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,  
2 Sin better manna be;  
3 I've win my mither's malison,  
4 Coming this nicht to thee.'

**216B.16**

1 He's mounted on his coal-black steed,  
2 O but his heart was wae!  
3 But, ere he came to Clyde's water,  
4 'Twas half up oer the brae.  
' '' '' ''

**216B.17**

1 . . . .  
2 . . .  
3 . . he plunged in,  
4 But never raise again.

**216C.1**

1 WILLIE stands in his stable-door,  
2 And clapping at his steed,  
3 And looking oer his white fingers  
4 His nose began to bleed.

**216C.2**

1 'Gie corn to my horse, mother,  
2 And meat to my young man,  
3 And I'll awa to Maggie's bower;  
4 I'll win ere she lie down.'

**216C.3**

1 'O bide this night wi me, Willie,  
2 O bide this night wi me;  
3 The best an cock o a' the reest  
4 At your supper shall be.'

**216C.4**

1 'A' your cocks, and a' your reests,  
2 I value not a prin,  
3 For I'll awa to Meggie's bower;  
4 I'll win ere she lie down.'

**216C.5**

1 'Stay this night wi me, Willie,  
2 O stay this night wi me;  
3 The best an sheep in a' the flock  
4 At your supper shall be.'

**216C.6**

1 'A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,  
2 I value not a prin,  
3 For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower;  
4 I'll win ere she lie down.'

**216C.7**

1 'O an ye gang to Meggie's bower,  
2 Sae sair against my will,  
3 The deepest pot in Clyde's water,  
4 My malison ye's feel.'

**216C.8**

1 'The guid steed that I ride upon  
2 Cost me thrice thretty pound;  
3 And I'll put trust in his swift feet  
4 To hae me safe to land.'

**216C.9**

1 As he rade ower yon high, high hill,  
2 And down yon dowie den,  
3 The noise that was in Clyde's water  
4 Woud feard five huner men.

**216C.10**

1 'O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,  
2 Your streams seem wondrous strang;  
3 Make me your wreck as I come back,  
4 But spare me as I gang!'

**216C.11**

1 Then he is on to Maggie's bower,  
2 And tirlid at the pin;  
3 'O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie,' he said,  
4 'Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

**216C.12**

1 'O wha is this at my bower-door,  
2 That calls me by my name?'  
3 'It is your first love, sweet Willie,  
4 This night newly come hame.'

**216C.13**

1 'I hae few lovers thereout, thereout,  
2 As few hae I therein;  
3 The best an love that ever I had  
4 Was here just late yestreen.'

**216C.14**

1 'The warstan stable in a' your stables,  
2 For my pur steed to stand!  
3 The warstan bower in a' your bowers,  
4 For me to lie therin!  
5 My boots are fu o Clyde's water,  
6 I'm shivering at the chin.'

**216C.15**

1 'My barns are fu o corn, Willie,  
2 My stables are fu o hay;  
3 My bowers are fu o gentlemen,  
4 They'll nae remove till day.'

**216C.16**

1 'O fare ye well, my fause Meggie,  
2 O farewell, and adieu!  
3 I've gotten my mither's malison  
4 This night coming to you.'

**216C.17**

1 As he rode ower yon high, high hill,  
2 And down yon dowie den,  
3 The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
4 Took Willie's cane frae him.

**216C.18**

1 He leand him ower his saddle-bow,  
2 To catch his cane again;  
3 The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
4 Took Willie's hat frae him.

**216C.19**

1 He leand him ower his saddle-bow,  
2 To catch his hat thro force;  
3 The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
4 Took Willie frae his horse.

**216C.20**

1 His brither stood upo the bank,  
2 Says, Fye, man, will ye drown?  
3 Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head  
4 And learn how to sowm.

**216C.21**

1 'How can I turn to my horse head  
2 And learn how to sowm?  
3 I've gotten my mither's malison,  
4 It's here that I maun drown.'

**216C.22**

1 The very hour this young man sank  
2 Into the pot sae deep,  
3 Up it waked his love Meggie  
4 Out o her drowsy sleep.

**216C.23**

1 'Come here, come here, my mither dear,  
2 And read this dreary dream;  
3 I dreamd my love was at our gates,  
4 And nane wad let him in.'

**216C.24**

1 'Lye still, lye still now, my Meggie,  
2 Lye still and tak your rest;  
3 Sin your true-love was at your yates,  
4 It's but twa quarters past.'

**216C.25**

1 Nimibly, nimibly raise she up,  
2 And nimibly pat she on,  
3 And the higher that the lady cried,  
4 The louder blew the win.

**216C.26**

1 The first an step that she steppd in,  
2 She stepped to the queet;  
3 'Ohon, alas!' said that lady,  
4 'This water's wondrous deep.'

**216C.27**

1 The next an step that she wade in,  
2 She wadit to the knee;  
3 Says she, 'I coud wide farther in,  
4 If I my love coud see.'

**216C.28**

1 The next an step that she wade in,  
2 She wadit to the chin;  
3 The deepest pot in Clyde's water  
4 She got sweet Willie in.

**216C.29**

1 'You've had a cruel mither, Willie,  
2 And I have had anither;  
3 But we shall sleep in Clyde's water  
4 Like sister an like brither.'

**217A.1**

1 THERE was a troop of merry gentlemen  
2 Was riding atween twa knows,  
3 And they heard the voice of a bonny lass,  
4 In a bught milking her ewes.

**217A.2**

1 There's ane o them lighted frae off his steed,  
2 And has ty'd him to a tree,  
3 And he's gane away to yon ew-bught,  
4 To hear what it might be.

**217A.3**

1 'O pity me, fair maid,' he said,  
2 'Take pity upon me;  
3 O pity me, and my milk-white steed  
4 That's trembling at yon tree.'

**217A.4**

1 'As for your steed, he shall not want  
2 The best of corn and hay;  
3 But as to you yoursel, kind sir,  
4 I've naething for to say.'

**217A.5**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the green gown-sleeve,  
3 And he as led her into the ew-bught,  
4 Of her friends he speerd nae leave.

**217A.6**

1 He as put his hand in his pocket,  
2 And given her guineas three:  
3 'If I dinna come back in half a year,  
4 Then luke nae mair for me.'

**217A.7**

1 'Now show to me the king's hie street,  
2 Now show to me the way;  
3 Now show to me the king's hie street,  
4 And the fair water of Tay.'

**217A.8**

1 She showd to him the king's hie street,  
2 She showd to him the way;  
3 She showd him the way that he was to go,  
4 By the fair water of Tay.

**217A.9**

1 When she came home, her father said,  
2 'Come, tell to me right plain;  
3 I doubt you've met some in the way,  
4 You have not been your lain.'

**217A.10**

1 'The night it is baith mist and mirk,  
2 You may gan out and see;  
3 The night is mirk and misty too,  
4 There's nae body been wi me.'

**217A.11**

1 'There was a tod came to your flock,  
2 The like I neer did see;  
3 When he spake, he lifted his hat,  
4 He had a bonny twinkling eee.'

**217A.12**

1 When fifteen weeks were past and gane,  
2 Full fifteen weeks and three,  
3 Then she began to think it lang  
4 For the man wi the twinkling eee.

**217A.13**

1 It fell out on a certain day,  
2 When she cawd out her father's ky,  
3 There was a troop of gentlemen  
4 Came merrily riding by.

**217A.14**

1 'Weel may ye sigh and sob,' says ane,  
2 'Weel may you sigh and see;  
3 Weel may you sigh, and say, fair maid,  
4 Wha's gotten this bairn wi thee?'

**217A.15**

1 She turned her sel then quickly about,  
2 And thinking meikle shame,  
3 'O no, kind sir, it is na sae,  
4 For it has a dad at hame.'

**217A.16**

1 'O hawd your tongue, my bonny lass,  
2 Sae loud as I hear you lee!  
3 For dinna you mind that summer night  
4 I was in the bught wi thee?'

**217A.17**

1 He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
2 And set this fair maid on;  
3 'Now caw out your ky, good father,' he said,  
4 'She'll neer caw them out again.'

**217A.18**

1 'I am the laird of Knottington,  
2 I've fifty plows and three;  
3 I've gotten now the bonniest lass  
4 That is in the hale country.'

**217B.1**

1 IT was on an evning sae soft and sae clear  
2 A bonny lass was milking the kye,  
3 And by came a troup of gentlemen,  
4 And rode the bonny lassie by.

**217B.2**

1 Then one of them said unto her,  
2 'Bonny lass, prythee shew me the way:'  
3 'O if I do sae, it may breed me wae,  
4 For langer I dare nae stay.'  
5 . . . . .

**217B.3**

1 But dark and misty was the night  
2 Before the bonny lass came hame:  
3 'Now where hae you been, my ae doughter?  
4 I am sure you was nae your lane.'

**217B.4**

1 'O father, a tod has come oer your lamb,  
2 A gentleman of high degree,  
3 And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,  
4 And bonny, bonny blinkit his ee.'

**217B.5**

1 Or eer six months were past and gane,  
2 Six months but and other three,  
3 The lassie begud for to fret and to frown,  
4 And think lang for his blinkin ee.

**217B.6**

1 'O wae be to my father's shepherd,  
2 An ill death may he die!  
3 He bigged the bughts sae far frae hame,  
4 And trysted a gentleman to me!'

**217B.7**

1 It fell upon another fair evening  
2 The bonny lassie was milking her ky,  
3 And by came the troop of Gentlemen,  
4 And rode the bonny lassie by.

**217B.8**

1 Then one of them stopt, and said to her,  
2 'Whae's aught that baby ye are wi?'  
3 That lassie began for to blush, and think,  
4 To a father as good as ye.

**217B.9**

1 'O had your tongue, my bonny may,  
2 Sae loud I hear you lie!  
3 O dinnae you mind the misty night  
4 I was in the bught with thee?'

**217B.10**

1 Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,  
2 And he has taen her hame:  
3 'Now let your father bring hame the ky,  
4 You neer mair shall ca them agen.'

**217B.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 countrie.'

**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 rievvers will do ye na harm.'

**217C.4**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the gerss-green sleeve,  
3 And he has taiglet wi the fair may,  
4 And of her he askd na leave.

**217C.5**

1 Whan ance he got her gudwill,  
2 Of her he craved na mair,  
3 But he poud 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 'Whare hae ye been now, dame?' he said  
4 'For ye've na been your lane.'

**217C.8**

1 'The nicht is misty and mirk, father,  
2 Ye may come to the door and see;  
3 The nicht is misty and mirk, father,  
4 And there's na body wi me.'

**217C.9**

1 'But there cam o tod 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 seemd to be a gentleman,  
2 Or a man of some pious degree;  
3 For whanever 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 thought lang for his twinkling 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,' she said,  
4 'I've a gudeman o my ain.'

**217C.15**

1 'Sae loud as I hear ye lie, fair may,  
2 Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
3 Dinna ye mind o yon misty nicht  
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.'

**217C.17**

1 'For lang will ye caw them out,  
2 And weary will ye be,  
3 Or ye get your dochter again  
4 ...

**217C.18**

1 He was the laird o Ochiltree,  
2 Of therty ploughs and three,  
3 And he has stown awa the loveliest may  
4 In aw the south cuntree.

**217D.1**

1 O BONNIE May is to the yowe-buchts gane,  
2 For to milk her daddie's yowes,  
3 And ay she sang, and her voice it rang  
4 Out-ower the tap o the knows, knows, knowes,  
5 Out-owr the tap o the knowes.

**217D.2**

1 Ther cam a troop gentilmen,  
2 As they were rydand by,  
3 And ane o them he lichtit doun,  
4 For to see May milkand her kye.

**217D.3**

1 'Milk on, milk on, my bonnie lass,  
2 Milk on, milk on,' said he,  
3 'For out o the buchts I winna gang  
4 Till ye shaw me owr the lee.'

**217D.4**

1 'Ryde on, ryde on, ye rank rydars,  
2 Your steeds are stout and strang,  
3 For out o the yowe-buchts I winna gae,  
4 For fear that ye do me some wrang.'

**217D.5**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the green gown-sleive,  
3 And thare he took the will o her,  
4 Bot o her he askit nae leive.

**217D.6**

1 But whan he gat his will o her  
2 He loot her up again,  
3 And a' this bonny maid said or did  
4 Was, Kind sir, tell me your name.

**217D.7**

1 He pou't out a sillar kame,  
2 Sayand, Kame your yellow hair;  
3 And, gin I be na back in three quarters o a year,  
4 It's o me ye'll see nae mair.

**217D.8**

1 He pu't out a silken purse  
2 And he gied her guineas thrie,  
3 Saying, Gin I may na be back in three quarters  
o a year,  
4 It will pay the nourice fee.

**217D.9**

1 He put his fut into the stirrup  
2 And rade after his men,  
3 And a' that his men said or did  
4 Was, Kind maister, ye've taiglit lang.

**217D.10**

1 'I hae rade east, I hae rade wast,  
2 And I hae rade owr the knowes,  
3 But the bonniest lassie that I ever saw  
4 Was in the yowe-buchts, milkand her yowes.'

**217D.11**

1 She put the pail upon her heid,  
2 And she's gane merrilie hame,  
3 And a' that her faither said or did  
4 Was, Kind dochter, ye've taiglit lang.

**217D.12**

1 'Oh, wae be to your men, faither,  
2 And an ill deth may they die!  
3 For they cawit a' the yowes out-owre the  
knowes,  
4 And they left naebody wi me.

**217D.13**

1 'There cam a tod unto the bucht,  
2 The like I never saw,  
3 And afore that he took the ane that he took,  
4 I wad leifar he had tane ither twa.

**217D.14**

1 'There cam a tod unto the bucht,  
2 The like I never did see,  
3 And, ay as he spak, he lifit his hat,  
4 And he had a bonnie twinkland ee.'

**217D.15**

1 It was on a day, and it was a fine simmer day,  
2 She was cawing out her faither's kye,  
3 There cam a troupe o gentilmen,  
4 And they rade ways the lass near by.

**217D.16**

1 'Wha has dune to you this ill, my dear?  
2 Wha has dune to you this wrang?'  
3 And she had na a word to say for hersell  
4 But, 'Kind sir, I hae a man o my ain.'

**217D.17**

1 'Ye lie, ye lie, bonnie May,' he says,  
2 'Aloud I hear ye lie!  
3 For dinna ye mind yon bonnie simmer nicht  
4 Whan ye war in the yowe-buchts wi me?'

**217D.18**

1 'Licht doun, licht doun, my foremaist man,  
2 Licht doun and let her on,  
3 For monie a time she cawit her faither's kye,  
4 But she'll neir caw them again.

**217D.19**

1 'For I am the laird o Ochiltree Wawis,  
2 I hae threttie pleuchs and thrie,  
3 And I hae tane awa the bonniest lass  
4 That is in a' the north countrie.'

**217E.1**

1 THERE was a may, and a bonnie may,  
2 In the bucht, milking the ewes,  
3 And by came a troop of gentilmen,  
4 And they rode by and by.

**217E.2**

1 'O I'll give thee my milk-white steed,  
2 It cost me three hundred pound,  
3 If ye'll go to yon sheep-bught,  
4 And bring yon fair maid doun.'

**217E.3**

1 'Your steed ye canna want, master,  
2 But pay to ane a fee;  
3 Fifty pound of good red gold,  
4 To be paid doun to me.'

**217E.4**

1 'Come shew me the way, pretty may,' he said,  
2 'For our steeds are quite gone wrong;  
3 Will you do to me such a courtesy  
4 As to shew us the near-hand way?'

**217E.5**

1 'O go ye doun to yon meadow,  
2 Where the people are mowing the hay;  
3 Go ye doun to yon meadow,  
4 And they'll shew you the near-hand way.'

**217E.6**

1 But he's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
3 He's bowed her body to the ground,  
4 Of her kin he asked no leave.

**217E.7**

1 When he lifted her up again  
2 He's gien her guineas three:  
3 'If I be na back gin three quarters o a year,  
4 Ye need neer think mair on me.'

**217E.8**

1 'O where hast thou been, bonnie may,' he said,  
2 'O where hast thou been sae lang?  
3 O where hast thou been, bonnie may?' he said,  
4 'Thou hast na been sae lang thy lane.'

**217E.9**

1 'O come to the door and see, father,  
2 O come to the door and see,  
3 And see such a weety and a windy night;  
4 There were nobody wi me.

**217E.10**

1 'But wae be to your herd, father,  
2 And an ill death may he die!  
3 For he left the ewes strayed owre the knowes,  
4 And he left naebody wi me.

**217E.11**

1 'But there came a tod to your bucht, father,  
2 The like o him I neer saw;  
3 For or he had taen the bonnie lamb he took,  
4 Ye had as weel hae gien them a'.

**217E.12**

1 There came a tod to your bucht, father,  
2 The like o him I neer did see;  
3 For aye when he spak he lifted up his hat,  
4 And he had a bonnie twinkling ee.'

**217E.13**

1 But when twenty weeks were come and gane,  
2 Aye, twenty weeks and three,  
3 This lassie began to spit and to spew,  
4 And to lang for the twinkling ee.

**217E.14**

1 It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,  
2 She was ca'ing out her father's kye,  
3 And by came a troop of gentilmen,  
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 hersell 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 gentlest of my men,  
2 And set her on behind,  
3 And ca out your kye, good father, yoursell,  
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 And he's taen awa 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 amang the knowes.  
5 '.....'

**217F.2**

1 'Milk on, milk on, my bonny, bonny may,  
2 Milk on, milk on,' said he;  
3 'Milk on, milk on, my bonny, bonny may;  
4 Will ye shew me out-ower the lea?'

**217F.3**

1 'Ride on, ride on, stout rider,' she said,  
2 'Yere steed's baith stout and strang;  
3 For out o the eww-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 nae ane spiered he leave.

**217F.5**

1 Then he's mounted on his milk-white steed,  
2 An ridden after his men,  
3 An a' that his men they said to him  
4 Was, Dear master, ye've tarried lang.

**217F.6**

1 'I've ridden east, an I've ridden wast,  
2 An I've ridden amang the knowes,  
3 But the bonniest lassie eer I saw  
4 Was milkin her daddie's yowes.'

**217F.7**

1 She's taen 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've bygit the ewe-bught far frae hame,  
4 An they've trysted a man to me.

**217F.9**

1 'There came a tod unto the bucht,  
2 An a waeifu 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 gentilmen,  
4 Cam ridin siwftly bye.

**217F.11**

1 Out an spoke the foremost ane,  
2 Says, Lassie hae ye got a man?  
3 She turned herself saucy round about,  
4 Says, Yes, I've ane at hame.

**217F.12**

1 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye my bonny may,  
2 Saw loud as I hear ye lee!  
3 For dinna ye mind that misty nicht  
4 Ye were in the ewe-bughts wi me?'

**217F.13**

1 He ordered ane o his men to get down;  
2 Says, Lift her up behind me;  
3 Your father may ca in the kye when he likes,  
4 They sall neer be ca'ed in by thee.

**217F.14**

1 'For I'm the laird o Athole swaird,  
2 Wi fifty ploughs an three,  
3 An I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
4 In a' the north countrie.'

**217G.1**

1 O THE broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,  
2 And the broom of the Cowdenknows!  
3 And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,  
4 I the bought, milking the ewes.

**217G.2**

1 The hills were high on ilka side,  
2 An the bought i the lirk o the hill,  
3 And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang  
4 Out-oor the head o yon hill.

**217G.3**

1 There was a troop o gentlemen  
2 Came riding merrilie by,  
3 And one o them has rode out o the way,  
4 To the bought to the bonny may.

**217G.4**

1 'Well may ye save an see, bonny lass,  
2 An weel may ye save an see!  
3 'An sae wi you, ye weel-bred knight,  
4 And what's your will wi me?'

**217G.5**

1 'The night is misty and mirk, fair may,  
2 And I have ridden astray,  
3 And will ye be so kind, fair may,  
4 As come out and point my way?'

**217G.6**

1 'Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!  
2 Your steed's baith stout and strang;  
3 For out of the bought I dare na come,  
4 For fear at ye do me wrang.'

**217G.7**

1 'O winna ye pity me, bonny lass?  
2 O winna ye pity me?  
3 An winna ye pity my poor steed,  
4 Stands trembling at yon tree?'

**217G.8**

1 'I wadna pity your poor steed,  
2 Tho it were tied to a thorn;  
3 For if ye wad gain my love the night  
4 Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

**217G.9**

1 'For I ken you by your weel-busked hat,  
2 And your merrie twinkling ee,  
3 That ye're the laird o the Oakland hills,  
4 An ye may weel seem for to be.'

**217G.10**

1 'But I am not the laird o the Oakland hills,  
2 Ye're far mistaen o me;  
3 But I'm ane o the men about his house,  
4 An right aft in his companie.'

**217G.11**

1 He's taen her by the middle jimp,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 He's lifted her over the fauld-dyke,  
4 And speerd at her sma leave.

**217G.12**

1 O he's taen out a purse o gowd,  
2 And streekd her yellow hair:  
3 'Now take ye that, my bonnie may,  
4 Of me till you hear mair.'

**217G.13**

1 O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,  
2 An soon he's oertaen his men;  
3 And ane and a' cried out to him,  
4 O master, ye've tarryd lang!

**217G.14**

1 'O I hae been east, and I hae been west,  
2 An I hae been far oer the knows,  
3 But the bonniest lass that ever I saw  
4 Is i the bought, milkin the ewes.'

**217G.15**

1 She set the cog upon her head,  
2 An she's gane singing hame:  
3 'O where hae ye been, my ae daughter?  
4 Ye hae na been your lane.'

**217G.16**

1 'O nae body was wi me, father,  
2 O nae body has been wi me;  
3 The night is misty and mirk, father,  
4 Ye may gang to the door and see.

**217G.17**

1 'But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,  
2 And an ill deed may he die!  
3 He bug the bought at the back o the know  
4 And a tod has frighted me.

**217G.18**

1 'There came a tod to the bought-door,  
2 The like I never saw;  
3 And ere he had taken the lamb he did  
4 I had loured he had taen them a'.'

**217G.19**

1 O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,  
2 Fifteen weeks and three,  
3 That lassie began to look thin and pale,  
4 An to long for his merry-twinkling ee.

**217G.20**

1 It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,  
2 She was ca'ing out her father's kye,  
3 By came a troop o gentlemen,  
4 A' merrilie riding bye.

**217G.21**

1 'Weel may ye save an see, bonny may!  
2 Weel may ye save and see!  
3 Weel I wat ye be a very bonny may,  
4 But whae's aught that babe ye are wi?'

**217G.22**

1 Never a word could that lassie say,  
2 For never a ane could she blame,  
3 An never a word could the lassie say,  
4 But, I have a good man at hame.

**217G.23**

1 'Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,  
2 Sae loud as I hear you lie!  
3 For dinna ye mind that misty night  
4 I was i the bought wi thee?'

**217G.24**

1 'I ken you by your middle sae jimp,  
2 An your merry-twinkling ee,  
3 That ye're the bonny lass i the Cowdenknow,  
4 An ye may weel seem for to be.'

**217G.25**

1 Than he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,  
2 An he's set that fair may on:  
3 'Caw out your kye, gude father, yoursel,  
4 For she's never caw them out again.

**217G.26**

1 I am the laird of the Oakland hills,  
2 I hae thirty plows and three,  
3 An I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
4 That's in a' the south country.'

**217H.1**

1 THERE was a may, a maiden sae gay,  
2 Went out wi her milking-pail;  
3 Lang she foucht or her ewes wad bucht,  
4 And syne she a milking fell.

**217H.2**

1 And ay as she sang the rocks they rang,  
2 Her voice gaed loud and shill;  
3 Ye wad hae heard the voice o the maid  
4 On the tap o the ither hill.

**217H.3**

1 And ay she sang, and the rocks they rang,  
2 Her voice gaed loud and hie;  
3 Till by there cam a troop o gentlemen,  
4 A riding up that way.

**217H.4**

1 'Weel may ye sing, ye bonnie may,  
2 Weel and weel may ye sing!  
3 The nicht is misty, weet, and mirk,  
4 And we hae ridden wrang.'

**217H.5**

1 'Haud by the gate ye cam, kind sir,  
2 Haud by the gate ye cam;  
3 But tak tent o the rank river,  
4 For our streams are unco strang.'

**217H.6**

1 'Can ye na pity me, fair may,  
2 Cana ye pity me?  
3 Cana ye pity my puir steed,  
4 Stands trembling at yon tree?'

**217H.7**

1 'What pity wad ye hae, kind sir?  
2 What wad ye hae frae me?  
3 If he has neither corn nor hay,  
4 He has gerss at libertie.'

**217H.8**

1 'Can ye na pity me, fair may,  
2 Can ye na pity me?  
3 Can ye na pity a gentle knight  
4 That's deeing for love o thee?'

**217H.9**

1 He's tane her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the gerss-green sleeve;  
3 He's laid her laigh at the bucht-end,  
4 At her kin speird na leave.

**217H.10**

1 'After ye hae tane your will o me,  
2 Your will as ye hae tane,  
3 Be as gude a gentle knight  
4 As tell to me your name.'

**217H.11**

1 'Some do call me Jack,' says he,  
2 'And some do call me John;  
3 But whan I'm in the king's hie court  
4 Duke William is my name.

**217H.12**

1 'But I ken by your weel-faurd face,  
2 And by your blinking ee,  
3 That ye are the Maid o the Cowdenknows,  
4 And seem very weel to be.'

**217H.13**

1 'I am na the maid o the Cowdenknows,  
2 Nor does na think to be;  
3 But I am ane o her best maids,  
4 That's aft in her companie.

**217H.14**

1 'But I ken by your black, black hat,  
2 And by your gay gowd ring,  
3 That ye are the Laird o Rochna hills,  
4 Wha beguiles a' our women.'

**217H.15**

1 'I am na the Laird o Rochna hills,  
2 Nor does na think to be;  
3 But I am ane o his best men,  
4 That's aft in his companie.'

**217H.16**

1 He's put his hand in his pocket  
2 And tane out guineas three;  
3 Says, Tak ye that, my bonnie may;  
4 It'll pay the nourice fee.

**217H.17**

1 She's tane her cog upon her head,  
2 And fast, fast gaed she hame:  
3 'Whare hae ye been, my dear dochter?  
4 'Ye hae na been your lane.

**217H.18**

1 'The nicht is misty, weet, and mirk;  
2 Ye may look out and see;  
3 The ewes war skippin our the knowes,  
4 They wad na bucht in for me.

**217H.19**

1 'But wae be to your shepherd, father,  
2 An ill death may he dee!  
3 He bigget the buchts sae far frae the toun,  
4 And he trysted a man to me.

**217H.20**

1 'There cam a tod among the flock,  
2 The like o him I neer did see;  
3 Afore he had tane the lamb that he took,  
4 I'd rather he'd tane ither three.'

**217H.21**

1 Whan twenty weeks war past and gane,  
2 Twenty weeks and three,  
3 The lassie begoud to spit and spue,  
4 And thought lang for 's blinkin ee.

**217H.22**

1 'Twas on a day, and a day near bye,  
2 She was ca'ing out the kye,  
3 That by cam a troop o merry gentlemen,  
4 Cam riding bye that way.

**217H.23**

1 'Wha's gien ye the scorn, bonnie may?  
2 O wha's done ye the wrang?'  
3 'Na body, na body, kind sir,' she said,  
4 'My baby's father's at hame.'

**217H.24**

1 'Ye lee, ye lee, fause may,' he said,  
2 'Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
3 Dinna ye mind o the mirk misty nicht  
4 I buchted the ewes wi thee?'

**217H.25**

1 'Weel may I mind yon mirk misty nicht,  
2 Weel may I mind,' says she;  
3 'For ay when ye spak ye lifted up your hat,  
4 Ye had a merry blinkin ee.'

**217H.26**

1 He's turned him round and richt about,  
2 And tane the lassie on;  
3 'Ca out your kye, auld father,' he said,  
4 'She sall neer ca them again.'

**217H.27**

1 'For I am the Laird o Rochna hills,  
2 O thirty plows and three;  
3 And I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
4 O a' the west countrie.'

**217H.28**

1 'And I'm the Maid o the Cowdenknows,  
2 O twenty plows and three;  
3 And I hae gotten the bonniest lad  
4 In a' the north countrie.'

**217L.1**

1 THE lassie sang sae loud, sae loud,  
2 The lassie sang sae still;  
3 The lassie sang, and the greenwud rang,  
4 At the farther side o yon hill.

**217L.2**

1 Bye there cam a troop o merry gentlemen,  
2 They aw rode merry bye;  
3 The very first and the foremaist  
4 Was the first that spak to the may.

**217L.3**

1 'This is a mark and misty nicht,  
2 And I have ridden wrang;  
3 If ye wad be sae gude and kind  
4 As to show me the way to gang.'

**217L.4**

1 'If ye binna the laird o Lochnie's lands,  
2 Nor nane o his degree,  
3 I'll show ye a nearer road that will keep you  
4 frae  
5 The glen-waters and the raging sea.'

**217L.5**

1 'I'm na the laird o Lochnie's lands,  
2 Nor nane o his degree;  
3 But I am as brave a knight,  
4 And ride aft in his company.'

**217L.6**

1 'Have ye na pity on me, pretty maid?  
2 Have ye na pity on me?  
3 Have ye na pity on my puir steed,  
4 That stands trembling by yon tree?'

**217L.7**

1 'What pity wad ye hae, kind sir?  
2 What pity wad ye hae frae me?  
3 Though your steed has neither corn nor hay,  
4 It has gerss at its liberty.'

**217L.8**

1 He has trysted the pretty maid  
2 Till they cam to the brume,  
3 And at the end o yon ew-buchts  
4 It's there they baith sat doun.

**217L.9**

1 Till up she raise, took up her milk-pails,  
2 And away gaed she hame;  
3 Up bespak her auld father,  
4 'It's whare hae ye been sae lang?'

**217L.10**

1 'This is a mark and a misty nicht,  
2 Ye may gang to the door and see;  
3 The ewes hae taen a skipping out-oure the  
4 knows,  
5 They winna bucht in for me.'

**217L.11**

1 'I may curse my father's shepherd;  
2 Some ill death mat he dee!  
3 He has buchted the ewes sae far frae the toun,  
4 And has trysted the young men to me.'

**217J.1**

1 IT was a dark and a misty night,  
2 . . . .  
3 And by came a troop o gentlemen,  
4 Said, Lassie, shew me the way.

**217J.2**

1 'Oh well ken I by your silk mantle,  
2 And by your grass-green sleeve,  
3 That you are the maid of the Cowdenknows,  
4 And may well seem to be.'

**217J.3**

1 'I'm nae the maid of the Cowdenknows,  
2 Nor ever think to be;  
3 I am but ane of her hirewomen,  
4 Rides aft in her companie.'

**217J.4**

1 'Oh well do I ken by your milk-white steed,  
2 And by your merry winking ee,  
3 That you are the laird of Lochinvar,  
4 And may well seem to be.'

**217J.5**

1 'I'm nae the laird of Lochinvar,  
2 Nor may well seem to be;  
3 But I am one of his merry young men,  
4 And am oft in his companie.'

**217J.6**

1 'The tod was among your sheep, father,  
2 You may look forth and see;  
3 And before he had taen the lamb he's taen  
4 I had rather he had taen three.'

**217J.7**

1 When twenty weeks were come and gane,  
2 Twenty weeks and three,  
3 The lassie she turned pale and wan  
4 . . . .

**217J.8**

1 . . . .  
2 And was caain out her father's kye,  
3 When by came a troop of gentlemen,  
4 Were riding along the way.

**217J.9**

1 'Fair may it fa thee, weel-fa'rt may!  
2 Wha's aught the bairn ye're wi?'  
3 'O I hae a husband o my ain,  
4 To father my bairn te.'

**217J.10**

1 'You lie, you lie, you weel-far'd may,  
2 Sae loud 's I hear you lie!  
3 Do you mind the dark and the misty night  
4 I was in the bught wi thee?'

**217J.11**

1 'Oh well do I ken by your milk-white steed,  
2 And by your merry winkin ee,  
3 That you are the laird of Lochinvar,  
4 That was in the bught wi me.'

**217K.1**

1 ' . . . .  
2 THERE was four and twenty gentlemen,  
3 As they were ridin by,  
4 And aff there loupes the head o them,  
5 Cums in to this fair may.'

**217K.2**

1 'It's a mark and a mark and a misty night,  
2 And we canna know the way;  
3 And ye wad be as gude to us  
4 As shew us on the way.'

**217K.3**

1 'Ye'll get a boy for meat,' she says,  
2 'Ye'll get a boy for fee,  
3 . . . .  
4 That will shew you the right way.'

**217K.4**

1 'We'll get a boy for meat,' he says,  
2 'We'll get a boy for fee,  
3 But we do not know where to seek  
4 That bonny boy out.'

**217K.5**

1 'It's foul befa my auld father's men,  
2 An ill death mat they die!  
3 They've biggit the ewe bucht sae far frae the  
4 town  
5 They've tristed the men to me.'

**217L.1**

1 O THE broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
2 The broom grows oer the burn!  
3 Aye when I mind on's bonny yellow hair,  
4 I aye hae cause to mourn.

**217L.2**

1 There was a bonny, a well-fared may,  
2 In the fauld milking her kye,  
3 When by came a troop of merry gentlemen,  
4 And sae merrily they rode by.  
5 O the broom, etc.

**217L.2**

1 The maid she sang till the hills they rang,  
2 And a little more forebye,  
3 Till in came ane of these gentlemen  
4 To the bught o the bonny may.

**217L.3**

1 'Well mat ye sing, fair maid,' he says,  
2 'In the fauld, milking your kye;  
3 The night is misty, weet and dark,  
4 And I've gane out o my way.'

**217L.4**

1 'Keep on the way ye ken, kind sir,  
2 Keep on the way ye ken;  
3 But I pray ye take care o Clyde's water,  
4 For the stream runs proud and fair.'

**217L.5**

1 'I ken you by your lamar beads,  
2 And by your blinking ee,  
3 That your mother has some other maid  
4 To send to the ewes than thee.'

**217L.6**

1 'I ken you by your powderd locks,  
2 And by your gay gold ring,  
3 That ye are the laird o Rock-rock lays,  
4 That beguiles all young women.'

**217L.7**

1 'I'm not the laird o the Rock-rock lays,  
2 Nor ever hopes to be;  
3 But I am one o the finest knights  
4 That's in his companie.'

**217L.8**

1 'Are ye the maid o the Cowden Knowes?  
2 I think you seem to be;  
3 'No, I'm not the maid o the Cowden Knowes,  
4 Nor ever hopes to be;  
5 But I am one of her mother's maids,  
6 And oft in her companie.'

**217L.9**

1 'He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by her grass-green sleeve,  
3 He's set her down upon the ground  
4 Of her kin spierd nae leave.'

**217L.10**

1 He's gien her a silver comb,  
2 To comb her yellow hair;  
3 He bade her keep it for his sake,  
4 For fear she never got mair.

**217L.11**

1 He pat his hand in his pocket,  
2 He's gien her guineas three;  
3 Says, Take ye that, fair maid, he says,  
4 'Twill pay the nourice's fee.'

**217L.12**

1 She's taen the milk-pail on her head,  
2 And she gaed singing hame,  
3 And a' that her auld father did say,  
4 'Daughter, ye've tarried lang.'

**217L.13**

1 'Woe be to your shepherd, father,  
2 And an ill death mat he die!  
3 He's biggit the bught sae far frae the town,  
4 And trystit a man to me.'

**217L.14**

1 'There came a tod into the bught,  
2 The like o 'm I neer did see;  
3 Before he'd taen the lamb he's taen,  
4 I'd rather he'd taen other three.'

**217L.15**

1 Or eer six months were past and gane,  
2 Six months but other three,  
3 This lassie begud 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 turnd her right and round about  
2 And thought nae little 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-fared 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 pat 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 eer my eyes did see.'  
5 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
6 The broom grows oer the burn!  
7 Aye when she minds on his yellow hair,  
8 She shall neer hae cause to mourn.

**217M.1**

1 'TWAS on a misty day, a fair maiden gay  
2 Went out to the Cowdenknowes;  
3 Lang, lang she thought ere her ewes woud  
4 bught,  
5 Wi her pail for to milk the ewes.  
6 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
7 The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
8 And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,  
9 In the ewe-bught, milking her ewes.

**217M.2**

1 And aye as she sang the greenwoods rang,  
2 Her voice was sae loud and shrill;  
3 They heard the voice of this well-far'd maid  
4 At the other side o the hill.

**217M.3**

1 'My mother she is an ill woman,  
2 And an ill woman is she;  
3 Or than she might have got some other maid  
4 To milk her ewes without me.

**217M.4**

1 'My father was ance a landed laird,  
2 As mony mair have been;  
3 But he held on the gambling trade  
4 Till a 's free lands were dune.

**217M.5**

1 'My father drank the brandy and beer,  
2 My mother the wine sae red;  
3 Gars me, poor girl, gang maiden lang,  
4 For the lack o tocher guid.'

**217M.6**

1 There was a troop o merry gentlemen  
2 Came riding along the way,  
3 And one o them drew the ewe-bughts unto,  
4 At the voice of this lovely may.

**217M.7**

1 'O well may you sing, my well-far'd maid,  
2 And well may you sing, I say,  
3 For this is a mirk and a misty night,  
4 And I've ridden out o my way.'

**217M.8**

1 'Ride on, ride on, young man,' she said,  
2 'Ride on the way ye ken;  
3 But keep frae the streams o the Rock-river,  
4 For they run proud and vain.

**217M.9**

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.'

**217M.10**

1 'O winna ye pity me, fair maid?  
2 O winna ye pity me?  
3 O winna ye pity my poor steed,  
4 Snads trembling at yon tree?'

**217M.11**

1 'Ride on, ride on, ye rank rider,  
2 Your steed's baith stout and strang;  
3 For out o the ewe-bught I winna come,  
4 For fear that ye do me wrang.

**217M.12**

1 'For well ken I by your high-cold hat,  
2 And by your gay gowd ring,  
3 That ye are the Earl o Rock-rivers,  
4 That beguiles a' our young women.'

**217M.13**

1 'O I'm not the earl o the Rock-rivers,  
2 Nor ever thinks to be;  
3 But I am ane o his finest knights,  
4 Rides aft in his companie.

**217M.14**

1 'I know you well by your lamar beads,  
2 And by your merry winking ee,  
3 That ye are the maid o the Cowdenknowes,  
4 And may very well seem to be.'

**217M.15**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 He's laid her down by the ewe-bught-wa,  
4 At her he spiered nae leave.

**217M.16**

1 When he had had got his wills o her,  
2 And his wills he had taen,  
3 He lifted her up by the middle sae sma,  
4 Says, Fair maid, rise up again.

**217M.17**

1 Then he has taen out a siller kaim,  
2 Kaimd down her yellow hair;  
3 Says, Fair maid, take that, keep it for my sake,  
4 Case frae me ye never get mair.

**217M.18**

1 Then he put his hand in his pocket,  
2 And gien her guineas three;  
3 Says, Take that, fair maiden, till I return,  
4 'Twill pay the nurse's fee.

**217M.19**

1 Then he lap on his milk-white steed,  
2 And he rade after his men,  
3 And a' that they did say to him,  
4 'Dear master, ye've tarried lang.'

**217M.20**

1 'I've ridden east, I've ridden west,  
2 And over the cowdenknowes,  
3 But the bonniest lass that eer I did see,  
4 Was i the ewe-bught, milking her ewes.'

**217M.21**

1 She's taen her milk-pail on her head,  
2 And she gaed singing hame;  
3 But a' that her auld father did say,  
4 'Daughter, ye've tarried lang.'

**217M.22**

1 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
2 The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
3 Aye sae sair 's I may rue the day,  
4 In the ewe-bughts, milking my ewes.

**217M.22**

1 'O this is a mirk and a misty night,  
2 O father, as ye may see;  
3 The ewes they ran skipping over the knowes,  
4 And they woudna bught in for me.

**217M.23**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'Before that he'd taen the lamb that he took,  
4 I rather he'd taen other three.'

**217M.24**

1 When twenty weeks were come and gane,  
2 And twenty weeks and three,  
3 The lassie's colour grew pale and wan,  
4 And she longed this knight to see.

**217M.25**

1 Says, 'Wae to the fox came amo our flock!  
2 I wish he had taen them a'  
3 Before that he'd taen frae me what he took;  
4 It's occasiond my downfa.'

**217M.26**

1 It fell ance upon a time  
2 She was ca'ing hame her kye,  
3 There came a troop o merry gentlemen,  
4 And they wylded the bonny lassie by.

**217M.27**

1 But one o them spake as he rode past,  
2 Says, Who owes the bairn ye are wi?  
3 A little she spake, but thought wi herself,  
4 'Perhaps to ane as gude as thee.'

**217M.28**

1 O then she did blush as he did pass by,  
2 And dear! but she thought shame,  
3 And all that she did say to him,  
4 'Sir, I have a husband at hame.'

**217M.29**

1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-far'd maid,  
2 Sae loud as I hear you lie!  
3 For dinna ye mind yon misty night,  
4 Ye were in the bught wi me?  
5 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
6 The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
7 Aye sae sweet as I heard you sing,  
8 In the ewe-bughts, milking your ewes.'

**217M.30**

1 'O well do I mind, kind sir,' she said,  
2 'As ye rode over the hill;  
3 Ye took frae me my maidenhead,  
4 Fell sair against my will.  
5 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
6 The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
7 And aye sae sair as I rue the day  
8 I met you, milking my ewes.'

**217M.31**

1 'And aye as ye spake, ye lifted your hat,  
2 Ye had a merry winking ee;  
3 I ken you well to be the man,  
4 Then kind sir, O pity me!'

**217M.32**

1 'Win up, win up, fair maiden,' he said,  
2 'Nae langer here ye'll stay;  
3 This night ye'se be my wedded wife,  
4 Without any more delay.'

**217M.33**

1 He lighted aff his milk-white steed  
2 And set the lassie on;  
3 'Ca in your kye, auld man,' he did say,  
4 'She'll never ca them in again.'

**217M.34**

1 'I am the Earl o the Rock-rivers,  
2 Hae fifty ploughs and three,  
3 And am sure I've chosen the fairest maid  
4 That ever my eyes did see.'

**217M.35**

1 Then he stript her o the robes o grey,  
2 Donned her in the robes o green,  
3 And when she came to her lord's ha  
4 They took her to be some queen.  
5 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
6 The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
7 And aye sae sweet as the bonny lassie sang,  
8 That ever she milked the ewes.

**217N.1**

1 O THERE war a troop o merry gentlemen  
2 Cam riding oore the knowes,  
3 And they hear the voice o a bonny lass,  
4 In the bichts, milking the yowes.

**217N.2**

1 'O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
2 O saved may ye be!  
3 My steed he has riden wrang,  
4 Fain wad I ken the way.'

**217N.3**

1 She has tane the steed by the bridle-reins,  
2 Has led him till the way,  
3 And he has tane out three gowd rings,  
4 Gien them to that bonnie may.

**217N.4**

1 And he has tane her by the milk-white hand  
2 And by the gersss-green sleeve,  
3 And he laid her doun on the side o yon hill,  
4 At her daddie speird na leave.

**217N.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.'

**217N.6**

1 'O the nicht is mirk, and very, very wet,  
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.

**217N.7**

1 'But there cam a tod to your bucht, 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'.

**217N.8**

1 'O wae be to my father's sheep-herd,  
2 An ill death may he dee!  
3 For bigging the bucht sae nar the road,  
4 Let the Lochinvar to me!'

**217N.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 Cam riding in the way.

**217N.10**

1 'O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
2 I wish ye may be sound;  
3 O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
4 What maks thy belly sae round?'

**217N.11**

1 O she has turnd hersel round about,  
2 And she within her thought shame:  
3 'O it's nobody's wills wi me, kind sir,  
4 For I hae a gudeman o my ain.'

**217N.12**

1 'Ye lee, ye lee, my bonnie may,  
2 Weel do I ken ye lee!  
3 For dinna ye mind o the three gowd rings  
4 I gied ye o the new moneye?'

**217N.13**

1 'O weel do I mind thee, kind sir,  
2 O weel do I mind thee;  
3 For ae when ye spak ye lifted up your hat,  
4 And ye had a bonnie twinklin ee.'

**217N.14**

1 'O ye need na toil yoursel, my dear,  
2 Neither to card nor to spin;  
3 For there's ten pieces I gie unto thee;  
4 Keep them for your lying in.'

**217N.15**

1 Now she has hame to her father gane,  
2 As fast as she could hie;  
3 And she was na weel crownd wi joy  
4 Till her auld son gat she.

**217N.16**

1 But she'll na tell the daddie o it  
2 Till father not to mither,  
3 And she'll na tell the daddie o it  
4 To sister nor to brither.

**217N.17**

1 And word is to the Lochinvar,  
2 And word is to him gane,  
3 That sic a tenant's dochter  
4 Has born a bastard son:

**217N.18**

1 And she'll na tell the daddie o it  
2 To father nor to mither,  
3 And she'll na tell the daddie o it  
4 Till sister nor to brither.

**217N.19**

1 'O weel do I ken the reason o that,  
2 And the reason weel do I ken;  
3 O weel ken I the reason o that;  
4 It's to some o her father's men.

**217N.20**

1 'But I will awa to Littlejohn's house,  
2 Shule them out o the door;  
3 For there's na tenant on a' my land  
4 Shall harbour an arrant hure.'

**217N.21**

1 Then out and spak the house-keeper,  
2 'Ye'd better lat her abee;  
3 For an onie harm befa this may,  
4 A' the wyte will be on me.'

**217N.22**

1 O he has turnd himsel round about,  
2 Within himsel thought he  
3 'Better do I loe her little finger  
4 Than a' thy hail bodie.

**217N.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.'

**217N.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!'

**217N.25**

1 'O pardon me, my sovereign liege,  
2 O pardon me, I pray;  
3 Oh that the nicht that she was born  
4 She'd deed the very neist day!'

**217N.26**

1 But he is in to his bonnie lassie gane,  
2 And has bolted the door behind,  
3 And there he has kissd his bonnie lassie sweet,  
4 It's over and over again.

**217N.27**

1 'Ye did weel, ye did weel, my bonnie may,  
2 To keep the secret twixt me and thee;  
3 For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair,  
4 The lady o 't I'll mak thee.

**217N.28**

1 'Come doun, come duun, now gentlemen a',  
2 And set this fair lady on;  
3 Mither, ye may milk the ewes as ye will,  
4 For she'll neer milk them again.

**217N.29**

1 'For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair,  
2 O thirty plows and three,  
3 And I hae gotten the bonniest may  
4 That's in a' the south countrie.'

**218A.1**

1 A FAIR maid sat in her bower-door,  
2 Wringing her lily hands,  
3 And by it came a sprightly youth,  
4 Fast tripping oer the strands.

**218A.2**

1 'Where gang ye, young John,' she says,  
2 'Sae early in the day?  
3 It gars me think, by your fast trip,  
4 Your journey's far away.'

**218A.3**

1 He turnd about wi surly look,  
2 And said, 'What's that to thee?  
3 I'm gaen to see a lovely maid,  
4 Mair fairer far than ye.'

**218A.4**

1 'Now hae ye playd me this, fause love,  
2 In simmer, mid the flowers?  
3 I shall repay ye back again,  
4 In winter, mid the showers.

**218A.5**

1 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
2 Will ye not turn again?  
3 For as ye look to other women,  
4 I shall to other men.'

**218A.6**

1 'Make your choice of whom you please,  
2 For I my choice will have;  
3 I've chosen a maid mure fair than thee,  
4 I never will deceive.'

**218A.7**

1 But she's kilt up her claithing fine,  
2 And after him gaed she;  
3 But aye he said, 'Ye'll turn again,  
4 Nae farder gae wi me.'

**218A.8**

1 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
2 Will ye never love me again?  
3 Alas for loving you sae well,  
4 And you nae me again!'

**218A.9**

1 The first an town that they came till,  
2 He bought her brooch and ring;  
3 And aye he bade her turn again,  
4 And gang nae farder wi him.

**218A.10**

1 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
2 Will ye never love me again?  
3 Alas for loving you sae well,  
4 And you nae me again!'

**218A.11**

1 The next an town that they came till,  
2 He bought her muff and gloves;  
3 But aye he bade her turn again,  
4 And choose some other loves.

**218A.12**

1 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
2 Will ye never love me again?  
3 Alas for loving you sae well,  
4 And you nae me again!'

**218A.13**

1 The next an town that they came till,  
2 His heart it grew mair fain,  
3 And he was as deep in love wi her  
4 As she was ower again.

**218A.14**

1 The next an town that they came till,  
2 He bought her wedding gown,  
3 And made her lady of ha's and bowers,  
4 Into sweet Berwick town.

**218B.1**

1 THE sun shines high on yonder hill,  
2 And low on yonder town;  
3 In the place where my love Johnny dwells,  
4 The sun gaes never down.

**218B.2**

1 'O when will ye be back, bonny lad,  
2 O when will ye be hame?  
3 'When heather-hills are nine times brunt,  
4 And a' grown green again.'

**218B.3**

1 'O that's ower lang awa, bonny lad,  
2 O that's ower lang frae hame;  
3 For I'll be dead and in my grave  
4 Ere ye come back again.'

**218B.4**

1 He put his foot into the stirrup  
2 And said he maun go ride,  
3 But she kilted up her green claithing  
4 And said she woudna bide.

**218B.5**

1 The firsten town that they came to,  
2 He bought her hose and sheen,  
3 And bade her rue and return again,  
4 And gang nae farther wi him.

**218B.6**

1 'Ye likena me at a', bonny lad,  
2 Ye likena me at a';  
3 'It's sair for you likes me sae weel  
4 And me nae you at a'.'

**218B.7**

1 The nexten town that they came to,  
2 He bought her a braw new gown,  
3 And bade her rue and return again,  
4 And gang nae farther wi him.

**218B.8**

1 The nexten town that they came to,  
2 He bought her a wedding ring,  
3 And bade her dry her rosy cheeks,  
4 And he would tak her wi him.

**218B.9**

1 'O wae be to your bonny face,  
2 And your twa blinkin een!  
3 And wae be to your rosy cheeks!  
4 They've stown this heart o mine.

**218B.10**

1 'There's comfort for the comfortless,  
2 There's honey for the bee;  
3 There's comfort for the comfortless,  
4 There's nane but you for me.'



**219A.1**

1 THE gardener stands in his bower-door,  
2 With a primrose in his hand,  
3 And by there came a leal maiden,  
4 As jimp's a willow wand.  
5 And by, etc.

**219A.2**

1 'O lady, can you fancy me,  
2 For to be my bride,  
3 You'll get a' the flowers in my garden,  
4 To be to you a weed.

**219A.3**

1 'The lily white shall be your smock;  
2 Becomes your body neat;  
3 And your head shall be deckd with jelly-flower,  
4 And the primrose in your breast.

**219A.4**

1 'Your gown shall be o the sweet-william,  
2 Your coat o camovine,  
3 And your apron o the salads neat,  
4 That taste baith sweet and fine.

**219A.5**

1 'Your stockings shall be o the broad kail-blade,  
2 That is baith broad and long;  
3 And narrow, narrow at the coot,  
4 And broad, broad at the brawn.

**219A.6**

1 'Your gloves shall be the marygold,  
2 All glittering to your hand,  
3 Well spread oer wi the blue blaewort,  
4 That grows in corn-land.'

**219A.7**

1 'O fare you well, young man,' she says,  
2 'Farewell, and I bid adieu;  
3 Since you've provided a weed for me,  
4 Among the summer flowers,  
5 Then I'll provide another for you,  
6 Among the winter showers.

**219A.8**

1 'The new-fallen snow to be your smock;  
2 Becomes your body neat;  
3 And your head shall be deckd with the eastern  
wind,  
4 And the cold rain on your breast.'

**219B.1**

1 ALL ye young men, I pray draw near,  
2 I'll let you hear my mind  
3 Concerning those who fickle are,  
4 And inconstant as the wind.

**219B.2**

1 A pretty maid who late livd here,  
2 And sweetheats many had,  
3 The gardener-lad he viewd them all,  
4 Just as they came and gaed.

**219B.3**

1 The gardener-lad he viewd them all,  
2 But swore he had no skill:  
3 'If I were to go as oft to her,  
4 Ye surely would me kill.

**219B.4**

1 'I'm sure she's not a proper maid,  
2 I'm sure she is not tall;  
3 Another young man standing by,  
4 he said, Slight none at all.

**219B.5**

1 'For we're all come of woman,' he said,  
2 'If ye woud call to mind,  
3 And to all women for her sake  
4 Ye surely should be kind.'

**219B.6**

1 'The summer hours and warm showers  
2 Make the the trees yield in the ground,  
3 And kindly words will woman win,  
4 And this maid I'll surround.'

**219B.7**

1 The maid then stood in her bower-door,  
2 As straight as ony wand,  
3 When by it came the gardener-lad,  
4 With his hat in his hand.

**219B.8**

1 'Will ye live on fruit,' he said?  
2 'Or will ye marry me?  
3 And amongst the flowers in my garden  
4 I'll shape a weed for thee.'

**219B.9**

1 'I will live on fruit,' she says,  
2 'But I'll never marry thee;  
3 For I can live without mankind,  
4 And without mankind I'll die.'

**219B.10**

1 'Ye shall not live without mankind,  
2 If ye'll accept of me;  
3 For among the flowers in my garden  
4 I'll shape a weed for thee.

**219B.11**

1 'The lily white to be your smock;  
2 Becomes your body best;  
3 And the jelly-flower to be your quill,  
4 And the red rose in your breast.

**219B.12**

1 'Your gown shall be o the pingo white,  
2 Your petticoat cammovine,  
3 Your apron o the seel o downs;  
4 Come smile, sweet heart o mine!

**219B.13**

1 'Your shoes shall be o the gude rue red—  
2 Never did I garden ill—  
3 Your stockings o the mary mild;  
4 Come smile, sweet heart, your fill!

**219B.14**

1 'Your gloves shall be o the green clover,  
2 Comes lockerin to your hand,  
3 Well dropped oer wi blue blavers,  
4 That grow among white land.'

**219B.15**

1 'Young man, ye've shap'd a weed for me,  
2 In summer among your flowers;  
3 Now I will shape another for you,  
4 Among the winter showers.

**219B.16**

1 'The snow so white shall be your shirt;  
2 It becomes your body best;  
3 The cold bleak wind to be your coat,  
4 And the cold wind in your breast.

**219B.17**

1 'The steed that you shall ride upon  
2 Shall be o the weather snell,  
3 Well bridled wi the northern wind,  
4 And cold sharp showers o hail.

**219B.18**

1 'The hat you on your head shall wear  
2 Shall be o the weather gray,  
3 And aye when you come into my sight  
4 I'll wish you were away.'

**219C.1**

1 BURD ELLEN stands in her bower-door,  
2 As straucht 's a hollan wand,  
3 And by it comes the gairdner-lad,  
4 Wi a red rose in his hand.

**219C.2**

1 Says, I have shapen a weed for thee  
2 Amang my simmer flowers;  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .  
5 . . . .

**219C.3**

1 'Gin ye hae shapen a weed for me,  
2 Amang your simmer flowers,  
3 It's I'll repay ye back again,  
4 Amang the winter showers.

**219C.4**

1 'The steed that ye sall ride upon  
2 Sall be o the frost sae snell,  
3 And I'll saddle him wi the norlan winds,  
4 And some sharp showers o hail.'

**220A.1**

1 OUR king he has a secret to tell,  
2 And ay well keepit it must be:  
3 The English lords arecoming down  
4 To dance and win the victory.

**220A.2**

1 Our king has cry'd a noble cry,  
2 And ay well keepit it must be:  
3 'Gar saddle ye, and bring to me  
4 The bonny lass of Anglesey.'

**220A.3**

1 Up she starts, as white as the milk,  
2 Between him and his company:  
3 What is the thing I hae to ask,  
4 If I should win the victory?'

**220A.4**

1 'Fifteen ploughs but and a mill  
2 I gie thee till the day thou die,  
3 And the fairest knight in a' my court  
4 To chuse thy husband for to be.'

**220A.5**

1 She's taen the fifteen lord<s> by the hand,  
2 Saying, 'Will ye come dance with me?'  
3 But on the morn at ten o'clock  
4 They gave it oer most shamefully.

**220A.6**

1 Up then rais the fifteenth lord—  
2 I wat an angry man was he—  
3 Laid by frae him his belt and sword,  
4 And to the floor gaed manfully.

**220A.7**

1 He said, 'My feet shall be my dead  
2 Before she win the victory;'  
3 But before 'twas ten o'clock at night  
4 He gaed it oer as shamefully.

**220B.1**

1 WORD has gane thro a' this land,  
2 And O well noticed it maun be!  
3 The English lords are coming down  
4 To dance and gain the victorie.

**220B.2**

1 The king has made a noble cry,  
2 And well attended it maun be:  
3 'Come saddle ye, and bring to me  
4 The bonny lass o Englessie.'

**220B.3**

1 She started up, a' dress'd in white,  
2 Between him and his companie;  
3 Said, 'What will ye gie, my royal liege,  
4 If I will dance this dance for thee?'

**220B.4**

1 'Five good ploughs but and a mill  
2 I'll give you till the day ye die;  
3 The bravest knight in all my court,  
4 I'll give, your husband for to be.'

**220B.5**

1 She's taen the first lord by the hand,  
2 Says, 'Ye'll rise up and dance wi me;'  
3 But she made a' these lords fifeteen  
4 To gie it up right shamefullie.

**220B.6**

1 Then out it speaks a younger lord,  
2 Says, 'Fye for shame! how can this be?'  
3 He loosd his brand frae aff his side,  
4 Likewise his buckler frae his knee.

**220B.7**

1 He sware his feet should be his dead  
2 Before he lost the victorie;  
3 He danc'd full fast, but tired at last,  
4 And gae it up as shamefullie.

**221A.1**

1 THERE livd a lass in yonder dale,  
2 And down in yonder glen, O  
3 And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,  
4 Well known by many men. O

**221A.2**

1 Out came the Laird of Lauderdale,  
2 Out frae the South Countrie,  
3 All for to court this pretty maid,  
4 Her bridegroom for to be.

**221A.3**

1 He has told her father and mither baith,  
2 And a' the rest o her kin,  
3 And has told the lass hersell,  
4 And her consent has win.

**221A.4**

1 Then came the Laird of Lochinton,  
2 Out frae the English border,  
3 All for to court this pretty maid,  
4 Well mounted in good order.

**221A.5**

1 He's told her father and mither baith,  
2 As I hear sindry say,  
3 But he has nae told the lass her sell,  
4 Till on her wedding day.

**221A.6**

1 When day was set, and friends were met,  
2 And married to be,  
3 Lord Lauderdale came to the place,  
4 The bridal for to see.

**221A.7**

1 'O are you came for sport, young man?  
2 Or are you come for play?  
3 Or are you come for a sight o our bride,  
4 Just on her wedding day?'

**221A.8**

1 'I'm nouthor come for sport,' he says,  
2 'Nor am I come for play;  
3 But if I had one sight o your bride,  
4 I'll mount and ride away.'

**221A.9**

1 There was a glass of the red wine  
2 Filld 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 bridegroom he askt nae leive.

**221A.11**

1 Then the blude 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!'

**221A.12**

1 Now a' ye that in England are,  
2 Or are in England born,  
3 Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,  
4 Or else ye'l get the scorn.

**221A.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.1**

1 THE gallant laird of Lamington  
2 Cam frae the North Countree  
3 To court a gallant gay lady,  
4 And wi presents entered he.

**221B.2**

1 He neither stood for gould nor gear——  
2 For she was a well-fared may——  
3 And whan he got her friends' consent  
4 He set the wedding-day.

**221B.3**

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 answered should she be.

**221B.4**

1 He has sent a messenger  
2 Right quietly thro the land,  
3 Wi mony armed men,  
4 To be at his command.

**221B.5**

1 The bridegroom looked out at a high window,  
2 Beheld baith dool and doon,  
3 And there he spied her first fere love,  
4 Come riding to the toun.

**221B.6**

1 She scoffed and she scorned him,  
2 Upo the wedding-day,  
3 And said it had been the Fairy Court  
4 That he had seen in array.

**221B.7**

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.8**

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.9**

1 Up did start the bonny bridegroom,  
2 His hat into his hand,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**221B.10**

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.11**

1 They filled 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.12**

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 speired nae leave.

**221B.13**

1 Now . . .  
2 And swords flew in the skies,  
3 And droop and drowsie was the blood  
4 Ran our yon lilly braes.

**221B.14**

1 The blood ran our the lilly bank,  
2 And our the lilly brae,  
3 And sighing said the bonny bride,  
4 'A, wae's me for foul play!'

**221B.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've garred spill.

**221B.16**

1 'But a' you that is norland men,  
2 If you be norland born,  
3 Come never south to wed a bryde,  
4 For they'll play you the scorn.

**221B.17**

1 'They will play you the scorn  
2 Upo your wedding-day,  
3 And gie you frogs instead o fish,  
4 And do you foul, foul play.'

**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 thrae the Lawland border,  
3 And he has come to court this may,  
4 A' mountit in gude order.

**221C.3**

1 He's telld her father, he's telld her mother,  
2 An a' the lave o her kin,  
3 An he has telld the bonnie lass hersel,  
4 An has her favour win.

**221C.4**

1 Out then cam Lord Faughanwood,  
2 Out frae the English border,  
3 An for to court this well-far'd may,  
4 A' mountit in gude order.

**221C.5**

1 He telld her father, he telld her mother,  
2 An a' the rest o her kin,  
3 But he neer telld the bonnie lass hersel  
4 Till on her waddin-eeen.

**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 bridegroom soud hae been.

**221C.7**

1 Up then spak Lord Faughanwood,  
2 An he spak very slee:  
3 'O 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 ough,' he says,  
2 'But for some sport or play;  
3 An ae word o yer bonnie bride,  
4 Than I'll horse an ride away.'

**221C.9**

1 She filld a cup o the gude red wine,  
2 Sh filld it to the ee:  
3 'Here's a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
4 An a' your companie.'

**221C.10**

1 She filld a cup o the gude red wine,  
2 She filld it to the brim:  
3 'Here's a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
4 My bridegroom should hae been.'

**221C.11**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the gars-green sleeve,  
3 An he has mountit her behind him,  
4 O the bridegroom spierd nae leave.

**221C.12**

1 'It's <s> now take yer bride, Lord Faughanwood,  
2 Now take her an ye may;  
3 But if ye take yer bride again  
4 We will ca it foul play.'

**221C.13**

1 There war four a twenty bonnie boys,  
2 A' clad i the simple gray;  
3 They said the wad take their bride again,  
4 By the strang hand an the may.

**221C.14**

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.15**

1 The bluid ran down by the Cadan bank,  
2 An in by the Cadan brae,  
3 An ther the gard the piper play  
4 It was a' for foul, foul play.

**221C.16**

1 A' ye lords in fair England  
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.17**

1 They'll keep ye up i temper guid  
2 Untill yer wadin-day,  
3 They'll thrav ye frogs instead o fish,  
4 An steal your bride away.

**221D.1**

1 There lives a lass into yon bank,  
2 She lives hersel alone,  
3 Her name is Kathrine Jamphray,  
4 Well known by many a one.

**221D.2**

1 Than came the Laird of Lamington,  
2 It's frae the West Countree,  
3 And for to court this bonnie may,  
4 Her bridegroom hopes to be.

**221D.3**

1 He asked at her father, sae did he at her mother,  
2 And the chief of all her kin,  
3 But still he askd the lass hersel,  
4 Till he had her true love won.

**221D.4**

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.

**221D.5**

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 on her wedding-day.

**221D.6**

1 She sent a spy into the west  
2 Where Lamington might be,  
3 That an he wad come and meet wi her  
4 That she wad with him gae.

**221D.7**

1 They taen her on to Lachenware,  
2 As they have thought it meet;  
3 They taen her on to Lachenware,  
4 The wedding to compleat.

**221D.8**

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.

**221D.9**

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.

**221D.10**

1 When she came out into the green,  
2 Amang her company,  
3 Says, Lamington and Lachenware  
4 This day shall fight for me.'

**221D.11**

1 When he came to Lachanware,  
2 And lighted on the green,  
3 There was a cup of good red wine  
4 Was filled them between,  
5 And ay she drank to Lamington,  
6 Her former love who'd been.

**221D.12**

1 It's out and spake the bridegroom,  
2 And a angrie man was he;  
3 'It's wha is this, my bonnie bride,  
4 That ye loe better than me?

**221D.13**

1 'It's came you here for sport, young man?  
2 Or came you here for play?  
3 Or came you for a sight of my bonnie bride,  
4 Upon her wedding-day?'

**221D.14**

1 'I came not here for sport,' he says,  
2 'Nor came I here for play;  
3 But an I had ae word of your bride,  
4 I'll horse and gae my way.'

**221D.15**

1 The first time that he call'd on her,  
2 Her answer was him Nay;  
3 But the next time that he call'd on her,  
4 She was not slow to gae.

**221D.16**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 He's pulld her on behind him,  
4 At the bridegroom speard nae leave.

**221D.17**

1 The blood ran up the cadan bank,  
2 And down the Caden brae,  
3 And ay she bade the trumpet sound  
4 'It's a' for foul, foul play.'

**221D.18**

1 'I wonder o you English squires,  
2 That are in England born,  
3 That ye come to court our Scots lasses,  
4 For fear ye get the scorn.

**221D.19**

1 'For fear you get the scorn,' she says,  
2 'Upon *your* wedding-day;  
3 They'll gee you frogs instead of fish,  
4 And take your bride away.'

**221D.20**

1 Fair fa the lads of Lamington,  
2 Has taen their bride away!  
3 They'll set them up in temper wood  
4 And scorn you all day.

**221E.1**

1 BONNY Cathrin Jaffray,  
2 That proper maid sae fare,  
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 has courted her sae long  
4 Till he sta her heart away.

**221E.3**

1 But the lusty laird of Lamendall  
2 Came frae the South Country,  
3 An for to gain this lady's love  
4 In entraid he.

**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 . . . .  
3 They came a', but he came no;  
4 It was a foul play.

**221E.7**

1 Lochinvar, as his comrads  
2 Sat drinkine at the wine,  
3 ['Fie] on you,' said his comrads,  
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 away.'

**221E.10**

1 He gat fifty young men,  
2 They were gallant and gay,  
3 An fifty maidens,  
4 An left them on a lay.

**221E.11**

1 Whan 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 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**221E.13**

1 'There was young man in this place  
2 Loved well a comly may,  
3 But the day she gaes an ither 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 he geen them frogs instead a fish,  
4 An taen their bride away.'

**221E.15**

1 The English spiered gin he wad fight;  
2 It spak well in his mind;  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**221E.16**

1 'It was no for fightin I cam here,  
2 But to bear good fellowship;  
3 Gae me a glass wi your bridegroom,  
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 waa.'

**221E.18**

1 He was on guid horseback,  
2 An whipt the bride him wi;  
3 She grat an wrang her hands,  
4 An said, 'It is foul play.'

**221E.19**

1 . . . .  
2 'An this I dare well say,  
3 For this day I gaed anither man's bride,  
4 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.

**221F.1**

1 BONNY catherine Janferry,  
2 The dainty dame so fair,  
3 She's faun in love wi young Lochinvar,  
4 And she loved him without compare.

**221F.2**

1 She loved him well, and wondrous well  
2 To change her mind away;  
3 But the day she goes another man's bride,  
4 And plays him foul play.

**221F.3**

1 Home came the Laird o Lauderdale,  
2 A' from the South Countree,  
3 And a' to court this weel-fart may,  
4 And I wat good tent took he.

**221F.4**

1 Gold nor gear he did no spare,  
2 She was so fair a may,  
3 And he agreed wi her friends all,  
4 And set the wedding-day.

**221F.5**

1 She sent for her first true-love,  
2 Her wedding to come tee;  
3 His father and his mother both,  
4 They were to come him wi.

**221F.6**

1 His father and his mother both,  
2 They were to come him wi;  
3 And they came both, and he came no,  
4 And this was foul play.

**221F.7**

1 He's sent a quiet messenger  
2 Now out thro a' the land,  
3 To warn a humdred gentlemen,  
4 O gallant and good renown.

**221F.8**

1 O gallant and good renown,  
2 And all o good aray,  
3 And now he's made his trumpet soun  
4 A voss o foul play.

**221F.9**

1 As they came up by Caley buss,  
2 And in by Caley brae,  
3 'Stay still, stay still, my merry young men,  
4 Stay still, if that you may.

**221F.10**

1 'Stay still, stay still, my merry young men,  
2 Stay still, if that you may;  
3 I'll go to the bridal-house,  
4 And see what they will say.'

**221F.11**

1 When he gaed to the bridal-house,  
2 And lighted and gaed in,  
3 There were four and twenty English lords,  
4 O gallant and good renown.

**221F.12**

1 O gallant and good renown,  
2 And all o good aray,  
3 But aye he garred his trumpets soun  
4 A voss o foul play.

**221F.13**

1 When he was at the table set,  
2 Among these gentlemen,  
3 He begoud to vent some words  
4 They cludna understan.

**221F.14**

1 The English lords, they waxed wroth  
2 What could be in his mind;  
3 They stert to foot, on horseback lap,  
4 'Come fecht! what's i your mind?'

**221F.15**

1 'I came na here to fecht,' he said,  
2 'But for good sport and play;  
3 And one glass wi yer bonny bridegroom,  
4 And I'll go boun away.'

**221F.16**

1 The glass was filled o good reed wine,  
2 And drunken atween the twa;  
3 'And one glass wi your bonny bride,  
4 And I'se go boun away.'

**221F.17**

1 Her maiden she stood forbye,  
2 And quickly she said, 'Nay  
3 I winna gee a word o her  
4 To none nor yet to thee.'

**221F.18**

1 'Oh, one word o yer bonny bride!  
2 Will ye refuse me one?  
3 Before her wedding-day was set,  
4 I would hae gotten ten.

**221F.19**

1 'Take here my promise, maiden,  
2 My promise and my hand,  
3 Out oer her father's gates this day  
4 Wi me she shanna gang.'

**221F.20**

1 He's bent him oer his saddle-bow,  
2 To kiss her ere he gaed,  
3 And he fastened his hand in her gown-breast,  
4 And tust her him behind.

**221F.21**

1 He pat the spurs into his horse  
2 And fast rade out at the gate;  
3 Ye wouldna hae seen his yellow locks  
4 For the dust o his horse feet.

**221F.22**

1 Fast has he ridden the wan water,  
2 And merrily taen the know.  
3 And then the battle it began;  
4 I'me sure it was na mow.

**221F.23**

1 Bridles brack, and weight horse lap,  
2 And blades flain in the skies,  
3 And wan and drousie was the blood  
4 Gae'd lapperin down the lays.

**221F.24**

1 Now all ye English lords,  
2 In England where ye'r borne,  
3 Come never to Scotland to woo a bride,  
4 For they'le gie you the scorn.

**221F.25**

1 For they'le gie you the scorn,  
2 The scorn, if that they may;  
3 They'll gie you frogs instead of fish,  
4 And steal your bride away.

**221G.1**

1 O BONNY Catharine Jaffery,  
2 That dainty maid so fair,  
3 Once lovd the laird of Lochinvar,  
4 Without any compare.

**221G.2**

1 Long time she lood him very well,  
2 But they changed her mind away,  
3 And now she goes another's bride,  
4 And plays him foul play.

**221G.3**

1 The bonny laird of Lauderdale  
2 Came from the South Country,  
3 And he has wooed the pretty maid,  
4 Thro presents entered he.

**221G.4**

1 For tocher-gear he did not stand,  
2 She was a dainty may;  
3 He 'greed him with her friends all,  
4 And set the wedding-day.

**221G.5**

1 When Lochinvar got word o this,  
2 He knew not what to do,  
3 For losing of a lady fair  
4 That he did love so true.

**221G.6**

1 'But if I were young Lochinvar,  
2 I woud not care a fly  
3 To take her on her wedding-day  
4 From all her company.

**221G.7**

1 'Get ye a quiet messenger,  
2 Send him thro all your land  
3 For a hundred and fifty brave young lads,  
4 To be at your command.

**221G.8**

1 'To be all at your command,  
2 And your bidding to obey,  
3 Yet still cause you the trumpet sound  
4 The voice of foul play.'

**221G.9**

1 He got a quiet messenger  
2 To send thro all his land,  
3 And full three hundred pretty lads  
4 Were all at his command.

**221G.10**

1 Were all at his command,  
2 And his bidding did obey,  
3 Yet still he made the trumpet sound  
4 The voice of foul play.

**221G.11**

1 Then he went to the bridal-house,  
2 Among the nobles a',  
3 And when he stepped upon the floor  
4 He gave a loud huzza.

**221G.12**

1 'Huzza! huzza! you English men,  
2 Or borderers who were born,  
3 Neer come to Scotland for a maid,  
4 Or else they will you scorn.

**221G.13**

1 'She'll bring you on with tempting words,  
2 Aye till the wedding-day,  
3 Syne give you frogs instead of fish,  
4 And play you foul play.'

**221G.14**

1 'The gentlemen all wondered  
2 What could be in his mind,  
3 And asked if he'd a mind to fight;  
4 Why spoke he so unkind?

**221G.15**

1 Did he e'er see such pretty men  
2 As were there in array?  
3 'O yes,' said he, æ Fairy Court  
4 Were leaping on the hay.

**221G.16**

1 'As I came in by Hyland banks,  
2 And in by Hyland braes,  
3 There did I see a Fairy Court,  
4 All leaping on the leas.

**221G.17**

1 'I came not here to fight,' he said,  
2 'But for good fellowshio gay;  
3 I want to drink with your bridegroom,  
4 And then I'll boun my way.'

**221G.18**

1 The glass was filled with good red wine,  
2 And drunk between them twae:  
3 'Give me one shake of your bonny bride's  
4 hand,  
5 And then I'll boun my way.'

**221G.19**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hands,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 Pulld her on horseback him behind,  
4 At her friends askd nae leave.

**221G.20**

1 Syne rode the water with great speed,  
2 And merrily the knows;  
3 There fifty from the bridal came——  
4 Indeed it was nae mows——

**221G.21**

1 Thinking to take the bride again,  
2 Thro strangth if that they may;  
3 But still he gart the trumpet sound  
4 The voice of foul play.

**221G.22**

1 There were four and twenty ladies fair  
2 All walking on the lea;  
3 He gave to them the bonny bride,  
4 And bade them boun their way.

**221G.23**

1 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.

**221G.24**

1 Many a wife- and widow's son  
2 Lay gasping on the ground,  
3 But the bonny laird of Lochinvar  
4 He has the victory won.

**221H.1**

1 THERE was a lady fair, fair,  
2 Lived low down in yon glen, O  
3 And she's been courted far an near  
4 By several gentlemen. O

**221H.2**

1 At length the laird of Lammington  
2 Came frae the West Country,  
3 All to court that pretty girl,  
4 And her bridegroom for to be.

**221H.3**

1 He told her father, so did he her mother,  
2 And all the rest of her kin,  
3 And he has told the lass hersel,  
4 And her kind favour has won.

**221H.4**

1 At length the laird of Laughenwaur  
2 Came frae the English border,  
3 And all to court that pretty girl,  
4 Well mounted in good order.

**221H.5**

1 He told her father, so did he her mother,  
2 As I heard people say,  
3 But he ner told the lass hersel,  
4 Till on her wedding-day.

**221H.6**

1 But when the wedding-day was fixed,  
2 And married for to be,  
3 Then Lamington came to the town,  
4 The bridegroom for to see.

**221H.7**

1 'O are ye come for sport, sir?' he said,  
2 'Or are ye come for play?  
3 Or are ye for a sight o my bonny bride,  
4 Upon her wedding-day?'

**221H.8**

1 'A'm neither come for sport, sir,' he said,  
2 'Nor am I come for play,  
3 But if I had one word o the bride  
4 I'd mount and go away.'

**221H.9**

1 There was a cup of the good red wine  
2 Was filled out them between,  
3 And aye she drank to Lammington,  
4 Who her true-love had been.

**221H.10**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
3 He's mounted her behind him then,  
4 At the bridegroom speered no leave.

**221H.11**

1 The blood ran down by Cowden banks,  
2 And down by Cowden brae,  
3 And aye they gaured the piper play  
4 'It was a foul, foul play.'

**221H.12**

1 Ye gentlemen of Lochenwaur,  
2 That's laigh in England born,  
3 Come ner to Scotland to court a wife,  
4 Or be sure ye'll get the scorn.

**221H.13**

1 The'll keep ye up, and tamper ye at,  
2 Until yer wedding-day,  
3 And they'll gie ye frogs instead o fish,  
4 And they'll play ye a foul play.

**221I.1**

1 IN Bordershellin there did dwell  
2 A comely, handsome may,  
3 And Lochinvar he courted her,  
4 And stole her heart away.

**221I.2**

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,

**221I.3**

1 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.

**221I.4**

1 When Lochinvar the letter read,  
2 He sent owre a' his land  
3 For four and twenty beltit knights,  
4 To come at his command.

**221I.5**

1 They all came to his hand, I say,  
2 Upon that wedding-day;  
3 He set them upon milk-white steeds,  
4 And put them in array.

**221I.6**

1 He set them in array, I say,  
2 Most pleasant to be seen,  
3 And he's awa to the wedding-house,  
4 A single man his lane.

**221I.7**

1 And when he was to the wedding-house come,  
2 They wee all sitten down;  
3 Baith gentlemen and knights was there,  
4 And lords of high renown.

**221I.8**

1 They saluted him, baith auld and young,  
2 Speired how he had spent the day,  
3 And what young Lankashires was yon  
4 They saw all in array.

**221I.9**

1 But he answerd them richt scornfullie,  
2 Upon their wedding-day;  
3 He says, It's been some Fairy Court  
4 Ye've seen all in array.

**221I.10**

1 Then rose up the young bridegroom,  
2 And an angry man was he:  
3 'Lo, art thou come to fight, young man?  
4 Indeed I'll fight wi thee.'

**221I.11**

1 'O I am not come to fight,' he said,  
2 'But good fellowship to hae,  
3 And for to drink the wine sae red,  
4 And then I'll go away.'

**221I.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.'

**221I.13**

1 But some were friends, and some were faes,  
2 Yet nane o them was free  
3 To let the bride on her wedding-day  
4 Gang out o their companie.

**221I.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 nane o them speerd he leave.

**221I.15**

1 Then the blood ran down the Caylin bank,  
2 And owre the Caylin brae;  
3 The auld folks knew something o the sport,  
4 Which gart them cry, Foul play!

**221I.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.

**221I.17**

1 For fear that ye do get the scorn  
2 Upon your wedding-day;  
3 Least ye catch frogs instead of fish,  
4 And then ye'll ca't foul play.

**221J.1**

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.2**

1 Doun cam the laird o Lamingtoun,  
2 Doun frae the South Countrie,  
3 And he is for this bonnie lass,  
4 Her bridegroom for to be.

**221J.3**

1 He's askd her father and mother,  
2 The chief of a' her kin,  
3 And then he askd the bonnie lass,  
4 And did her favour win.

**221J.4**

1 Doun cam an English gentleman,  
2 Doun frae the English border;  
3 He is for this bonnie lass,  
4 To keep his house in order.

**221J.5**

1 He askd her father and mother,  
2 As I do them say,  
3 But he never askd the lass hersell,  
4 Till on her wedding-day.

**221J.6**

1 But she has wrote a lang letter,  
2 And sealed it wi her hand,  
3 And sent it to Lord Lamington,  
4 To let him understand.

**221J.7**

1 The first line o the letter he read,  
2 He was baith glad and fain;  
3 But or he read the letter owre  
4 He was baith pale and wan.

**221J.8**

1 Then he has sent a messenger,  
2 And out through all his land,  
3 And four-and-twenty armed men  
4 Was all at his command.

**221J.9**

1 But he has left his merry men,  
2 Left them on the lea;  
3 And he's awa to the wedding-house,  
4 To see what he could see.

**221J.10**

1 But when he came to the wedding-house,  
2 As I do understand,  
3 There were four-and-twenty belted knights  
4 Sat at a table round.

**221J.11**

1 They rose all for to honour him,  
2 For he was of high renown;  
3 They rose all for to welcome him,  
4 And bade him to sit doun.

**221J.12**

1 O meikle was the good red wine  
2 In silver cups did flow,  
3 But aye she drank to Lamingtoun,  
4 For with him would she go.

**221J.13**

1 O meikle was the good red wine  
2 In silver cups gaed round,  
3 At length they began to whisper words,  
4 None could them understand.

**221J.14**

1 'O came ye here for sport, young man?  
2 Or cam ye here for play?  
3 Or cam ye for our bonnie bride,  
4 On this her wedding-day?'

**221J.15**

1 'I came not here for sport,' he said,  
2 'Neither did I for play;  
3 But for one word o your bonnie bride  
4 I'll mount and ride away.'

**221J.16**

1 They set her maids behind her,  
2 To hear what they would say,  
3 But the first question he askd at her  
4 Was always [answered] nay;  
5 The next question he askd at her  
6 Was, 'Mount and come away.'

**221J.17**

1 It's up the Couden bank,  
2 And doun the Couden brae;  
3 And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
4 'It's a weel won play.'

**221J.18**

1 O meikle was the blood was shed  
2 Upon the Couden brae;  
3 And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
4 'It's a' fair play.'

**221J.19**

1 Come, all ye English gentlemen,  
2 That is of England born,  
3 Come nae doun to Scotland,  
4 For fear ye get the scorn.

**221J.20**

1 They'll feed ye up wi flattering words,  
2 And that's fair play;  
3 And they'll dress ye frogs instead o fish,  
4 Just on your wedding-day.

**221K.1**

1 THERE lives a lass in yonder dale,  
2 In yon bonny borrows-town,  
3 Her name it is Catherine Jeffrey,  
4 She is loved by mony a ane.

**221K.2**

1 Lord Lochinvar has courted her  
2 These twelve months and a day;  
3 With flattering words and fair speeches  
4 He has stown her heart away.

**221K.3**

1 There came a knight from south sea-bank,  
2 From north England I mean,  
3 He alighted at her father's yetts,  
4 His stile is Lord Lymington.

**221K.4**

1 He has courted her father and moth  
2 Her kinsfolk ane and aye,  
3 But he never told the lady hersell  
4 Till he set the wedding-day.

**221K.5**

1 'Prepare, prepare, my daughter dear,  
2 Prepare, to you I say;  
3 For the night it is good Wednesday night,  
4 And the morn is your wedding-day.'

**221K.6**

1 'O tell to me, father,' she said,  
2 'O tell me who it is wi;  
3 For I'll never wed a man on earth  
4 Till I know what he be.'

**221K.7**

1 'He's come a knight from the south sea-bank,  
2 From north England I mean,  
3 For when he lighted at my yetts,  
4 His stile is Lord Lymington.'

**221K.8**

1 'O where will I get a bonny boy  
2 Will win baith meet and fee,  
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 he last spake,  
2 When we sended on the lee;  
3 Bid him saddle and ride full fast,  
4 If he be set for me.'

**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 bentbow 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 Your lady awa will be.

**221K.16**

1 'You'r bidden mind the words ye last spake,  
2 When we sended on the lee;  
3 You'r bidden saddle and ride full fast,  
4 Gin ye set for her be.'

**221K.17**

1 When he came to her father's yetts,  
2 There he alighted doun;  
3 The cups of gold of good red wine  
4 Were going roun and roun.

**221K.18**

1 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
2 'Or came ye here for play?  
3 Or for a sight of our bonny bride,  
4 And then to boun your way?'

**221K.19**

1 'I came not here for sport,' he says,  
2 'Nor came I here for play,  
3 But if I had a sight of your bonny bride  
4 Then I will boun my way.'

**221K.20**

1 When Lymington he called on her,  
2 She would not come at a',  
3 But Lochinvar he called on her,  
4 And she was not sweer to draw.

**221K.21**

1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by her silken sleeve,  
3 He has mounted her high him behind,  
4 He spiered nae mair their leave.

**221K.22**

1 And aye she scoffed and scorned them,  
2 And aye she rode away,  
3 And aye she gart the trumpet sound  
4 The voice of foul play,  
5 To take the bride frae her bridegroom  
6 Upon her wedding-day.

**221K.23**

1 As they came in by Foudlin dyke,  
2 And in by Foudlin stane,  
3 There were mony gallant Englishmen  
4 Lay gasping on the green.

**221K.24**

1 Now a' you that are English lords,  
2 And are in England born,  
3 Come never here to court your brides,  
4 For fear ye get the scorn.

**221K.25**

1 For aye they'll scoff and scorn you,  
2 And aye they'll ride away;  
3 They'll gie you frogs instead of fish,  
4 And call it foul play.

**221L.1**

1 THEY askèd him and speirèd him,  
2 And unto him did say,  
3 'O saw ye ocht o an armed band,  
4 As ye cam on your way?'

**221L.2**

1 He jested them and jeerèd them,  
2 And thus to them did say,  
3 'O I saw nocht but a fairy troop,  
4 As I rode on my way.'

**222A.1**

1 O BONNY Baby Livingston  
2 Went forth to view the hay,  
3 And by it came him Glenlion,  
4 Sta bonny Baby away.

**222A.2**

1 O first he's taen her silken coat,  
2 And neest her satten gown,  
3 Syne rowd her in a tartan plaid,  
4 And hapd her round and rown.

**222A.3**

1 He has set her upon his steed  
2 And roundly rode away,  
3 And neer loot her look back again  
4 The live-long summer's day.

**222A.4**

1 He's carried her oer hills and muirs  
2 Till they came to a Highland glen,  
3 And there he's met his brother John,  
4 With twenty armed men.

**222A.5**

1 O there were cows, and there were ewes,  
2 And lasses milking there,  
3 But Baby neer anse lookd about,  
4 Her heart was filld wi care.

**222A.6**

1 Glenlion took her in his arms,  
2 And kissd her, cheek and chin;  
3 Says, 'I'd gie a' these cows and ewes  
4 But ae kind look to win.

**222A.7**

1 'O ae kind look ye neer shall get,  
2 Nor win a smile frae me,  
3 Unless to me you'll favour shew,  
4 And take me to Dundee.'

**222A.8**

1 'Dundee, Baby? Dundee, Baby?  
2 Dundee you neer shall see  
3 Till I've carried you to Glenlion  
4 And have my bride made thee.

**222A.9**

1 'We'll stay a while at Auchingour,  
2 And get sweet milk and cheese,  
3 And syne we'll gang to Glenlion,  
4 And there live at our ease.'

**222A.10**

1 'I winna stay at Auchingour,  
2 Nor eat sweet milk and cheese,  
3 Nor go with thee to Glenlion,  
4 For there I'll neer find ease.'

**222A.11**

1 Than out it spake his brother John,  
2 'O were I in your place,  
3 I'd take that lady hame again,  
4 For a' her bonny face.

**222A.12**

1 'Commend me to the lass that's kind,  
2 Tho na so gently born;  
3 And, gin her heart I coudna gain,  
4 To take her hand I'd scorn.'

**222A.13**

1 'O had your tongue now, John,' he says,  
2 'You wis na what you say;  
3 For I've lood that bonny face  
4 This twelve month and a day.

**222A.14**

1 'And tho I've lood her lang and sair  
2 A smile I neer coud win;  
3 Yet what I've got anse in my power  
4 To keep I think nae sin.'

**222A.15**

1 When they came to Glenlion castle,  
2 They lighted at the yate,  
3 And out it came his sisters three,  
4 Wha did them kindly greet.

**222A.16**

1 O they've taen Baby by the hands  
2 And led her oer the green,  
3 And ilka lady spake a word,  
4 But bonny Baby spake nane.

**222A.17**

1 Then out it spake her bonny Jean,  
2 The youngest o 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 canna find?  
3 I'm stown 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 Johnny 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 Johnny at Dundee.

**222A.21**

1 And she has gotten a bonny boy,  
2 That was baith swift and strang,  
3 Wi philabeg 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 gowdn guineas three,  
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 coud flee,  
3 And eer the sun was two hours height  
4 The boy was at Dundee.'

**222A.25**

1 And when he came to Johnny's door  
2 He knocked loud and sair;  
3 Then Johnny to the window came,  
4 And loudly 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 woud 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 villany!

**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 eer rade frae the town.

**222A.29**

1 'And arm ye well, my merry men a',  
2 And follow me to the glen,  
3 For I vow I'll 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 bla;  
3 She heard her Johnny's well-kent voice,  
4 Beneath the castle wa.

**222A.32**

1 'O Baby, haste, the window jump!  
2 I'll kep you in my arm;  
3 My merry men a' are at the yate,  
4 To rescue you frae harm.'

**222A.33**

1 She to the window fixt her sheets  
2 And slipped safely down,  
3 And Johnny catchd her in his arms,  
4 Neer loot her touch the ground.

**222A.34**

1 When mounted on her Johnny's horse,  
2 Fou blithely did she say,  
3 'Glenlion, you hae lost your bride!  
4 She's aff wi Johnny Hay.'

**222A.35**

1 Glenlion and his brother John  
2 Were birling in the ha,  
3 When they heard Johnny's bridle ring,  
4 As first he rade awa.

**222A.36**

1 'Rise, Jock, gang out and meet the priest,  
2 I hear his bridle ring;  
3 My Baby now shall be my wife  
4 Before the laverocks sing.'

**222A.37**

1 'O brother, this is not the priest;  
2 I fear he'll come oer late;  
3 For armed men with shining brands  
4 Stand at the castle-yate.'

**222A.38**

1 'Haste Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh!  
2 Haste, take your sword and spier!  
3 We'll gar these traitors rue the hour  
4 That eer they ventured here.'

**222A.39**

1 The Highland men drew their claymores,  
2 And gae a warlike shout,  
3 But Johnny's merry men kept the yate,  
4 Nae ane durst venture out.

**222A.40**

1 The lovers rade the live-lang night,  
2 And safe gat on their way,  
3 And bonny Baby Livingston  
4 Has gotten Johnny Hay.

**222A.41**

1 'Awa, Glenlion! fy for shame!  
2 Gae hide ye in some den!  
3 You've lett'n your bride be stown frae you,  
4 For a' your armed men.'

**222B.1**

1 BONNY Barbara Livingston  
2 Went out to take the air,  
3 When came the laird o Glenlyon  
4 And staw the maiden fair.

**222B.2**

1 He staw her in her cloak, her cloak,  
2 He staw her in her gown;  
3 Before he let her look again,  
4 Was mony mile frae town.

**222B.3**

1 So they rade over hills and dales,  
2 Through m<o>ny a wilsome way,  
3 Till they came to the head o yon hill,  
4 And showed her ewes and kye.

**222B.4**

1 'O will ye stay with me, Barbara,  
2 And get good curds and whey?  
3 Or will ye go to Glenlyon,  
4 And be a lady gay?'

**222B.5**

1 'The Highlands is nae for me, kind sir,  
2 The Highlands is nae for me,  
3 But, gin ye woud my favour win,  
4 Have me to bonny Dundee.'

**222B.6**

1 'Dundee, Barbara? Dundee, Barbara?  
2 That town ye'se never see;  
3 I'll hae you to a finer place  
4 Than eer was in Dundee.'

**222B.7**

1 But when she came to Glenlyon,  
2 And lighted on the green,  
3 Every lady spake Earse to her,  
4 But Barbara could speak nane.

**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 nane.

**222B.9**

1 She put it to her cheek, her cheek,  
2 She put it to her chin,  
3 She put it to her rosey 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 taen 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 woud 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 morn, 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 geordy 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 kissd her cheek, her cheek,  
2 And he has kissd her chin,  
3 And he has kissd her comely mouth,  
4 But no life was therein.

**222B.28**

1 'O wae 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 neer 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 Hielands is no for me, kind sir,  
2 The Hielands is no for me;  
3 But, if you wud my favour win,  
4 You'll tak me to Dundee.'

**222C.4**

1 'The Hielands'll be for thee, my dear,  
2 The Hielands will be for thee;  
3 To the lusty laird o Linlyon  
4 A-married ye shall be.'

**222C.5**

1 When they came to Glenlyon's yetts,  
2 And lichted on the green,  
3 Every ane spak Earse to her,  
4 The tears cam trinkling down.

**222C.6**

1 When they went to bed at nicht,  
2 To Linlyon she did say,  
3 'Och and alace, a weary nicht!  
4 Oh, but it's lang 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 you 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 candle for to see,  
3 And she did write a lang letter  
4 To her love in Dundee.

**222C.10**

1 When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,  
2 And lichtit on the green,  
3 But lang or 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 Thou micht hae taen anither woman,  
4 And let my lady be.'

**222D.1**

1 BONNIE Annie Livingstone  
2 Was walking out the way,  
3 By came the laird of Glendinning,  
4 And he's stolen her away.  
5 The Highlands are no for me, kind sir,  
6 The highlands are no for me,  
7 And, if you wad my favour win,  
8 You'd take me to Dundee.

**222D.2**

1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself upon a grey,  
3 He's taen 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 nane.

**222D.4**

1 When bells were rung, and mass begun,  
2 And a' men bound for bed,  
3 Bonnie 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 Jemmy at Dundee.'

**222D.8**

1 When Jemmie looked the letter on,  
2 A loud laughter gave he;  
3 But eer 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 And I'll away to Glendinning Castle  
4 And see my sister Ann.'

**222D.10**

1 When he came to Glendinning yet,  
2 He lighted on the green,  
3 But ere that he wan up the stair  
4 Fair Annie she was gane.

**222D.11**

1 'The Highlands were not for thee, bonnie Ann,  
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 rosy lips,  
4 For they will neer kiss mine.'

**222E.1**

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.

**222E.2**

1 He's stown her in her coat, her coat,  
2 And he's stown her in her gown,  
3 And he let her not look back again  
4 Ere she was many a mile from town.

**222E.3**

1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself upon another,  
3 And they are on to bonny Lochell,  
4 Like sister and like brother.

**222E.4**

1 The bells were rung, the mass was sung,  
2 And all men bound to bed,  
3 And Baby and her Hieland lord  
4 They were both in one chamber laid.

**222E.5**

1 'Oh day, kind sir! Oh day, kind sir!  
2 Oh day fain would I see!  
3 I would gie a' the lands o Livingston  
4 For day-light, to lat me see.'

**222E.6**

1 'Oh day, Baby? Oh day, Baby?  
2 What needs you long for day?  
3 Your steed is in a good stable,  
4 And he's eating baith corn and hay.'

**222E.7**

1 'Oh day, baby? Oh day, Baby?  
2 What needs you long for day?  
3 You'r lying in a good knight's arms,  
4 What needs you long for day?'

**222E.8**

1 'Ye'll get me paper, pen, and ink,  
2 And light to let me see,  
3 Till I write on a broad letter  
4 And send 't to Lord . . .'  
5 ' . . . ' . . . '

**223A.1**

1 FOUR-AND-TWENTY Highland men  
2 Came a' from Carrie side  
3 To steal awa Eppie Morrie,  
4 Cause she would not be a bride.

**223A.2**

1 Out it's came her mother,  
2 It was a moonlight night,  
3 She could not see her daughter,  
4 Their swords they shin'd so bright.

**223A.3**

1 'Haud far awa frae me, mother,  
2 Haud far awa frae me;  
3 There's not a man in a' Strathdon  
4 Shall wedded be with me.'

**223A.4**

1 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
2 And horse back bound her on,  
3 And then awa to the Minister,  
4 As fast as horse could gang.

**223A.5**

1 He's taken out a pistol,  
2 And set it to the minister's breast:  
3 'Marry me, marry me, minister,  
4 Or else I'll be your priest.'

**223A.6**

1 'Haud far awa frae me, good sir,  
2 Haud far awa frae me;  
3 For there's not a man in all Strathdon  
4 That shall married be with me.'

**223A.7**

1 'Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
2 Haud far awa frae me;  
3 For I darna avow to marry you,  
4 Except she's as willing as ye.'

**223A.8**

1 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
2 Since better could nae be,  
3 And they're awa to Carrie side,  
4 As fast as horse could flee.

**223A.9**

1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
2 And all were bound for bed,  
3 Then Willie an Eppie Morrie  
4 In one bed they were laid.

**223A.10**

1 'Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
2 Haud far awa frae me;  
3 Before I'll lose my maidenhead,  
4 I'll try my strength with thee.'

**223A.11**

1 She took the cap from off her head  
2 And threw it to the way;  
3 Said, Ere I lose my maidenhead,  
4 I'll fight with you till day.

**223A.12**

1 Then early in the morning,  
2 Before her clothes were on,  
3 In came the maiden of Scalletter,  
4 Gown and shirt alone.

**223A.13**

1 'Get up, get up, young woman,  
2 And drink the wine wi me;  
3 'You might have called me maiden,  
4 I'm sure as leal as thee.'

**223A.14**

1 'Wally fa you, Willie,  
2 That ye could nae prove a man  
3 And taen the lassie's maidenhead!  
4 She would have hired your han.'

**223A.15**

1 'Haud far awa frae me, lady,  
2 Haud far awa frae me;  
3 There's not a man in a' Strathdon  
4 The day shall wed wi me.'

**223A.16**

1 Soon in there came Belbordlane,  
2 With a pistol on every side:  
3 'Come awa hame, Eppie Morrie,  
4 And there you'll be my bride.'

**223A.17**

1 'Go get to me a horse, Willie,  
2 And get it like a man,  
3 And send me back to my mother  
4 A maiden as I cam.

**223A.18**

1 'The sun shines oer the westlin hills;  
2 By the light lamp of the moon,  
3 Just saddle your horse, young John Forsyth,  
4 And whistle, and I'll come soon.'

**224A.1**

1 THE Highlandmen hae a' come down,  
2 They've a' come down almost,  
3 They've stowen away the bonny lass,  
4 The Lady of Argosk.

**224A.2**

1 They hae put on her petticoat,  
2 Likewise her silken gown;  
3 The Highland man he drew his sword,  
4 Said, Follow me ye's come.

**224A.3**

1 Behind her back they've tied her hands,  
2 An then they set her on;  
3 'I winna gang wi you,' she said,  
4 'Nor ony Highland loon.'

**225A.1**

1 ROB ROY, frae the high Highlands,  
2 Came to the Lawlan border;  
3 It was to steel a lady away,  
4 To keep his Highland house in order.

**225A.2**

1 As he came in by White House,  
2 He sent nae ane before him;  
3 She wad hae secured the house,  
4 For she did ay abhor him.

**225A.3**

1 Twenty men surrount the house, an twenty they  
went in,  
2 They found her wi her mither;  
3 Wi sighs and cries an watery eyes  
4 They parted frae ane anither.

**225A.4**

1 'O will ye be my dear?' he says,  
2 'Or will ye be my honnie?  
3 O will ye be my wedded wife?  
4 I lee you best of ony.'

**225A.5**

1 'I winna be your dear,' [she says,]  
2 'Nor will I be your honnie,  
3 Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
4 Ye lee me for my money.'

**225A.6**

1 . . . by the way,  
2 This lady aftimes fainted;  
3 Says, Woe be to my cursed gold,  
4 This road for me's invented!

**225A.7**

1 He gave her no time for to dress  
2 Like ladies when they're ridin,  
3 But set her on hie horseback,  
4 Himsel was ay beside her.

**225A.8**

1 Whan they came to the Black House,  
2 And at Stirling tarried,  
3 There he bought her coat and gown,  
4 But she would not [be] married.

**225A.9**

1 Four men held her to the priest,  
2 An four they did her bed,  
3 Wi sighs and cries an watery eyes  
4 Whan she by him was laid.

**225A.10**

1 'Be content, be content,  
2 Be content wi me, lady;  
3 Now ye are my wedded wife  
4 Untill the day ye die, lady.'

**225A.11**

1 'My father was a Highlan laird,  
2 McGrigor 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 wrang,  
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 gainin, [I'm gainin,]  
2 I'm gainin 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 haud his 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 doleful 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 her na time to dress  
2 As ladies when they're brides,  
3 But hurried her awa wi speed,  
4 And rowd her in his plaids.

**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 oere the Hieland hills,  
2 This lady aften fainted,  
3 Saying, Wae be to my cursed gowd,  
4 This road to me invented!

**225B.8**

1 As they gaed oere the Hieland hills,  
2 And at Buchanan tarried,  
3 He bought to her baith cloak and gown,  
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 mournfully she wept and cried  
4 Whan she bye him was laid, O.

**225B.10**

1 'O be content, be content,  
2 Be content to stay, ladie;  
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 whare he dwalt  
4 He exceeded ae in fame, ladie.

**225B.12**

1 'He was a hedge unto his friends,  
2 A heckle to his faes, ladie;  
3 And ilka 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 Lochlomond west  
2 That eer 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 Will mak me a man fu braw, ladie.

**225B.16**

1 'I hae been in foreign lands,  
2 And servd the king o France, ladie;  
3 We will get the bagpipes,  
4 And we'll hae a dance, ladie.'

**225C.1**

1 ROB ROY'S from the Hielands come  
2 Unto our Lowland border,  
3 And he has stolen a lady away,  
4 To keep his house in order.

**225C.2**

1 Rob Roy's come to Blackhill's gate,  
2 Twenty men his 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 For she did still abhor him.

**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 mournful 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 rowed her in their plaids, O.

**225C.9**

1 As they went over hills and rocks,  
2 The lady often fainted;  
3 Says, Wae may 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 his zeal 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, mournfully 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 clime, lady,  
3 Never think of going back,  
4 But take this for your hame, 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 called,  
2 But McGregor 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 heckle 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 good 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 pounds  
4 Makes me a man complete, lady.'

**225D.1**

1 ROB ROY from the Highlands came  
2 Unto the Lowland border;  
3 It was to steal a ladie away,  
4 To keep his house in order.

**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 I'll 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 watry eyes and mournfu cries  
4 They parted from each other.

**225D.6**

1 As they gaed oer yon high hill,  
2 The ladie often fainted;  
3 'Oh, wae be to my gold,' she said,  
4 'This road for me invented!'

**225D.7**

1 Two held her up before the priest,  
2 And two put her to bed,  
3 Wi mournful cries and watry eyes  
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 McGrigor 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 ewes,  
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 Altho he be now dead, ladie,  
3 And a' the country round about  
4 Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.'

**225E.1**

1 ROB ROY from the Highlands cam  
2 Unto our Scottish border,  
3 And he has stown a lady fair,  
4 To haud 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 whan 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 hauding 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 ladys 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 Ballyshine,  
2 At Ballyshine 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, lady;  
3 In all the country whare he dwells,  
4 He does succeed the fame, lady.  
5 Be content, *etc.*

**225E.10**

1 'My father he has cows and ewes,  
2 And goats he has anew, lady,  
3 And you and twenty thousand merks  
4 Will mak me a man complete, lady.'  
5 Be content, *etc.*

**225F.1**

1 ROB ROY frae the Highlands came  
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 mournfu cries and watery eyes  
4 They parted frae each other.

**225F.3**

1 When they came to the heigh 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 heigh hill-gate,  
2 And at Buchanan tarried,  
3 They fetchd 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 mournfu 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 weded wife  
4 Until your dying-day, ladie.

**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 wee'l 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 Lawlan border,  
3 To steal awa a gay ladie,  
4 To haud his house in order.

**225G.2**

1 He cam owre the Lock o Lynn,  
2 Twenty men his arms did carry;  
3 Himsel gaed in an fand her out,  
4 Protesting he would marry.

**225G.3**

1 'O will ye gae wi me? he says,  
2 'Or will ye be my honey?  
3 Or will ye be my wedded wife?  
4 For I love you best of any.'

**225G.4**

1 'I winna gae wi you,' she says,  
2 'Nor will I be your honey,  
3 Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
4 You love me for my money.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**225G.5**

1 But he set her on a coal-black steed,  
2 Himsel lap on behind her,  
3 An he's awa to the Highland hills,  
4 Where her friens they canna find her.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**225G.6**

1 'Rob Roy was my father ca'd,  
2 MacGregor was his name, ladie;  
3 He led a band o heroes bauld,  
4 An I am here the same, ladie.

**225G.7**

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.8**

1 'He was a hedge unto his friens,  
2 A heckle to his foes, ladie,  
3 Every one that durst him wrang,  
4 He took him by the nose, ladie.

**225G.9**

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, ladie.'

**225H.1**

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.

**225H.2**

1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Of none he stood in awe,  
3 Until they reached the Hieland hills,  
4 Aboon the Balmaha.

**225H.3**

1 Saying, 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?'

**225H.4**

1 'Rob Roy he was my father called,  
2 MacGregor was his name, lady;  
3 A' the country, far and near,  
4 Have heard MacGregor's fame, lady.

**225H.5**

1 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
2 A heckle to his foes, lady;  
3 If any man did him gainsay,  
4 He felt his deadly blows, lady.

**225H.6**

1 'I am as bold, I am as bold,  
2 I am as bold, and more, lady;  
3 Any man that doubts my word  
4 May try my gude claymore, lady.

**225H.7**

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.'

**225I.1**

1 ROB ROY is frae the Highlands come  
2 Unto the Scottish border,  
3 And he has stolen a lady gay,  
4 To keep his house in order.

**225I.2**

1 He and his crew surrounded the house;  
2 No tidings came before him,  
3 Or else I'm sure she wad been gone,  
4 For she did still abhor him.

**225I.3**

1 He drew her thro amang his crew,  
2 She holding by her mother;  
3 With watery eyes and mournfu cries  
4 They parted from each other.

**225I.4**

1 He's set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himsel jumped on behind her,  
3 And he's awa to the Highland hills,  
4 And her friends they couldna find her.

**225I.5**

1 'O be content, be content,  
2 O be content and stay, lady,  
3 And never think of going back  
4 Until your dying day, lady.'

**225I.6**

1 As they went over hills and dales,  
2 This lady oftimes fainted;  
3 Cries, Wae be to that cursed money  
4 This road to me invented!

**225I.7**

1 'O dinna think, O dinna think,  
2 O dinna think to ly, lady;  
3 O think na ye yersell weel matchd  
4 On sic a lad as me, lady?'

**225I.8**

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 cocket up aboon, lady?'

**225I.9**

1 'O dinna think, O dinna think,  
2 O dinna think to ly, lady;  
3 O think nae ye yersell weel matchd  
4 On sic a lad as me, lady?'

**225I.10**

1 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
2 But Gregory was his name, lady;  
3 There was neither duke nor lord  
4 Could eer succeed his fame, lady.

**225I.11**

1 'O may not I, may not I,  
2 May not I succeed, lady?  
3 My old father did so design;  
4 O now but he is dead, lady.

**225I.12**

1 'My father was a hedge about his friends,  
2 A heckle to his foes, lady,  
3 And every one that did him wrang,  
4 He hit them oer the nose, lady.

**225I.13**

1 'I<'m] as bold, I<'m] as bold,  
2 I<'m] as bold, and more, lady,  
3 And every one that does me wrong  
4 Shall feel my good claymore, lady.

**225I.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.

**225I.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.'

**225I.16**

1 Twa held her up before the priest,  
2 Four laid her in her bed,  
3 And sae mournfully she weeping cry'd  
4 When she by him was laid!

**225I.17**

1 'Come, dinna think, come dinna think,  
2 Come, dinna think to ly, lady;  
3 You'll surely think yersell weel matchd  
4 On sic a lad as me, lady.

**225I.18**

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.'

**225J.1**

1 FROM Drunkie in the Highlands,  
2 With four and twenty men,  
3 Rob Oig is cam, a lady fair  
4 To carry from the plain.

**225J.2**

1 Glengyle and James with him are cam,  
2 To steal Jean Mitchell's daughter,  
3 And they have borne her far away,  
4 To haud his house in order.

**225J.3**

1 And he has taen Jean Key's white hand,  
2 And torn her grass-green sleeve,  
3 And rudely tyed her on his horse,  
4 At her friends asked nae leave.

**225J.4**

1 They rode till they cam to Ballyshine,  
2 At Ballyshine they tarried;  
3 Nae time he gave her to be dressed,  
4 In cotton gown her married.

**225J.5**

1 Three held her up before the priest,  
2 Four carried her to bed, O;  
3 Wi watery eyes and mournfu sighs  
4 She in bed wi Rob was laid, O.

**225J.6**

1 'Haud far awa from me, Rob Oig,  
2 Haud far awa from me!  
3 Before I lose my maidenhead,  
4 I'll try my strength with thee.'

**225J.7**

1 She's torn the cap from off her head  
2 And thrown it to the way,  
3 But ere she lost her maidenhead  
4 She fought with him till day.

**225J.8**

1 'Wae fa, Rob Oig, upon your head,  
2 For you have ravished me,  
3 And taen from me my maidenhead;  
4 O would that I could dee!'

**225J.9**

1 'My father he is Rob Roy called,  
2 And he has cows and ewes,  
3 And you are now my wedded wife,  
4 And can nae longer chuse.'

**225K.1**

1 ROB ROY frae the Highlands came  
2 Doun to our Lowland border;  
3 It was to steal a lady away,  
4 To haud his house in order.

**225K.2**

1 With four-and-twenty Highland men,  
2 His arms for to carry,  
3 He came to steal Blackhill's daughter,  
4 That lady for to marry.

**225K.3**

1 Nae ane kend o his comming,  
2 Nae tidings came before him,  
3 Else the lady woud hae been away,  
4 For still did she abhorre him.

**225K.4**

1 They guarded doors and windows round,  
2 Nane coud their plot discover;  
3 Rob Roy enterd then alane,  
4 Expressing how he lovd her.

**225K.5**

1 'Come go with me, my dear,' he said,  
2 'Come go with me, my honey,  
3 And ye shall be my wedded wife,  
4 For I love you best of any.'

**225K.6**

1 'I will not go with you,' she said,  
2 'I'll never be your honey;  
3 I will not be your wedded wife,  
4 Your love is for my money.'

**225K.7**

1 They woud not stay till she was drest  
2 As ladies when thei'r brides, O,  
3 But hurried her awa in haste,  
4 And rowd her in their plaids, O.

**225K.8**

1 He drew her out among his crew,  
2 She holding by her mother;  
3 With mournful cries and watry eyes  
4 They parted from each other.

**225K.9**

1 He placed her upon a steed,  
2 Then jumped on behind her,  
3 And they are to the Highlands gone,  
4 Her friends they cannot find her.

**225K.10**

1 With many a heavy sob and wail,  
2 They saw, as they stood by her,  
3 She was so guarded round about  
4 Her friends could not come nigh her.

**225K.11**

1 Her mournful cries were often heard,  
2 But no aid came unto her;  
3 They guarded her on every side  
4 That they could not rescüe her.

**225K.12**

1 Over rugged hills and dales  
2 They rode; the lady fainted;  
3 Cried, Woe be to my cursed gold  
4 That has such roads invented!

**225K.13**

1 As they came in by Drimmen town  
2 And in by Edingarry,  
3 He bought to her both cloak and gown,  
4 Still thinking she would marry.

**225K.14**

1 As they went down yon bonny burn-side,  
2 They at Buchanan tarried;  
3 He clothed her there as a bride,  
4 Yet she would not be married.

**225K.15**

1 Without consent they joind their hands,  
2 Which law ought not to carry;  
3 His passion waxed now so hot  
4 He could no longer tarry.

**225K.16**

1 Two held her up before the priest,  
2 Four laid her in the bed then,  
3 With sighs and cries and watery eyes  
4 When she was laid beside him.

**225K.17**

1 'Ye are come to our Highland hills,  
2 Far frae thy native clan, lady;  
3 Never think of going back,  
4 But take it for thy home, lady.

**225K.18**

1 'I'll be kind, I'll be kind,  
2 I'll be kind to thee, lady;  
3 All the country, for thy sake,  
4 Shall surely favourd be, lady.

**225K.19**

1 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
2 MacGregor was his name, lady,  
3 And all the country where he dwelt  
4 He did exceed for fame, lady.

**225K.20**

1 'Now or then, now or then,  
2 Now or then deny, lady;  
3 Don't you think yourself well of  
4 With a pretty man like I, lady?'

**225K.21**

1 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
2 A heckle to his foes, lady,  
3 And all that did him any wrong,  
4 He took them by the nose, lady.

**225K.22**

1 'Don't think, don't think,  
2 Don't think I lie, lady,  
3 Ye may know the truth by what  
4 Was done in your country, lad'y.

**225K.23**

1 'My father delights in cows and horse,  
2 Likewise in goats and sheep, lady,  
3 And you with thirty thousand marks  
4 Makes me a man complete, lady.

**225K.24**

1 'Be content, be content,  
2 Be content and stay, lady;  
3 Now ye are my wedded wife  
4 Untill your dying day, lady.

**225K.25**

1 'Your friends will all seek after me,  
2 But I'll give them the scorn, lady;  
3 Before dragoons come oer the Forth,  
4 We shall be doun by Lorn, lady.

**225K.26**

1 'I am bold, I am bold,  
2 But bolder than before, lady;  
3 Any one dare come this way  
4 Shall feel my good claymore, lady.

**225K.27**

1 'We shall cross the raging seas,  
2 We shall go to France, lady;  
3 There we'll gar the piper play,  
4 And then we'll have a dance, lady.

**225K.28**

1 'Shake a foot, shake a foot,  
2 Shake a foot wi me, lady,  
3 And ye shall be my wedded wife  
4 Untill the day ye die, lady.'

**225[L.1]**

1 Rob Roy's from the Highlands come  
2 Down to the Lowland border,  
3 An there he's stole a fair lady away,  
4 To keep his house in order.

**225[L.2]**

1 As he came in by Blackhill gate,  
2 Twenty men his arms did carry,  
3 And he has stole a fair lady away,  
4 On purpose hir to marry.

**225[L.3]**

1 No tidings came unto the house,  
2 Nor none went in before him,  
3 Or else she had been run away,  
4 For she did still abhor him.

**225[L.4]**

1 But with his men he surounded the house,  
2 Himself went in unto hir,  
3 And when that he had found her out  
4 He profest how much he lovt hir.

**225[L.5]**

1 'O wilt thou be my dear?' he says,  
2 'O wilt thou be my hony?  
3 O wilt thou be my wedded wife?  
4 For I love you far better than ony.'

**225[L.6]**

1 'I will not be your dear,' she says,  
2 'I will not be your honey,  
3 I will not be your wedded wife;  
4 You love me for my money.'

**225[L.7]**

1 But he hir drew amongst his crew,  
2 She holding by hir mother;  
3 With doleful cries and watry eyes  
4 The parted from each other.

**225[L.8]**

1 He gave hir no time for to dress  
2 As brides do when the marry,  
3 But fast he hurried hir away,  
4 And rowd hir in his plaidy.

**225[L.9]**

1 He set hir on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himslef lept on behind hir,  
3 And he has carried hir away,  
4 Hir friends the could not find hir.

**225[L.10]**

1 The lady's cries were oftines heard,  
2 But none durst venture to hir;  
3 She gaured was on every side,  
4 Hir friends could not rescue hir.

**225[L.11]**

1 As the went over hills and rocks,  
2 The lady oftines fainted;  
3 Cries, Wo be to my curst mony,  
4 These roads to me invented.

**225[L.12]**

1 As the came in by Drummond town  
2 And at Bachannan tarried,  
3 He bought to her a cloak and gown,  
4 Yet wad she not be married.

**225[L.13]**

1 And when she came the priest before  
2 He askd if she would marry,  
3 But the parson's zeal it was so hot  
4 For her will he did not tarry.

**225[L.14]**

1 Four held hir up before the priest,  
2 Tow laid hir in hir bed, O,  
3 But still she cried, with watry eyes,  
4 When she was by him laid O.

**225[L.15]**

1 'Now you'r to the Highlands come,  
2 Out of your native clime, lady,  
3 Never think of going back,  
4 But tak it for your hame, lady.

**225[L.16]**

1 'Be content, be content,  
2 Be content to stay, lady,  
3 Now you are my wedded wife,  
4 Until your dying day, lady.

**225[L.17]**

1 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
2 McGregor was his name, lady,  
3 And all the country where he dwelt  
4 None could exceed his fame, lady.

**225[L.18]**

1 'I'll be kind, I'll be kind,  
2 I'll be kind to thee, lady,  
3 A' thy kindred for thy sake  
4 Shall truly favourd be, lady.

**225[L.19]**

1 'My father reignd as Highland king,  
2 And ruled at his will, lady,  
3 There was nether lord nor duke  
4 Durst do him ony ill, lady.

**225[L.20]**

1 'Ay through time, ay through time,  
2 Ay through time was he, lady,  
3 Filled was w<ith> sweet revenge  
4 On a' his enemys, lady.

**225[L.21]**

1 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
2 A heckle till his foes, lady,  
3 And every ane that did him rang,  
4 He took them oer the nose, lady.

**225[L.22]**

1 'I'm as bold, I'm as bold,  
2 [As bold] as forest boar, lady,  
3 Every ane that does thee rang  
4 Shall feel my stell claymore, lady.

**225[L.23]**

1 'Neer a man from Highlands came  
2 That ever did him dare, lady,  
3 But if those persons did escape  
4 He sized upon there gear, lady,  
5 Ay through time, etc.

**225[L.24]**

1 'My father dealt in horse and cows,  
2 But thou in goats and sheep, lady,  
3 Thre and twenty thousand merk  
4 Makes me a man complete, lady,  
5 Be content, etc.

**225[L.25]**

1 'Of all the exploits my father did  
2 I do him now outshine, lady;  
3 He never took a prize in 's life  
4 With sic a face as thine, lady.'

**226A.1**

1 'OUT it spake Lizee Linzee,  
2 The tear blinket in her ee;  
3 How can I leave father and mother,  
4 Along with young Donald to gae!

**226A.2**

1 Out spoke Lizee's young handmaid,  
2 A bonny young lassie was she;  
3 Said, Were I heress to a kingdom,  
4 Along with young Donald I'd ga.

**226A.3**

1 'O say ye so to me, Nelly?  
2 O say ye so to me?  
3 Must I leave Edinburgh city,  
4 To the high Highland to gae?'

**226A.4**

1 Out spoke Lizzie's own mother,  
2 A good old lady was she;  
3 If you speak such a word to my dochter,  
4 I'll gar hang [you] hi.

**226A.5**

1 'Keep well your dochter from me, madam,  
2 Keep well your dochter fa me;  
3 For I care as little for your dochter  
4 As ye can care for me.'

**226A.6**

1 The road grew wetty and dubby,  
2 And Lizee began to think lang;  
3 Said, I wish had staid with my mother,  
4 And nae wi young Donald had gane.

**226A.7**

1 'You'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
2 You'r thrice welcome to me;  
3 You'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
4 And your young lady you wi.'

**226A.8**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'Ye call na me Sir Donald,  
4 But ca me Donald your son.'

**226A.9**

1 'Rise up, Lizee Linzee,  
2 You [have] lain too long in the day;  
3 Ye might have helped my mother  
4 To milch her goats and her kie.'

**226A.10**

1 Out it spake Lizee Linzee,  
2 The tear blinket in her eye;  
3 'The ladys of Edinburgh city,  
4 They neither milch goats nor kie.'

**226B.1**

1 IT'S of a young lord o the Hielands,  
2 A bonnie braw castle had he,  
3 And he says to his lady mither,

**226B.1**

4 'My boon ye will grant to me:  
5 Sall 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 flattrie,  
4 And court her in grit povertie.'

**226B.3**

1 'My coat, mither, sall be o the plaiden,  
2 A tartan kilt oure my knee,  
3 Wi hosens and brogues and the bonnet;  
4 I'll court her wi nar flattrie.'

**226B.4**

1 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,  
2 He playd at the ring and the ba,  
3 And saw monie a bonnie young ladie,  
4 But Lizzie 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 Lizzie Lindsay;  
4 Says, Lizzie, will ye fancy me?

**226B.6**

1 'And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
2 And gae, gae wi me?  
3 O gae to the Hielands, Lizzie 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 will hap thee and me;  
3 Ye'se lie in my arms, bonnie Lizzie,  
4 If ye'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'

**226B.8**

1 'O how can I gae to the Hielands,  
2 Or how can I gae wi thee,  
3 Whan I dinna ken where 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 ae hour in my room,  
3 Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;  
4 Whan 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 I've plenty o kye in the Hielands,  
4 To feed ye wi curds and green whey.'

**226B.12**

1 'And ye'se get a bonnie blue plaidie,  
2 Wi red and green strips thro it a';  
3 And I'll be the lord o your dwalling,  
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 naither 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, Lizzie 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 'I tell ye I am Donald Macdonald;  
4 I'll ever be proud o my name.'

**226B.16**

1 Doun cam Lizzie Lindsay's ain father,  
2 A knicht o a noble degree;  
3 Says, If ye do steal my dear daughter,  
4 It's hangit ye quickly sall be.

**226B.17**

1 On his heel he turned round wi a bouncie,  
2 And a licht lauch he did gie:  
3 'There's nae law in Edinbruch city  
4 This day that can dare to hang me.'

**226B.18**

1 Then up bespak Lizzie's best woman,  
2 And a bonnie 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 coffer,  
2 And a' your silk kirtles sae braw,  
3 And gang wi a bare-houghd puir laddie,  
4 And leave father, mither, and a'?

**226B.20**

1 'But I think he's a witch or a warlock,  
2 Or something o that fell degree,  
3 For I'll gae awa wi young Donald,  
4 Whatever my fortune may be.'

**226B.21**

1 Then Lizzie laid down her silk mantle,  
2 And put on her waiting-maid's gown,  
3 And aff and awa to the Hielands  
4 She's gane wi this young shepherd loun.

**226B.22**

1 Thro glens and oure mountains they wanderd,  
2 Till Lizzie had scantlie a shoe;  
3 'Alas and ohone!' says fair Lizzie,  
4 'Sad was the first day I saw you!  
5 I wish I war in Edinbruch city;  
6 Fu sair, sair this pastime I rue.'

**226B.23**

1 'O haud your tongue now, bonnie Lizzie,  
2 For yonder's the shieling, my hame;  
3 And there's my guid auld honest mither,  
4 That's coming to meet ye her lane.'

**226B.24**

1 'O ye're welcome, ye're welcome, Sir Donald,  
2 Ye're welcome hame to your ain.'  
3 'O ca me na young Sir Donald,  
4 But ca me Donald my son;'  
5 And this they hae spoken in Erse,  
6 That Lizzie nicht not understand.

**226B.25**

1 The day being weetie and daggie,  
2 They lay till 'twas lang o the day:  
3 'Win up, win up, bonnie Lizzie,  
4 And help at the milking the kye.'

**226B.26**

1 O slowly raise up Lizzie Lindsay,  
2 The saut tear blindit her ee:  
3 'O, war I in Edinbruch city,  
4 The Hielands shoud never see me!'

**226B.27**

1 He led her up to a hie mountain  
2 And bade her look out far and wide:  
3 'I'm lord o thae isles and thae mountains,  
4 And ye're now my beautiful bride.'

**226B.28**

1 'Sae rue na ye've come to the Hielands,  
2 Sae rue na ye've come aff wi me,  
3 For ye're great Macdonald's braw lady,  
4 And will be to the day that ye dee.'

**226C.1**

1 WHAT wad ye gie to me, mither,  
2 What wad ye gie to me,  
3 If I wad go to Edinbruch city  
4 And bring hame Lizzie Lindsey to thee?'

**226C.2**

1 'Meikle wad I gie to thee, Donald,  
2 Meikle wad I gie to thee,  
3 If ye wad gang to Edinbruch city  
4 And court her as in povertie.'

**226C.3**

1 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,  
2 And there a while to resort,  
3 He called on fair Lizzie Lindsey,  
4 Wha lived at the Canongate-Port.

**226C.4**

1 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, Lizzie Lindsey?  
2 Will ye gae to the Hielands wi me?  
3 And I will gie ye a cup o the curds,  
4 Likewise a cup of green whey.'

**226C.5**

1 'And I will gie ye a bed o green threshes,  
2 Likewise a happing o grey,  
3 If ye will gae to the Hielands, Lizzie Lindsey,  
4 If ye'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'

## 226C.6

1 'How can I gang?' says Lizzie Lindsey,  
 2 'How can I gang wi thee?  
 3 I dinna ken where I am gaing,  
 4 Nor wha I am gaing wi.'

## 226C.7

1 'My father is a cowper o cattle,  
 2 My mither is an auld dey;  
 3 My name is Donald Macdonald,  
 4 My name I'll never deny.'

## 226C.8

1 Doun cam Lizzie Lindsey's father,  
 2 A revrend auld gentleman was he:  
 3 'If ye steal awa my dochter,  
 4 Hie hanged ye sall be.'

## 226C.9

1 He turned him round on his heel  
 2 And [a] licht lauch gied he;  
 3 'There is na law in a' Edinbruch city  
 4 This day that can hang me.'

## 226C.10

1 It's doun cam Lizzie's hand-maid,  
 2 A bonnie young lass was she:  
 3 'If I had ae crown in a' the world,  
 4 Awa wi that fellow I'd gae.'

## 226C.11

1 'Do ye say sae to me, Nelly?  
 2 Do ye say sae to me?  
 3 Wad ye leave your father and mither,  
 4 And awa wi that fellow wad gae?'

## 226C.12

1 She has kilted her coats o green silk  
 2 A little below her knee,  
 3 And she's awa to the Hielands wi Donald,  
 4 To bear him companie.

## 226C.13

1 And whan they cam to the vallies  
 2 The hie hills war coverd wi snow,  
 3 Which caused monie a saut tear  
 4 From Lizzie's een to flow.

## 226C.14

1 'O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
 2 And safe in my ain countrie,  
 3 O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
 4 The Hielands shoud never see me.'

## 226C.15

1 'O haud your tongue, Lizzie Lindsey,  
 2 Na mair o that let me see;  
 3 I'll tak ye back to Edinbruch city,  
 4 And safe to your ain countrie.'

## 226C.16

1 'Though I war in Edinbruch city,  
 2 And safe in my ain countrie,  
 3 Though I war in Edinbruch city,  
 4 O wha wad care for me!'

## 226C.17

1 Whan they cam to the shiels o Kilcushneuch,  
 2 Out there cam an auld dey:  
 3 'Ye're welcome here, Sir Donald,  
 4 You and your lady gay.'

## 226C.18

1 'Ca me na mair Sir Donald,  
 2 But ca me Donald your son,  
 3 And I'll ca ye my auld mither,  
 4 Till the lang winter nicht is begun.'

## 226C.19

1 'A' this was spoken in Erse,  
 2 That Lizzie nicht na ken;  
 3 A' this was spoken in Erse,  
 4 And syne the broad English began.

## 226C.20

1 'Ye'll gae and mak to our supper  
 2 A cup o the curds and whey,  
 3 And ye'll mak a bed o green threses,  
 4 Likewise a happing o grey.'  
 5 ' . . . '

## 226C.21

1 'Won up, won up, Lizzie Lindsey,  
 2 Ye've lain oure lang in the day;  
 3 Ye nicht hae been helping my mither  
 4 To milk the ewes and the kye.'

## 226C.22

1 Then up got Lizzie Lindsey,  
 2 And the tear blindit her ee:  
 3 'O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
 4 The Hielands shoud never see me!'

## 226C.23

1 'Won up, won up, Lizzie Lindsey,  
 2 A fairer sicht ye hae to see;  
 3 Do ye see yon bonnie braw castle?  
 4 Lady o it ye will be.'

## 226D.1

1 THERE dwalt a lass in the South Countrie,  
 2 Lizzy Lindsay called by name,  
 3 And many a laird and lord sought her,  
 4 But nane o them a' could her gain.

## 226D.2

1 Out spoke the heir o Kinkawsie,  
 2 An down to his fader spoke he;  
 3 'Fat would ye think o me, fadther,  
 4 Fat would ye think o me,  
 5 To go to Edinburgh city,  
 6 Bring hame Lizzy Lindsay wi me?'

## 226D.3

1 Out and spoke his auld modther,  
 2 An auld revrend lady was she;  
 3 'Court her wi nae fause flatterie,  
 4 But in great policie.'

## 226D.4

1 He was nae in Edinbruch citie  
 2 But a twalmont an a day,  
 3 When a' the young lairds an the ladies  
 4 Went forth to sport an play:  
 5 There was nane like Lizzy Lindsay,  
 6 She was baith gallan an gay.

## 226D.5

1 'Will ye go to the Hielans, Lizzy Linsay?  
 2 Will ye go to the Hielans wi me?  
 3 If ye'll go to the Hielans, Lizz-<y> Linsay,  
 4 I'll gar ye get crouds an green whey.'

## 226D.6

1 'How can I go to the Hielans?  
 2 Or hoo will I go with thee?  
 3 I dinna ken whaar I'm going,  
 4 Or fa' tis I would go wi.'

## 226D.7

1 'my fadther he is an auld couper,  
 2 My modther a brave auld dey;  
 3 If ye'll go to the Hieland<s>, Lizzy Linsay,  
 4 I'll gar ye get cruds and green whey.'

## 226D.8

1 Out it spoke Lizzy's best maiden,  
 2 A wat a fine creature was she;  
 3 'Tho I were born heir till a crown,  
 4 It's young Donald that I would go wi.'

## 226D.9

1 'Oh say ye sae to me, Nelly?  
 2 Oh say ye sae to me?  
 3 Will I cast off my fine gowns and laces,  
 4 An gae to the Highlans him wi?'

## 226D.10

1 She's putten her hand in her pocket,  
 2 She's taen out ten guineas roun:  
 3 'And that wad I gie to thee, Donald,  
 4 To stay but ae hour i my room,  
 5 Till I get your fair pictur painted,  
 6 To haud me unthought lang.'

## 226D.11

1 'I care as little for your guineas  
 2 As you can care for mine;  
 3 But gin that ye like my fair face,  
 4 Then gae wi me, if that ye incline.'

## 226D.12

1 Out it spak Lizzy's auld mither,  
 2 I wite a fine lady was she;  
 3 'Gin I hear you speak sae to my daughter,  
 4 I vow I'se cause them hang thee.'

## 226D.13

1 He turned about on his heel,  
 2 And a loud, loud laughter gae he:  
 3 'They are not in Edinburgh city,  
 4 I trow, that dare hamg me.'

## 226D.14

1 'But an ye come to the Canongate-Port——  
 2 An there ye'll be sure to see me——  
 3 Bring wi ye a bottle of sherry,  
 4 I'll bear you good company.'

## 226D.15

1 They sought all Edinboro citie,  
 2 They sought it roun an roun,  
 3 Thinkin to fin Lizzy Lindsay,  
 4 But awa to the Highlans she's gane.

## 226D.16

1 Whan they came to the shielin,  
 2 Out bespoke the ould dye;  
 3 'You're welcome home, Sir Donald,  
 4 Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'

## 226D.17

1 'Ye'll call nae mair Sir Donald,  
 2 Ye'll call me nae sic thing;  
 3 But ye'se be my auld mither,  
 4 And I'se be Donald your sin.

## 226D.18

1 'Ye'll mak for us a supper,  
 2 A supper o cruds and green whey,  
 3 And likewise a bed o green rashes,  
 4 For Lizzy and I to ly.'

## 226D.19

1 She's made for them a supper,  
 2 A supper o cruds and why,  
 3 And likewise a bed o green rashes,  
 4 For Lizzy and him to ly.

## 226D.20

1 But Donald rose up i the mornin,  
 2 The rest o his glens to spy;  
 3 It was to look for his goats,  
 4 His goats, his yows, an his kye.

## 226D.21

1 But Lizzy, beein wearied wi travel,  
 2 She lay till 'twas lang i the day:  
 3 'Get up, get up, Lizzy Linsay,  
 4 What maks you sae lang for to ly?  
 5 You had better been helping my mither  
 6 To milk her yews and her kye.'

## 226D.22

1 But Lizzy drew till her her stockins,  
 2 The tears fell down on her eye:  
 3 'I wish I were at Edinboro city,  
 4 I can neither milk yews nor kye.'

## 226D.23

1 'Oh hold your tongue, Lizzy Linsay,  
 2 Your weepin I mustna be wi;  
 3 I'll sen you hame to your mither,  
 4 In the greatest o safety.'

## 226D.24

1 But he has tane her by the han,  
 2 And has shewn her the straight way to go:  
 3 'An dont you see bonny Kincawsie,  
 4 What you and I is to ly?'

## 226D.25

1 Out then comes his old mither,  
 2 An twenty brave knights her wi:  
 3 'Ye're welcome home, Sir Donald,  
 4 Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'

## 226D.26

1 Out then comes his old father,  
 2 An twenty brave ladies him wi:  
 3 'You'r welcome home, Sir Donald,  
 4 An that fair creature you wi.'

## 226D.27

1 He's taken her by the han,  
 2 An he's shewn her the straight way in:  
 3 'An ye'se be Lady Kincawsie,  
 4 An ye'se hae Donal, my sin.'

## 226E.1

1 IN Edinburgh lived a lady,  
 2 Was ca'd Lizzie Lindsay by name,  
 3 Was courted by mony fine suitors,  
 4 And mony rich person of fame:  
 5 Tho lords of renown had her courted,  
 6 Yet none her favour could gain.

## 226E.2

1 Then spake the young laird o Kingcaussie,  
 2 And a bonny young boy was he;  
 3 'Then let me a year to the city,  
 4 I'll come, and that lady wi me.'

## 226E.3

1 Then spake the auld laird o Kingcaussie,  
 2 A canty auld mannie was he;  
 3 'What think ye by our little Donald,  
 4 Sae proudly and crouslly cracks he?'

## 226E.4

1 'But he's win a year to the city,  
 2 If that I be a living man;  
 3 And what he can mak o this lady,  
 4 We shall lat him do as he can.'

**226E.5**

1 He's stript aff his fine costly robes,  
2 And put on the single liverie;  
3 With no equipage nor attendance,  
4 To Edinburgh city went he.

**226E.6**

1 Now there was a ball in the city,  
2 A ball o great mirth and great fame;  
3 And fa danced wi Donald that day  
4 But bonny Lizzie Lindsay on the green!

**226E.7**

1 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizzie?  
2 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
3 Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
4 And gang to the Hielands wi me?'

**226E.8**

1 The lady she turned about,  
2 And answered him courteouslie;  
3 'I'd like to ken faer I am gaun first,  
4 And fa I am gaun to gang wi.'

**226E.9**

1 'O Lizzie, ae favour I'll ask you,  
2 This favour I pray not deny;  
3 Ye'll tell me your place of abode,  
4 And your nearest o kindred do stay.'

**226E.10**

1 'Ye'll call at the Canogate-Port,  
2 At the Canogate-Port call ye;  
3 I'll gie you a bottle o wine,  
4 And I'll bear you my companie.'

**226E.11**

1 Syne he called at the Canogate-Port,  
2 At the Canogate-Port call'd he;  
3 She gae him a bottle o wine,  
4 And she gae him her companie.

**226E.12**

1 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizzie?  
2 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
3 Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
4 And gang to the Hielands wi me?'

**226E.13**

1 Then out spake Lizzie's auld mither,  
2 For a very auld lady was she;  
3 'If ye cast ony creed on your dochter,  
4 High hanged I'll cause you to be.'

**226E.14**

1 'O keep hame your dochter, auld woman,  
2 And latna her gang wi me;  
3 I can cast nae mair creed on your dochter,  
4 Nae mair than she can on me.'

**226E.15**

1 'Now, young man, ae question I'll ask you,  
2 Sin ye mean to honour us sae;  
3 Ye'll tell me how braid your lands lie,  
4 Your name, and faer ye hae to gae.'

**226E.16**

1 'My father he is an auld souter,  
2 My mither she is an auld dey,  
3 And I'm but a puir broken trooper,  
4 My kindred I winna deny.

**226E.17**

1 'Yet I'm nae a man o great honour,  
2 Nor am I a man o great fame;  
3 My name it is Donald M'Donald,  
4 I'll tell it, and winna think shame.

**226E.18**

1 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizzie?  
2 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
3 Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
4 And gang to the Hielands wi me?'

**226E.19**

1 'O Donald, I'll gie you ten guineas,  
2 If ye woud but stay in my room  
3 Until that I draw your fair picture,  
4 To look on it fan I think lang.'

**226E.20**

1 'No, I carena mair for your guineas,  
2 Nae mair than ye care for mine;  
3 But if that ye love my ain person,  
4 Gae wi me, maid, if ye incline.'

**226E.21**

1 Then out spake Lizzie's bower-woman,  
2 And a bonny young lassie was she;  
3 Tho I was born heir to a crown,  
4 Young Donald, I woud gang him wi.

**226E.22**

1 Up raise then the bonny young lady,  
2 And drew till her stockings and sheen,  
3 And packd up her claize 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 wearied wi travel,  
4 For she'd travell'd a very lang way.

**226E.24**

1 'O turn again, bonny Lizzie Lindsay,  
2 O turn again,' said he;  
3 'We're but ae day's journey 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 Altho 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 shielen,  
2 She hailed him courteouslie;  
3 Said, Ye're welcome hame, 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 shielen,  
2 She look'd 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 seener,  
4 To milk baith the ewes and the kye.'

**226E.32**

1 Out then speaks the bonny young lady,  
2 Whan the saut tear drapt frae her eye;  
3 I wish that I had bidden at hame,  
4 I can neither milk ewes nor kye.

**226E.33**

1 'I wish that I had bidden at hame,  
2 The Hielands I never had seen,  
3 Altho I love Donald M'Donald,  
4 The laddie wi Blythe 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 Whare I've playd me mony a day.'

**226E.35**

1 Up raise the bonny young lady,  
2 And drest in thd silks sae fine,  
3 And into young Donald's arms  
4 Awa to Kingcaussie she's gane.

**226E.36**

1 'Orth came the auld laird o Kingcaussie,  
2 And hailed her courteouslie;  
3 Says, Ye're welcome, bonny Lizzie Lindsay,  
4 Ye're welcome hame to me.

**226E.37**

1 'Tho lords o renown hae you courted,  
2 Young Donald your favour has won;  
3 Ye'se get a' the lands o Kingcaussie,  
4 And Donald M'Donald, my son.'

**226F.1**

1 THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh,  
2 And mony 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 bonnie 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 whar I was gangin,  
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 cream.'

**226F.6**

1 'If ye'll call at the Canogate-Port,  
2 At the Canogate-Port call on me,  
3 I'll give you a bottle of sherry,  
4 And bear you companie.'

**226F.7**

1 He ca'd at the Canogate-Port,  
2 At the Canogate-Port called he;  
3 She drank wi him a bottle o sherry,  
4 And bore him guid companie.

**226F.8**

1 'Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie?  
2 Will ye go to the Hielands wi me?  
3 If ye'll go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,  
4 Ye shall not want curds nor green whey.'

**226F.9**

1 In there cam her auld mither,  
2 A jolly auld lady was she:  
3 'I wad like to ken whar she was gangin,  
4 And wha she was gaun to gang wi.'

**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 packd up her silks and her satins,  
2 They packd 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 stay;  
3 Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi gangin,  
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 stnading by:  
3 'Ye're welcome hame, 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.'

**226F.19**

1 'Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,  
2 Come in, come in,' said he;  
3 'Although that our cottage be little,  
4 Perhaps the better we'll gree.

**226F.20**

1 'O make us a supper, dear mother,  
2 And make it of curds an green whey;  
3 And make us a bed o green rushes,  
4 And cover it oer wi green hay.'

**226F.21**

1 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,  
2 Why lie ye so long in the day?  
3 Ye might hae been helping my mother  
4 To make the curds and green whey.'

**226F.22**

1 'O haud your tongue, Sir Donald,  
2 O haud your tongue, I pray;  
3 I wish I had neer left my mother;  
4 I can neither make curds nor whey.'

**226F.23**

1 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,  
2 And put on your satins so fine,  
3 For we maun to be at Kincassie  
4 Before that the clock strikes nine.'

**226F.24**

1 But when they came to Kincassie  
2 The porter was standing by:  
3 'Ye're welcome home, Sir Donald,  
4 Ye've been so long away.'

**226F.25**

1 It's down then came his auld mither,  
2 With all the keys in her hand,  
3 Saying, Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,  
4 All under them's at your command.

**226G.1**

1 'WILL you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?  
2 Will you go to the Highlands wi me?  
3 Will you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?  
4 And you shall have curds and green whey.'

**226G.2**

1 Then up spoke Leezie's mother,  
2 A gallant old lady was she;  
3 'If you talk so to my daughter,  
4 High hanged I'll gar you be.'

**226G.3**

1 And then she changed her coaties,  
2 And then she changed them to green,  
3 And then she changed her coaties,  
4 Young Donald to gang wi.

**226G.4**

1 But the roads grew broad and broad,  
2 And the mountains grew high and high,  
3 Which caused many a tear  
4 To fall from Leezie's eye.

**226G.5**

1 But the roads grew broad and broad,  
2 And the mountains grew high and high,  
3 Till they came to the glens of Glen Koustie,  
4 And out there came an old die.

**226G.6**

1 'You're welcome here, Sir Donald,  
2 And your fair ladie,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .'

**226G.7**

1 'O call me not Sir Donald,  
2 But call me Donald your son,  
3 And I will call you mother,  
4 Till this long night be done.'

**226G.8**

1 These words were spoken in Gaelic,  
2 And Leezie did not them ken;  
3 These words were spoken in Gaelic,  
4 And then plain English began.

**226G.9**

1 'O make her a supper, mother,  
2 O make her a supper wi me;  
3 O make her a supper, mother,  
4 Of curds and green whey.'

**226G.10**

1 'You must get up, Leezie Lindsay,  
2 . . . .  
3 You must get up, Leezie Lindsay,  
4 For it is far in the day.'

**226G.11**

1 And then they went out together,  
2 And a braw new bigging saw she,  
3 And out cam Lord Macdonald,  
4 And his gay companie.

**226G.12**

1 'You're welcome here, Leezie Lindsay,  
2 The flower of a' your kin,  
3 And you shall be Lady Macdonald,  
4 Since you have got Donald, my son.'

**226[H.1]**

1 Ther lives a maid in Edinbrugh citty,  
2 Elisa Lindsay they call her by name;  
3 Monye an came to court her,  
4 But a' ther suit was in vain.

**226[H.2]**

1 Out spak the hear of Carnussè,  
2 An out spak he;  
3 'Fat wad ye think of me if I wad gae to  
Edinbrugh citty  
4 An bring this fair creatur we me?'

**226[H.3]**

1 'If ye gae to Edinbrugh city  
2 An bring this fair creatur we the,  
3 Bring her home we ne flatry,  
4 But by grait policy.'

**226[H.4]**

1 Fan he came to the Netherbou,  
2 Elisa Lindsay for to see,  
3 She drank we him a bottel of cherry,  
4 And bare him gued company.

**226[H.5]**

1 'Will ye goo to the Hillands we me, Lisee?  
2 Will ye go to [the] Hillands we me?  
3 . . . . .  
4 Ye's gett cruds an grean why.'

**226[H.6]**

1 Out spak Lissy's mother,  
2 An out spak she;  
3 'If ye say so to my daughter,  
4 [I] swaer I ell gar ye die.'

**226[H.7]**

1 'Keep well yer dother, old lady,  
2 Keep well yer dother fra me,  
3 For I care as littel for yer dother  
4 As she dos for me.'

**226[H.8]**

1 Out spak Lissie Lindsay,  
2 We the tear in her eay;  
3 'I will gie ye ten gunies,  
4 If ye wad bat sitt in my roun bat a whill  
5 Till I dra you<[r] picter,  
6 To mind me on your swit smill.'

**226[H.9]**

1 'I care as littel for your ten gunies  
2 As ye dou for mine,  
3 But if ye love my person,  
4 Goo we me if ye inclayn.'

**226[H.10]**

1 Fan they came to Carnusie, an even to the glen,  
2 Out came the old day;  
3 'Ye'r welcom home, Sir Donall, ye'r welcom  
home,  
4 An that fair creatur ye we.'

**226[H.11]**

1 'Caa na me mare Sir Donald,  
2 Bat caa me Donall, yer son,  
3 An I'll caa ye my mother,  
4 An caa me Donall, yer son.'  
5 The words wer spoken in Ears,  
6 Lissie she had nean.

**226[H.12]**

1 'Gett us a supper of cruds,  
2 [A supper of cruds] an green whay,  
3 An a bed of the best of yeer rushes,  
4 Besids a covering of gray.'

**226[H.13]**

1 Lissy Lindsay bieng weary,  
2 She lay over long in the day:  
3 'Win up, Lissy Lindsay,  
4 Ye haa layen our lang in the day;  
5 Ye might haa ben out we my mider,  
6 Milken the eus an the kay.'

**226[H.14]**

1 Out spak Lissie Lindsay,  
2 The tear in her eay;  
3 'I wiss I wer in Edenbrugh citty,  
4 I cannè milk eus nor kay.'

**226[H.15]**

1 'Hold your toung, Lissie Lindsay,  
2 An dou not treat on me,  
3 For I will haa ye back to Edenbrugh citty,  
4 Nou we grait safity.'

**226[H.16]**

1 Out spak Lissie Lindsay,  
2 The tear in her eay;  
3 'If I wer in Edenbrugh citty,  
4 They woud think littel of me.'

**226[H.17]**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 Some other forest to vue;  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

**226[H.18]**

1 Fan they came to Carnusy, out came Donal's  
father,  
2 A gay old knight was he;  
3 Out cam Donald's father,  
4 An four-an-tenty him we.

**226[H.19]**

1 'Ye'r welcom, Lissie Lends<y],  
2 Dear welcom to me;  
3 Ye's be Lady Carnusie,  
4 An gett Donal, my son.'

**226[H.20]**

1 Out came Donald's mother,  
2 An four-an-tenty her we:  
3 'Ye'r welcom, my son,  
4 An that fair creatur ye we.'

**227A.1**

1 It fell about the Lambmass tide,  
2 When the leaves were fresh and green,  
3 Lizie Bailie is to Gartartain [gane],  
4 To see her sister Jean.

**227A.2**

1 She had not been in Gartartain  
2 Even but a little while  
3 Till luck and fortune happend her,  
4 And she went to the Isle.

**227A.3**

1 And when she went into the Isle  
2 She met with Duncan Grahame;  
3 So bravely as he courted her!  
4 And he convoyd her hame.

**227A.4**

1 'My bonny Lizie Bailie,  
2 I'll row thee in my pladie,  
3 If thou will go along with me  
4 And be my Highland lady.'

**227A.5**

1 'If I would go along with thee,  
2 I think I were not wise;  
3 For I cannot milk cow nor ewe,  
4 Nor yet can I speak Erse.'

**227A.6**

1 'Hold thy tongue, bonny Lizie Bailie,  
2 And hold thy tongue,' said he;  
3 'For any thing that thou does lack,  
4 My dear, I'll learn thee.'

**227A.7**

1 She would not have a Lowland laird,  
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;  
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,  
4 For Duncan wears his trews.

**227A.8**

1 She would not have a gentleman,  
2 A farmer in Kilsyth,  
3 But she would have the Highland man,  
4 He lives into Monteith.

**227A.9**

1 She would not have the Lowland man,  
2 Nor yet the English laddie,  
3 But she would have the Highland man,  
4 To row her in his pladie.

**227A.10**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And he convoyed her hame,  
3 And still she thought, both night and day,  
4 On bonny Duncan Grahame.

**227A.11**

1 'O bonny Duncan Grahame,  
2 Why should ye me miscarry?  
3 For, if you have a love for me,  
4 We'll meet a<[t] Castle Carry.

**227A.12**

1 'As I came in by Dennie bridge,  
2 And by the holland-bush,  
3 My mother took from me my cloaths,  
4 My rings, ay and my purse.

**227A.13**

1 'Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
2 For that I do not care;  
3 For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
4 Tho I should ner get mair.

**227A.14**

1 'For first when I met Duncan Grahame  
2 I met with meikle joy,  
3 And many pretty Highland men  
4 Was there at my convoy.'

**227A.15**

1 And now he is gone through the muir,  
2 And she is through the glen:  
3 'O bonny Lizzie Bailie,  
4 When will we meet again!'

**227A.17**

1 Shame light on these logerheads  
2 That lives in Castle Carry,  
3 That let away the bonny lass  
4 The Highland man to marry!

**227A.16**

1 'O bonny Lizzie, stay at home!  
2 Thy mother cannot want thee;  
3 For any thing that thou does lack,  
4 My dear, I'll cause get thee.'

**227A.18**

1 'I would not give my Duncan Grahame  
2 For all my father's land,  
3 Although he had three lairdships more,  
4 And all at my command.'

**227A.19**

1 And she's cast off her silken gowns,  
2 That she weard in the Lowland,  
3 And she's up to the Highland hills,  
4 To wear [the] gowns of tartain.

**227A.20**

1 And she's cast off her high-heeld shoes,  
2 Was made of the gilded leather,  
3 And she's up to Gillicrankie,  
4 To go among the heather.

**227A.21**

1 And she's cast off her high-heeld shoes,  
2 And put on a pair of laigh ones,  
3 And she's away with Duncan Grahame,  
4 To go among the brachans.

**227A.22**

1 'O my bonny Lizzie Bailie,  
2 Thy mother cannot want thee;  
3 And if thou go with Duncan Grahame  
4 Thou'll be a Gillicrankie.'

**227A.23**

1 'Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
2 And folly let thee be;  
3 Should I not fancie Duncan Grahame  
4 When Duncan fancies me?

**227A.24**

1 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And folly let thee be;  
3 For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
4 Fore all the men I see.'

**227A.25**

1 'Who is it that's done this turn?  
2 Who has done this deed?'  
3 'A minister it's, father,' she says,  
4 'Lives at the Rughburn bridge.'

**227A.26**

1 'A minister, daughter?' he says,  
2 'A minister for mister!'  
3 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
4 He married first my sister.'

**227A.27**

1 'O fare you well, my daughter dear,  
2 So dearly as I lovd thee!  
3 Since thou wilt go to Duncan Grahame,  
4 My bonny Lizzie Bailie.'

**227A.28**

1 'O fare you well, my father dear,  
2 Also my sister Betty;  
3 O fare you well, my mother dear,  
4 I leave you all compleatly.'

**228A.1**

1 'AS I cam in by Glasgow town,  
2 The Highland troops were a' before me,  
3 And the bonniest lass that eer I saw,  
4 She lives in Glasgow, they ca her Peggie.

**228A.2**

1 'I wad gie my bonnie black horse,  
2 So wad I my gude grey naigie,  
3 If I were twa hundred miles in the north,  
4 And nane wi me but my bonnie Peggie.'

**228A.3**

1 Up then spak her father dear,  
2 Dear wow! but he was wondrous sorrrie;  
3 'Weel may ye steal a cow or a yowe,  
4 But ye dare nae steal my bonnie Peggie.'

**228A.4**

1 Up then spak her mother dear,  
2 Dear wow! but she spak wondrous sorrrie;  
3 Now since I have brought ye up this length,  
4 Wad ye gang awa wi a Highland fellow?'

**228A.5**

1 He set her on his bonnie black horse,  
2 He set himsel on his gude grey naigie,  
3 And they have ridden oer hills and dales,  
4 And he's awa wi his bonnie Peggie.

**228A.6**

1 They have ridden oer hills and dales,  
2 They have ridden oer mountains many,  
3 Until they cam to a low, low glen,  
4 And there he's lain down wi his bonnie Peggie.

**228A.7**

1 Up then spak the Earl of Argyle,  
2 Dear wow! but he spak wondrous sorrrie;  
3 'The bonniest lass in a' Scotland  
4 Is off and awa wi a Highland fellow!'

**228A.8**

1 Their bed was of the bonnie green grass,  
2 Their blankets war o the hay sae bonnie;  
3 He folded his philabeg below her head,  
4 And he's lain down wi his bonnie Peggie.

**228A.9**

1 Up then spak the bonny Lowland lass,  
2 And wow! but she spak wondrous sorrrie;  
3 'I se warrant my mither wad hae a gay sair  
4 heart  
5 To see me lien here wi you, my Willie.'

**228A.10**

1 'In my father's house there's feather-beds,  
2 Feather-beds, and blankets mony;  
3 They're a' mine, and they'll sune be thine,  
4 And what needs your mither be sae sorrrie,  
5 Peggie?'

**228A.11**

1 'Dinna you see yon nine score o kye,  
2 Feeding on yon hill sae bonnie?  
3 They're a' mine, and they'll sune be thine,  
4 And what needs your mither be sorrrie, Peggie?'

**228A.12**

1 'Dinna you see yon nine score o sheep,  
2 Feeding on yon brae sae bonnie?  
3 They're a' mine, and they'll sune be thine,  
4 And what needs your mither be sorrrie for ye?'

**228A.13**

1 'Dinna ye see yon bonnie white house,  
2 Shining on yon brae sae bonnie?  
3 And I am the Earl of the Isle of Skye,  
4 And surely my Peggie will be ca'd a lady.'

**228B.1**

1 THE Lawland lads think they are fine,  
2 But the Hieland lads are brisk and gaucy,  
3 And they are awa, near Glasgow toun,  
4 To steal awa a bonnie lassie.

**228B.2**

1 'I wad gie my gude brown steed,  
2 And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,  
3 That I war fifty miles frae the toun,  
4 And nane wi me but my bonnie Peggie.'

**228B.3**

1 But up then spak the auld gudman,  
2 And vow! but he spak wondrous saucie;  
3 'Ye may steal awa our cows and ewes,  
4 But ye sanna get our bonnie lassie.'

**228B.4**

1 'I have got cows and ewes anew,  
2 I've got gowd and gear already;  
3 Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,  
4 But I will hae your bonnie Peggie.'

**228B.5**

1 'I'll follow you oure moss and muir,  
2 I'll follow you oure mountains many,  
3 I'll follow you through frost and snaw,  
4 I'll stay na langer wi my daddie.'

**228B.6**

1 He set her on a gude brown steed,  
2 Himself upon a gude grey naigie;  
3 They're oure hills, and oure dales,  
4 And he's awa wi his bonnie Peggie.

**228B.7**

1 As they rade out by Glasgow toun,  
2 And down by the hills o Achilounie,  
3 There they met the Earl of Hume,  
4 And his auld son, riding bonnie.

**228B.8**

1 Out bespak the Earl of Hume,  
2 And O! but he spak wondrous sorry;  
3 'The bonniest lass about a' Glasgow toun  
4 This day is awa wi a Hieland laddie!'

**228B.9**

1 As they rade bye auld Drymen toun,  
2 The lasses leuch and lookit saucy,  
3 That the bonniest lass they ever saw  
4 Sud be riding awa wi a Hieland laddie.

**228B.10**

1 They rode on through moss and muir,  
2 And so did they owre mountains many,  
3 Until that they cam to yonder glen,  
4 And she's lain down wi her Hieland laddie.

**228B.11**

1 Gude green hay was Peggy's bed,  
2 And brakens war her blankets bonnie,  
3 Wi his tartan plaid aneath her head;  
4 And she's lain down wi her Hieland laddie.

**228B.12**

1 'There's beds and bowsters in my father's  
2 house,  
3 There's sheets and blankets, and a' thing ready,  
4 And wadna they be angry wi me,  
5 To see me lie sae wi a Hieland laddie!'

**228B.13**

1 'Tho there's beds and beddin in your father's  
2 house,  
3 Sheets and blankets, and a' made ready,  
4 Yet why sud they be angry wi thee,  
5 Though I be but a Hieland laddie?'

**228B.14**

1 'It's I hae fifty acres of land,  
2 It's a' plowd and sawn already;  
3 I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
4 And why sud na Peggy be calld a lady?'

**228B.15**

1 'I hae fifty gude milk kye,  
2 A' tied to the staws already;  
3 I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
4 And why sud na Peggy be calld a lady?'

**228B.16**

1 'See ye no a' yon castles and towrs?  
2 The sun sheens owre them a sae bonnie;  
3 I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
4 I think I'll mak ye as blythe as onie.'

**228B.17**

1 A' that Peggy left behind  
2 Was a cot-house and a wee kail-yardie;  
3 Now I think she is better by far  
4 Than tho she had got a Lawland lairdie.

**228C.1**

1 'HE set her on his bonnie black horse,  
2 He set himsel on his gude grey naigie;  
3 He has ridden over hills, he has ridden over  
4 dales,  
5 And he's quite awa wi my bonny Peggie.'

**228C.2**

1 'Her brow it is brent and her middle it is jimp,  
2 Her arms are long and her fingers slender;  
3 One sight of her eyes makes my very heart  
4 rejoice,  
5 And wae's my heart that we should sunder!'



**228C.3**

1 His sheets were of the good green hay,  
2 His blankets were of the brackens bonnie;  
3 He's laid his trews beneath her head,  
4 And she's lain down wi her Highland laddie.

**228C.4**

1 'I am my mother's ae daughter,  
2 And she had nae mair unto my daddie,  
3 And this night she would have a sore, sore heart  
4 For to see me lye down with a Highland laddie

**228C.5**

1 'Ye are your mother's ae daughter,  
2 And she had nae mair unto your daddie;  
3 This night she need not have a sore, sore heart  
4 For to see you lie down with a Highland laddie.

**228C.6**

1 'I have four-and-twenty acres of land,  
2 It is ploughed, it is sown, and is always ready,  
3 And you shall have servants at your command;  
4 And why should you slight a Highland laddie?

**228C.7**

1 'I have four-and-twenty good milk-kye,  
2 They are feeding on yon meadow bonnie;  
3 Besides, I have both lambs and ewes,  
4 Going low in the haughs o Galla water.

**228C.8**

1 'My house it stands on yon hill-side,  
2 My broadsword, durk, and bow is ready,  
3 And you shall have servants at your command;  
4 And why may not Peggy be called a lady?'

**228D.1**

1 A BONNY laddie brisk and gay,  
2 A handsome youth sae brisk and gaddie,  
3 And he is on to Glasgow town,  
4 To steal awa his bonny Peggy.

**228D.2**

1 When he came into Glasgow town,  
2 Upon her father's green sae steady,  
3 'Come forth, come forth, old man,' he says,  
4 'For I am come for bonny Peggy.'

**228D.3**

1 Out it spake her father then;  
2 'Begone from me, ye Highland laddie;  
3 There's nane in a' the West Country  
4 Dare steal from me my bonny Peggy.'

**228D.4**

1 'I've ten young men all at my back,  
2 That ance to me were baith true and steady;  
3 If ance I call, they'll soon be nigh,  
4 And bring to me my bonny Peggy.'

**228D.5**

1 Out it spake her mother then,  
2 Dear! but she spake wondrous saucy;  
3 Says, Ye may steal a cow or ewe,  
4 But I'll keep sight o my ain lassie.

**228D.6**

1 'Hold your tongue, old woman,' he says,  
2 'Ye think your wit it is fu ready;  
3 For cow nor ewe I ever stole,  
4 But I will steal your bonny Peggy.'

**228D.7**

1 Then all his men they boldly came,  
2 That was to him baith true and steady,  
3 And thro the ha they quickly went,  
4 And forth they carried bonny Peggy.

**228D.8**

1 Her father gae mony shout and cry,  
2 Her mother cursed the Highland laddie;  
3 But he heard them as he heard them not,  
4 But fixd his eye on bonny Peggy.

**228D.9**

1 He set her on his milk-white steed,  
2 And he himsell on his grey naigie;  
3 Still along the way they rode,  
4 And he's awa wi bonny Peggy.

**228D.10**

1 Says, I wad gie baith cow and ewe,  
2 And sae woud I this tartan plaidie,  
3 That I was far into the north,  
4 And alang wi me my bonny Peggy.

**228D.11**

1 As they rode down yon pleasant glen,  
2 For trees and brambles were right mony,  
3 There they met the Earl o Hume,  
4 And his young son, were riding bonny.

**228D.12**

1 Then out it spake the young Earl Hume,  
2 Dear! but he spake wondrous gaudie;  
3 'I'm wae to see sae fair a dame  
4 Riding alang wi a Highland laddie.'

**228D.13**

1 'Hold your tongue, ye young Earl Hume,  
2 O dear! but ye do speak right gaudie;  
3 There's nae a lord in a' the south  
4 Dare eer compete wi a Highland laddie.'

**228D.14**

1 Then he rade five miles thro the north,  
2 Thro mony hills sae rough and scroggie,  
3 Till they came down to a low glen,  
4 And he lay down wi bonny Peggy.

**228D.15**

1 Then he inclosed her in his arms,  
2 And rowd her in his tartan plaidie;  
3 'There are blankets and sheets in my father's  
house,  
4 How have I lien down wi a Highland laddie!'

**228D.16**

1 Says he, There are sheep in my father's fauld,  
2 And every year their wool is ready;  
3 By the same our debts we pay,  
4 Altho I be but a Highland laddie.

**228D.17**

1 'There are fifty cows in my father's byre,  
2 That all are tied to the stakes and ready,  
3 Five thousand pounds I hae ilk year,  
4 Altho I be but a Highland laddie.

**228D.18**

1 'My father has fifty well shod horse,  
2 Besides your steed and my grey naigie;  
3 I'm Donald o the Isle o Skye,  
4 Why may not you be ca'd a lady?'

**228D.19**

1 'See ye not yon fine castle,  
2 On yonder hill that stands sae gaudie?  
3 And there we'll win this very night,  
4 Where ye'll enjoy your Highland laddie.'

**228E.1**

1 THE Hielan lads sae brisk and braw,  
2 The Hielan lads sae brisk and gaudie,  
3 Hae gane awa to Glasgow town,  
4 To steal awa the bonny Peggy.

**228E.2**

1 As they came on to Glasgow town,  
2 And passd the banks and braes sae bonny,  
3 There they espied the weel-faurd may,  
4 And she said to them her name was Peggy.

**228E.3**

1 Their chief did meet her father soon,  
2 And O! but he was wondrous angry;  
3 Says, Ye may steal my owsen and kye,  
4 But ye maunna steal my bonnie Peggy.

**228E.4**

1 'O haud your tongue, ye gude auld man,  
2 For I've got cows and ewes already;  
3 I come na to steal your owsen and kye,  
4 But I will steal your bonny Peggy.'

**228E.5**

1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 And he himsell rode a gude grey naigie,  
3 And they are on mony miles to the north,  
4 And nane wi them but the bonny Peggy.

**228E.6**

1 'I hae fifty acres o gude red lan,  
2 And a' weel ploughd and sawn already,  
3 And why should your father be angry wi me,  
4 And ca me naething but a Hielan laddie?'

**228E.7**

1 'I hae twenty weel mounted steeds,  
2 Black and brown and grey, already;  
3 And ilk ane o them is tended by a groom,  
4 Altho I be but a Hielan laddie.

**228E.8**

1 'I hae now ten thousand sheep,  
2 A' feeding on yon braes sae bonny,  
3 And ilka hundred a shepherd has,  
4 Altho I be but a Hielan laddie.

**228E.9**

1 'I hae a castle on yonder hill,  
2 It's a' set roun wi windows many;  
3 I'm Lord M'Donald o the whole Isle of Skye;  
4 And why shouldna Peggy be ca'd my Lady?'

**228E.10**

1 Now a' that Peggy had before  
2 Was a wee cot-house and a little kail-yairdie,  
3 But now she is lady o the whole Isle o Skye,  
4 And now bonny Peggy is ca'd my Lady.

**228F.1**

1 THE young Maclean is brisk and bauld,  
2 The young Maclean is rash an ready,  
3 An he is to the Lowlands gane,  
4 To steal awa a bonnie ladye.

**228F.2**

1 Out an spak her auld father,  
2 An O! but he spak wondrous angry;  
3 'Ye may steal my cows an ewes,  
4 But ye shall not steal my dochter Peggie.'

**228F.3**

1 'O haud your tongue, ye gude auld man,  
2 For I hae gear enough already;  
3 I cum na for your cows an ewes,  
4 But I cum for your dochter Peggie.'

**228F.4**

1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himsel upon a gude gray naggie,  
3 An they are to the Highlands gane,  
4 The young Maclean an his bonnie ladye.

**228[G.1]**

1 It was on a day, and a fine summer's day,  
2 When the Lowlands they were making ready,  
3 There I espied a weel-far'd lass,  
4 She was gaun to Glasgow, and they ca her  
Peggy.

**228[G.2]**

1 It's up then spak a silly auld man,  
2 And O but he spak wondrous poorly!  
3 Sayin, Ye may steal awa my cows and my  
ewes,  
4 But ye'll never steal awa my bonny Peggy.

**228[G.3]**

1 'O haud yer tongue, ye silly auld man,  
2 For ye hae said enough already,  
3 For I'll never steal awa yer cows and yer ewes,  
4 But I'll steal awa yer bonny Peggy.'

**228[G.4]**

1 So he mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himsel upon a wee grey naigie,  
3 And they hae ridden ower hill and dale,  
4 And ower moors and mosses many.

**228[G.5]**

1 They rade till they cam to the head o yon glen,  
2 It might hae frightened anybody;  
3 He said, Whether will ye go alongst with me,  
4 Or will ye return back again to your mammie?

**228[G.6]**

1 Their bed was o the green, green grass,  
2 And their blankets o the bracken sae bonnie,  
3 And he's laid his trews beneath their head,  
4 And Peggy's lain down wi her Heilan laddie.

**228[G.7]**

1 They lay till it cam to the break o day,  
2 Then up they rose and made them ready;  
3 He said, Whether will ye go alongst with me,  
4 Or will ye return back again to your mammie?

**228[G.8]**

1 'I'll follow you through frost and snow,  
2 I'll follow your through dangers many,  
3 And wherever ye go I will go alongst with you,  
4 For I'll never return back again to my mammie

**228[G.9]**

1 'I hae four-and-twenty gude milk-kye,  
2 They're a' bun in yon byre sae bonny,  
3 And I am the earl o the Isle o Skye,  
4 And why should not Peggy be called a lady?'

**228[G.10]**

1 'I hae fifty acres o gude land,  
2 A' ploughd ower and sawn sae bonny,  
3 And I am young Donald o the Isle o Skye,  
4 And wherever I'm laird I'll make ye lady.'

**229A.1**

1 O WE were sisters, sisters seven,  
2 We were a comely crew to see,  
3 And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
4 And some got knichts o his degree;  
5 And I mysel got the Earl o Crawford,  
6 And wasna that a great match for me!

**229A.2**

1 It was at fifteen that I was married,  
2 And at sixteen I had a son;  
3 And wasna that an age ower tender  
4 For a lady to hae her first-born!  
5 And wasna, etc.

**229A.3**

1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 I gaed into the garden green,  
3 And naeboddy was therein walking  
4 But Earl Crawford and his young son.

**229A.4**

1 'I wonder at you, ye Earl Crawford,  
2 I wonder at you wi your young son;  
3 Ye daut your young son mair than your Lillie;  
4 [I'm sure you got na him your lane.]

**229A.5**

1 [He turned about upon his heel,  
2 I wite an angry man was he;  
3 Says, If I got nae my young son my lane,  
4 Bring me here the one that helpet me.]

**229A.6**

1 ['O hold your tongue, my Earl Crawford,  
2 And a' my folly lat it be;  
3 There was nane at the gettin o oor son,  
4 Nae body only but you and me.']

**229A.7**

1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Her little young son her before;  
3 Says, Ye maun gae to bonny Stobha,  
4 For ye will enter my yates no more.

**229A.8**

1 When she cam to her father's bowers,  
2 She lichtit low down on the stane,  
3 And wha sae ready as her auld father  
4 To welcome Lady Lillie in?

**229A.9**

1 'O how's a' wi you, my daughter Lillie,  
2 That ye come here sae hastilie?  
3 And how's a' wi' the Earl o Crawford,  
4 That he didna send a boy wi thee?'

**229A.10**

1 'O haud your tongue now, my old father,  
2 And ye'll lat a' your folly be;  
3 For ae word that my merry mou spak  
4 Has partet my good lord and me.'

**229A.11**

1 'O haud your tongue, my daughter Lillie,  
2 And a' your follies lat them be;  
3 I'll double your portion ten times ower,  
4 And a better match I'll get for thee.'

**229A.12**

1 'O haud your tongue now, my old father,  
2 And a' your folly lat it be;  
3 I wouldna gie ae kiss o Crawford  
4 For a' the goud that ye can gie.

**229A.13**

1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
2 That's willin to win meat and fee,  
3 Wha will gae on to Earl Crawford  
4 An see an's heart be fawn to me?'

**229A.14**

1 When he cam to the yates o Crawford,  
2 They were a' sitting down to dine:  
3 'How comes it now, ye Earl Crawford,  
4 Ye arena takin Lady Lillie hame?'

**229A.15**

1 'Ye may gae tell her Lady Lillie,  
2 And ye maun neither lee nor len,  
3 She may stay in her father's bowers,  
4 For she'll not enter my yates again.'

**229A.16**

1 When he cam back to her father's yates,  
2 He lichtit low down on his knee:  
3 'What news, what news, my bonny boy?  
4 What news, what news hae ye to me?'

**229A.17**

1 'I'm bidden tell you, Lady Lillie——  
2 I'm bidden neither to lee nor len——  
3 She may stay in her father's bowers,  
4 For she'll not enter my yates again.'

**229A.18**

1 She stretched out her lily hand,  
2 Says, 'Adieu, adieu to ane and a!  
3 Adieu, adieu to Earl Crawford!  
4 Wi that her sair heart brak in twa.

**229A.19**

1 Then dowie, dowie her father raise up,  
2 And dowie, dowie the black put on,  
3 And dowie, dowie he mounted the brown,  
4 And dowie, dowie sat thereon.

**229A.20**

1 And dowie rade to the yates o Crawford,  
2 And when to Crawford's yates he came,  
3 They were a' dressd in the robes o scarlet,  
4 Just gaun to tak Lady Lillie hame.

**229A.21**

1 'Ye may cast aff your robes o scarlet——  
2 I wyte they set you wondrous weel——  
3 And now put on the black sae dowie,  
4 And come and bury your Lady Lill.'

**229A.22**

1 He took his hat into his hand,  
2 And laid it low down by his knee:  
3 'An it be true that Lillie's dead,  
4 The sun shall nae mair shine on me.'

**229B.1**

1 O WE were seven bonny sisters,  
2 As fair women as fair could be,  
3 And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
4 And some got knights o high degree:  
5 When I was married to Earl Crawford,  
6 This was the fate befell to me.

**229B.2**

1 When we had been married for some time,  
2 We walked in our garden green,  
3 And aye he clappd his young son's head,  
4 And aye he made sae much o him.

**229B.3**

1 I turnd me right and round about,  
2 And aye the blythe blink in my ee:  
3 'Ye think as much o your young son  
4 As ye do o my fair body.'

**229B.4**

1 'What need ye clap your young son's head?  
2 What need ye make so much o him?  
3 What need ye clap your young son's head?  
4 I'm sure ye gotna him your lane.'

**229B.5**

1 'O if I gotna him my lane,  
2 Show here the man that helpèd me;  
3 And for these words your ain mouth spoke  
4 Heir o my land he neer shall be.'

**229B.6**

1 He calld upon his stable-groom  
2 To come to him right speedilie:  
3 'Gae saddle a steed to Lady Crawford,  
4 Be sure ye do it hastilie.'

**229B.7**

1 'His bridle gilt wi gude red gowd,  
2 That it may glitter in her ee;  
3 And send her on to bonny Stobha,  
4 All her relations for to see.'

**229B.8**

1 Her mother lay oer the castle wa,  
2 And she beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And she beheld her Lady Crawford,  
4 As she came riding to the town.

**229B.9**

1 'Come here, come here, my husband dear,  
2 This day ye see not what I see;  
3 For here there comes her Lady Crawford,  
4 Riding alane upon the lee.'

**229B.10**

1 When she came to her father's yates,  
2 She tirlid gently at the pin:  
3 'If ye sleep, awake, my mother dear,  
4 Ye'll rise lat Lady Crawford in.'

**229B.11**

1 'What news, what news, ye Lady Crawford,  
2 That ye come here so hastilie?'  
3 'Bad news, bad news, my mother dear,  
4 For my gude lord's forsaken me.'

**229B.12**

1 'O wae's me for you, Lady Crawford,  
2 This is a dowie tale to me;  
3 Alas! you were too young married  
4 To thole sic cross and misery.'

**229B.13**

1 'O had your tongue, my mother dear,  
2 And ye'll lat a' your folly be;  
3 It was a word my merry mouth spake  
4 That sinderd my gude lord and me.'

**229B.14**

1 Out it spake her brither then,  
2 Aye as he stept ben the floor:  
3 'My sister Lillie was but eighteen years  
4 When Earl Crawford ca'ed her a whore.'

**229B.15**

1 'But had your tongue, my sister dear,  
2 And ye'll lat a' your mourning bee;  
3 I'll wed you to as fine a knight,  
4 That is nine times as rich as hee.'

**229B.16**

1 'O had your tongue, my brither dear,  
2 And ye'll lat a' your folly bee;  
3 I'd rather yae kiss o Crawford's mouth  
4 Than a' his gowd and white monie.'

**229B.17**

1 'But saddle to me my riding-steed,  
2 And see him saddled speedilie,  
3 And I will on to Earl Crawford's,  
4 And see if he will pity me.'

**229B.18**

1 Earl Crawford lay o'er castle wa,  
2 And he beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And he beheld her lady Crawford,  
4 As she came riding to the town.

**229B.19**

1 He called ane o his livery men  
2 To come to him right speedilie:  
3 'Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,  
4 Keep Lady Crawford out frae me.'

**229B.20**

1 When she came to Earl Crawford's yates,  
2 She tirlid gently at the pin:  
3 'O sleep ye, wake ye, Earl Crawford,  
4 Ye'll open, lat Lady Crawford in.'

**229B.21**

1 'Come down, come down, O Earl Crawford,  
2 And speak some comfort unto me;  
3 And if ye winna come yoursell,  
4 Ye'll send your gentleman to me.'

**229B.22**

1 'Indeed I winna come mysell,  
2 Nor send my gentleman to thee;  
3 For I tauld you when we did part  
4 Nae mair my spouse ye'd ever bee.'

**229B.23**

1 She laid her mouth then to the yates,  
2 And aye the tears drapt frae her ee;  
3 Says, Fare ye well, Earl Crawford's yates,  
4 You again I'll nae mair see.

**229B.24**

1 Earl Crawford calld on his stable-groom  
2 To come to him right speedilie,  
3 And sae did he his waiting-man,  
4 That did attend his fair bodie.

**229B.25**

1 'Ye will gae saddle for me my steed,  
2 And see and saddle him speedilie,  
3 And I'll gang to the Lady Crawford,  
4 And see if she will pity me.'

**229B.26**

1 Lady Crawford lay oer castle-wa,  
2 And she beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And she beheld him Earl Crawford,  
4 As he came riding to the town.

**229B.27**

1 Then she has calld ane o her maids  
2 To come to her right speedilie:  
3 'Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,  
4 Keep Earl Crawford out frae me.'

**229B.28**

1 When he came to Lady Crawford's yates,  
2 He tirlid gently at the pin:  
3 'Sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Crawford,  
4 Ye'll rise and lat Earl Crawford in.'

**229B.29**

1 'Come down, come down, O Lady Crawford,  
2 Come down, come down, and speak wi me;  
3 And gin ye winna come yoursell,  
4 Ye'll send your waiting-maid to me.'

**229B.30**

1 'Indeed I winna come mysell,  
2 Nor send my waiting-maid to thee;  
3 Sae take your ain words hame agian  
4 At Crawford castle ye tauld me.'

**229B.31**

1 'O mother dear, gae make my bed,  
2 And ye will make it saft and soun,  
3 And turn my face unto the west,  
4 That I nae mair may see the sun.'

**229B.32**

1 Her mother she did make her bed,  
2 And she did make it saft and soun;  
3 True were the words fair Lillie spake,  
4 Her lovely eyes neer saw the sun.

**229B.33**

1 The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,  
2 Wi sorrows great he did ride hame;  
3 But ere the morning sun appeard  
4 This fine lord was dead and gane.

**229B.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 Their 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 . . . .  
4 John Hately, the laird of Mellerstain.

**230A.3**

1 'Cowdenknows, had ye nae lack?  
2 And Earlstoun, had ye nae shame?  
3 Ye took him away beside my back,  
4 But ye never saw to bring him hame.'

**230A.4**

1 And she has lookit to Fieldiesha,  
2 So has she through Yirrandstane;  
3 She lookit to Earlstoun, and she saw the Fans,  
4 But he's coming hame by West Gordon.

**230A.5**

1 And she staggerd and she stood,

**230A.6**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . . wude;  
3 How can I keep in my wits,  
4 When I look on my husband's blood?'

**230A.7**

1 'Had we been men as we are women,  
2 And been at his back when he was slain,  
3 It should a been tauld for mony a lang year,  
4 The slaughter o the laird of Mellerstain.'

**231A.1**

1 THERE was a jury sat at Perth,  
2 In the merry month of May,  
3 Betwixt the noble Duke of Perth  
4 But and Sir Gilbert Hay.

**231A.2**

1 My lord Kingside has two daughters,  
2 They are proper, straight and tall;  
3 But my lord Carnegie he has two  
4 That far excells them all.

**231A.3**

1 Then Errol he has dressd him,  
2 As very well he could;  
3 I'm sure there was not one cloth-yard  
4 But what was trimmed with gold.

**231A.4**

1 'Ane asking, ane asking, my lord Carnegie,  
2 Ane asking I've to thee;  
3 I'm come to court your daughter Jean,  
4 My wedded wife to be.'

**231A.5**

1 'My daughter Jean was wed yestreen,  
2 To one of high degree,  
3 But where Jean got one guinea of gold  
4 With Kate I'll give thee three.

**231A.6**

1 'Full fifteen hundred pounds  
2 Had Jean Carnegie,  
3 But three fifteen hundred pounds  
4 With Kate I'll gie to thee.'

**231A.7**

1 Then Errol he has wed her,  
2 And fairly brought her hame;  
3 There was nae peace between them twa  
4 Till they sundered oer again.

**231A.8**

1 When bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
2 And a' man bound to bed,  
3 The Earl of Errol and his countess  
4 In one chamber was laid.

**231A.9**

1 Early in the morning  
2 My lord Carnegie rose,  
3 The Earl of Errol and his countess,  
4 And they've put on their clothes.

**231A.10**

1 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
2 'Kate, is your toucher won?'  
3 'Ye may ask the Earl of Errol,  
4 If he be your good-son.

**231A.11**

1 'What need I wash my petticoat  
2 And hing it on a pin?  
3 For I am as leal a maid yet  
4 As yestreen when I lay down.

**231A.12**

1 'What need I wash my apron  
2 And hing it on the door?  
3 It's baith side and wide enough,  
4 Hangs even down before.'

**231A.13**

1 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
2 'O Kate, what do ye think?  
3 We'll beguile the Earl of Errol  
4 As lang as he's in drink.'

**231A.14**

1 'O what will ye beguile him wi?  
2 Or what will ye do than?  
3 I'll swear before a justice-court  
4 That he's no a sufficient man.'

**231A.15**

1 Then Errol he cam down the stair,  
2 As bold as oney rae:  
3 'Go saddle to me my Irish coach,  
4 To Edinbro I'll go.'

**231A.16**

1 When he came to Edinbro,  
2 He lighted on the green;  
3 There were four-and-twenty maidens  
4 A' dancing in a ring.

**231A.17**

1 There were four-and-twenty maidens  
2 A' dancing in a row;  
3 The fatest and the fairest  
4 To bed wi him must go.

**231A.18**

1 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
2 And he led her thro the green,  
3 And twenty times he kissd her there,  
4 Before his ain wife's een.

**231A.19**

1 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
2 And he's led her thro the hall,  
3 And twenty times he's kissd her there,  
4 Before his nobles all.

**231A.20**

1 'Look up, look up, my Peggy lass,  
2 Look up, and think nae shame;  
3 Ten hundred pounds I'll gie to you  
4 To bear to me a son.'

**231A.21**

1 He's keepit his Peggy in his room  
2 Three quarter of a year,  
3 And just at the nine months' end  
4 She a son to him did bear.

**231A.22**

1 'Now if ye be Kate Carnegie,  
2 And I Sir Gilbert Hay,  
3 I'll make your father sell his lands  
4 Your toucher for to pay.'

**231A.23**

1 'To make my father sell his lands,  
2 It wad be a great sin,  
3 To toucher oney John Sheephead  
4 That canna toucher win.'

**231A.24**

1 'Now hold your tongue, ye whorish bitch,  
2 Sae loud as I hear ye lie!  
3 For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
4 Upon his mother's knee;  
5 For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
6 Altho he's no by thee.'

**231A.25**

1 'You may take hame your daughter Kate,  
2 And set her on the glen;  
3 For Errol canna please her,  
4 Nor nane o Errol's men;  
5 For Errol canna please her,  
6 Nor twenty of his men.'

**231A.26**

1 The ranting and the roving,  
2 The thing we a' do ken,  
3 The lady lost her right that night,  
4 The first night she lay down;  
5 And the thing we ca the ranting o 't,  
6 The lady lies her lane.

**231B.1**

1 EARELL is a bonny place,  
2 It stands upon yon plain;  
3 The greatest faut about the place  
4 Earell's no a man.  
5 What ye ca the danting o 't,  
6 According as ye ken,  
7 For the pearting . . .  
8 Lady Earell lyes her lane.

**231B.2**

1 Earell is a bonny place,  
2 It stands upon yon plain;  
3 The roses they graw red an white,  
4 An apples they graw green.

**231B.3**

1 'What need I my apron wash  
2 An hing upon yon pin?  
3 For lang will I gae out an in  
4 Or I hear my bairnie's din.

**231B.4**

1 'What need I my apron wash  
2 An hing upo yon door?  
3 For side and wide is my petticoat,  
4 An even down afore.

**231B.5**

1 'But I will lace my stays again,  
2 My middle jimp an sma;  
3 I'l gae a' my days a maiden,  
4 [Awa], Earell, awa!'

**231B.6**

1 It fell ance upon a day Lord Earell  
2 Went to hunt him lane,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . .

**231B.7**

1 He was na a mile fra the town,  
2 Nor yet sae far awa,  
3 Till his lady is on to Edinburgh,  
4 To try hir all the law.

**231B.8**

1 Little did Lord Earell think,  
2 Whan he sat down to dine,  
3 That his lady was on to Edinburgh,  
4 Nor what was in her mind.

**231B.9**

1 Till his best servant came  
2 For to lat him ken  
3 . . . .  
4 . . .

**231B.10**

1 She was na in at the toun-end,  
2 Nor yet sae far awa,  
3 Till Earell was at her back,  
4 His gaudy locks to sha.

**231B.11**

1 She was na in at the loan-head,  
2 Nor just at the end,  
3 Till Earell he was at her back,  
4 Her errand for to ken.

**231B.12**

1 As lang as they ca ye Kate Carnegie,  
2 An me Sir Gilbert Hay,  
3 I's gar yer father sell Kinaird,  
4 Yer tocher for to pay.'

**231B.13**

1 'For to gar my father sell Kinnaird,  
2 It wad be a sin,  
3 To gee it to ony naughty knight  
4 That a tocher canna win.'

**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 mids o them,  
4 An bad him chuse out ane.

**231B.17**

1 He viewed them a' intill a raw,  
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, 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.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 sall draw near.'

**231B.22**

1 They hae taen that well-fared may,  
2 An keepd 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 bra black hat,  
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 'Faur 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 ladie's raisd,  
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 loot him ken.

**231C.5**

1 'Now saddle to me the black, the black,  
2 Go saddle to me the brown,  
3 And I will on to Edinburgh,  
4 Her errands there to ken.'

**231C.6**

1 She wasna well thro Aberdeen,  
2 Nor passd 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 down to pay.'

**231C.12**

1 'To gar my father sell his land  
2 For that would be a sin,  
3 To such 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 'I never saw a lady come  
4 Wi sic matters to the law.'

**231C.14**

1 Then out it speaks another lord,  
2 The best in a' the town;  
3 'Ye'll wyle out fifetean maidens bright  
4 Before Lord Erroll come.'  
5 And he has chosen a tapster lass,  
6 And Meggie was her name.

**231C.15**

1 They kept up this fair maiden  
2 Three quarters of a year,  
3 And then at that three quarters' end  
4 A young son she did bear.

**231C.16**

1 They hae gien to Meggie then  
2 Five ploughs but and a mill,  
3 And they hae gien 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 nane o Erroll's men.'

**231C.19**

1 Seven years on Erroll's table  
2 There stand clean dish and speen,  
3 And every day the bell is rung,  
4 Cries, Lady, come and dine.

**231D.1**

1 O ERROL'S place is a bonny place,  
2 It stands upon yon plain;  
3 The flowers on it grow red and white,  
4 The apples red and green.  
5 The ranting o 't and the danting o 't,  
6 According as ye ken,  
7 The thing they ca the danting o 't,  
8 Lady Errol lies her lane.

**231D.2**

1 O Errol's place is a bonny place,  
2 It stands upon yon plain;  
3 But what's the use of Errol's place?  
4 He's no like other men.

**231D.3**

1 'As I cam in by yon canal,  
2 And by yon bowling-green,  
3 I might hae pleased the best Carnegie  
4 That ever bore that name.

**231D.4**

1 'As sure 's your name is Kate Carnegie,  
2 And mine is Gibbie Hay,  
3 I'll gar your father sell his land,  
4 Your tocher for to pay.'

**231D.5**

1 'To gar my father sell his land,  
2 Would it not be a sin,  
3 To give it to a naughtless lord  
4 That couldna get a son?'

**231D.6**

1 Now she is on to Edinburgh,  
2 For to try the law,  
3 And Errol he has followed her,  
4 His manhood for to shaw.

**231D.7**

1 Then out it spake her sister,  
2 Whose name was Lady Jane;  
3 'Had I been Lady Errol,' she says,  
4 'Or come of sic a clan,  
5 I would not in the public way  
6 Have sham'd my own gudeman.'

**231D.8**

1 But Errol got it in his will  
2 To choice a maid himsel,  
3 And he has taen a country-girl,  
4 Came in her milk to sell.

**231D.9**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And led her up the green,  
3 And twenty times he kissd her there,  
4 Before his lady's een.

**231D.10**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And led her up the stair;  
3 Says, Thrice three hundred pounds I'll gie  
4 To you to bear an heir.

**231D.11**

1 He kept her there into a room  
2 Three quarters of a year,  
3 And when the three quarters were out  
4 A braw young son she bear.

**231D.12**

1 'Tak hame your daughter, Carnegie,  
2 And put her till a man,  
3 For Errol he cannot please her,  
4 Nor any of his men.'

**231E.1**

1 O ERROL it's a bonny place,  
2 It stands in yonder glen;  
3 The lady lost the rights of it  
4 The first night she gaed hame.  
5 A waly and a waly!  
6 According as ye ken,  
7 The thing we ca the ranting o 't,  
8 Our lady lies her lane, O.

**231E.2**

1 'What need I wash my apron,  
2 Or hing it on yon door?  
3 What need I truce my petticoat?  
4 It hangs even down before.'

**231E.3**

1 Errol's up to Edinburgh gaen,  
2 That bonny burrows-town;  
3 He has chusit 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 kisst 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 to 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 gar your father sell his lands,  
4 Your tocher-gude to pay.

**231E.8**

1 'Now he may take her back again,  
2 Do wi her what he can,  
3 For Errol canna please her,  
4 Nor ane o a' his men.'

**231E.9**

1 'Go fetch to me a pint of wine,  
2 Go fill it to the brim,  
3 That I may drink my gude lord's health,  
4 Tho Errol be his name.'

**231E.10**

1 She has taen the glass into her hand,  
2 She has putten poison in,  
3 She has sign'd it to her dorty lips,  
4 But neer a drop went in.

**231E.11**

1 Up then spake a little page,  
2 He was o Errol's kin;  
3 'Now fie upon ye, lady gay,  
4 There's poison there within.

**231E.12**

1 'It's hold your hand now, Kate,' she says,  
2 'Hold it back again,  
3 For Errol winna drink on 't,  
4 Nor none o a' his men.'

**231E.13**

1 She has taen the sheets into her arms,  
2 She has thrown them oer the wa:  
3 'Since I maun gae maiden hame again,  
4 Awa, Errol, awa!'

**231E.14**

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 wrought a turn?'

**231F.1**

1 O ERROLL is a bonny place,  
2 And stands upon yon plane,  
3 But the lady lost the rights o it  
4 Yestreen or she came hame.

**231F.2**

1 O Erroll is a bonny place,  
2 And lyes forenent the sun,  
3 And the apples they grow red and white,  
4 And peers o bonny green.

**231F.3**

1 'I nedna wash my apron,  
2 Nor hing it on the door;  
3 But I may tuck my petticoat,  
4 Hangs even down before.

**231F.4**

1 'Oh, Erroll, Erroll,  
2 Oh, Erroll if ye ken,  
3 Why *should* I love Erroll,  
4 Or any of his men?'

**231F.5**

1 She's turned her right and round about,  
2 Poured out a glass o wine;  
3 Says, I will drink to my true love,  
4 He'll drink to me again.

**231F.6**

1 O Erroll stud into the flear,  
2 He was an angry man:  
3 'See here it is a good gray-hun,  
4 We'll try what is the run.'

**231F.7**

1 Then Erroll stud into the flear,  
2 Steered neither ee nor bree,  
3 Till that he saw his good gray-hun  
4 Was burst and going free.

**231F.8**

1 'But ye are Kate Carnegie,' he said,  
2 'And I am Sir Gilbert Hay;  
3 I'se gar your father sell Kinnaird,  
4 Your tocher-good to pay.'

**231F.9**

1 Now she 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.10**

1 Out and spak her sister Jean,  
2 And an angry woman was she;  
3 'If I were lady of Erroll,  
4 And hed as fair a face,  
5 I *would* no go to Edinburgh,  
6 My good lord to disgrace.'

**232A.1**

1 THE Earl of Wigton had three daughters,  
2 Oh and a waly, but they were unco bonnie!  
3 The eldest of them had the far brawest house,  
4 But she's fallen in love with her footman  
-laddie.

**232A.2**

1 As she was a walking down by yon 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 sae  
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 you, Ritchie.'

**232A.5**

1 'O say not so again, madame,  
2 O say not 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 O 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 O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
3 All the nobles took her by the hand,  
4 But few of them knew she was Ritchie's lady.

**232A.9**

1 As they came in by her goodmother's yetts,  
2 O 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 Cumbernauld,  
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 COMARNAD 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 Earle 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 nane o his letters, Richard,  
2 I'll hae nane o his letters, [Richard;]  
3 I hae voued, and will keep it true,  
4 I'll marry nane but ye, Richie.'

**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 mentain ye, lady.'

**232B.6**

1 'Hunten Tour and Tillebarn,  
2 The House o Athol is mine, Richie,  
3 An ye sal hae them a'  
4 Whan ere ye incline, Richie.

**232B.7**

1 'For we will gae to sea, Richie,  
2 I'll sit upon the deck, Richie,  
3 And be your servant ere and late,  
4 At any hour ye like, [Richie.].'

**232B.8**

1 'O manna ye be sad, sister,  
2 An manna 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 delit,  
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,  
madam,  
2 There are three white hens i the green, madam,  
3 But Richie Story he's comd by,  
4 And he's stollen away the fairest o them.

**232C.2**

1 'O are 'int ye now sad, sister,  
2 O are 'in<t] ye now sad, sister,  
3 To leave your bowers and your bony  
Skimmerknow,  
4 And follow the lad they call Richie Story?'

**232C.3**

1 'O say that not again, sister,  
2 O say that not again, sister,  
3 For he is the lad that I love best,  
4 And he is the lot that has fallen to me.'

**232C.4**

1 'O there's a letter to thee, madam,  
2 O there's a letter to thee, madam;  
3 The Earl of Hume and Skimmerjim,  
4 For to be sweethearts to thee, madam.'

**232C.5**

1 'But I'll hae none of them, Richie,  
2 But I'll hae none of them, Richie,  
3 For I have made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 I'll have none but Ric<h>ie Story.'

**232C.6**

1 'O say not that again, madam,  
2 O say not that again, madam,  
3 For the Earl of Hume and Skimmerjim,  
4 They are men of high renown.'

**232C.7**

1 'Musslebury's mine, Richie,  
2 Musslebury's mine, Richie,  
3 And a' that's mine it shall be thine,  
4 If you will marry me, Richie.'

**232C.8**

1 As she went up through Glasgow city,  
2 Her gold watch was shining pretty;  
3 Many [a] lord bade her good day,  
4 But none thought she was a footman's lady.

**232C.9**

1 As she went up through London city,  
2 There she met her scolding minny:  
3 'Cast off your silks and kilt your coats,  
4 And muck the byre wi Richie Story.'

**232C.10**

1 'Hold your tongue, my scolding minnie,  
2 Hold your tongue, my scolding minnie;  
3 For I'll cast of my silks and kilt my coats,  
4 And muck the byres wi Richie Story.'

**232D.1**

1 AS I came in by Thirlwirl Bridge,  
2 A coming frae the land of fair Camernadie,  
3 There I met my ain true love,  
4 Wi ribbons at her shoulders many.

**232D.2**

1 'Here is a letter to you, madam;  
2 [Here is a letter to you, madam;]  
3 The Earl of Hume's eldest son  
4 Sent this letter to you, madam.

**232D.3**

1 'I'll have none of his [letters], Richy,  
2 I'll have none of his letters, Richy;  
3 I made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 I'll wed wi nane but you, Richy.'

**232D.4**

1 'Say not so again, madam,  
2 Say not so again, madam;  
3 I have neither lands nor rents  
4 To maintain you on, madam.'

**232D.5**

1 'I'll sit aneath the duke, Richy,  
2 I'll sit aneath the duke, Richy;  
3 I'll sit on hand, at your command  
4 At any time ye like, Richy.'

**232D.6**

1 As they came in by Thirlwirl Bridge,  
2 A coming frae fair Cummernadie,  
3 She brak the ribbons that tied her shoon  
4 Wi following after the footman-laddie.

**232D.7**

1 'O but ye be sad, sister,  
2 O but ye be sad and sorry,  
3 To eave the lands o bonnie Cummernad,  
4 To gang along wi a footman-laddie!'

**232D.8**

1 'How can I be sad, sister?  
2 How can I be sad or sorry?  
3 I have gotten my heart's delight;  
4 And what can ye get mair?' says she.

**232D.9**

1 To the house-end Richy brought his lady,  
2 To the house-end Richy brought his lady;  
3 Her mother-in-law gart her kilt her coats,  
4 And muck the byre wi Richy Story.

**232E.1**

1 THE Earl of Wigton has seven sisters,  
2 And O but they be wondrous bonnie!  
3 And the bonniest lass amang them a'  
4 Has fallen in love wi Richie Storie.

**232E.2**

1 As I came down by yon river-side,  
2 And down by the banks of Eache bonnie,  
3 There I met my own true-love,  
4 Wi ribbons on her shoulders bonnie.

**232E.3**

1 'Here is a letter for you, madam,  
2 Here is a letter for you, madam;  
3 The earl of Aboyne has a noble design  
4 To be a suitor to you, madam.'

**232E.4**

1 'I'll hae nane of his letters, Richie,  
2 I'll hae nane of his letters, Richie,  
3 For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 That I'll hae nane but you, Richie.'

**232E.5**

1 'Take your word again, madam,  
2 Take your word again, madam,  
3 For I have neither land nor rents  
4 For to maintain you on, madam.'

**232E.6**

1 'I'll sit below the dyke, Richie,  
2 I'll sit below the dyke, Richie,  
3 And I will be at your command  
4 At any time you like, Richie.

**232E.7**

1 'Ribbons you shall wear, Richie,  
2 Ribbons you shall wear, Richie,  
3 A cambric band about your neck,  
4 And vow but ye'll be braw, Richie!'

**232E.8**

1 As they came in by the West Port,  
2 The naps of gold were bobbing bonnie;  
3 Many a one bade this lady gude-day,  
4 But neer a one to Richie Storie.

**232E.9**

1 As they came up the Parliament Close,  
2 Naps of gold were bobbing bonnie;  
3 Many a gentleman lifted his cap,  
4 But few kenned she was Richie's lady.

**232E.10**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 And ay methinks we'll drink the night  
4 In Cambernauld sae bonnie.

**232E.11**

1 'It's are not you sick, sister,  
2 Are not you very sorrie,  
3 To leave the lands of bonnie Cambernauld,  
4 And run awae wi Richie Storie?'

**232E.12**

1 'Why should I be sick, sister,  
2 O why should I be any sorrie,  
3 When I hae gotten my heart's delight?  
4 I hae gotten the lot was laid afore me.'

**232F.1**

1 THE Erle of Wigton had three daughters,  
2 O braw wallie, but they were bonnie!  
3 The youngest o them, and the bonniest too,  
4 Has fallen in love wi Richie Storie.

**232F.2**

1 'Here's a letter for ye, madame,  
2 Here's a letter for ye, madame;  
3 The Erle o Home wad fain presume  
4 To be a suitor to ye, madame.'

**232F.3**

1 'I'll hae nane o your letters, Richie;  
2 I'll hae nane o your letters, Richie;  
3 For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 The I'll have none but you, Richie.'

**232F.4**

1 'O do not say so, madame;  
2 O do not say so, madame;  
3 For I have neither land nor rent,  
4 For to maintain you o, madame.

**232F.5**

1 'Ribands ye maun wear, madame,  
2 Ribands ye maun wear, madame;  
3 With the bands about your neck  
4 O the goud that shines sae clear, madame.'

**232F.6**

1 'I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie,  
2 I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie;  
3 And I'll be aye at your command  
4 And bidding, whan ye like, Richie.'

**232F.7**

1 O he's gane on the braid, braid road,  
2 And she's gane through the broom sae bonnie,  
3 Her silken robes down to her heels,  
4 And she's awa wi Richie Storie.

**232F.8**

1 This lady gade up the Parliament stair,  
2 Wi pendles in her lugs sae bonnie;  
3 Mony a lord lifted his hat,  
4 But little did they ken she was richie's lady.

**232F.9**

1 Up then spak the Erle o Home's lady;  
2 'Was na ye richt sorrie, Annie,  
3 To leave the lands o bonnie Cumbernauld  
4 And follow Richie Storie, Annie?'

**232F.10**

1 'O what need I be sorrie, madame?  
2 O what need I be sorrie, madame?  
3 For I've got them that I like best,  
4 And war ordained for me, madame.'

**232F.11**

1 'Cumbernauld is mine, Annie,  
2 Cumbernauld is mine, Annie;  
3 And a' that's mine, it shall be thine,  
4 As we sit at the wine, Annie.'

**232G.1**

1 THERE were five ladies lived in a bouer,  
2 Lived in a bouer at Cumbernauld;  
3 The fairest and youngest o them a'  
4 Has fa'n in love wi her footman-laddie.

**232G.2**

1 'Here is a letter to you, ladye,  
2 Here is a letter to you, ladye;  
3 The Earl o Hume has written doun  
4 That he will be your footman-laddie.'

**232G.3**

1 'I want nane o his service, Ritchie,  
2 I want nane o his service, Ritchie;  
3 For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 That I'll wed nane but thee, Ritchie.'

**232G.4**

1 'O that canna be, ladye,  
2 O that canna be, ladye;  
3 For I've neither house nor land,  
4 Nor ought suiting ye, ladye.'

**232G.5**

1 'Livd ye on yonder hill, Ritchie,  
2 Livd ye on yonder hill, Ritchie,  
3 There's my hand, I'm at your command,  
4 Marry me whan ye will, Ritchie!'

**232G.6**

1 This boy he went to his bed,  
2 It was a' to try this fair ladye;  
3 But she went up the stair to him:  
4 'Ye maun leave your comrades, Ritchie.

**232G.7**

1 'To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,  
2 To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,  
3 For an my auld father he get word,  
4 It's you he will cause hang, Ritchie.'

**232G.8**

1 'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye,  
2 To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;  
3 For altho your auld father got word,  
4 It's me he dare na hang, ladye.'

**232G.9**

1 As they passed by her mither's bouer,  
2 O but her sisters they were sorry!  
3 They bade her tak aff the robes o silk,  
4 And muck the byres wi Ritchie Storry.

**232G.10**

1 Whan they cam to yon hie hill,  
2 Dear vow, but the lady she was sorry!  
3 She looked oure her left showther—  
4 'O an I war in bonny Cumbernauldie!'

**232G.11**

1 'O are na ye sorry now, ladye,  
2 O are na ye sorry now, ladye,  
3 For to forsake the Earl o Hume,  
4 And follow me, your footman-laddie?'

**232G.12**

1 'How could I be sorry, Ritchie,  
2 How could I be sorry, Ritchie?  
3 Such a gudely man as you,  
4 And the lot that lies afore me, Ritchie.'

**232G.13**

1 As they rode up through Edinburgh toun,  
2 Her gowd watch hang doun sae gaudie;  
3 Monie a lord made her a bow,  
4 But nane o them thought she was Ritchie's ladye.

**232G.14**

1 Whan they cam to Ritchie's yetts,  
2 Dear vow, but the music playd bonnie!  
3 There were four-and-twenty gay ladies  
4 To welcome hame Richard Storry's ladye.

**232G.15**

1 He called for a priest wi speed,  
2 A priest wi speed was soon ready,  
3 And she was na married to the Earl of 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 Lammie.

**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 daut it for Andrew Lammie.

**233A.3**

1 'The first time me and my love met  
2 Was in the woods of 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 Lammie!'

**233A.4**

1 'Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh;  
2 Love, I maun gang and leave thee!'  
3 'I sighed right sair, and said nae mair  
4 But, O gin I were wi ye!'

**233A.5**

1 'But true and trusty will I be,  
2 As I am Andrew Lammie;  
3 I'll never kiss a woman's mouth  
4 Till I come back and see thee.'

**233A.6**

1 'And true and trusty will I be,  
2 As I am Tiftie's Annie;  
3 I'll never kiss a man again  
4 Till ye come back and see me.'

**233A.7**

1 Syne 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 Tiftie's Annie.

**233A.8**

1 'I hae a love in Edinburgh,  
2 Sae hae I intill Leith, man;  
3 I hae a love intill Montrose,  
4 Sae hae I in Dalkeith, man.

**233A.9**

1 'And east and west, whereer I go,  
2 My love she's always wi me;  
3 For east and west, whereer I go,  
4 My love she dwells in Fyvie.

**233A.10**

1 'My love possesses a' my heart,  
2 Nae pen can eer indite her;  
3 She's ay sae stately as she goes  
4 That I see nae mae like her.

**233A.11**

1 'But Tiftie winna gie consent  
2 His dochter me to marry,  
3 Because has five thousand marks,  
4 And I have not a penny.

**233A.12**

1 'Love pines away, love dwines away,  
2 Love, love decays the body;  
3 For love o thee, oh I must die;  
4 Adieu, my bonny Annie!'

**233A.13**

1 Her mither raise out o her bed,  
2 And ca'd on baith her women:  
3 'What ails ye, Annie, my dochter dear?  
4 O Annie, was ye dreamin?'

**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 Lammie!

**233A.15**

1 Her father beat her cruellie,  
2 Sae also did her mother;  
3 Her sisters sair did scoff at her;  
4 But wae betide her brother!

**233A.16**

1 Her brother beat her cruellie,  
2 Till his straits they werena canny;  
3 He brak her back, and he beat her sides,  
4 For the sake o Andrew Lammie.

**233A.17**

1 'O fie, O fie, my brother dear!  
2 The gentlemen'll shame ye;  
3 The Laird o Fyvie he's gaun by,  
4 And he'll come in and see me.

**233A.18**

1 'And he'll kiss me, and he'll clap me,  
2 And he will speer what ails me;  
3 And I will answer him again,  
4 It's a' for Andrew Lammie.'

**233A.19**

1 Her sisters they stood in the door,  
2 Sair grievd her wi their folly:  
3 'O sister dear, come to the door,  
4 Your cow is lowin on you.'

**233A.20**

1 'O fie, O fie, my sister dear!  
2 Grieve me not wi your folly;  
3 I'd rather hear the trumpet sound  
4 Than a' the kye o Fyvie.

**233A.21**

1 'Love pines away, love dwines away,  
2 Love, love decays the body;  
3 For love o thee now I maun die;  
4 Adieu to Andrew Lammie!'

**233A.22**

1 But Tiftie's wrote a braid letter,  
2 And sent it into Fyvie,  
3 Saying his daughter was bewitchd  
4 By bonny Andrew Lammie.

**233A.23**

1 'Now, Tiftie, ye maun gie consent,  
2 And lat the lassie marry;'  
3 'I'll never, never gie consent  
4 To the trumpeter of Fyvie.'

**233A.24**

1 When Fyvie looked the letter on,  
2 He was baith sad and sorry:  
3 Says, The bonniest lass o the country-side  
4 Has died for Andrew Lammie.

**233A.25**

1 O Andrew's gane to the house-top  
2 O the bonny house o Fyvie,  
3 He's blawn his horn baith loud and still  
4 Oer the lawland leas o Fyvie.

**233A.26**

1 'Mony a time hae I walkd a' night,  
2 And never yet was weary;  
3 But now I may walk wae my lane,  
4 For I'll never see my deary.

**233A.27**

1 'Love pines away, love dwines away,  
2 Love, love decays the body;  
3 For the love o thee now I maun die;  
4 I come, my bonny Annie!'

**233B.1**

1 'THERE springs a rose in Fyvie's yard,  
2 And O but it springs bonny!  
3 There's a daisy in the middle of it,  
4 Its name is Andrew Lammie.

**233B.2**

1 'I wish the rose were in my breast,  
2 For the love I bear the daisy;  
3 So blyth and merry as I would be,  
4 And kiss my Andrew Lammie.

**233B.3**

1 'The first time I and my love met  
2 Was in the wood of Fyvie;  
3 He kissed and he dawted me,  
4 Calld me his bonny Annie.

**233B.4**

1 'Wi apples sweet he did me treat,  
2 Which stole my heart so canny,  
3 And ay sinsyne himself was kind,  
4 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'

**233B.5**

1 'But I am going to Edinburgh,  
2 My love, I'm going to leave thee;'  
3 She sighd full sore, and said no more,  
4 'I wish I were but wi you.'

**233B.6**

1 'I will buy thee a wedding-gown,  
2 My love, I'll buy it bonny;'  
3 'But I'll be dead or ye come back,  
4 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'

**233B.7**

1 'I will buy you brave bridal shoes,  
2 My love, I'll buy them bonny;'  
3 'But I'll be dead or ye come back,  
4 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'

**233B.8**

1 'If you'll be true and trusty too,  
2 As I am Andrew Lammie,  
3 That you will neer kiss lad nor lown  
4 Till I return to Fyvie.'

**233B.9**

1 'I shall be true and trusty too,  
2 As my name's Tifty's Nanny,  
3 That I'll kiss neither lad nor lown  
4 Till you return to Fyvie.'——

**233B.10**

1 'Love pines awa, love dwines awa,  
2 Love pines awa my body;  
3 And love's crept in at my bed-foot,  
4 And taen possession o me.

**233B.11**

1 'My father drags me by the hair,  
2 My mother sore does scold me;  
3 And they would give one hundred merks  
4 To any one to wed me.

**233B.12**

1 'My sister stands at her bower-door,  
2 And she full sore does mock me,  
3 And when she hvars the trumpet sound,——  
4 "Your cow is lowing, Nanny!"

**233B.13**

1 'O be still, my sister Jane,  
2 And leave off all your folly;  
3 For I'd rather hear that cow low  
4 That all the kye in Fyvie.

**233B.14**

1 'My father locks the door at night,  
2 Lays up the keys fu canny,  
3 And when he hears the trumpet sound,——  
4 "Your cow is lowing, Nanny!"

**233B.15**

1 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
2 And let be a' your folly;  
3 For I would rather hear that cow  
4 Than all the kye in Fyvie.'

**233B.16**

1 'If you ding me, I will greet,  
2 And gentlemen will hear me;  
3 Laird Fyvie will be coming by,  
4 And he'll come in and see me.'

**233B.17**

1 'Yea, I will ding you though ye greet  
2 And gentlemen should hear you;  
3 Though Laird Fyvie were coming by,  
4 And did come in and see you.'

**233B.18**

1 So they dang her, and she grat,  
2 And gentlemen did hear her,  
3 And Fyvie he was coming by,  
4 And did come in to see her.

**233B.19**

1 'Mill of Tifty, give consent,  
2 And let your daughter marry;  
3 If she were full of as high blood  
4 As she is full of beauty,  
5 I would take her to myself,  
6 And make her my own lady.'

**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 wishd 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 luvly daughter fair,  
4 Was callèd bonny Annie.

**233C.2**

1 Her bloom was like thr 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 livèd 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 eer 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 possesst 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 often 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 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 bewitchd  
4 By his servant, Andrew Lammie.

**233C.15**

1 Then up the stair his trumpeter  
2 He callèd 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 he has daughters three  
2 Who all are wonderous bonny;  
3 But ye'll ken her oer a' the rest;  
4 Give that to bonny Annie.

**233C.20**

1 'It's up and down in Tifty's den,  
2 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,  
3 There wilt 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 sighd 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 longer 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 hied 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'd 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 hall-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 eer staid 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 Her 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 foe Tifty's Annie!  
3 The fairest flower's cut down by love  
4 That ever sprang in Fyvie.

**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.'



**233C.46**

- 1 Her father sorely now laments
- 2 The loss of his dear Annie,
- 3 And wishes he had given consent
- 4 To wed with Andrew Lammie.

**233C.47**

- 1 When Andrew home frae Edinburgh came,
- 2 With muckle grief and sorrow,
- 3 'My love is dead for me to-day,
- 4 I'll die for her to-morrow.

**233C.48**

- 1 'Now I will run to Tifty's den,
- 2 Where the burn runs clear and bonny;
- 3 With tears I'll view the brig of Slugh,
- 4 Where I parted from my Annie.

**233C.49**

- 1 'Then will I speed to the green kirk-yard,
- 2 To The green kirk-yard of Fyvie,
- 3 With tears I'll water my love's grave,
- 4 Till I follow Tifty's Annie.'

**234A.1**

- 1 CHARLIE MACPHERSON, that braw Hieland lad<die],
- 2 On Valentine's even cam down to Kinaltie,
- 3 Courtit Burd Hellen, baith wakin an sleepin:
- 4 'Oh, fair fa them has my love in keepin!'

**234A.2**

- 1 Charlie MacPherson cam down the dykeside,
- 2 Baith Milton an Muirton an a' bein his guide;
- 3 Baith Milton an Muirton an auld Water Nairn,
- 4 A' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.

**234A.3**

- 1 Whan he cam to the hoose o Kinaltie,
- 2 'Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us come in!
- 3 Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us come in!
- 4 For here's a commission come frae your gudeson.

**234A.4**

- 1 'Madam,' says Charlie, 'whare [*i>s* your dochter?'
- 2 Mony time have I come to Kinatie an socht her;
- 3 Noo maun she goe wi me mony a mile,
- 4 Because I've brocht mony men frae the West Isle.'

**234A.5**

- 1 'As for my dochter, she has gane abroad,
- 2 You'll no get her for her tocher gude;
- 3 She's on to Whitehouse, to marry auld Gainr:
- 4 Oh, fair fa them that wait on my bairn!'

**234A.6**

- 1 Charlie MacPherson gaed up the dykeside,
- 2 Baith Muirtoun an Milton an a' bein his guide;
- 3 Baith Muirton an Milton an auld Water Nairn,
- 4 A' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.

**234A.7**

- 1 Whan he cam to the hoose in Braemar,
- 2 Sae weel as he kent that his Nellie was there!
- 3 An Nellie was sittin upon the bed-side,
- 4 An every one there was ca'ing her, bride.

**234A.8**

- 1 The canles gaed oot, they waurna weel licht,
- 2 Swords an spears they glancet fou bright;
- 3 Sae laith as she was her true-love to beguile,
- 4 Because he brocht mony men frae the West Isle.

**234B.1**

- 1 CHARLIE M'PHERSON, that brisk Highland laddie,
- 2 At Valentine even he came to Kinadie:

**234B.2**

- 1 To court her Burd Helen, baith wakin and sleeping;
- 2 Joy be wi them that has her a keeping!

**234B.3**

- 1 Auldtown and Muirtown, likewise Billy Beg,
- 2 All gaed wi Charlie, for to be his guide.

**234B.4**

- 1 Jamie M'Robbie, likewise Wattie Nairn,
- 2 All gaed wi Charlie, for to be his warran.

**234B.5**

- 1 When they came to Kinadie, they knockd at the door;
- 2 When nae ane woud answer, they gaed a loud roar.

**234B.6**

- 1 'Ye'll open the door, mistress, and lat us come in;
- 2 For tidings we've brought frae your appearant guid-son.'

**234B.7**

- 1 For to defend them, she was not able;
- 2 They bangd up the stair, sat down at the table.

**234B.8**

- 1 'Ye'll eat and drink, gentlemen, and eat at your leisure;
- 2 Nae thing's disturb you, take what's your pleasure.'

**234B.9**

- 1 'O madam,' said he, 'I'm come for your daughter;
- 2 Lang hae I come to Kinadie and there sought her.

**234B.10**

- 1 'Now she's gae wi me for mony a mile,
- 2 Before that I return unto the West Isle.'

**234B.11**

- 1 'My daughter's not at home, she is gone abroad;
- 2 Ye darena now steal her, her tocher is guid.

**234B.12**

- 1 'My daughter's in Whitehouse, wi Mistress Dalgairn;
- 2 Joy be wi them that waits on my bairn!'

**234B.13**

- 1 The swords an the targe that hang about Charlie,
- 2 They had sic a glitter, and set him sae rarelie!

**234B.14**

- 1 They had sic a glitter, and kiest sic a glamour,
- 2 They showed mair light than they had in the chamour.

**234B.15**

- 1 To Whitehouse he went, and when he came there
- 2 Right sair was his heart when he went up the stair.

**234B.16**

- 1 Burd Helen was sitting by Thomas' bed-side,
- 2 And all in the house were addressing her, bride.

**234B.17**

- 1 'O farewell now, Helen, I'll bid you adieu;
- 2 Is this a' the comfort I'm getting frae you?'

**234B.18**

- 1 'It was never my intention ye should be the waur;
- 2 My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar!'

**234B.19**

- 1 'For you I hae travelled full mony lang mile,
- 2 Awa to Kinadie, far frae the West Isle.

**234B.20**

- 1 'But now ye are married, and I am the waur;
- 2 My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar!

**235A.1**

- 1 THE Earl of Aboyne he's courteous and kind,
- 2 He's kind to every woman,
- 3 And the Earl of Aboyne he's courteous and kind,
- 4 But he stays ower lang in London.

**235A.2**

- 1 The ladie she stood on her stair-head,
- 2 Beholding his grooms a coming;
- 3 She knew by their livery and raiment so rare
- 4 That their last voyage was from London.

**235A.3**

- 1 'My grooms all, ye'll be well in call,
- 2 Hold all the stables shining;
- 3 With a brethter o degs ye'll clear up my nags,
- 4 Sin my gude lord Aboyne is a coming.

**235A.4**

- 1 'My minstrels all, be well in call,
- 2 Hold all my galleries ringing;
- 3 With music springs ye'll try well your strings,
- 4 Sin my gude lord's a coming.

**235A.5**

- 1 'My cooks all, be well in call,
- 2 Wi pots and spits well ranked;
- 3 And nothing shall ye want that ye call for,
- 4 Sin my gude Lord Aboyne's a coming.

**235A.6**

- 1 'My chamber-maids, ye'll dress up my beds,
- 2 Hold all my rooms in shining;
- 3 With Dantzic waters ye'll sprinkle my walls,
- 4 Sin my good lord's a coming.'

**235A.7**

- 1 Her shoes was of the small cordain,
- 2 Her stockings silken twisting;
- 3 Cambrick so clear was the pretty lady's smock,
- 4 And her stays o the braided sattin.

**235A.8**

- 1 Her coat was of the white sarsenent,
- 2 Set out wi silver quiltin,
- 3 And her gown was o the silk damask,
- 4 Set about wi red gold walting.

**235A.9**

- 1 Her hair was like the threads of gold,
- 2 Wi the silk and sarsanet shining,
- 3 Wi her fingers sae white, and the gold rings sae grite,
- 4 To welcome her lord from London.

**235A.10**

- 1 Sae stately she steppit down the stair,
- 2 And walkit to meet him coming;
- 3 Said, O ye'r welcome, my bonny lord,
- 4 Ye'r thrice welcome home from London!

**235A.11**

- 1 'If this be so that ye let me know,
- 2 Ye'll come kiss me for my coming,
- 3 For the morn should hae been my bonny wedding-day
- 4 Had I stayed the night in London.'

**235A.12**

- 1 Then she turned her about wi an angry look,
- 2 O for such a sorry woman!
- 3 'If this be so that ye let me know,
- 4 Gang kiss your ladies in London.'

**235A.13**

- 1 Then he looked ower his left shoulder
- 2 To the worthie companie wi him;
- 3 Says he, Isna this an unworthy welcome
- 4 The we've got, comin from London!

**235A.14**

- 1 'Get yer horse in call, my nobles all,
- 2 And I'm sorry for yer coming,
- 3 But we'll horse, and awa to the bonny Bog o Gight,
- 4 And then we'll go on to London.'

**235A.15**

- 1 'If this be Thomas, as they call you,
- 2 You'll see if he'll hae me with him;
- 3 And nothing shall he be troubled with me
- 4 But myself and my waiting-woman.'

**235A.16**

- 1 'I've asked it already, lady,' he says,
- 2 'And your humble servant, madam;
- 3 But one single mile he winna lat you ride
- 4 Wi his company and him to London.'

**235A.17**

- 1 A year and mare she lived in care,
- 2 And docters wi her dealin,
- 3 And with a crack her sweet heart brack,
- 4 And the letters is on to London.

**235A.18**

- 1 When the letters he got, they were all sealed in black,
- 2 And he fell in a grievous weeping;
- 3 He said, She is dead whom I loved best
- 4 If I had but her heart in keepin.

**235A.19**

- 1 Then fifteen o the finest lords
- 2 That London could afford him,
- 3 From their hose to their hat, they were all clad in black,
- 4 For the sake of her corpse, Margaret Irvine.

**235A.20**

- 1 The furder he gaed, the sorer he wept,
- 2 Come keping her corpse, Margaret Irvine.
- 3 Until that he came to the yetts of Aboyne,
- 4 Where the corpse of his lady was lying.

**235B.1**

- 1 THE Earl o Aboyne to old England's gone,
- 2 An a his nobles wi him;
- 3 Sair was the heart his fair lady had
- 4 Because she wanna wi him.

**235B.2**

1 As she was a walking in her garden green,  
2 Amang her gentlewomen,  
3 Sad was rhe letter that came to her,  
4 Her lord was wed in Lunan.

**235B.3**

1 'Is this true, my Jean,' she says,  
2 'My lord is wed in Lunan?'  
3 'O no, O no, my lady gay,  
4 For the Lord o Aboyne is comin.'

**235B.4**

1 When she was looking oer her castell-wa,  
2 She spied twa boys comin:  
3 'What news, what news, my bonny boys?  
4 What news hae ye frae Lunan?'

**235B.5**

1 'Good news, good news, my lady gay,  
2 The Lord o Aboyne is comin;  
3 He's scarcely twa miles frae the place,  
4 Ye'll hear his bridles ringin.'

**235B.6**

1 'O my grooms all, be well on call,  
2 An hae your stables shinin;  
3 Of corn an hay spare nane this day,  
4 Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.

**235B.7**

1 'My minstrels all, be well on call,  
2 And set your harps a tunin,  
3 Wi the finest springs, spare not the strings,  
4 Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.

**235B.8**

1 'My cooks all, be well on call,  
2 An had your spits a runnin,  
3 Wi the best o roast, an spare nae cost,  
4 Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.

**235B.9**

1 'My maids all, be well on call,  
2 An hae your flours a shinin;  
3 Cover oer the stair wi herbs sweet an fair,  
4 Cover the fours wi linen,  
5 An dress my bodie in the finest array,  
6 Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.'

**235B.10**

1 Her gown was o the guid green silk,  
2 Fastned wi red silk trimmin;  
3 Her apron was o the guid black gaze,  
4 Her hood o the finest linen.

**235B.11**

1 Sae stately she stept down the stair,  
2 To look gin he was comin;  
3 She called on Kate, her chammer-maid,  
4 An Jean, her gentlewoman,  
5 To bring her a bottle of the best wine,  
6 To drink his health that's comin.

**235B.12**

1 She's gaen to the close, taen him from frae's  
horse,  
2 Says, You'r thrice welcome fra Lunan!  
3 'If I be as welcome hauf as ye say,  
4 Come kiss me for my comin,  
5 For tomorrow should been my wedding-day  
6 Gin I'd staid on langer in Lunan.'

**235B.13**

1 She turned about wi a disdainful look  
2 To Jean, her gentlewoman:  
3 'If tomorrow should been your wedding-day,  
4 Go kiss your whores in Lunan.'

**235B.14**

1 'O my nobles all, now turn your steeds,  
2 I'm sorry for my comin;  
3 For the night we'll alight at the bonny Bog o  
Gight,  
4 Tomorrow tak horse for Lunan.'

**235B.15**

1 'O Thomas, my man, gae after him,  
2 An spier gin I'll win wi him;'  
3 'Yes, madam, I hae pleaded for thee,  
4 But a mile ye winna win wi him.'

**235B.16**

1 Here and there she ran in care,  
2 An doctors wi her dealin;  
3 But in a crak her bonny heart brak,  
4 And letters gaed to 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 my 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 chamberline,  
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 . . . .  
4 For the Lord of Aboyne is comin

**235C.4**

1 'My cooks all, be ready at a call  
2 . . . .  
3 Wi the very best of meat,  
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 dressd,  
4 For the Lord af Aboyn is comin.'

**235C.6**

1 She did her to the closs to take him fra his  
horse,  
2 An she welcomed him frae London:  
3 . . . .  
4 'Ye'r welcome, my good lord, frae London!'

**235C.7**

1 'An I be sae welcome, he says,  
2 'Ye'll kiss me for my comin,  
3 For the morn sud hae bin my weddin-day  
4 Gif I had staid in London.'

**235C.8**

1 She turned her about wi a disdainfull look,  
2 Dear, she was a pretty woman!  
3 'Gif the morn shud hae bin yer weddin-day,  
4 Ye may kiss your whores in London.'

**235C.9**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'So I shall, madam, an ye's hae na mare to sey,  
4 For I'll dine wi the Marquis of Huntley.'

**235C.10**

1 She did her to his servant-man,  
2 I wat they caed him Peter Gordon:  
3 'Ye will ask my good lord if he will let me  
4 Wi him a single mile to ride [to London].'

**235C.11**

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.12**

1 She called on her chamber-maid,  
2 Sin on Jean, her gentlewoman:  
3 'Ge make my bed, an tye up my head,  
4 Woe's me for his hame-comin!'

**235C.13**

1 She lived a year and day, wi mickle grief and  
wae,  
2 The doctors were wi her dealin;  
3 Within a crack, her heart it brack,  
4 As the letters they went to London.

**235C.14**

1 He gae the table wi his foot,  
2 An koupd it wi his knee,  
3 Gared silver cup an easer dish  
4 In flinders flee.

**235C.15**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'I wad I had lost a' the lands o Aboyne  
4 Or I had lost bonny Margat Irvine.'

**235C.16**

1 He called on his best serving-man,  
2 I wat the caed him Peter Gordon:  
3 'Gae get our horses saddled wi speed,  
4 Woe's me for our hame-comin!'

**235C.17**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'For we will a' be in black, fra the hose to the  
hat,  
4 Woe's me for bonny Margat Irvine!'

**235C.18**

1 'We must to the North, to bury her corps,  
2 Alas for our hame-comin!  
3 I rather I had lost a' the lands o Aboyne  
4 Or I had lost bonny Margat Irvine.'

**235D.1**

1 THE guid Earl o Boyn's awa to Lonon gone,  
2 An a' his gallan grooms wie him,  
3 But, for a' the ribbons that hing at her hat,  
4 He has left his fair lady behind him.

**235D.2**

1 He had not been in London toun  
2 A month but barely one, O,  
3 Till the letters an the senes they came to her  
hand  
4 That he was in love with another woman.

**235D.3**

1 'O what think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she  
says,  
2 'What think ye o my lord at london?  
3 What think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
4 'He's in love wie another woman.'

**235D.4**

1 That lady lookd out at her closet-window,  
2 An saw the gallan grooms coming;  
3 'What think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
4 'For yonder the gallan grooms coming.'

**235D.5**

1 Stately, stately steppit she doun  
2 To welcome the gallan grooms from London:  
3 'Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, gallan groom  
s a';  
4 Is the guid Earl o Boyn a coming?

**235D.6**

1 'What news, what news, my gallan grooms a'?  
2 What news have ye from London?  
3 What news, what news, my gallan grooms a'?  
4 Is the guid Earl o Boyn a-coming?'

**235D.7**

1 'No news, no news,' said they gallan grooms a',  
2 'No news hae we from London;  
3 No news, no news,' said the gallan grooms a',  
4 'But the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming,  
5 An he's not two miles from the palace-gates,  
6 An he's fast coming hame from London.'

**235D.8**

1 'Ye stable-grooms a', be ready at the ca,  
2 An have a' your stables in shening,  
3 An sprinkle them over wie some costly water,  
4 Since the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming.

**235D.9**

1 'Ye pretty cooks a', be ready at the ca,  
2 An have a' your spits in turning,  
3 An see that ye spare neither cost nor pains,  
4 Since the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming.

**235D.10**

1 'Ye servant-maids, ye'll trim up the beds,  
2 An wipe a' the rooms oer wie linnen,  
3 An put a double daisy at every stair-head,  
4 Since the guid Earl o Boyn's a coming.

**235D.11**

1 'Ye'll call to me my chambermaid,  
2 An Jean, my gentlewoman,  
3 An they'll dress me in some fine array,  
4 Since the good Earl o Boyn's a coming.'

**235D.12**

1 Her stockens were o the good fine silk,  
2 An her shirt it was o the camric,  
3 An her gown it was a' giltit oer,  
4 An she was a' hung oer wie rubbies.

**235D.13**

- 1 That lady lookd 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 'If I be as welcome as ye say,
- 4 Ye'll kiss my 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 wie another woman.

**235D.17**

- 1 She turned her about wie 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 whore 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 gein 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 mysel 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 I'm 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 maun awa to the Bogs o the Geich,
- 4 An speak wi the Marquess o Huntly.'

**235D.23**

- 1 The guid Earl o Boyn's awa to London gone,
- 2 An a' his gallan gro<co>ms wie him;
- 3 But his lady fair he's left behind
- 4 Both a sick an a sorry woman.

**235D.24**

- 1 O many were 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 'Oh an alas! an O woe's me!
- 2 An wo to the Marquess o Huntly,
- 3 Wha causd the Earl o Boyn prove sae very unkin
- 4 To a true an a beautiful lady!'

**235D.29**

- 1 There were fifteen o the bravest gentlemen,
- 2 An the bravest o the lords o London,
- 3 They went a' to attend her burial-day,
- 4 But the Earl o Boyn could not go wi them.

**235E.1**

- 1 'MY maidens fair, yoursels prepare.'

**235E.2**

- 1 You may weel know by her hair, wi the diamonds sae rare,
- 2 That the Earl of Aboyne was comin.

**235E.3**

- 1 'My minstrels all, be at my call,
- 2 Haud a' your rooms a ringin,
- 3 . . . .
- 4 For the Earl of Aboyne is comin.'

**235E.4**

- 1 'Tomorrow soud hae been my bonnie waddin-day,
- 2 If I had staid in London.'

**235E.5**

- 1 She turned her about wi an angry look,
- 2 An sic an angry woman!
- 3 'Gin tomorrow soud hae been your bonnie waddin-day,
- 4 Gae back to your miss in Lunnon.'

**235E.6**

- 1 For mony a day an year that lady lived in care,
- 2 An doctors wi her dealin,
- 3 Till just in a crack her very heart did brak,
- 4 An her letters went on to Lunnon.

**235E.7**

- 1 There waur four-and-twenty o the noblest lords
- 2 That Lonnon could aford him,
- 3 A' clead in black frae the saidle to the hat,
- 4 To convey the corpse o Peggy Ewan.

**235E.8**

- 1 'I'd rather hae lost a' the lands o Aboyne
- 2 Than lost my pretty Peggy Ewan.'

**235F.1**

- 1 THE Earl of Aboyne is to London gane,
- 2 And a' his nobles with him;
- 3 He's left his lady him behin,
- 4 He's awa, to remain in London.

**235F.2**

- 1 She's called upon her waiting-maid
- 2 To busk her in her clathin;
- 3 Her sark was o cambrick very fine,
- 4 And her bodice was the red buckskin.

**235F.3**

- 1 Her stockings were o silk sae fine,
- 2 And her shoon o the fine cordan;
- 3 Her coat was o the guid green silk,
- 4 Turnit up wi a siller warden.

**235F.4**

- 1 Her gown was also o the silk,
- 2 Turned up wi a siller warden,
- 3 And stately tripped she doun the stair,
- 4 As she saw her gude lord comin.

**235F.5**

- 1 She gaed thro the close and grippit his horse,
- 2 Saying, Ye're welcome hame frae London!
- 3 'Gin that be true, come kiss me now,
- 4 Come kiss me for my coming.

**235F.6**

- 1 'For blythe and cantie may ye be,
- 2 And thank me for my comin,
- 3 For the morn would hae been my wedding-day
- 4 Had I remained in London.'

**235F.7**

- 1 She turnd her richt and round about,
- 2 She was a waefu woman:
- 3 'Gin the morn would hae been your weddin-day,
- 4 Gae kiss your whores in London.'

**235F.8**

- 1 He turned him richt and round about,
- 2 He was sorry for his comin:
- 3 'Loup on your steeds, ye nobles a',
- 4 The morn we'll dine in London.'

**235F.9**

- 1 She lived a year in meikle wae,
- 2 And the doctors dealin wi her;
- 3 At lang and last her heart it brast
- 4 And the letters gade to London.

**235F.10**

- 1 And when he saw the seals o black,
- 2 He fell in a deadly weeping;
- 3 He said, She's dead whom I loed best,
- 4 And she had my heart in keeping.

**235F.11**

- 1 'Loup on your steeds, ye nobles a',
- 2 I'm sorry for our comin;
- 3 Frae our horse to our hat, we'll gae in black,
- 4 And we'll murn for Peggy Irwine.'

**235F.12**

- 1 They rade on but stap or stay
- 2 Till they came to her father's garden,
- 3 Where fifty o the bravest lords
- 4 Were conveying Peggy Irwine.

**235G.1**

- 1 THE Earl Aboyne to London has gane,
- 2 And all his nobles with him;
- 3 For a' the braw ribbands he wore at his hat,
- 4 He has left his lady behind him.

**235G.2**

- 1 She's called on her little foot-page,
- 2 And Jean, her gentlewoman;
- 3 Said, Fill to me a full pint of wine,
- 4 And I'll drink it at my lord's coming.

**235G.3**

- 1 'You're welcome, you're welcome, you're welcome,' she says,
- 2 'You're welcome home from London!'
- 3 'If I be as welcome as you now say,
- 4 Come kiss me, my bonnie Peggy Irvine.

**235G.4**

- 1 'Come kiss me, come kiss me, my lady,' he says,
- 2 'Come kiss me for my coming,
- 3 For the morn should hae been my wedding-day,
- 4 Had I staid any longer in London.'

**235G.5**

- 1 She turned about with an angry look,
- 2 Said, Woe's me for your coming!
- 3 If the morn should hae been your wedding-day,
- 4 Go back to your whore in London.

**235G.6**

- 1 He's called on his little foot-page,
- 2 Said, Saddle both sure and swiftly,
- 3 And I'll away to the Bogs o the Gay,
- 4 And speak wi the Marquis o Huntly.

**235G.7**

- 1 She has called on her little foot-page,
- 2 Said, See if he'll take me with him;
- 3 And he shall hae nae mair cumber o me
- 4 But mysel and my servant-woman.

**235G.8**

- 1 'O London streets they are too strait,
- 2 They are not for a woman,
- 3 And it is too low to ride in coach wi me
- 4 With your humble servant-woman.'

**235G.9**

- 1 He had not been at the Bogs o the Gay,
- 2 Nor yet his horse was baited,
- 3 Till a boy with a letter came to his hand
- 4 That his lady was lying streakit.

**235G.10**

- 1 'O woe! O woe! O woe!' he says,
- 2 'O woe's me for my coming!
- 3 I had rather lost the Bogs o the Gay
- 4 Or I'd lost my bonny Peggy Irvine.

**235G.11**

- 1 'O woe! O woe! O woe!' he said,
- 2 'O woe to the Marquis o Huntly,
- 3 Gard the Earl of Aboyne prove very unkind
- 4 To a good and a dutiful lady!'

**235H.1**

- 1 THE Earl of Boon's to London gone,
- 2 And all his merry men with him;
- 3 For a' the ribbons hang at his horse's main,
- 4 He has left his lady behind him.

**235H.2**

- 1 He had not been a night in town,
- 2 Nor a day into the city,
- 3 Until that the letters they came to him,
- 4 And the ladies they did invite him.

**235H.3**

- 1 His lady has lookit oer her left shoulder,
- 2 To see if she saw him coming,
- 3 And then she saw her ain good lord,
- 4 Just newly come from London.

**235H.4**

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 hae been married in  
Lunnon.'

**235H.5**

1 She turned about wi a very saucy look,  
2 As saucy as eer did a woman;  
3 Says, If a' be true that I've heard of you,  
4 You may go back and kiss your whores in  
Lunnon.

**235H.6**

1 'Go call on Jack, my waiting-man,' he said,  
2 'Go saddle and make him ready;  
3 For I maun away to the Bughts o Gight,  
4 To speak to the Marquess of Huntly.'

**235H.7**

1 He had not been at the Bughts of the Gight,  
2 Nor the horses yet weel bated,  
3 Until that the letters came ta him  
4 That his lady was newly streeket.

**235H.8**

1 'Wae's me, my dear! wae's me!' he said,  
2 'It waes me for my coming;  
3 For I wad rather lost a' the Bughts o the Gight  
4 Or I had lost my bonny Peggy Irvine.'

**235L.1**

1 THE Earl of Aboyne to London has gone,  
2 And all his nobles with him;  
3 For all the braw ribbands he wore at his hat,  
4 He has left his lady behind him.

**235L.2**

1 She has to her high castle gane,  
2 To see if she saw him coming;  
3 And who did she spy but her own servant Jack,  
4 Coming riding home again from London.

**235L.3**

1 'What news, what news, my own servant Jack?  
2 What news have you got from London?'  
3 'Good news, good news, my lady,' he says,  
4 'For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.'

**235L.4**

1 She has to her kitchen-maid gane:  
2 'Set your pots and your pans all a boiling;  
3 Have every thing fine for gentry to dine,  
4 For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.'

**235L.5**

1 'Stable-grooms all, pray be well employed,  
2 Set your stable-bells all a ringing;  
3 Let your hecks be overlaid with the finest of  
good hay,  
4 For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.'

**235L.6**

1 She has to her low gates gane,  
2 To see if she saw him coming,  
3 And long seven miles before they came to town  
4 She heard their bridles ringing.

**235L.7**

1 'Come kiss me, come kiss me, madam,' he  
says,  
2 'Come kiss me for my coming,  
3 For the morn should hae been my wedding-day  
4 Had I staid any longer in London.'

**235L.8**

1 She's turned about with an angry look,  
2 Says, Woe's me for thy coming!  
3 If the morn should hae been your wedding-day  
4 Go back and kiss your whores in London.

**235L.9**

1 They've turned their horses' heads around,  
2 Their faces all for London;  
3 With their hands to their hats they all rode off,  
4 And they're all away to London.

**235J.1**

1 THE Earl of Aboyne has up to London gone,  
2 And all his nobles with him,  
3 And three broad letters he sent into his love  
4 He would wed another woman in London.

**235J.2**

1 She has turned the honey month about,  
2 To see if he was coming,  
3 And lang three miles ere he came to the town  
4 She heard his bridle ringing.

**235J.3**

1 She's went down unto the close and she's taen  
him from his horse,  
2 Says, Ye're welcome home from London!  
3 'If I be as welcome, dear Peggy, as you say,  
4 Come kiss me for my coming.'

**235J.4**

1 'Come kiss me, come kiss me, dear Peggy,' he  
said,  
2 'Come kiss me for my coming,  
3 For tomorrow should have been my wedding  
-day  
4 Had I tarried any longer in London.'

**235J.5**

1 She has turned herself round about,  
2 And she was an angry woman:  
3 'If tomorrow should have been your wedding  
-day,  
4 You may kiss with your sweethearts in London  
'

**235J.6**

1 'Go saddle me my steed,' he said,  
2 'Saddle and make him ready;  
3 For I must away to the bonny Bog of Keith,  
4 For to visit the Marquis of Huntley.'

**235J.7**

1 'Go ask him, go ask, dear Thomas,' she said,  
2 'Go ask if he'll take me with him;  
3 'I've asked him once, and I'll ask him no more,  
4 For ye'll never ride a mile in his company.'

**235J.8**

1 'Go make to me my bed,' she said,  
2 'Make it soft and narrow;  
3 For since my true lover has slighted me so,  
4 I will die for him ere morrow.'

**235J.9**

1 She has called her waiting-man,  
2 And Jean her gentlewoman:  
3 'Go bring to me a glass of red wine,  
4 For I'm as sick as any woman.'

**235J.10**

1 The bed it was not made nor well laid down,  
2 Nor yet the curtains drawn on,  
3 Till stays and gown and all did burst,  
4 And it's alace for bonny Peggy Irvine!

**235J.11**

1 The Earl of Aboyne was not at the Bog of  
Keith,  
2 Nor met wi the Marquis of Huntley,  
3 Till three broad etters were sent after him  
4 That his pretty Peggy Irvine had left him.

**235J.12**

1 He gave such a rap on the table where he sat  
2 It made all the room for to tremble:  
3 'I would rather I had lost all the rents of  
Aboyne  
4 Than have lost my pretty Peggy Irvine.'

**235K.1**

1 THE Earl o Aboyne is awa to Lunnon gane,  
2 An he's taen Joannan wi him,  
3 An it ill be Yule ere he come again;  
4 But he nicht hae taen taen his bonnie Peggie  
Ewan.

**235K.2**

1 Cook-maidens all, be ready at my call,  
2 Hae a' your pats an pans a-reekin;  
3 For the finest o flours, gae through your bowrs,  
4 For the Earl o Aboyne's a comin.

**235L.1**

1 THE Lord Aboyn's to London gone,  
2 And his hail court wi him;  
3 Better he had staid at home,  
4 Or taen his lady wi him.

**236A.1**

1 O IT fell out upon a day,  
2 When Drums was going to ride, O  
3 And there he met with a well-far'd may,  
4 Keeping her flocks on yon side. O

**236A.2**

1 'O fair may, O rare may,  
2 Can not you fancy me?  
3 Of a' the lasses here about  
4 I like nane so well as thee.'

**236A.3**

1 'Set your love on another, kind sir,  
2 Set it not on me,  
3 For I'm not fit to be your bride,  
4 And your whore I'll never be.'

**236A.4**

1 Drums is to her father gane,  
2 Keeping his flocks on yon hill,  
3 And he has gotten his consent,  
4 And the maid was at his will.

**236A.5**

1 'My daughter can neither read nor write,  
2 She was neer brought up at school;  
3 But well can she milk cow and ewe,  
4 And make a kebbuck well.

**236A.6**

1 'She'll winn in your barn at bear-seed time,  
2 Cast out your muck at Yule;  
3 She'll saddle your steed in time o need,  
4 Draw aff your boots hersell.'

**236A.7**

1 'Have not I no clergymen?  
2 Pay I no clergy fee?  
3 I'll school her as I think fit,  
4 And as I think fit to be.'

**236A.8**

1 Drums is to the Highlands gane  
2 For to be made ready,  
3 And a' the gentry thereabout  
4 Says, Yonder comes Drums and his lady.

**236A.9**

1 'Peggy Coumts is a very bonnie bride,  
2 And Drums is a wealthy laddie;  
3 But Drums might hae chosen a higher match  
4 Than any shepherd's daughter.'

**236A.10**

1 Then up bespake his brother John,  
2 Says, Brother you've done us wrong;  
3 You've married ane below our degree,  
4 A stain to a' our kin.

**236A.11**

1 'Hold your tongue, my brother John,  
2 I have done you no wrong;  
3 For I've married ane to wirk and win,  
4 And ye've married ane to spend.

**236A.12**

1 'The last time that I had a wife,  
2 She was above my degree;  
3 I durst not come in her presence  
4 But with my hat on my knee.'

**236A.13**

1 There was four-and-twenty gentlemen  
2 Stood at the yetts o Drum;  
3 There was na ane among them a'  
4 That welcomd his lady in.

**236A.14**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand  
2 And led her in himsell,  
3 And in thro ha's and thro bowers,  
4 'And you're welcome, Lady o Drum.'

**236A.15**

1 Thrice he kissd her cherry cheek,  
2 And thrice her cherry chin,  
3 And twenty times her comely mouth,  
4 'And you're welcome, Lady o Drum.'

**236A.16**

1 'Ye shall be cook in my kitchen,  
2 Butler in my ha;  
3 Ye shall be lady at my command  
4 When I ride far awa.'

**236A.17**

1 'But what will I do when auld Drum dies,  
2 When auld Drum dies and leaves me?  
3 Then I'll tak back my word again,  
4 And the Coumts will come and see me.'  
5 . . . . .

**236B.1**

1 THERE was a knight, [an a gallant knight,]  
2 An a gallant knight was he,  
3 An he's faen in love  
4 Wi his shepherd's dachterie.

**236B.2**

1 . . . . .  
2 He could neither gang nor ride,  
3 He fell so deep in her fancy,  
4 Till his nose began to bleed.

**236B.3**

1 'Bonny may, an bra may,  
2 Canna ye on me rue?  
3 By a' the maid<s> I ever saw,  
4 There is nane I loo by you.'

**236B.4**

1 'Ye'r a shepherd's ae daghter,  
2 An I'm a barron's son;  
3 An what pleasure I wad hae  
4 To see ye gae out an in!'

**236B.5**

1 'I'm a shepherd's ae dochter,  
2 An ye'r a barron's son;  
3 An there is nae pleasure I could ha  
4 To see ye gae out or in.

**236B.6**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'For I wadna gie the fancy of my bonny love  
4 For na love nor favour o you.'

**236B.7**

1 'Bonny may, an bra may,  
2 Canna ye on me rue?  
3 By a' the maids I ever saw  
4 There is nane I loo by you.'

**236B.8**

1 'Lay ne yer fancy, sir, on me,' she says,  
2 'Lay na yer fancy on me;  
3 For I'm our low to be your bride,  
4 An yer quine I'll never be.

**236B.9**

1 'For I will wear nane o yer silks,  
2 Nor nane o yer scarlet claes;  
3 For the hue o the whin shall be my gown,  
4 An I will gae as I pleas.'

**236B.10**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'Ye'r na our laigh to be my bride,  
4 An my quine ye's never be.

**236B.11**

1 'Bonny may, and bra may,  
2 Winna ye on me rue?  
3 By a' the maids I ever see,  
4 There's nane I loo but you.'

**236B.12**

1 'Gin ye ha faen so deep in my fancy  
2 Ye can neither gan<g> nor ride,  
3 Gae tak me to the middle o the ring,  
4 An bring me guid companie.'

**236B.13**

1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand  
2 And led her thro haas an bowers:  
3 'Ye'r the choice of my heart,  
4 An a' I hae is yours.'

**236B.14**

1 He took her by the milk-white hand  
2 And led her out and in:  
3 'Ye'r the choice o my heart,  
4 My dear, ye'r welcome in.'

**236B.15**

1 Out spake his brither John,  
2 'Brither, ye ha done great wrong;  
3 Ye hae married a wife this night  
4 Disdained by a' yer kin.'

**236B.16**

1 'Hold yer tong, my brither John,  
2 For I hae don na wrong;  
3 For I ha married a wife to . . . .  
4 An ye ha ane to spend.'

**236C.1**

1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter  
2 Sheering at the bear,  
3 And by cam the Laird o Drum,  
4 On an evening clear.

**236C.2**

1 'O will ye fancy me, fair maid?  
2 O will ye fancy me?  
3 O will ye fancy me, fair maid,  
4 An lat the sheering be?'

**236C.3**

1 'O say na sae again, kind sir,  
2 O say na sae again;  
3 I'm owr low to be your bride,  
4 Ye'r born owr high a man.'

**236C.4**

1 Said, Fair maid, O rare maid,  
2 Will ye on me rue?  
3 Amang a' the lasses o the land  
4 I fancy nane but you.

**236C.5**

1 'Lay your love on another,' she said,  
2 'And lay it not on me,  
3 For I'm owr low to be your bride,  
4 Your miss I'll never be.

**236C.6**

1 'Yonder is my father dear,  
2 Wi hogs upon yon hill;  
3 Gif ye get but his consent,  
4 I shall be at your will.'

**236C.7**

1 He's taen him to her father dear,  
2 Keeps hogs upon yon hill,  
3 An he has gotten his consent,  
4 The may was at his will.

**236C.8**

1 'My daughter canna read or write,  
2 She never was at school;  
3 Weel can she milk cow and ewe,  
4 An serve your house fu weel.

**236C.9**

1 'Weel can she shack you barns  
2 And gae to mill an kill,  
3 Saddle your steed in time o need,  
4 And draw your boots hirsell.

**236C.10**

1 'She canna wear your silk sae fine,  
2 Nor yet your silver clear;  
3 The hue o the ewe man be her weed,  
4 Altho she was your dear.'

**236C.11**

1 He's wedded the shepherd's daughter,  
2 An he has taen her hame;  
3 He's wedded the shepherd's daughter,  
4 And led her on to Drum.

**236C.12**

1 There were four an twenty bold barons  
2 Stood at the yet o Drum;  
3 There was na ane among them a'  
4 That welcomd his lady hame.

**236C.13**

1 Out then spak his brother dear,  
2 Says, Ye've done mickel wrong;  
3 Ye've wedded a mean woman,  
4 The lack o a' her kin.

**236C.14**

1 'I never did thee wrong, brother,  
2 I never did thee wrong;  
3 I've wedded a woman to work and win,  
4 An ye hae ane to spen.

**236C.15**

1 'The last woman I wedded  
2 Was aboon my degree;  
3 I could na sit in her presence  
4 But wi hat upon my knee.'

**236C.16**

1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand  
2 An led her but an ben,  
3 An in the ha, amang them a',  
4 He's hailed her Lady Drum.

**236C.17**

1 'Now I've wedded the Shepherd's daughter,  
2 An I hae brought her hame,  
3 In the ha, amang ye a',  
4 She is welcome hame to Drum.'

**236D.1**

1 THE laird o Drum is a hunting gane,  
2 All in a morning early,  
3 And he did spy a well-far'd may,  
4 Was sheering at her barley.

**236D.2**

1 'O will ye fancy me, fair may,  
2 And let your sheering be, O  
3 And gang and be the lady o Drum?  
4 O will ye fancy me?' O

**236D.3**

1 'I winna fancy you,' she says,  
2 'Nor let my sheering be;  
3 For I'm owr low to be Lady Drum,  
4 And your miss I'd scorn to be.'

**236D.4**

1 'But ye'll cast aff that gown o grey,  
2 Put on the silk and scarlet;  
3 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
4 You'll neither be miss nor harlot.'

**236D.5**

1 'Then dee you to my father dear,  
2 Keeps sheep on yonder hill;  
3 To ony thing he bids me do  
4 I'm always at his will.'

**236D.6**

1 He has gane to her father dear,  
2 Keeps sheep on yonder hill;  
3 'I'm come to marry your ae daughter,  
4 If ye'll gie me your gude will.'

**236D.7**

1 'She'll shake your barn, and winna your corn,  
2 And gang to mill and kill;  
3 In time of need she'll saddle your steed;  
4 And I'll draw your boots mysell.'

**236D.8**

1 'O wha will bake my bridal bread,  
2 And wha will brew my ale,  
3 And wha will welcome my lady hame,  
4 It's mair than I can tell.'

**236D.9**

1 Four and twenty gentle knights  
2 Gied in at the yetts o Drum;  
3 But nae a man lifted his hat  
4 Whan the lady o Drum came in.

**236D.10**

1 But he has taen her by the hand,  
2 And led her but and ben;  
3 Says, You'r welcome hame, my lady Drum,  
4 For this is your ain land.

**236D.11**

1 For he has taen her by the hand,  
2 And led her thro the ha;  
3 Says, You'r welcome hame, my lady Drum,  
4 To your bowers ane and a'.

**236D.12**

1 Then he<s> stript her o the robes o grey,  
2 Drest her in the robes o gold,  
3 And taen her father the sheep-keeping,  
4 Made him a bailie bold.

**236D.13**

1 She wasna forty weeks his wife  
2 Till she brought hame a son;  
3 She was as well a loved lady  
4 As ever was in Drum.

**236D.14**

1 Out it speaks his brother dear,  
2 Says, You've dune us great wrang;  
3 You've married a wife below your degree,  
4 She's a mock to all our kin.

**236D.15**

1 Out then spake the Laird of Drum,  
2 Says, I've dune you nae wrang;  
3 I've married a wife to win my bread,  
4 You've married ane to spend.

**236D.16**

1 'For the last time that I was married,  
2 She was far abeen my degree;  
3 She wadna gang to the bonny yetts o Drum  
4 But the pearlin abeen her ee,  
5 And I durstna gang in the room where she was  
6 But my hat below my knee.'

**236D.17**

1 When they had eaten and well drunken,  
2 And all men bound for bed,  
3 The Laird o Drum and his lady gay  
4 In ae bed they were laid.

**236D.18**

1 'Gin ye had been o high renown,  
2 As ye are o low degree,  
3 We might hae baith gane down the streets  
4 Amang gude companie.'

**236D.19**

1 'I tauld you ere we were wed  
2 You were far abeen my degree;  
3 But now I'm married, in your bed laid,  
4 And just as gude as ye.

**236D.20**

1 'Gin ye were dead, and I were dead,  
2 And baith in grave had lain,  
3 Ere seven years were at an end,  
4 They'd not ken your dust frae mine.'

**236E.1**

1 THE Laird of Drum is a wooing gane,  
2 All in a morning early,  
3 And there he spied a weel-far'd may,  
4 She was shearing at her barley.

**236E.2**

1 'Will you fancy me, my bonny may,  
2 And will you fancy me? O  
3 And will you come and be Lady Drum,  
4 And let your shearing a be?' O

**236E.3**

1 'It's I winna fancy you, kind sir,  
2 I winna fancy thee;  
3 For I'm too low to be lady o Drum,  
4 And your whore I would scorn to be.'

**236E.4**

1 Ye'll cast aff the robes of gray,  
2 And put on the silk and the scarlet,  
3 And here to you I'll make a vow  
4 Ye'se neither be whore nor harlot.'

**236E.5**

1 'I winna cast aff the robes o gray,  
2 To put on the silk and the scarlet,  
3 But I'll wear the colour of the ewe,  
4 For they set me better that a' that.

**236E.6**

1 'But ye'll do you doun to my father dear,  
2 Keeping sheep on yonder hill,  
3 And the first ae thing that he bids me I'll do,  
4 For I wirk aye at his will.'

**236E.7**

1 He's done him doun to her father dear,  
2 Keeping sheep on yonder hill:  
3 'Ye hae a pretty creature for your daughter;  
4 Dear me! but I like her well.'

**236E.8**

1 'It's she can neither read nor write,  
2 She was never brought up at the squeel;  
3 She canna wash your china cups,  
4 Nor yet mak a dish o tea.

**236E.9**

1 'But well can she do a' ither thing,  
2 For I learnt the girly mysell;  
3 She'll fill in your barn, and winnow your corn,  
4 She'll gang to your kill and your mill,  
5 And, time o need, she'll saddle your steed,  
6 And draw your boots hersell.'

**236E.10**

1 'Wha will bake my bridal bread,  
2 And wah will brew my ale?  
3 Wha will welcome my lady in?  
4 For it's more than I can tell.'

**236E.11**

1 There was four-and-twenty gentlemen  
2 Stood a' in the yetts o Drum,  
3 But there was nane o them lifted their hats  
4 To welcome the young lady in.

**236E.12**

1 But up spake his ae brither,  
2 Says, Brither, ye hae done wrang;  
3 Ye hae married a wife this day  
4 A lauch to a' our kin.

**236E.13**

1 'I've married ane to win my bread,  
2 But ye married ane to spend;  
3 But as lang's I'm able to walk to the yetts o  
Drum  
4 On me she may depend.

**236E.14**

1 'The last lady that I did wed  
2 Was far above my command;  
3 I durst not enter the bower where she was  
4 But my hat low in my hand.'

**236E.15**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' man bound for bed,  
3 The Laird o Drum and the Shepherd's dother  
4 In one bed they were laid.

**236E.16**

1 'If ye were come o noble bleed  
2 An were as high as me,  
3 We could gang to the yetts o Drum  
4 Amongst gweed companie.'

**236E.17**

1 'I tald you ere we was wed  
2 I was oer low for thee,  
3 But now we are wedd and in ae bed laid,  
4 And you must be content wi me.

**236E.18**

1 'For an ye were dead, an I were dead,  
2 And laid in the dust low down,  
3 When we were baith turnd up again  
4 Wha could ken your mould frae mine?'

**236F.1**

1 'OH, will ye fancy me, fair maid?  
2 Oh, will ye fancy me? O  
3 Or will ye go to be ladye o the Drum,  
4 An let a' your shearin abe? O  
5 An let a' your shearin abe? O  
6 An let a' your shearin abe? O

**236F.2**

1 'I can neither read nor write,  
2 Nor neer been brocht up at schule;  
3 But I can do all other things,  
4 An keep a hoose richt weel.

**236F.3**

1 'My faither he's a puir shepherd-man,  
2 Herds his hogs on yonder hill;  
3 Gin ye will go get his consent,  
4 Then I'll be at your call.'

**236F.4**

1 He has gane to her father,  
2 That herds hogs on yonder hill;  
3 He said, 'You've got a pretty daughter,  
4 I'd fain tak her to my sel.'

**236F.5**

1 'She can neither read nor write,  
2 Was neer brocht up at schule;  
3 But she can do all other things,  
4 An I learnt aye the lassie my sel.

**236F.6**

1 'She'll milk your cows, she'll carry your corn,  
2 She'll gang to the mill or the kiln;  
3 She'll saddle your steed at any time of need,  
4 And she'll brush up your boots hersel.'

**236F.7**

1 'It's who will bake my bridal bread?  
2 Or who will brew my ale?  
3 Or who will welcome this bonnie lassie in?  
4 For it's more than I can tell.'

**236F.8**

1 There's four-and-twenty gentlemen  
2 Stand doun at the gate o the Drum;  
3 Not one of them all would take off his hat  
4 For to welcome the bonnie lassie in.

**236F.9**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'Oh, brother, you've married a wife this day  
4 A disgrace to all our kin.'

**236F.10**

1 'Oh, brother, I've married a wife to win,  
2 And ye've got one to spen,  
3 And as long as the bonnie lassie walks out and  
in  
4 She shall aye be the ladye o the Drum.'

**236F.11**

1 When all was done, and no bells rung,  
2 And all men bound for their bed,  
3 The laird and the shepherd's bonnie daughter  
4 In one bed they were laid.

**236F.12**

1 'Though I'm not of as noble blood,  
2 Nor yet of as high degree,  
3 Now I lie locked in your arms two,  
4 And you must be contented wi me.

**236F.13**

1 'If you were dead, and I were dead,  
2 And baith laid in one grave,  
3 If we were baith to be raised up again,  
4 Wha would ken your dust frae mine?'

**237A.1**

1 THE Duke of Gordon has three daughters,  
2 Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;  
3 They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,  
4 But they would go to bonny Aberdeen.

**237A.2**

1 They had not been in Aberdeen  
2 A twelvemonth and a day  
3 Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,  
4 And away with him she would gae.

**237A.3**

1 Word came to the Duke of Gordon,  
2 In the chamber where he lay,  
3 Lady Jean has fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,  
4 And away with him she would gae.

**237A.4**

1 'Go saddle to me the black horse,  
2 And you'll ride on the grey,  
3 And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,  
4 Where I have been many a day.'

**237A.5**

1 They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
2 A mile but only three,  
3 Till he met with his two daughters walking,  
4 But away was Lady Jean.

**237A.6**

1 'Where is your sister, maidens?  
2 Where is your sister now?  
3 Where is your sister, maidens,  
4 That she is not walking with you?'

**237A.7**

1 'O pardon us, honoured father,  
2 O pardon us,' they did say;  
3 'Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,  
4 And away with him she will gae.'

**237A.8**

1 When he came to Aberdeen,  
2 And doun upon the green,  
3 There did he see Captain Ogilvie,  
4 Training up his men.

**237A.9**

1 'O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,  
2 And an ill death thou shalt die;  
3 For taking to thee my daughter,  
4 Hangëd thou shalt be.'

**237A.10**

1 Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
2 And sent it to the king,  
3 To cause hang Captain Ogilvie  
4 If ever he hanged a man.

**237A.11**

1 'I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,  
2 For no lord that I see;  
3 But I'll cause him to put off the lace and  
scarlet,  
4 And put on the single livery.'

**237A.12**

1 Word came to Captain Ogilvie,  
2 In the chamber where he lay,  
3 To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,  
4 And put on the single livery.

**237A.13**

1 'If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
2 This pennance I'll take wi;  
3 If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
4 All this I will dree.'

**237A.14**

1 Lady Jean had not been married,  
2 Not a year but three,  
3 Till she had a babe in every arm,  
4 Another upon her knee.

**237A.15**

1 'O but I'm weary of wandering!  
2 O but my fortune is bad!  
3 It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
4 To follow a soldier-lad.

**237A.16**

1 'O but I'm weary of wandering!  
2 O but I think lang!  
3 It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
4 To follow a single man.'

**237A.17**

1 When they came to the Highland hills,  
2 Cold was the frost and snow;  
3 Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,  
4 No farther could she go.

**237A.18**

1 'O wo to the hills and the mountains!  
2 Wo to the wind and the rain!  
3 My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
4 No further am I able to gang.

## 237A.19

- 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.

## 237A.20

- 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.'

## 237A.21

- 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!'

## 237A.22

- 1 'O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
- 2 You are dear welcome to me;
- 3 You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,
- 4 But away with your Captain Ogilvie.'

## 237A.23

- 1 Now over seas went the captain,
- 2 As a soldier under command;
- 3 A message soon followed after
- 4 To come and heir his brother's land.

## 237A.24

- 1 'Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,
- 2 And heir your brother's land;
- 3 Come Home, ye pretty Captain Ogilvie,
- 4 Be Earl of Northumberland.'

## 237A.25

- 1 'O what does this mean?' says the captain;
- 2 'Where's my brother's children three?'
- 3 'They are dead and buried,
- 4 And the lands they are ready for thee.'

## 237A.26

- 1 'Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,
- 2 Let's be jovial and free;
- 3 I'll to Northumberland and heir my estate,
- 4 Then my dear Jeany I'll see.'

## 237A.27

- 1 He soon came to Castle Gordon,
- 2 And down upon the green;
- 3 The porter gave out with a loud shout,
- 4 'Here comes Captain Ogilvie!'

## 237A.28

- 1 You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
- 2 Your fortune's advanced I hear;
- 3 No stranger can come unto my gates
- 4 That I do love so dear.'

## 237A.29

- 1 'Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
- 2 You would not let me in;
- 3 I'm come for my wife and children,
- 4 No friendship else I claim.'

## 237A.30

- 1 'Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
- 2 And drink of the beer and the wine;
- 3 And thou shalt have gold and silver
- 4 To count till the clock strike nine.'

## 237A.31

- 1 'I'll have none of your gold or silver,
- 2 Nor none of your white-money;
- 3 But I'll have bonny Jeany Gordon,
- 4 And she shall go now with me.'

## 237A.32

- 1 Then she came tripping down the stair,
- 2 With the tear into her eye;
- 3 One babe was at her foot,
- 4 Another upon her knee.

## 237A.33

- 1 'You're welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
- 2 With my young family;
- 3 Mount and go to Northumberland,
- 4 There a countess thou shall be.'

## 238A.1

- 1 FOUR and twenty noblemen they rode thro  
Banchory fair,
- 2 But bonnie Glenlogie was flower [of a'] that  
was there.

## 238A.2

- 1 Four and twenty noblemen rode from Banchor  
y ha,
- 2 But bonnie Glenlogie he was flower of them a'.

## 238A.3

- 1 'O bonnie Glenlogie, be constant and kind,
- 2 An, bonnie Glenlogie, I'll tell you my mind.

## 238A.4

- 1 .. so frank and so free,
- 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 promist 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 bowr:
- 2 'Dear Jeanie, you'r 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  
penn'd it well.

## 238A.14

- 1 H'as penn'd 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 promist  
awa.'

## 238A.16

- 1 He call'd on his servant wi speed, and bade him  
saddle his horses, and bridle them a':
- 2 'For she has laid her love on me, altho I was  
promist 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 flou' of them a'.

## 238A.18

- 1 But when he came to her bowr 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 flou' o them  
a';
- 2 I have laid my love on you, altho I was promist  
awa.'

## 238A.20

- 1 Her beauty was charming, her tocher down  
tauld;
- 2 Bonnie Jean of Bethelny was scarce fifteen yea  
r auld.

## 238B.1

- 1 FOUR and twenty nobles 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 is from home;
- 2 He is of the gay Gordons, his name it is John.'

## 238B.5

- 1 'Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove kind,
- 2 My love is laid on you; I am telling my mind.'

## 238B.6

- 1 He turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a':
- 2 'I thank you, Lady Jean, my loves is promised  
awa.'

## 238B.7

- 1 She called on her maidens her bed for to make,
- 2 Her rings and her jewels all from her to take.

## 238B.8

- 1 In came Jeanie's father, a wae man was he;
- 2 Says, I'll wed you to Drumfendrich, he has  
mair gold than he.

## 238B.9

- 1 Her father's own chaplain, being a man of grea  
t skill,
- 2 He wrote him a letter, and indited it well.

## 238B.10

- 1 The first lines he looked at, a light laugh  
laughed he;
- 2 But ere he read through it the tears blindid his  
ee.

## 238B.11

- 1 Oh, pale and wan looked she when Glenlogie  
cam in,
- 2 But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat  
down.

## 238B.12

- 1 'Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round to this  
side,
- 2 And I'll be the bridegroom, and you'll be the  
bride.'

## 238B.13

- 1 Oh, 'twas a merry wedding, and the portion  
down told,
- 2 Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce  
sixteen years old.

## 238C.1

- 1 THERE was three score o nobles sat at the  
king's dine,
- 2 An bonny Glenlogie was flower o thrice nine.

## 238C.2

- 1 .. cam trippin downstairs,
- 2 An she fancied Glenlogie ower a' that was  
there.

## 238C.3

- 1 She called on the footman that ran by his side,
- 2 Says, What is that man's name, an where does  
he bide?'

## 238C.4

- 1 'His name is Glenlogie when he goes from  
home,
- 2 But he's of the great Gordons, an his name is  
Lord John.'

## 238C.5

- 1 'Glenlogie! Glenlogie! Glenlogie!' said she,
- 2 'An for bonnie Glenlogie I surely will die.'

## 238C.6

- 1 She called on her maidens to make her her bed,
- 2 ..
- 3 ..

## 238C.7

- 1 When Glenlogie got the letter, amang  
noblemen,
- 2 'Dear me,' said Glenlogie, 'what does young  
women mean!'

## 238C.8

- 1 Then up spake his father, Let it never be said
- 2 That such a fine lady should die for your sake.

## 238C.9

- 1 'Go saddle my black horse, go saddle him soon,
- 2 Till I go to Bethelnie, to see Lady Jean.'

## 238C.10

- 1 When he got to Behelnie, there was naeboddy  
there
- 2 But was weeping an wailing an tearing their  
hair.
- 3 ..

## 238C.11

- 1 'Turn round, Jeanie Gordon, turn round to the  
side;
- 2 I'll be the bridegroom, an ye's be the bride.'

## 238D.1

- 1 THERE waur aucht an forty nobles rade to the  
king's ha,
- 2 But bonnie Glenlogie was the flour o them a'.

## 238D.2

- 1 There waur aucht and forty nobles rade to the  
king's dine,
- 2 But bonnie Glenlogie was the flour o thrice  
nine.

- 238D.3**  
1 Bonnie Jeanie Melville cam trippin doun the stair,  
2 An whan she saw Glenlogie her hairt it grew sair.
- 238D.4**  
1 . . . . .  
2 'He's of the gay Gordons, his name it is John.'
- 238D.5**  
1 'Oh, Logie! Oh, Logie! Oh, Logie!' said she,  
2 'If I get na Glenlogie, I surely will dee.'
- 238D.6**  
1 He turned him aboot, as the Gordons do a',  
2 Says, I thank you, Lady Jeanie, but I'm promised awa.
- 238D.7**  
1 She called on her maidens her hands for to take,  
2 An the rings from her fingers she did them a' break.
- 238D.8**  
1 'Oh, what is my lineage, or what is my make,  
2 That such a fine lady suld dee for my sake?'
- 238D.9**  
1 Such a pretty wedding, as I have been told,  
2 An bonnie Jeanie Melville was scarce sixteen years old.
- 238E.1**  
1 THERE were four-and-twenty ladies dined in the Queen's ha,  
2 And Jean o Bethelnie was the flower o them a'.
- 238E.2**  
1 Four-and-twenty gentlemen rode thro Banchory fair,  
2 But bonny Glenlogie was the flower that was there.
- 238E.3**  
1 Young Jean at a window she chanced to sit nigh,  
2 And upon Glenlogie she fixed an eye.
- 238E.4**  
1 She calld on his best man, unto him did say,  
2 O what is that knight's name? or where does he stay?
- 238E.5**  
1 'He's of the noble Gordons, of great birth and fame;  
2 He stays at Glenlogie, Sir George is his name.'
- 238E.6**  
1 Then she wrote a broad letter, and wrote it in haste;  
2 To send it Glenlogie, she thought it was best.
- 238E.7**  
1 Says, O brave Glenlogie, unto me be kind;  
2 I've laid my love on you, and told you my mind.
- 238E.8**  
1 Then reading the letter, as he stood on the green,  
2 Says, I leave you to judge, sirs; what does women mean?
- 238E.9**  
1 Then turnd about sprightly, as the Gordons do a':  
2 'Lay not your love on me, I'm promis'd awa.'
- 238E.10**  
1 When she heard this answer, her heart was like to break,  
2 That she laid her love on him, and him so ungrate.
- 238E.11**  
1 Then she calld on her maidens to lay her to bed,  
2 And take her fine jewels and lay them aside.
- 238E.12**  
1 'My seals and my signets, no more shall I crave;  
2 But linen and trappin, a chest and a grave.'
- 238E.13**  
1 Her father stood by her, possess'd with fear,  
2 To see his dear daughter, possess'd with care.
- 238E.14**  
1 Says, Hold your tongue, Jeannie, let all your folly be;  
2 I'll wed you to Dumfeline, he is better than he.
- 238E.15**  
1 'O hold your tongue, father, and let me alane;  
2 If I getna Glenlogie, I'll never have ane.'
- 238E.16**  
1 'His bonny jimp middle, his black rolling eye,  
2 If I getna Glenlogie, I'm sure I shall die.'
- 238E.17**  
1 But her father's old chaplain, a man of great skill,  
2 He wrote a broad letter, and penned it well.
- 238E.18**  
1 Saying, O brave Glenlogie, why must it be so?  
2 A maid's love laid on you, shall she die in her woe?'
- 238E.19**  
1 Then reading the letter, his heart was like to break  
2 That such a leal virgin should die for his sake.
- 238E.20**  
1 Then he calld on his footman, and likewise his groom,  
2 Says, Get my horse saddled and bridled soon.
- 238E.21**  
1 Before the horse was saddled and brought to the yate,  
2 Bonnie Glenlogie was five miles on foot.
- 238E.22**  
1 When he came to Bethelnie, he saw nothing there  
2 But weeping and wailing, vexation and care.
- 238E.23**  
1 Then out spake her father, with the tear in his ee,  
2 You're welcome, Glenlogie, you're welcome to me.
- 238E.24**  
1 'If ye make me welcome, as welcome's ye say,  
2 Ye'll show me the chamber where Jeannie does lay.'
- 238E.25**  
1 Then one o her maidens took him by the hand,  
2 To show him the chamber where Jeannie lay in.
- 238E.26**  
1 Before that she saw him, she was pale and wan;  
2 But when she did see him, she grew ruddy again.
- 238E.27**  
1 'O turn, bonny Jeannie, turn you to your side;  
2 For I'll be the bridegroom, and ye'll be the bride.'
- 238E.28**  
1 When Jeannie was married, her tocher doun tauld,  
2 Bonny Jean o Bethelnie was fifteen years auld.
- 238F.1**  
1 FOURSCORE nobles ride in the king's court,  
2 And bonny Earl Ogie's the flower of the rout;  
3 Fourscore lean o'er the castle-wa,  
4 But Jean of Bethelnie's the flower of em a'.
- 238F.2**  
1 She writ a broad letter, and penn'd it fou lang,  
2 And sent it Earl Ogie as fast as 't can gang;  
3 'Bonny Earl Ogie, be courteous and kind;  
4 I've laid my love on thee; maun I die in my prime?'
- 238F.3**  
1 'O pox on thee, Jenny, for being sae slaw!  
2 Bonny Earl Ogie is promis'd awa.'  
3 This letter was like to mak her heart break,  
4 For revealing her mind to a man so ingrate.
- 238F.4**  
1 'Come here, all my handmaids, O do this with speed,  
2 Take my gowns and my passments, and lay me to bed;  
3 Lay me to bed, it is all that I crave;  
4 Wi my sark in my coffin, lay me in my grave.'
- 238F.5**  
1 Her father beheld her with heart full of grief,  
2 And spoke these words to her, to gi her relief:  
3 Hawd your tongue, Jenny, your mourning let be,  
4 You shall have drumfinely, who's as good as he.
- 238F.6**  
1 'Haud your tongue, father, your words make me sad;  
2 If I get not Earl Ogie, I still shall be bad;  
3 With his bonny streight body, and black rolling eee,  
4 If I get not Earl Ogie, for him I mun dee.'
- 238F.7**  
1 Her father, king's chaplain, and one of great skill,  
2 Did write a broad letter, and penn'd it fou weel;  
3 He as writ a broad letter, and penn'd it fou lang,  
4 And sent it Earl Ogie as fast as 't can gang.
- 238F.8**  
1 'Bonny Earl Ogie, be courteous and kind;  
2 My daughter loves you; must she die in her prime?'  
3 When he read the first lines, a loud laugh gave he;  
4 But or he redd the middle, the tear fill'd his ee,
- 238F.9**  
1 'Come here, all my footmen, and also my groom,  
2 Go saddle my horses, and saddle them soon:'  
3 They were not weel saddled and set on the green  
4 Or bonny Earl Ogie was twa mile his lain.
- 238F.10**  
1 When he came to Bethelnie, he nothing saw there  
2 But mourning and weeping, lamentation and care:  
3 'O you that's her handmaid, take me by the hand,  
4 Lead me to the chamber that Jenny lies in.'
- 238F.11**  
1 When thither he came, she was pale and half dead;  
2 As soon as she saw him, her cheeks they grew red:  
3 'Come, turn thee, my Jenny, come, turn on thy side,  
4 I'll be the bridegroom, you shall be the bride.'
- 238F.12**  
1 Her spirit revived to hear him say sae,  
2 And thus ended luckily all her great wae;  
3 Then streight were they married, with joy most profound,  
4 And Jean of Bethelnie was sav'd from the ground.
- 238G.1**  
1 THERE was mony a brow noble cum to our king's ha,  
2 But the bonnie Glenlogie was the flower o the m a';  
3 An the young ladye Jeanye, sae gude an sae fair,  
4 She fancyd Glenlogie aboon a' that were there.
- 238G.2**  
1 She speered at his footman that rode by his side  
2 His name an his surname an whare he did bide:  
3 'He bides a<t] Glenlogie whan he is at hame,  
4 He is of the gay Gordons, an John is his name.'
- 238G.3**  
1 'Oh, Logie, Glenlogie, I'll tell you my mind;  
2 My luvie is laid on you, O wad ye prove kind!'  
3 He turned him about, as the Gordons do a',  
4 'I thank [you], fair ladye, but I'm promised awa.'
- 238G.4**  
1 She called on her maidens her hands for to take,  
2 An the rings on her fingers she did them a' break:  
3 'Oh Logie, Glenlogie! Oh, Logie!' said she,  
4 'Gin I get na Glenlogie, I'm sure I will die.'
- 238G.5**  
1 'O hold your tongue, daughter, an weep na sae sair,  
2 For ye'll get Drumfindlay, his father's young heir.'  
3 'O hold your tongue, father, an let me alane,  
4 Gin I get na Glenlogie, I winna hae 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 filld 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  
sune,
- 2 An, when he is saddled, bring him to the green  
:'
- 3 His horse was na saddled an brocht to 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 ruddie 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 Behelvie fair,
- 2 But bonnie Glenlogie was flowr o a' there;
- 3 Bonnie Jean o Belhelvie gaed tripping doun the  
stair,
- 4 And fancied Glenlogie afore a' that was there.

**238H.2**

- 1 She said to his serving-man, as he stood aside,
- 2 O what is that man's name, and whare does he  
bide?
- 3 'They call him Glenlogie whan 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 I've laid my love on you, I'll tell you my mind  
:'
- 3 'O wae's me heart, Jeanie, your tocher's ours  
sma;
- 4 Lay na your love on me, foe I'm promised awa  
:'

**238H.4**

- 1 She called for the servant to show her a room,
- 2 Likewise for a handmaid to mak her bed doun;
- 3 Wi that Jeanie's father cam stepping on the  
floor,
- 4 Says, What is the matter my dochter lies here?

**238H.5**

- 1 'Forgie, honourd father, my folly,' said she,
- 2 'But for the sake o Glenlogie your dochter will  
dee:'
- 3 'O cheer up, my dochter, for I'll gie ye my hand
- 4 That ye'se get young Glenforbar, w' an  
earldom of land.

**238H.6**

- 1 'O cheer up, my dochter, turn ance frae the wa,
- 2 And ye'll get Glenforbar, the flowr o them a':
- 3 'I wad rather tak Glenlogie wi his staff in his  
hand
- 4 Afore I wad tak Glenforbar wi an earldom of  
land.'

**238H.7**

- 1 Jeanie's father was a scholar, and a man o grit  
wit,
- 2 And he wrote him a letter, he thought it was fit.

**238H.8**

- 1 When Glenlogie gat the letter, he was amang  
nobles a',
- 2 . . . he lute his hat fa:
- 3 'I wonder i the world what women see at me,
- 4 For bonnie Jean o Belhelvie is a dying for me:'

**238H.9**

- 1 He calld for his servant to saddle his steed,
- 2 . . . wi speed;
- 3 The horse was na saddled, but out on the green,
- 4 Till bonnie Glenlogie was some miles him leen.

**238H.10**

- 1 Whan he cam to Belhelvie, he rade round  
about,
- 2 And he saw Jeanie's father at a window look  
out.

**238H.11**

- 1 Bonnie Jean o Belhelvie lay pale and wan,
- 2 But red and ruddy grew she when Glenlogie  
cam in:
- 3 'Lie yont, bonnie Jeanie, and let me lie doun,
- 4 For ye'se be bride, and I'se be bridegroom.'

**238L.1**

- 1 'THERE'S fifty young nobles rides up the king  
's hall
- 2 And bonny Glenlogie's the flower of them all;
- 3 Wi his milk-white steed, and his black rolling  
ee,
- 4 If I get na Glenlogie, it's certain I'll die.

**238L.2**

- 1 'Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose and  
shoon,
- 2 To go to Glenlogie and bid Logie come?'
- 3 'Here am I pretty boy, to win baith hose and  
shoon,
- 4 To go to Glenlogie and bid Logie come.'

**238L.3**

- 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.

**238L.4**

- 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 But the next line that he read he garrd the table  
flee.

**238L.5**

- 1 'O saddle to me the black horse, saddle to me  
the brown,
- 2 Saddle to me the swiftest horse that eer rode  
frae the town:'
- 3 But lang or the horses could be brought to the  
green
- 4 Bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lean.

**238L.6**

- 1 When he came to Glenfeldy's gates, little mirth  
was there,
- 2 Bonie Jean's mother was tearing her hair:
- 3 'You're welcome, Glenlogie, you're welcome  
to me,
- 4 You're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see  
:'

**238L.7**

- 1 O pale and wan was she when Logie came in,
- 2 But red and rosy grew she whenever he sat  
doun;
- 3 'O turn you, bonie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
- 4 For, if you'll be the bride, the bridegroom I wil  
l be.'

**239A.1**

- 1 'AUCHANACHIE GORDON is bonny and  
braw,
- 2 He would tempt any woman that ever he saw;
- 3 He would tempt any woman, so has he tempted  
me,
- 4 And I'll die if i getna my love Auchanachie.'

**239A.2**

- 1 In came her father, tripping on the floor,
- 2 Says, Jeanie, ye're trying the tricks o a whore;
- 3 Ye're caring for them that cares little for thee;
- 4 Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

**239A.3**

- 1 'Auchanachie Gordon, he is but a man;
- 2 Altho he be pretty, where lies his free land?
- 3 Salton's lands they lie broad, his towers they  
stand hie,
- 4 Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

**239A.4**

- 1 . . . . .
- 2 . . . . .
- 3 'Salton will gar you wear silk gowns fring'd to  
thy knee,
- 4 But ye'll never wear that wi your love  
Auchanachie.'

**239A.5**

- 1 'Wi Auchanachie Gordon I would beg my  
bread
- 2 Before that wi Salton I'd wear gowd on my  
head,
- 3 Wear gowd on my head, or gowns fring'd to th  
e knee;
- 4 And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.

**239A.6**

- 1 'O Salton's [a] valley lies low by the sea,
- 2 He's bowed on the back, and thrawin on the  
knee;'
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 . . . . .

**239A.7**

- 1 'O Salton's a valley lies low by the sea;
- 2 Though he's bowed on the back and thrawin on  
the knee,
- 3 Though he's bowed on the back and thrawin on  
the knee,
- 4 The bonny rigs of Salton they're nae thrawin  
tee.'

**239A.8**

- 1 'O you that are my parents to church may me  
bring,
- 2 But unto young Salton I'll never bear a son;
- 3 For son or for daughter, I'll never bow my  
knee,
- 4 And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.'

**239A.9**

- 1 When Jeanie was married, from church was  
brought hame,
- 2 When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae  
been,
- 3 When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae  
been,
- 4 She's called for a chamber, to weep there her  
lane.

**239A.10**

- 1 'Come to your bed, Jeanie, my honey and my  
sweet,
- 2 For to stile you mistress I do not think it meet:'
- 3 'Mistress or Jeanie, it is a' ane to me,
- 4 It's in your bed, Salton, I never will be.'

**239A.11**

- 1 Then out spake her father, he spake wi renown;
- 2 Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff  
her gown;
- 3 Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff  
her gown,
- 4 And I'll mend the marriage wi ten thousand  
crowns.

**239A.12**

- 1 Then ane of her maidens they loosed aff her  
gown,
- 2 But bonny Jeanie Gordon she fell in a swoon;
- 3 She fell in a swoon low doun by their knee;
- 4 Says, Look on, I die for my love Auchanachie!

**239A.13**

- 1 That very same day Miss Jeanie did die,
- 2 And hame came Auchanachie, hame frae the  
sea;
- 3 Her father and mither welcomd him at the gate;
- 4 He said, Where's Miss Jeanie, that she's nae  
here yet?

**239A.14**

- 1 Then forth came her maidens, all wringing thei  
r hands,
- 2 Saying, Alas for your staying sae lang frae the  
land!
- 3 Sae lang frae the land, and sae lang on the  
flood!
- 4 They've wedded your Jeanie, and now she is  
dead.

## 239A.15

- 1 'Some of you, her maidens, take me by the hand,
- 2 And show me the chamber Miss Jeanie died in;'
- 3 He kissd her cold lips, which were colder than stane,
- 4 And he died in the chamber that Jeanie died in.

## 239B.1

- 1 'BUCHAN, it's bonnie, an there lies my love,
- 2 My heart is fixt on him, it winna remove;
- 3 It winna remove for a' at I can dee,
- 4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

## 239B.2

- 1 Her father cam trippin, cam trippin ben the floor,
- 2 Says, Jeannie, ye hae but the tricks o a whore;
- 3 Ye care little for the man that cares muckle for thee,
- 4 But I'll cause you marry Saltoun, let Annochie be.

## 239B.3

- 1 'Ye may marry me to Saltoun before that I go home,
- 2 But it is to Lord Saltoun I'll never bear a son;
- 3 A son nor a daughter I'll never bear to he,
- 4 An I never will frosake him Young Annochie.'

## 239B.4

- 1 'All you that is her maidens, ye'll tak her by the han,
- 2 An I will inheft her o five thousan poun;
- 3 She'll wear silk to her heel and gowd to her knee,
- 4 An I'll cause her to forsake him Young Annochie.'

## 239B.5

- 1 'All you that is my maidens winna tak me by the han,
- 2 I winna be inhefted o five thousan poun;
- 3 I'll nae wear silk to my heal nor wear gowd to my knee,
- 4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

## 239B.6

- 1 'All you that is her maidens, ye'll show her to her bed;
- 2 The blankets they are ready, the sheets are comely spread;
- 3 She shall lie in my airms till twelve o the day,
- 4 An I'll cause her to forsake him Young Annochie.'

## 239B.7

- 1 'All you that is my maidens winna show me to my bed,
- 2 Tho the blankets they be ready, the sheets be comely spread;
- 3 I'll nae lie in your airms till twelve o the day,
- 4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

## 239B.8

- 1 It's that day they wedded her, an that day she died,
- 2 An that day Young Annochie cam in on the tide;
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 . . . . .

## 239B.9

- 1 Her maidens did meet him, a' wringin their hans,
- 2 Sayin, It's a' for your stayin so long on the sans!
- 3 They've wedded your Jeannie, an now she is dead,
- 4 An it's a' for your stayin sae long on the fled.

## 239B.10

- 1 'All you that is her maidens ye'll tak me by the han,
- 2 Ye'll show me the bower that Jeannie lies in;'
- 3 He kissed her cold lips, they were both white an red,
- 4 And for bonnie Jeannie Gordon Young Annochie died.

## 240A.1

- 1 'AFTEN hae I playd at the cards and the dice,
- 2 For the love of a bonie rantin laddie,
- 3 But now I maun sit in my father's kitchen-neuk
- 4 And balow a bastard babie.

## 240A.2

- 1 'For my father he will not me own,
- 2 And my mother she neglects me,
- 3 And a' my friends hae lightyed me,
- 4 And their servants they do slight me.

## 240A.3

- 1 'But had I a servant at my command,
- 2 As aft times I've had many,
- 3 That wad rin wi a letter to bonie Glenswood,
- 4 Wi a letter to my rantin laddie!'

## 240A.4

- 1 'O is he either a laird or a lord,
- 2 Or is he but a cadie,
- 3 That ye do him ca sae aften by name
- 4 Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie?'

## 240A.5

- 1 'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,
- 2 And he never was a cadie,
- 3 But he is the Earl o bonie Aboyne,
- 4 And he is my rantin laddie.'

## 240A.6

- 1 'O ye'se get a servant at your command,
- 2 As aft times ye've had many,
- 3 That sall rin wi a letter to bonie Glenswood,
- 4 A letter to your rantin laddie.'

## 240A.7

- 1 When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,
- 2 O but he blinket bonie!
- 3 But or he had read three lines of it
- 4 I think his heart was sorry.

## 240A.8

- 1 'O wha is [this] daur be sae bauld
- 2 Sae cruelly to use my lassie?
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 . . . . .

## 240A.9

- 1 'For her father he will not her know,
- 2 And her mother she does slight her,
- 3 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,
- 4 And their servants they neglect her.

## 240A.10

- 1 'Go raise to me my five hundred men,
- 2 Make haste and make them ready,
- 3 With a milk-white steed under every ane,
- 4 For to bring hame my lady.'

## 240A.11

- 1 As they cam in thro Buchanshire,
- 2 They were a company bonie,
- 3 With a gude claymor in every hand,
- 4 And O but they shin'd bonie!

## 240B.1

- 1 'OFT have I playd at the cards an the dyce,
- 2 The war so very enticin;
- 3 But this is a sad an a sorrowfu seat,
- 4 To see my apron risin.

## 240B.2

- 1 'Oft hae I playd at the cards an the dice
- 2 For love of my [rantin] laddie;
- 3 But now I man sit in my father's kitchie-nouk,
- 4 A rokkin o my baby.

## 240B.3

- 1 'But gin I had ane o my father's servans,
- 2 For he has so mony,
- 3 That wad gae to the wood o Glentanner,
- 4 Wi a letter to the rantin laddie!'

## 240B.4

- 1 'Here am I, ane o your father's servans,
- 2 For he has sae mony,
- 3 That will gae to the wood o Glentanner,
- 4 Wi a letter to the rantin laddie.'

## 240B.5

- 1 'Fan ye gae to Aboyne,
- 2 To the woods o Glentanner sae bonny,
- 3 Wi your hat in your hand gie a bow to the ground,
- 4 In the presence o the rantin laddie.'

## 240B.6

- 1 Fan he gaed to Aboyne,
- 2 To the woods o Glentanner sae bonny,
- 3 Wi his hat in his hand he gied a bow to the ground,
- 4 In the presence of the rantin laddie.

## 240B.7

- 1 Fan he looked the letter on
- 2 Sae loud as he was laughin!
- 3 But or he read it to an end
- 4 The tears they cam down rappin.

## 240B.8

- 1 'O fa is this or fa is that
- 2 Has been so ill to my Maggie?
- 3 . . . . .
- 4 . . . . .

## 240B.9

- 1 'But ye gett four-and-twenty milk white steeds,
- 2 Wi an car . . .
- 3 An as mony gay ladies to ride them on,
- 4 To gae an bring hame my Maggie.

## 240B.10

- 1 'Ye get four-and-twenty bonny brown steeds,
- 2 Wi an car o an ome,
- 3 An as mony knights to ride them on,
- 4 To gae an bring hame my Maggie.'

## 240B.11

- 1 Ye lasses a', far ever ye be,
- 2 An ye match wi ony o our Deeside laddies,
- 3 Ye'll happy be, ye'l happy be,
- 4 For they are frank and kind.

## 240C.1

- 1 'AFT hae I playd at cards and dice
- 2 For the love o a bonny rantin laddie,
- 3 But now I maun sit i my father's kitchen-nook,
- 4 And sing, Hush, balow, my baby.

## 240C.2

- 1 'If I had been wise, and had taen advice,
- 2 And dane as my bonny love bade me,
- 3 I would hae been married at Martinmass,
- 4 And been wi my rantin laddie.

## 240C.3

- 1 'But I was na wise, I took nae advice,
- 2 Did not as my bonny love bade me,
- 3 And now I maun sit by mysel i the nook,
- 4 And rock my bastard baby.

## 240C.4

- 1 'If I had horse at my command,
- 2 As often I had many,
- 3 I would ride on to the Castle o Aboyne,
- 4 Wi a letter to my rantin laddie.'

## 240C.5

- 1 Down the stair her father came,
- 2 And look'd proud and saucy:
- 3 'Who is the man, and what is his name,
- 4 That ye ca your rantin laddie?'

## 240C.6

- 1 'Is he a lord, or is he a laird?
- 2 Or is he but a caddie?
- 3 Or is it the young Earl o Aboyne
- 4 That ye ca your rantin laddie?'

## 240C.7

- 1 'He is a young and noble lord,
- 2 He never was a caddie;
- 3 It is the noble Earl o Aboyne
- 4 That I ca my rantin laddie.'

## 240C.8

- 1 'Ye shall hae a horse at your command,
- 2 As ye had often many,
- 3 To go to the Castle o Aboyne,
- 4 Wi a letter to your rantin laddie.

## 240C.9

- 1 'Where will I get a little page,
- 2 Where will I get a caddie,
- 3 That will run quick to bonny Aboyne,
- 4 Wi this letter to my rantin laddie?'

## 240C.10

- 1 Then out spoke the young scullion-boy,
- 2 Said, Here am I, a caddie;
- 3 I will run on to bonny Aboyne,
- 4 Wi the letter to your rantin laddie.

## 240C.11

- 1 'Now when ye come to bonny Deeside,
- 2 Where woods are green and bonny,
- 3 There will ye see the Earl o Aboyne,
- 4 Among the bushes mony.

## 240C.12

- 1 'And when ye come to the lands o Aboyne,
- 2 Where all around is bonny,
- 3 Ye'll take your hat into your hand,
- 4 Gie this letter to my rantin laddie.'

## 240C.13

- 1 When he came near the banks of Dee,
- 2 The birks were blooming bonny,
- 3 And there he saw the Earl o Aboyne,
- 4 Among the bushes mony.

**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 myself am 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 glanc'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 Rowd 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 Lay your love on some lowland lown,  
4 And soon will he prove fause t' ye.

**240C.26**

1 'But take my advice, and make your choice  
2 Of some young Highland laddie,  
3 Wi bonnet and plaid, whose heart is staid,  
4 And he will not beguile 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 i my father's kitchie-neuk,  
4 Singing ba to a bonnie bastard babbie.'

**240D.2**

1 'Whar 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 my 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 ken him among them a',  
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 cadie,  
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 cadie,  
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 trinklin monie.

**240D.9**

1 'Whar will I find fifty noble lords,  
2 An as monie gay ladies,  
3  
4

**241A.1**

1 THE Laird of Leys is on to Edinbrugh,  
2 To shaw a fit o his follie;  
3 He drest himsel in the crimson-brown,  
4 An he provd a rantin laddie.

**241A.2**

1 Ben came a weel-fair'd 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 whan I'm at home on bonnie Deeside  
6 They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

**241A.3**

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.

**241A.4**

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.'

**241A.5**

1 'They ca me this, an they ca me that,  
2 Ye couldna ken how they ca me;  
3 But whan I'm at home on bonnie Deeside  
4 They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

**241A.6**

1 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,  
2 Ye tell mo how they ca ye!  
3 Your gentle blood moves in my side,  
4 An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

**241A.7**

1 'Baron of Leys, it is my stile,  
2 Alexander Burnett they ca me;  
3 Whan I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside  
4 My name is The Rantin Laddie.'

**241A.8**

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 lvin sae near ye!

**241A.9**

1 'But I'se gar ye be headit or hangt,  
2 Or marry me the morn,  
3 Or else pay down ten thousand crowns  
4 For giein o me the scorn.'

**241A.10**

1 'For my head, I canna want;  
2 I love my lady dearly;  
3 But some o my lands I maun lose in the case,  
4 Alas for lvin sae near ye!'

**241A.11**

1 Word has gane to the Lady of Leys  
2 That the laird he had a bairn;  
3 The warst word she said to that was,  
4 'I wish I had it in my arms.'

**241A.12**

1 'For I will sell my jointure-lands——  
2 I am broken an I'm sorry——  
3 An I'll sell a', to my silk gowns,  
4 An get hame my rantin laddie.'

**241B.1**

1 THE Laird o Leys is to London gane;  
2 He was baith full and gawdie;  
3 For he shod his steed wi siller guid,  
4 And he's playd the ranting laddie.

**241B.2**

1 He hadna been in fair London  
2 A twalmonth and a quarter,  
3 Till he met wi a weel-faurd may,  
4 Wha wishd to know how they ca'd him.

**241B.3**

1 'They ca me this, and they ca me that,  
2 And they're easy how they've ca'd me;  
3 But whan I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside  
4 They ca me The Ranting Laddie.'

**241B.4**

1 'Awa wi your jesting, sir,' she said,  
2 'I trow you're a ranting laddie;  
3 But something swells atween my sides,  
4 And I maun ken how they ca thee.'

**241B.5**

1 'They ca me this, and they ca me that,  
2 And they're easy how they ca me;  
3 The Baron o Leys my title is,  
4 And Sandy Burnet they ca me.'

**241B.6**

1 'Tell down, tell down ten thousand crowns,  
2 Or ye maun marry me the morn;  
3 Or headit of hangit ye sall be,  
4 For ye sanna gie me the scorn.'

**241B.7**

1 'My head's the thing I canna weel want;  
2 My lady she loves me dearlie;  
3 Nor yet hae I means ye to maintain;  
4 Alas for the lying sae near thee!'

**241B.8**

1 But word's gane doun to the Lady o Leys  
2 That the Baron had got a babbie:  
3 'The waurst o news!' my lady she said,  
4 'I wish I had hame my laddie.'

**241B.9**

1 'But I'll sell aff my jointure-house,  
2 Tho na mair I sud be a ladie;  
3 I'll sell a' to my silken gown,  
4 And bring hame my rantin laddie.'

**241B.10**

1 So she is on to London gane,  
2 And she paid the money on the morn;  
3 She paid it doun and brought him hame,  
4 And ghen them a' the scorn.

**241C.1**

1 THE Baron o Leys to France is gane,  
2 The fashion and tongue to learn,  
3 But hadna been there a month or twa  
4 Till he gat a lady wi bairn.

**241C.2**

1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 The lady mourn'd fu sairlye;  
3 Says, Who's the man has me betrayed?  
4 It gars me wonder and fairlie.

**241C.3**

1 Then to the fields to him she went,  
2 Saying, Tell me what they ca thee;  
3 Or else I'll mourn and rue the day,  
4 Crying, alas that ever I saw thee!

**241C.4**

1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
2 I carena fat befa me;  
3 For when I'm at the schools o France  
4 An awkward fellow they ca me.'

**241C.5**

1 'Wae's me now, ye awkward fellow,  
2 And alas that ever I saw thee!  
3 Wi you I'm in love, sick, sick in love,  
4 And I kenna well fat they ca thee.'

**241C.6**

1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
2 What name does best befa me;  
3 For when I walk in Edinburgh streets  
4 The Curling Buckle they ca me.'

**241C.7**

1 'O wae's me now, O Curling Buckle,  
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.8**

1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
2 Whatever name best befa's me;  
3 But when I'm in Scotland's king's high court  
4 Clatter the Speens they ca me.'

**241C.9**

1 'O wae's me now, O Clatter the Speens,  
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.10**

1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
2 I carena what they ca me;  
3 But when wi the Earl o Murray I ride  
4 It's Scour the Brass they ca me.'

**241C.11**

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 Amd I kenna well fat to ca thee.'

**241C.12**

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 George Burnett they ca me.'

**241C.13**

1 'O wae's me, O wae's me, George Burnett,  
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.14**

1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,  
2 Whatever name best befa's me;  
3 But when I am on bonny Dee side  
4 The Baron o Leys they ca me.'

**241C.15**

1 'O weal is me now, O Baron o Leys,  
2 This day that ever I saw thee!  
3 There's gentle blood within my sides,  
4 And now [I] ken fat they ca thee.'

**241C.16**

1 'But ye'll pay down ten thousand crowns,  
2 Or marry me the morn;  
3 Else I'll cause you be headed or hangd  
4 For gieing me the scorn.'

**241C.17**

1 'My head is a thing I cannot well want;  
2 My lady loves me sae dearly;  
3 But I'll deal the gold right liberally  
4 For lying ae night sae near thee.'

**241C.18**

1 When word had gane to the Lady o Leys  
2 The baron had gotten a bairn,  
3 She clapped her hands, and this did say,  
4 'I wish he were in my arms!'

**241C.19**

1 'O weal is me now, O Baron o Leys,  
2 For ye hae pleased me sairly;  
3 Frae our house is banishd the vile reproach  
4 That disturbed us late and early.'

**241C.20**

1 When she looked ower her castle-wa,  
2 To view the woods sae rarely,  
3 There she spied the Baron o Leys  
4 Ride on his steed sae rarely.'

**241C.21**

1 Then forth she went her baron to meet,  
2 Says, Ye're welcome to me, fairly!  
3 Ye'se hae spice-cakes, and seed-cakes sweet,  
4 And claret to drink sae rarely.'

**242A.1**

1 DAVID DRUMMOND'S destinie,  
2 Gude man o appearance o Cargill;  
3 I wat his blude rins in the flude,  
4 Sae sair against his parents' will.

**242A.2**

1 She was the lass o Balathy toun,  
2 And he the butler o Stobhall,  
3 And mony a time she wauked late  
4 To bore the coble o Cargill.

**242A.3**

1 His bed was made in Kercock ha,  
2 Of gude clean sheets and of [the] hay;  
3 He wudna rest ae nicht therein,  
4 But on the prude waters he wud gae.

**242A.4**

1 His bed was made in Balathy toun,  
2 Of the clean sheets and of the strae;  
3 But I wat it was far better made  
4 Into the bottom o bonnie Tay.

**242A.5**

1 She bored the coble in seven pairts,  
2 I wat her heart might hae been fu sair;  
3 For there she got the bonnie lad lost  
4 Wi the curly locks and the yellow hair.

**242A.6**

1 He put his foot into the boat,  
2 He little thocht o ony ill;  
3 But before that he was mid-waters,  
4 The weary coble began to fill.

**242A.7**

1 'Woe be to the lass o Balathy toun,  
2 I wat an ill death may she die!  
3 For she bored the coble in seven pairts,  
4 And let the waters perish me.'

**242A.8**

1 'Oh, help, oh help, I can get nane,  
2 Nae help o man can to me come!  
3 This was about his dying words,  
4 When he was choaked up to the chin.'

**242A.9**

1 'Gae tell my father and my mother  
2 It was naeboidy did me this ill;  
3 I was a-going my ain errands,  
4 Lost at the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

**242A.10**

1 She bored the boat in seven pairts,  
2 I wat she bored it wi gude will;  
3 And there they got the bonnie lad's corpse,  
4 In the kirk-shot o bonnie Cargill.

**242A.11**

1 Oh a' the keys o bonnie Stobha  
2 I wat they at his belt did hing;  
3 But a' the keys o bonnie Stobha  
4 They now ly low into the stream.

**242A.12**

1 A braver page into his age  
2 Neer set a foot upon the plain;  
3 His father to his mother said,  
4 'Oh, sae soon as we've wanted him!'

**242A.13**

1 'I wat they had mair luv than this  
2 When they were young and at the scule;  
3 But for his sake she wauked late,  
4 And bored the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

**242A.14**

1 'There's neer a clean sark gae on my back,  
2 Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;  
3 There's neither coal nor candle-licht  
4 Shall shine in my bouir foe evir mair.'

**242A.15**

1 'At kirk nor market I'se neer be at,  
2 Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;  
3 There's neer a ane shall say to anither,  
4 That's the lassie gard the young man die.'

**242A.16**

1 'Between the yates o bonnie Stobha  
2 And the kirk-style o bonnie Cargill,  
3 There is mony a man and mother's son  
4 That was at my love's burial.'

**243A.1**

1 THERE dwelt a fair maid in the West,  
2 Of worthy birth and fame,  
3 Neer unto Plimouth, stately town,  
4 Jane Reynolds was her name.

**243A.2**

1 This damsel dearly was belovd  
2 By many a proper youth,  
3 And what of her is to be said  
4 In known for very truth.

**243A.3**

1 Among the rest a seaman brave  
2 Unto her a wooing came;  
3 A comely proper youth he was,  
4 James Harris calld by name.

**243A.4**

1 The maid and young man was agreed,  
2 As time did them allow,  
3 And to each other secretly  
4 They made a solemn vow,

**243A.5**

1 That they would ever faithfull be  
2 Whilst Heaven afforded life;  
3 He was to be her husband kind,  
4 And she his faithfull wife.

**243A.6**

1 A day appointed was also  
2 When they was to be married;  
3 But before these things were brought to pass  
4 Matters were strangely carried.

**243A.7**

1 All you that faithfull lovers be  
2 Give ear and hearken well,  
3 And what of them became at last  
4 I will directly tell.

**243A.8**

1 The young man he was prest to sea,  
2 And forcèd was to go;  
3 His sweet-heart she must stay behind,  
4 Whether she would or no.

**243A.9**

1 And after he was from her gone  
2 She three years for him staid,  
3 Expecting of his coming home,  
4 And kept herself a maid.

**243A.10**

1 At last news came that he was dead  
2 Within a forraign land,  
3 And how that he was buried  
4 She well did understand,

**243A.11**

1 For whose sweet sake the maiden she  
2 Lamented many a day,  
3 And never was she known at all  
4 The wanton for to play.

**243A.12**

1 A carpenter that livd hard by,  
2 When he heard of the same,  
3 Like as the other had done before,  
4 To her a wooing came.

**243A.13**

1 But when that he had gained her love  
2 They married were with speed,  
3 And four years space, being man and wife,  
4 They lovingly agreed.

**243A.14**

1 Three pritty children in this time  
2 This loving couple had,  
3 Which made their father's heart rejoice,  
4 And mother wondrous glad.

**243A.15**

1 But as occasion servd, one time  
2 The good man took his way  
3 Some three days journey from his home,  
4 Intending not to stay.

**243A.16**

1 But, whilst that he was gone away,  
2 A spirit in the night  
3 Came to the window of his wife,  
4 And did her sorely fright.

**243A.17**

1 Which spirit spake like to a man,  
2 And unto her did say,  
3 'My dear and onely love,' quoth he,  
4 'Prepare and come away.'

**243A.18**

1 'James Harris is my name,' quoth he,  
2 'Whom thou didst love so dear,  
3 And I have traveld for thy sake  
4 At least this seven year.'

**243A.19**

1 'And now I am returnd again,  
2 To take thee to my wife,  
3 And thou with me shalt go to sea,  
4 To end all further strife.'

**243A.20**

1 'O tempt me not, sweet James,' quoth she,  
2 'With thee away to go;  
3 If I should leave my children small,  
4 Alas! what would they do?'

**243A.21**

1 'My husband is a carpenter,  
2 A carpenter of great fame;  
3 I would not for five hundred pounds  
4 That he should know the same.'

**243A.22**

1 'I might have had a king's daughter,  
2 And she would have married me;  
3 But I forsook her golden crown,  
4 And for the love of thee.

**243A.23**

1 'Therefore, if thou'lt thy husband forsake,  
2 And thy children three also,  
3 I will forgive the<e> what is past,  
4 If thou wilt with me go.'

**243A.24**

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?'

**243A.25**

1 'I have seven ships upon the sea;  
2 When they are come to land,  
3 Both mariners and marchandize  
4 Shall be at thy command.

**243A.26**

1 'The ship wherein my love shall sail  
2 Is glorious to behold;  
3 The sails shall be of finest silk,  
4 And the mast of shining gold.'

**243A.27**

1 When he had told her these fair tales,  
2 To love him she began,  
3 Because he was in human shape,  
4 Much like unto a man.

**243A.28**

1 And so together away they went  
2 From off the English shore,  
3 And since that time the woman-kind  
4 Was never seen no more.

**243A.29**

1 But when her husband he come home  
2 And found his wife was gone,  
3 And left her three sweet pretty babes  
4 Within the house alone,

**243A.30**

1 He beat his breast, he tore his hair,  
2 The tears fell from his eyes,  
3 And in the open streets he run  
4 With heavy doleful cries.

**243A.31**

1 And in this sad distracted case  
2 He hangd himself for woe  
3 Upon a tree near to the place;  
4 The truth of all is so.

**243A.32**

1 The children now are fatherless,  
2 And left without a guide,  
3 But yet no doubt the heavenly powers  
4 Will for them well provide.

**243B.1**

1 'WELL met, well met, my own true love,  
2 Long time I have been seeking thee;  
3 I am lately come from the salt sea,  
4 And all for the sake, love, of thee.

**243B.2**

1 'I might have had a king's daughter,  
2 And fain she would have married me;  
3 But I've forsaken all her crowns of gold,  
4 And all for the sake, love, of thee.'

**243B.3**

1 'If you might have had a king's daughter,  
2 I think you much to blame;  
3 I would not for five hundred pounds  
4 That my husband should hear the same.

**243B.4**

1 'For 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.

**243B.5**

1 'But if I should leave my husband dear,  
2 Likewise my little son also,  
3 What have you to maintain me withal,  
4 If I along with you should go?'

**243B.6**

1 'I have seven ships upon the seas,  
2 And one of them brought me to land,  
3 And seventeen mariners to wait on thee,  
4 For to be, love, at your command.

**243B.7**

1 'A pair of slippers thou shalt have,  
2 They shall be mad of beaten gold,  
3 Nay and be lin'd with velvet soft,  
4 For to keep thy feet from cold.

**243B.8**

1 'A gilded boat thou then shall have,  
2 The oars shall gilded be also,  
3 And mariners to row the<e> along,  
4 For to keep thee from thy overthrow.'

**243B.9**

1 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?'

**243B.10**

1 'Or do you weep for some other young man  
2 That you love much better than me?'  
3 'No, I do weep for my little son,  
4 That should have come along with me.'

**243B.11**

1 She had not been upon the seas  
2 Passing days three or four  
3 But the mariner and she were drowned,  
4 And never were heard of more.

**243B.12**

1 When tidings to old England came  
2 The ship-carpenter's wife was drown'd,  
3 He wrung his hands and tore his hair,  
4 And grievously fell in a swoon.

**243B.13**

1 'Oh cursed be those mariners!  
2 For they do lead a wicked life;  
3 They ruind me, a ship-carpenter,  
4 Be deluding away my wife.'

**243C.1**

1 'O ARE ye my father? Or are ye my mother?  
2 Or are ye my brother John?  
3 Or are ye James Herries, my first true-love,  
4 Come back to Scotland again?'

**243C.2**

1 'I am not your father, I am not your mother,  
2 Nor am I your brother John;  
3 But I'm James Herries, your first true-love,  
4 Come back to Scotland again.'

**243C.3**

1 'Awa, awa, ye former lovers,  
2 Had far awa frae me!  
3 For now I am another man's wife  
4 Ye'll neer see joy o me.'

**243C.4**

1 'Had I kent that ere I came here,  
2 I neer had come to thee;  
3 For I might hae married the king's daughter,  
4 Sae fain she woud had me.

**243C.5**

1 'I despised the crown o gold,  
2 The yellow silk also,  
3 And I am come to my true-love,  
4 But with me she'll not go.'

**243C.6**

1 'My husband he is a carpenter,  
2 Makes his bread on dry land,  
3 And I hae born him a young son;  
4 Wi you I will not gang.'

**243C.7**

1 'You must forsake your dear husband,  
2 Your little young son also,  
3 Wi me to sail the raging seas,  
4 Where the stormy winds do blow.'

**243C.8**

1 'O what hae you to keep me wi,  
2 If I should with you go,  
3 If I'd forsake my dear husband,  
4 My little young son also?'

**243C.9**

1 'See ye not yon seven pretty ships?  
2 The eighth brought me to land,  
3 With merchandize and mariners,  
4 And wealth in every hand.'

**243C.10**

1 She turnd her round upon the shore  
2 Her love's ships to behold;  
3 Their topmasts and their mainyards  
4 Were coverd oer wi gold.

**243C.11**

1 Then she's gane to her little young son,  
2 And kissd him cheek and chin;  
3 Sae has she to her sleeping husband,  
4 And dune the same to him.

**243C.12**

1 'O sleep ye, wake ye, my husband?  
2 I wish ye wake in time!  
3 I woudna for ten thousand pounds  
4 This night ye knew my mind.'

**243C.13**

1 She's drawn the slippers on her feet,  
2 Were coverd oer wi gold,  
3 Well lined within wi velvet fine,  
4 To had her frae the cold.

**243C.14**

1 She hadna sailed upon the sea  
2 A league but barely three  
3 Till she minded on her dear husband,  
4 Her little young son tee.

**243C.15**

1 'O gin I were at land again,  
2 At land where I woud be,  
3 The woman neer shoud bear the son  
4 Shoud gar me sail the sea.'

**243C.16**

1 'O hold your tongue, my sprightly flower,  
2 Let a' your mourning be;  
3 I'll show you how the liles grow  
4 On the banks o Italy.'

**243C.17**

1 She hadna sailed on the sea  
2 A day but barely ane  
3 Till the thoughts o grief came in her mind,  
4 And she langd for to be hame.

**243C.18**

1 'O gentle death, come cut my breath,  
2 I may be dead ere morn!  
3 I may be buried in Scottish ground,  
4 Where I was bred and born!'

**243C.19**

1 'O hold your tongue, my lily leesome thing,  
2 Let a' your mourning be;  
3 But for a while we'll stay at Rose Isle,  
4 Then see a far countrie.

**243C.20**

1 Ye'se neer be buried in Scottish ground,  
2 Nor land ye's nae mair see;  
3 I brought you away to punish you  
4 For the breaking your vows to me.

**243C.21**

1 'I said ye shoud see the lilies grow  
2 On the banks o Italy;  
3 But I'll let you see the fishes swim,  
4 In the bottom o the sea.'

**243C.22**

1 He reached his hand to the topmast,  
2 Made a' the sails gae down,  
3 And in the twinkling o an ee  
4 Baith ship and crew did drown.

**243C.23**

1 The fatal flight o this wretched maid  
2 Did reach her ain countrie;  
3 Her husband then distracted ran,  
4 And this lament made he:

**243C.24**

1 'O wae be to the ship, the ship,  
2 And wae be to the sea,  
3 And wae be to the mariners  
4 Took Jeanie Douglas frae me!

**243C.25**

1 'O bonny, bonny was my love,  
2 A pleasure to behold;  
3 The very hair o my love's head  
4 Was like the threads o gold.

**243C.26**

1 'O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,  
2 And bonny was her chin,  
3 And bonny was the bride she was,  
4 The day she was made mine!'

**243D.1**

1 'O WHARE hae ye been, my dearest dear,  
2 These seven lang years and more?'  
3 'O I am come to seek my former vows,  
4 That ye promisid me before.'

**243D.2**

1 'Awa wi your former vows,' she says,  
2 'Or else ye will breed strife;  
3 Awa 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 he kend my mind this nicht  
4 For twice 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 ower her face  
4 Was a' wi gowd begane.

**243D.5**

1 She had na sailed a league, a league,  
2 A league, but barely twa,  
3 Till she did mind on the husband she left,  
4 And her wee young son alsua.

**243D.6**

1 'O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
2 Let all your follies abee;  
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 gurlie grew the sea.

**243D.8**

1 'O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
2 Let all your follies abee;  
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 And full five-and-twenty hundred ships  
4 Perishd all on the coast of Spain.

**243E.1**

1 'WHERE have you been, my long lost lover,  
2 This seven long years and more?'  
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  
2 daughter,  
3 Far, far ayont the sea;  
4 But I refused the crown of gold,  
5 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 with 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 oer;  
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 kiss;  
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 oer her face,  
4 And it shone like the brightest gold.

**243E.9**

1 As they were walking along the sea-side,  
2 Where his gallant 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 yon sea-side,  
2 She set her down to rest;  
3 It's 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 former vows,  
2 For they will breed sad strife;  
3 O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
4 For I am become a wife.'

**243F.3**

1 He turned him right and round about,  
2 And the tear blinded his ee:  
3 'I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,  
4 If it had not been for thee.'

**243F.4**

1 'I might hae had a king's daughter,  
2 Far, far beyond the sea;  
3 I might have had a king's daughter,  
4 Had it not been for love o thee.'

**243F.5**

1 'If ye might have had a king's daughter,  
2 Yer sel ye had to blame;  
3 Ye might have taken the king's daughter,  
4 For ye kend that I was nane.'

**243F.6**

1 'If I was to leave my husband dear,  
2 And my two babes also,  
3 O what have you to take me to,  
4 If with you I should go?'

**243F.7**

1 'I hae seven ships upon the sea—  
2 The eighth brought me to land—  
3 With four-and-twenty bold mariners,  
4 And music on every hand.'

**243F.8**

1 She has taken up her two little babes,  
2 Kissd them baith cheek and chin:  
3 'O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,  
4 For I'll never see you again.'

**243F.9**

1 She set her foot upon the ship,  
2 No mariners could she behold;  
3 But the sails were o the taffetie,  
4 And the masts o the beaten gold.

**243F.10**

1 She had not sailed a league, a league,  
2 A league but barely three,  
3 When dismal grew his countenance,  
4 And drumlie grew his ee.

**243F.11**

1 They had not saild a league, a league,  
2 A league but barely three,  
3 Until she espied his cloven foot,  
4 And she wept right bitterlie.

**243F.12**

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.13**

1 'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
2 That the sun shines sweetly on?'  
3 'O you are the hills of heaven,' he said,  
4 'Where you will never win.'

**243F.14**

1 'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,  
2 'All so dreary wi frost and snow?'  
3 'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,  
4 'Where you and I will go.'

**243F.15**

1 He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,  
2 The fore-mast wi his knee,  
3 And he brake that gallant ship in twain,  
4 And sank her in the sea.

**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 linèd 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 how 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.

**243H.1**

1 HE'S given her a pair of shoes,  
2 To hold her frae the cold;  
3 The one side of them was velvaret,  
4 And the other beaten gold.

**243H.2**

1 Up she has taen her little wee son,  
2 And given him kisses three;  
3 Says, Fare ye weel, my little wee son,  
4 I'm gaun to sail the sea.

**244A.1**

1 IT happened once upon a time,  
2 When the king he was from home,  
3 Sir Fenwick he has stolen his jewels,  
4 And laid the blame on James Hatley.

**244A.2**

1 James Hatley was in prison strong,  
2 A wait he was condemned to die;  
3 There was not one in all the court  
4 To speak one word for James Hatley.

**244A.3**

1 No one but the king's daughter,  
2 A wait she loved him tenderlie;  
3 She's stolen the keys from her father's head,  
4 And gaed and conversed wi James Hatley.

**244A.4**

1 'Come, tell to me noe, James,' she said,  
2 'Come, tell to me if thou hast them stolen,  
3 And I'll make a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 Ye shall never be the worse of me.'

**244A.5**

1 'I have not stolen them, lady,' he said,  
2 'Nor as little it was intended by me;  
3 Sir Fenwick he has stolen them himself;  
4 A wait he has laid the blame on me.'

**244A.6**

1 'One asking, one asking, father dear,  
2 One asking, one asking grant to me,  
3 For I never asked one in my life;  
4 I am sure you cannot but grant it to me.'

**244A.7**

1 'Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
2 Ask it, and it granted shall be;  
3 If it should be my hole estate,  
4 Naesaid, naesaid, it shall not be.'

**244A.8**

1 'I want none of your gold, father,  
2 And I want none of your fee;  
3 All that I ask, father dear,  
4 It is the life of James Hatley.'

**244A.9**

1 'Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
2 Weel ask it, and it answerd shall be;  
3 For I'll make a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
4 James Hatley shall never hangèd be.'

**244A.10**

1 'Another asking, father dear,  
2 Another asking grant to me;  
3 Let Fenwick and Hatley go [to] the sword,  
4 And let them try their verity.'

**244A.11**

1 'Tis weel asked, daughter dear,  
2 'Tis weel asked, and it granted shall be;  
3 For eer the morn or twelve o'clock  
4 They both at the point of the sword shall be.'

**244A.12**

1 James Hatley was fifteen years old,  
2 Sir Fenwick he was thirty three;  
3 But James lap about, and he struck about,  
4 Till he's gaen Sir Fenwick wounds three.

**244A.13**

1 'Hold up, hold, James Hatley,' he cry'd,  
2 'And let my breath go out an;  
3 For I have stolen them myself,  
4 More shame and disgrace it is to me.'

**244A.14**

1 Up and spake an English lord,  
2 And O but he spake haughtily!  
3 'I would reather given my whole estates  
4 Before ye had not hanged James Hatley.'

**244A.15**

1 But up and spake a Scottish lord,  
2 And O but he spake boldly!  
3 'I would reather hae foughten among blood to  
the knees  
4 Before ye had hanged James Hatley.'

**244A.16**

1 Up and spake the king's eldest son,  
2 'Come hame, James Hatley, and dine wi me;  
3 For I've made a vow, I'll keep it true,  
4 Ye's be my captain by land and by sea.'

**244A.17**

1 Up and spake the king's daughter,  
2 'Come home, James Hatley, and dine wi me;  
3 For I've made a vow, I'll keep it true,  
4 I'll never marry a man but thee.'

**244B.1**

1 IT happened once upon a time,  
2 When the king he was from home,  
3 False Fennick he has stolen his jewels,  
4 And laid the blame on James Hatley.

**244B.2**

1 The day was sett . . .  
2 And the wind blew shill oer the lea;  
3 There was not one in all the court  
4 To speak a word for James Hatley.

**244B.3**

1 James is to the prince's chamber gone,  
2 And he's bowd low down on his knee:  
3 'What will ye do for me, my little pretty prince?  
4 O what will ye do for your page, James Hatley  
?'

**244B.4**

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 'And I will away to my father, the king,  
4 And see if your life can savèd be.'

**244B.5**

1 Hte prince he's to his father gone,  
2 And he's bowed low down on his knee:  
3 'What will ye do for me, my father?  
4 O what will ye do for my page, James Hatley?'

**244B.6**

1 'James Hatley has my jewels stolen,  
2 A Norland lord hath told it to me;  
3 James Hatley has my jewels stolen,  
4 And oer the barras he maun die.'

**244B.7**

1 The prince he drew his little brown sword—  
2 It was made of the metal so free—  
3 And he swore he would fight them man by man  
4 That would lay the blame on James Hatley.

**244B.8**

1 Up then spoke the false Fennick,  
2 And an ill-spoken man was he;  
3 'James Hatley has the king's jewels stolen,  
4 . . . .'

**244B.9**

1 The prince he drew his little brown sword—  
2 It was made of the metal so free—  
3 And he's thrust it in false Fennick's side,  
4 And given him death-wounds two or three.

**244B.10**

1 'O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
2 And let my breath go out and in,  
3 For spilling of my noble blood  
4 And shaming of my noble kin.

**244B.11**

1 'O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
2 And let my breath go out and in,  
3 And there's the key of my coffer,  
4 And you'll find the king's jewels lying therein.'

**244B.12**

1 'If this be true,' the king he said,  
2 'If this be true ye tell to me,  
3 I will take your lands, false Fennick,' he said,  
4 'And give them all to James Hatley.'

**244C.1**

1 THERE was a fause knicht in the court,  
2 And he was fu o treacherie,  
3 And he staw the queen's jewels in the nicht,  
4 And left the wyte on Jamie O'Lee.

**244C.2**

1 The king he wate a braid letter,  
2 And sealed it richt tenderlie,  
3 And he sent it to his only son,  
4 To come and speak to him speedilie.

**244C.3**

1 When he cam afore the king,  
2 He kneeled low down on his knee:  
3 'What is your will, my sovereign leige?  
4 What is your will? cum tell to me.'

**244C.4**

1 'Jamie O'Lee has my jewels stown,  
2 As the English lord tells unto me,  
3 And out o Scotland he shall be sent,  
4 And sent awa to Germanie.'

**244C.5**

1 'O no, O no,' then said the prince,  
2 'Sic things as that can never be;  
3 But get me a man that will take on hand  
4 The morn to fecht young Jamie O'Lee.'

**244C.6**

1 Syne out and spak the fause Phenix,  
2 And oh, he spak richt spitefullie;  
3 'I am the man will tak on han  
4 To fecht and conquer Jamie O'Lee.'

**244C.7**

1 'Oh no, oh no,' syne said the prince,  
2 'Sic things as that can never bee,  
3 For Jamie O'Lee's no fifteen years auld,  
4 And ye, fause Phenix, are thretty three.'

**244C.8**

1 The prince he mounted then wi speed,  
2 He's aff wi tidings to Jamie O'Lee,  
3 Saying, The morn's morning ye maun fecht,  
4 Or out o England banisht bee.

**244C.9**

1 When Jamie O'Lee the tidings heard,  
2 Fast the saut tear blindit his ee;  
3 'I'm saikless o thae jewels,' he said,  
4 'As the bairn that sits on the nourice knee.'

**244C.10**

1 Then Phenix munted a scaffold hie,  
2 A' for to shaw his veritie;  
3 Whilk gart the nobles a' to cry  
4 'A dead man are ye, Jamie O'Lee!'

**244C.11**

1 The first straik the fause Phenix gied,  
2 He gart the blude rin speedilie;  
3 It gart the prince's heart to ache,  
4 And cry, Oh, alace for my Jamie O'Lee!

**244C.12**

1 Jamie O'Lee he stepped back,  
2 Waiting for opportunitie,  
3 And wi his sword baith lang and sharp  
4 He ran it thro Phenix fause bodie.

**244C.13**

1 'O haud your hand, Jamie O'Lee,' he said,  
2 'And let the breath remain in me,  
3 And skail nae mair o my noble blude,  
4 'Tis a great disgrace to my loyaltie.'

**244C.14**

1 'Confess, confess, ye fause Phenix,  
2 Confess your faults this day to me;  
3 Were there nae mair men in a' England,  
4 My ain twa hands your death suld be.'

**244C.15**

1 'Ye were sae great wi king and queen,  
2 I thocht I wuld hae banisht thee,  
3 And I staw the queen's jewels in the nicht,  
4 And left the wyte on Jamie O'Lee.'

**244C.16**

1 Syne out and spak the king himsell,  
2 Saying, Jamie O'Lee, come hame wi me,  
3 And there's no a knicht in a' my court  
4 But what at your command sall be.

**244C.17**

1 Syne out and spak the queen hersell,  
2 Saying, Jamie O'Lee, come hame wi me,  
3 And there's no a month in a' the year  
4 But changed a brothered ye sall be.

**244C.18**

1 Syne out and spak the prince himsell,  
2 Saying, Jamie O'Lee, come hame wi me,  
3 I hae free lands in a' Scotland,  
4 And at your command they a' sall be.

**244C.19**

1 'I thank ye, king, and I thank ye, queen,  
2 I thank ye a' nobilitie,  
3 But a prince's page I was a' my life,  
4 And a prince's page I yet will be.'

**244C.20**

1 The king gied him a silk waistcoat,  
2 And it was lined wi the taffetie,  
3 Wi a band o gowd around his neck,  
4 And a prince's page he seems to be.

**245A.1**

1 A' THE skippers of bonny Lothain,  
2 As they sat at the wine,  
3 There fell a reesin them amang,  
4 An it was in unhappy time.

**245A.2**

1 Some o them reesd their hawks,  
2 An some o them their hounds,  
3 An some o them their ladies gay,  
4 Trod neatly on the ground;  
5 Young Allan he reesd his comely cog,  
6 That lay upon the strand.

**245A.3**

1 'I hae as good a ship this day  
2 As ever sailed our seas,  
3 Except it be the Burges Black,  
4 But an the Small Cordvine,  
5 The Comely Cog of Dornisdale;  
6 We's lay that three bye in time.'

**245A.4**

1 Out spak there a little boy,  
2 Just at Young Allan's knee:  
3 'Ye lie, ye lie, Young Allan,  
4 Sae loud's I hear ye lie.

**245A.5**

1 For my master has a little boat  
2 Will sail thrice as well as thine;  
3 For she'll gang in at your foremast,  
4 An gae out your fore-lee,  
5 An nine times in a winter night  
6 She'll tak the wind frae thee.'

**245A.6**

1 'O wht will ye wad, ye Young Allan?  
2 Or what will ye wad wi me?'  
3 'I'll wad my head against your land  
4 Till I get more monnie.'

**245A.7**

1 They had na saild a league,  
2 A league but barely three,  
3 But through an thro the bonny ship  
4 They saw the green wall sea.

**245A.8**

1 They had na saild a league,  
2 A league but barely five,  
3 But through an thro their bonny ship  
4 They saw the green well wave.

**245A.9**

1 He gaed up to the topmast,  
2 To see what he coud see,  
3 And there he saw the Burgess Black,  
4 But an the Small Cordvine,  
5 The Comely Cog of Dornisdale;  
6 The three was rent in nine.

**245A.10**

1 Young Allan grat and wrang his hands,  
2 An he kent na what to dee:  
3 'The win is loud, and the waves are proud,  
4 An we'll a' sink in the sea.

**245A.11**

1 'But gin I coud get a bonny boy  
2 Wad tak my helm in han,  
3 That would steer my bonny ship,  
4 An bring her safe to land,

**245A.12**

1 'He shoud get the twa part o my goud,  
2 The third o my land,  
3 An gin we win safe to shore  
4 He shoud get my dochter Ann.'

**245A.13**

1 'O here am I, a bonny boy  
2 That will tak your helm in han,  
3 An will steer your bonny ship,  
4 An bring her safe to lan.

**245A.14**

1 'Ye tak four-an-twenty feather-beds  
2 An lay the bonny ship round,  
3 An as much of the good canvas  
4 As mak her hale an soun.'

**245A.15**

1 They took four-and-twenty feather-beds  
2 An laid the bonny ship roun,  
3 An as much o the good canvas  
4 As made her hale an soun.

**245A.16**

1 'Spring up, spring up, my bonny ship,  
2 An goud shall be your hire!'  
3 Whan the bonny ship heard o that,

**245A.16**

4 That goud shoud be her hire,  
5 She sprang as fast frae the sat water  
6 As sparks do frae the fire.

**245A.17**

1 'Spring up, spring up, my bonny ship,  
2 And goud sall be your fee!'  
3 Whan the bonny ship heard o that,  
4 That goud shoud be her fee,  
5 She sprang as fast frae the sat water  
6 As the leaf does frae the tree.

**245A.18**

1 The sailors stan on the shore-side,  
2 Wi their auld baucheld sheen:  
3 'Thanks to God an our guid master  
4 That ever we came safe to land!'

**245A.19**

1 'Whar is the bonny boy  
2 That took my helm in han,  
3 That steerd my bonny ship,  
4 An brought her safe to lan?'

**245A.20**

1 'He's get the twa part o my goud,  
2 The third part o my lan,  
3 An, since we're come safe to shore,  
4 He's get my dochter Ann.'

**245A.21**

1 'O here am I, the bonny boy  
2 That took your helm in han,  
3 That steered your bonny ship,  
4 An brought her safe to lan.

**245A.22**

1 'I winna hae the twa part o your goud,  
2 Nor the third part o your lan,  
3 But, since we hae win safe to shore,  
4 I'll wed your dochter Ann.'

**245A.23**

1 Forty ships went to the sea,  
2 Forty ships and five,  
3 An there never came ane o a' back,  
4 But Young Allan, alive.

**245B.1**

1 THERE were four-and-twenty sailors bold  
2 Sat drinking at the wine;  
3 There fell a rousing them among,  
4 In an unseally time.

**245B.2**

1 Some there reasd their hawk, their hawk,  
2 And some there reasd their hound,  
3 But Young Allan reasd his comely cog,  
4 As she floats on the faem.

**245B.3**

1 'There's not a ship amang you a'  
2 Will sail alang wi me,  
3 But the comely cog o Heckland Hawk,  
4 And Flower o Germanie,  
5 And the Black Snake o Leve London;  
6 They are all gane frae me.'

**245B.4**

1 The wager was a gude wager,  
2 Of fifty tuns of wine,  
3 And as much o the gude black silk  
4 As cleathd their lemans fine.

**245B.5**

1 At midnight dark the wind up stark,  
2 The seas began to rout;  
3 Young Allan and his bonny new ship  
4 Gaed three times witherlins about.

**245B.6**

1 'O faer will I get a bonny boy  
2 Will take my helm in hand  
3 Ere I gang up to the tapmast-head  
4 To look for some dry land?'

**245B.7**

1 'O waken, waken your drunken men,  
2 As they lie drunk wi wine;  
3 For when ye came thro Edinburgh town  
4 Ye bought them shoes o ben.

**245B.8**

1 'There was no shoes made for my feet,  
2 Nor gluve made for my hand;  
3 But nevertheless, my dear master,  
4 I'll take your helm in hand  
5 Till ye gae to the topmast head  
6 And look for some dry land.'

**245B.9**

1 'I cannot see no day, no day,  
2 Nor no meathe can I ken;  
3 But many a bonny feather-bed  
4 Lies floating on the faem.'

**245B.10**

1 'Come down, come down, my dear master,  
2 You see not what I see;  
3 Through and through your bonny new ship  
4 Comes in the green haw sea.'

**245B.11**

1 'Take fifty ells o the canvas broad  
2 And wrap it in a' roun,  
3 And as much good pich an tar  
4 Make her go hale an soun.

**245B.12**

1 'Sail on, sail on, my bonny ship,  
2 And haste ye to dry lan,  
3 And every nail that is in you  
4 Shall be a gay gold pin.

**245B.13**

1 'Sail on, sail on, my bonny ship,  
2 And hae me to some lan,  
3 And a firloft full o guineas red  
4 Will be dealt at the lan's end.'

**245B.14**

1 The ship she hearkend to their voice  
2 And listend to the leed,  
3 And she gaed thro the green haw sea  
4 Like fire out o a gleeed.

**245B.15**

1 When the ship got word o that,  
2 Goud was to be her beat,  
3 She's flowen thro the stormy seas  
4 Like sparks out o a weet.

**245B.16**

1 The first an shore that they came till,  
2 It was the shore o Troup;  
3 Wi cannons an great shooting there,  
4 They held Young Allan out.

**245B.17**

1 The next an shore that they came till,  
2 It was the shore o Lee;  
3 Wi piping an sweet singing there,  
4 They towed Young Allan tee.

**245B.18**

1 The next an shore that they came till,  
2 It was the shore o Lin;  
3 Wi drums beating and pipers playing,  
4 They towed Young Allan in,  
5 And Allan's lady she was there,  
6 To welcome Allan hame.

**245B.19**

1 'O faer is my little boy,' he said,  
2 'That I brought oer the sea?'  
3 'I'm coming, master, running, master,  
4 At your command shall be.'

**245B.20**

1 'O take to you my comely cog,  
2 And wed my daughter free,  
3 And a' for this ae night's work  
4 That ye did wake wi me.'

**245C.1**

1 ALL the skippers o Scarsburgh  
2 Sat drinking at the wine;  
3 There fell a rousing them amang,  
4 On an unseally time.

**245C.2**

1 Some there rousd their hawk, their hawk,  
2 And some there rousd their hound,  
3 But Young Allan rousd his comely cog,  
4 As she stood on dry ground.

**245C.3**

1 'There's nae a ship in Scarsburgh  
2 Will sail the seas wi mine,  
3 Except it be the Bruggess Black,  
4 Or than the smack calld Twine.

**245C.4**

1 'There's nae a ship amang you a'  
2 Will sail alang wi me,  
3 But the comely cog o Hecklandhawk,  
4 And Flower o Yermanie,  
5 And the Black Snake o Leve London;  
6 They are a' gane frae me.'



## 245C.5

1 Out it speaks a little wee boy  
2 Stood by Young Allan's knee;  
3 'My master has a coal-carrier  
4 Will take the wind frae thee.

## 245C.6

1 'She will gae out under the leaf,  
2 Come in under the lee,  
3 And nine times in a winter night  
4 She'll turn the wind wi thee.'

## 245C.7

1 When they had wagherd them amang  
2 Full fifty tuns o wine,  
3 Besides as mickle gude black silk  
4 As clathe their lemans fine,

## 245C.8

1 When all the rest went to the tows,  
2 All the whole night to stay,  
3 Young Allan he went to his bower,  
4 There with his God to pray.

## 245C.9

1 'There shall nae man gang to my ship  
2 Till I say mass amd dine,  
3 And take my leave o my lady;  
4 Gae to my bonny ship syne.'

## 245C.10

1 Then they saild east on Saturday,  
2 On Sunday sailèd west,  
3 Likewise they sailed on Mononday  
4 Till twelve, when they did rest.

## 245C.11

1 At midnight dark the wind up stark,  
2 And seas began to rout,  
3 Till Allan and his bonny new ship  
4 Gaed three times witherlands about.

## 245C.12

1 'O,' sighing says the Young Allan,  
2 'I fear a deadly storm;  
3 For mony a heaving sinking sea  
4 Strikes sair on my ship's stern.

## 245C.13

1 'Where will I get a little wee boy  
2 Will take my helm in hand  
3 Till I gang up to my tapmast  
4 And see for some dry land?'

## 245C.14

1 'O waken, waken your drunken men,  
2 As they lye drunk wi wine;  
3 For when ye came thro Edinbro town  
4 Ye bought them sheen o ben.

## 245C.15

1 'There was nae shoe made for my foot,  
2 Nor gluve made for my hand;  
3 But nevertheless, my dear master,  
4 I'll take your helm in hand  
5 Till ye gang to the tall tapmast  
6 And look for some dry land.

## 245C.16

1 'And here am I, a little wee boy  
2 Will take your helm in han  
3 Till ye gang up to your tapmast,  
4 But, master, stay not lang.'

## 245C.17

1 'I cannot see nae day, nae day,  
2 Nor nae meathe can I ken;  
3 But mony a bonny feather-bed  
4 Lyes floating on the faem,  
5 And the comely cog o Normanshore,  
6 She never will gang hame.'

## 245C.18

1 The comely cog o Nicklingame  
2 Came sailing by his hand;  
3 Says, Gae down, gae down, ye gude skipper,  
4 Your ship sails on the sand.

## 245C.19

1 'Come down, come down, my gude master,  
2 Ye see not what I see;  
3 For thro and thro our comely cog  
4 I see the green haw sea.'

## 245C.20

1 'Take fifty ells o gude canvas  
2 And wrap the ship a' round;  
3 And pick her weell, and spare her not,  
4 And make her hale and sound.

## 245C.21

1 'If ye will sail, my bonny ship,  
2 Till we come to dry land,  
3 For ilka iron nail in you,  
4 Of gowd there shall be ten.'

## 245C.22

1 The ship she listend all the while,  
2 And, hearing of her hire,  
3 She flew as swift threw the saut sea  
4 As sparks do frae the fire.

## 245C.23

1 The first an shore that they came till,  
2 They ca'd it Howdoloote;  
3 Wi drums beating and cannons shouting,  
4 They held our gude ship out.

## 245C.24

1 The next an shore that they came till,  
2 They ca'd it Howdilee;  
3 Wi drums beating and fifes playing,  
4 They bare her to the sea.

## 245C.25

1 The third an shore that they came till,  
2 They ca'd it Howdilin;  
3 Wi drums beating and pipes playing,  
4 They towd our gude ship in.

## 245C.26

1 The sailors walkd upon the shore,  
2 Wi their auld baucheld sheen,  
3 And thanked God and their Lady,  
4 That brought them safe again.

## 245C.27

1 'For we went out o Scarsburgh  
2 Wi fifty ships and three;  
3 But nane o them came back again  
4 But Young Allan, ye see.'

## 245C.28

1 'Come down, come down, my little wee boy,  
2 Till I pay you your fee;  
3 I hae but only ae daughter,  
4 And wedded to her ye'se be.'

## 245D.1

1 THERE was three lords sat drinkin wine  
2 In bonnie Aberdeen, [O]  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .

## 245D.2

1 Some o them talked o their merchandise,  
2 An some o their ladies fine, [O]  
3 But Young Allan he talked o his bonnie ship,  
4 That cost him mony a poun.  
5 . . . . .

## 245D.3

1 'Whar will I get a bonnie wee boy  
2 That'll tak my helm in han, O  
3 Till I gang up to my high topmast  
4 An look oot for some dry lan?'

## 245D.4

1 'He'll get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,  
2 An the third pairt o my lan,  
3 An gin he row me safe on shore  
4 He shall hae my daughter Ann.'

## 245D.5

1 'O here am I, a bonny wee boy  
2 That'll tak your helm in han  
3 Till ye gang up to your high topmast  
4 An look oot for some dry lan.

## 245D.6

1 I'll nae seek your gowd, nor I'll nae seek your gear,  
2 Nor the third pairt o your lan,  
3 But gin I row you safe to shore  
4 I shall hae your daughter Ann.

## 245D.7

1 'Come doon, come doon, Young Allan,' he cries,  
2 'Ye see nae what I see;  
3 For through an through your bonnie ship-side  
4 An I see the open sea.'

## 245D.8

1 'Ye'll tak twenty-four o your feather-beds,  
2 Ye'll busk your bonnie ship roon,  
3 An as much o the guid canvas-claith  
4 As gar gang hale an soun.

## 245D.9

1 'An whar ye want an iron bolt  
2 Ye'll ca a siller pin,  
3 An whar ye want an oaken bolt  
4 Ye'll beat the yellow gold in.'

## 245D.10

1 He's taen twenty-four o his feather-beds  
2 An buskit's bonnie ship roon,  
3 An as much o the guid canvas-claith  
4 As gar her gang hale an soun.

## 245D.11

1 An whar he's wantit an iron bolt  
2 He's ca'd a siller pin,  
3 An whar he's wantit an oaken bolt  
4 He's beat the yellow gold in.

## 245D.12

1 The firstan shore that they cam till,  
2 It was the shore o Linn;  
3 They held their spears an beenits out,  
4 An they wouldna lat Allan in.

## 245D.13

1 The neistan shore that they cam till  
2 It was the shore o . . . ;  
3 . . . . .  
4 An they turned their ship about.

## 245D.14

1 But the neistan shore that they came till,  
2 'Twas bonnie Aberdeen;  
3 The fifes an drums they a' did play,  
4 To welcome Allan in.

## 245D.15

1 'O where is he, the bonnie wee boy  
2 That took my helm in han  
3 Till I gied up to my high topmast  
4 An lookd oot for some dry lan?'

## 245D.16

1 'He's get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,  
2 An the third pairt o my lan,  
3 An since he's rowt me safe to shore  
4 He sall hae my daughter Ann.'

## 245D.17

1 'O here am I, the bonnie wee boy  
2 That took your helm in han  
3 Till ye gied up to your high topmast  
4 An lookd oot for some dry lan.

## 245D.18

1 'I'll nae seek half o your good, nor half o your gear,  
2 Nor the third pairt o your lan,  
3 But since I've rowt you safe to shore  
4 I sall hae your daughter Ann.'

## 245E.1

1 THE king he sits in Dumfermline,  
2 Birlin at the wine,  
3 And callin for the best skipper  
4 That ever sailed the faem.

## 245E.2

1 Then out it spak a bonny boy,  
2 Sat at the king's right knee;  
3 'Earl Patrick is the best skipper  
4 That ever sailed the sea.'

## 245E.3

1 The king he wrote a braed letter,  
2 And sealed it wi his ring,  
3 And sent it to Earl Patrick,  
4 . . . . .

## 245E.4

1 'Oh wha is this, or wha is that,  
2 Has tald the king o me?  
3 For I was niver a gude mariner,  
4 And niver sailed the sea.  
5 . . . . .

## 245E.5

1 'Ye'll eat and drink, my merry young men,  
2 The red wine you amang,  
3 For blaw it wind, or blaw it sleet,  
4 Our ship maun sail the morn.

## 245E.6

1 'Late yestreen I saw the new meen  
2 Wi the auld meen in hir arm,'  
3 And sichand said him Earl Patrick,  
4 'I fear a deadly storm.'

## 245E.7

1 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
2 Thro mony a stormy stream,  
3 Till they saw the Dam o Micklengaem,  
4 When she sank amang the faem.

**245E.8**

1 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
2 Thro many a stormy stream,  
3 Till they saw the Duke o Normandy,  
4 And she sank among the faem.

**245E.9**

1 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
2 Thro many a stormy stream,  
3 Till they saw the Black Shater o Leve London  
4 And her topmast gaed in nine.

**245E.10**

1 'Where will I get a bonny boy  
2 That will tack my helm in hand  
3 Till I gang up to my topmast,  
4 And spy for some dry land?'

**245E.11**

1 'Now here am I, a bonny boy  
2 Will tack yer helm in hand  
3 Till ye go up to your topmast  
4 But I fear ye'll never see land.'

**245E.12**

1 'Cum down, cum down, my gude master,  
2 Ye see not what I see,  
3 For through and through yer bonny ship  
4 I see the raging sea.'

**245E.13**

1 'Ye'll tak four-and-twenty fether-beds,  
2 And lay my bonny ship roun,  
3 And as muckle o the fine canvas  
4 As make her haill and soun.

**245E.14**

1 'And where she wants an iron nail  
2 O silver she's hae three,  
3 And where she wants a timmer-pin  
4 We'll rap the red goud in.'  
5 ' . . . . '

**245E.15**

1 The firsten shore that they cam till,  
2 They cad it shore the Linn;  
3 Wi heart and hand and good command,  
4 They towed their bonny ship in.

**245E.16**

1 The nexten shore that they came till,  
2 They caad it shore the Lee;  
3 With heart and hand and good command,  
4 They towed the bonny ship tee.

**245E.17**

1 There was twenty ships gaed to the sea,  
2 Twenty ships and ane,  
3 And there was na ane came back again  
4 But Earl Patrick alane.

**246A.1**

1 WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William  
2 Were drinking at the wine,  
3 There fell a roosing them amang,  
4 On an unruly time.

**246A.2**

1 For some o them hae roosd their hawks,  
2 And other some their hounds,  
3 And other some their ladies fair,  
4 And their bowers whare they walkd in.

**246A.3**

1 When out it spake him Reedisdale,  
2 And a rash word spake he;  
3 Says, There is not a lady fair,  
4 In bower wherever she be,  
5 But I could aye her favour win  
6 Wi ae blink o my ee.

**246A.4**

1 Then out it spake him Wise William,  
2 And a rash word spake he;  
3 Says, I have a sister of my own,  
4 In bower wherever she be,  
5 And ye will not her favour win  
6 With three blinks of your ee.

**246A.5**

1 'What will ye wager, Wise William?  
2 My lands I'll wad with thee;'  
3 'I'll wad my head against your land,  
4 Till I get more monie.'

**246A.6**

1 Then Reedisdale took Wise William,  
2 Laid him in prison strang,  
3 That he might neither gang nor ride,  
4 Nor ae word to her send.

**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 smiléd and she leugh;  
3 Said, Very well, my dear brother,  
4 Of this I have eneuch.

**246A.9**

1 She looked out at her west window  
2 To see what she could see,  
3 And there she spied him Reedisdale  
4 Come riding ower the lea.

**246A.10**

1 Says, Come to me, my maidens all,  
2 Come hitherward to me;  
3 For here it comes him Reedisdale,  
4 Who comes a-courting me.

**246A.11**

1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you give me;'  
3 'Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
4 For me you will not see.'

**246A.12**

1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you give me;  
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, Reedisdale,  
4 For me you shall not see.'

**246A.14**

1 'Come down, come dow, 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, Reedisdale,  
4 For me you shall not see.'

**246A.16**

1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 One 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, Reedisdale,  
4 For me you shall 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, Reedisdale,  
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, Reedisdale,  
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 Reedisdale 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 Reedisdale's land.

**246A.28**

1 'Your lands is mine now, Reedisdale,  
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 ROUESDALES an Clerk William  
2 Sat birlin at the wine,  
3 An a' 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 'That 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 nicht 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 luekit on,  
2 A licht lauchter gae she;  
3 But eer she read it to the end  
4 The tear blindit her ee.

**246B.7**

1 'Oh wae betide my ae brither,  
2 Wald wad his head for me,  
3 . . . ,  
4 . . . ,

**246B.8**

1 Roudesdales to her bour has gane,  
2 An rade it 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 sicht 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 sicht o you to see;  
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 broun;  
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 sicht o you to see;  
3 For the steeds are o the milk sae white  
4 That I will gie to thee.'

**246B.14**

1 'If yours are o the milk sae white,  
2 Mine's o the bonnie broun;  
3 Sae get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
4 For I will no come doon.'

**246B.15**

1 'Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,  
2 Ae sicht o you 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 come a sharp shour frae the wast  
4 Will stlocken 't speedilie.'

**246B.17**

1 He has set her bour on fire,  
2 An quickly it did flame;  
3 But there cam 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 earldom.

**246B.19**

1 'Oh wae betide you, ill woman,  
2 An ill, ill died may you dee!  
3 For ye hae won your brither's head,  
4 An I go landless free.'

**246C.1**

1 REDESDALE and Clerk William  
2 Sat drinking at the wine;  
3 They hae fawn a wagering them atween  
4 At a wanhappy 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 But I wad win wi ae blink o my ee?'

**247A.1**

1 'HOW brent's your brow, my Lady Elspat!  
2 How golden yellow is your hair!  
3 Of all the maids of fair Scotland,  
4 There's nane like Lady Elspat fair.'

**247A.2**

1 'Perform your vows, Sweet William,' she says,  
2 'The vows which ye ha made to me,  
3 An at the back o my mother's castle  
4 This night I'll surely meet wi thee.'

**247A.3**

1 But wae be to her brother's page,  
2 Who heard the words this twa did say!  
3 He's told them to her lady mother,  
4 Who wrought Sweet William mieckle wae.

**247A.4**

1 For she has taen him Sweet William,  
2 An she's gard bind him wi his bow-string  
3 Till the red bluide o his fair body  
4 Frae ilka nail o his hand did spring.

**247A.5**

1 O it fell once upon a time  
2 That the Lord Justice came to town;  
3 Out has she taen him Sweet William,  
4 Brought him before Lord Justice boun.

**247A.6**

1 'An what is the crime, now, madame,' he says,  
2 'Has been committed by this young man?'  
3 'O he has broken my bonny castel,  
4 That was well biggit with lime and stane.'

**247A.7**

1 'An he has broken my bonny coffers,  
2 That was well banded wi aiken ban,  
3 An he has stoln my rich jewels;  
4 I wot he has them every one.'

**247A.8**

1 Then out it spake her Lady Elspat,  
2 As she sat by Lord Justice knee;  
3 'Now ye hae taul your tale, mother,  
4 I pray, Lord Justice, you'l now hear me.'

**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 Cause he had not a great estate,  
4 She would this way our loves divide.'

**247A.11**

1 An out it spake the Lord Justice,  
2 I wot the tear was in his ee;  
3 'I see nae fault in this young man,  
4 Sae loose his bans, an set him free.'

**247A.12**

1 'Take back your love, Lady Elspat,  
2 An my best blessing you baith upon!  
3 For gin he be your first true love,  
4 He is my eldest sister's son.'

**247A.13**

1 'There is a steed in my stable  
2 Cost me baith gold and white money;  
3 Ye's get as mieckle o my free lan  
4 As he'll ride about in a summer's day.'

**248A.1**

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.'

**248A.2**

1 'It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae  
light,  
2 And the bells they ring ding, dang;  
3 He's met wi some delay that causeth him to  
stay,  
4 But he will be here ere lang.'

**248A.3**

1 The surly auld earl did naething but snarl,  
2 And Johnny's face it grew red;  
3 Yet, tho he often sighd, he neer a word replied  
4 Till all were asleep in bed.

**248A.4**

1 Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,  
2 And gently tirléd the pin;  
3 The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,  
4 And she opend and let him in.

**248A.5**

1 'And are ye come at last? and do I hold ye fast?  
2 And is my Johnny true?'  
3 'I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like  
mysell  
4 Sae lang will I love you.'

**248A.6**

1 'Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,  
2 And craw when it is day;  
3 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,  
4 And your wings of the silver grey.'

**248A.7**

1 The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,  
2 For he crew an hour oer soon;  
3 The lassie thought it was day when she sent her  
love away,  
4 And it was but a blink of the moon.

**249A.1**

1 MY love she is a gentlewoman,  
2 Has her living by the seam;  
3 I kenna how she is provided  
4 This night for me and my foot-groom.

**249A.2**

1 He is gane to Annie's bower-door,  
2 And gently tirléd at the pin:  
3 'Ye sleep, ye wake, my love Annie,  
4 Ye'll rise and lat your true-love in.'

**249A.3**

1 Wi her white fingers lang and sma  
2 She gently lifted up the pin;  
3 Wi her arms lang and bent  
4 She kindly caught sweet Willie in.

**249A.4**

1 'O will ye go to cards or dice?  
2 Or will ye go to play?  
3 Or will ye go to a well made bed,  
4 And sleep a while till day?'

**249A.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.'

**249A.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!'

**249A.7**

1 'Keep up your heart, Willie,' she said,  
2 'Keep up your heart, dinna fear;  
3 It's seven years, and some gude mair,  
4 Sin her foot did file the fear.'

**249A.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.

**249A.9**

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 hill,  
4 Knockd at the sheriff's yate.

**249A.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.'

**249A.11**

1 'Ye'll do ye down thro Kelso town,  
2 Waken my wall-wight men;  
3 And gin ye hae your wark well dune  
4 I'll be there at command.'

**249A.12**

1 She's done her down thro Kelso town,  
2 Wakend his wall-wight men;  
3 But gin she had her wark well done  
4 He was there at command.

**249A.13**

1 He had his horse wi corn fodderd,  
2 His men armd in mail;  
3 He gae the Matrons half a merk  
4 To show them ower the hill.

**249A.14**

1 Willie sleepd, but Annie waked  
2 Till she heard their brides ring;  
3 Then tapped on her love's shoulder,  
4 And said, Ye've sleepit lang.

**249A.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.'

**249A.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.

**249A.17**

1 Then they shot in, and he shot out,  
2 The bow brunt Willie's hand;  
3 But aye he kissd her ruby lips,  
4 Said, My dear, thinkna lang.

**249A.18**

1 He set his horn to his mouth,  
2 And has blawn loud and shrill,  
3 And he's calld on his brother John,  
4 In Ringlewood he lay still.

**249A.19**

1 The first an shot that Lord John shot,  
2 He wound fifty and fifteen;  
3 The next an shot that Lord John shot,  
4 He ca'd out the sheriff's een.

**249A.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.'

**249A.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.'

**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 merrily 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 broadside to a broadside 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 town,  
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 For all the brave lives of the mariners lost,  
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 turnd robber all on the salt seas,  
4 To maintain his two brothers and he.

**250B.3**

1 He had not saild 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 'Or 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 turnd robber all on the salt seas,  
4 To maintain my two brothers and me.

**250B.6**

1 'Now lower your topsails, you alderman 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 broadside to broadside 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.

**250B.8**

1 Bad news, bad news to England has come,  
2 Bad news I will tell to you all,  
3 'Twas a rich merchant-ship to England was  
bound,  
4 And most of her merry men drownd.

**250C.1**

1 THERE were three brothers in bonnie Scotland,  
2 In bonnie Scotland lived they,  
3 And they cuist kevels themsells amang,  
4 Wha sould gae rob upon the salt sea.

**250C.2**

1 The lot it fell upon bold Robin Hood,  
2 The youngest brither of the hale three:  
3 'O, I sall gae rob upon the salt sea,  
4 And it's all to maintain my two brothers and  
me.'

**250C.3**

1 They hadna sailed a lang winter night,  
2 A lang winter night scarselie,  
3 Till they were aware of a tall, tall ship,  
4 Coming sailin down under the lee.

**250C.4**

1 'O where are you bound for, my bonnie ship?'  
2 Bold Robin Hood he did cry;  
3 'O I'm a bold merchantman, for London bound,  
4 And I pray you, good sir, let us by.'

**250C.5**

1 'O no! O no!' said bold Robin Hood,  
2 'O no such thing may be;  
3 For I will gae in and plunder your ship,  
4 And your fair bodies I'll drown in the sea.'

**250C.6**

1 O he has gone in and plundered their ship,  
2 And holes in her bottom bored three;  
3 The water came in so thick and so fast  
4 That down, down to the bottom gade she.

**250C.7**

1 Bad news, bad news to old England is gone,  
2 Bad news to our king, old Henrie,  
3 That his merchant-goods were taken on board,  
4 And thirty-five seamen drownd in the sea.

**250D.1**

1 THREE loving brothers in Scotland dwelt,  
2 Three loving brothers were they,  
3 And they cast lots to see which of the three  
4 Should go robbing all oer the salt sea, salt sea,  
5 Should go robbing all oer the salt sea.

**250D.2**

1 The lot it fell to Andrew Bodee,  
2 The youngest of the three,  
3 That he should leave the other two,  
4 And go robbing all oer the salt sea.

**250[E.1]**

1 Three bold brothers of merrie Scotland,  
2 And three bold brothers were they,  
3 And they cast lots the one with the other,  
4 To see who should go robbing all oer the salt  
sea;  
5 And they cast lots the one with the other,  
6 To see who should go robbing all oer the salt  
sea.

**250[E.2]**

1 The lot it fell an Andrew Bartin,  
2 The youngest of the three,  
3 That he should go robbing all oer the salt sea,  
4 To maintain his two brothers and he.

**250[E.3]**

1 He had not sailed but one long summer night,  
2 When daylight did appear;  
3 He saw a ship sailing far off and far round,  
4 At last she came sailing quite near.

**250[E.4]**

1 'Who art? who art?' says Andrew Bartin,  
2 'Who art thee comes sailing so nigh?'  
3 'We are the rich merchants of merrie England,  
4 Just please for to let us pass by.'

**250[E.5]**

1 'Pass by? pass by?' says Andrew Bartin,  
2 'No, no, that never can be;  
3 Your ship and your cargo I will take away,  
4 And your brave men drown in the sea.'

**250[E.6]**

1 Now when this news reached merrie England—  
2 King George he wore the crown—  
3 That his ship and his cargo were taken away,  
4 And his brave men they were all drowned.

**250[E.7]**

1 'Go build me a ship,' says Captain Charles  
Stewart,  
2 'A ship both stout and sure,  
3 And if I dont fetch this Andrew Bartin,  
4 My life shall no longer endure.'

**250[E.8]**

1 He had not sailed but one long summer night,  
2 When daylight did appear,  
3 He saw a ship sailing far off and far round,  
4 And then she came sailing quite near.

**250[E.9]**

1 'Who art? who art?' says Captain Charles  
Stewart,  
2 'Who art comes sailing so nigh?'  
3 'We are the bold brothers of merrie Scotland,  
4 Just please for to let us pass by.'

**250[E.10]**

1 'Pass by? pass by?' says Captain Charles  
Stewart,  
2 'No, no, that never can be;  
3 Your ship and your cargo I will take away  
4 And your brave men carry with me.'

**250[E.11]**

1 'Come on! come on!' says Andrew Bartin,  
2 'I value you not one pin;  
3 And though you are lined with good brass  
without,  
4 I'll show you I've fine steel within.'

**250[E.12]**

1 Then they drew up a full broadside  
2 And at each other let pour;  
3 They had not fought for four hours or more,  
4 When Captain Charles Stewart gave oer.

**250[E.13]**

1 'Go home! go home!' says Andrew Bartin,  
2 'And tell your king for me,  
3 That he may reign king of the merry dry land,  
4 But that I will be king of the sea.'

**251A.1**

1 THERE lives a man in Rynie's land,  
2 Anither in Auchindore,  
3 The bravest lad amo them a'  
4 Was lang Johnny Moir.

**251A.2**

1 Young Johnny was an airy blade,  
2 Fu sturdy, stout, and strang;  
3 The sword that hang by Johnny's side  
4 Was just full ten feet lang.

**251A.3**

1 Young Johnny was a clever youth,  
2 Fu sturdy, stout, and wight,  
3 Just full three yards around the waist,  
4 And fourteen feet in height.

**251A.4**

1 But if a' be true they tell me now,  
2 And a' be true I hear,  
3 Young Johnny's on to Lundan gane,  
4 The king's banner to bear.

**251A.5**

1 He hadna been in fair Lundan  
2 But twalmonths twa or three  
3 Till the fairest lady in a' Lundan  
4 Fell in love wi young Johnny.

**251A.6**

1 This news did sound thro Lundan town,  
2 Till it came to the king  
3 That the muckle Scot had fa'in in love  
4 Wi his daughter, Lady Jean.

**251A.7**

1 Whan the king got word o that,  
2 A solemn oath sware he,  
3 This weighty Scot sall strait a rope,  
4 And hanged he shall be.

**251A.8**

1 When Johnny heard the sentence past,  
2 A light laugh then gae he:  
3 'While I hae strength to wield my blade,  
4 Ye darena a' hang me.'

**251A.9**

1 The English dogs were cunning rogues;  
2 About him they did creep,  
3 And gae him draps o lodomy  
4 That laid him fast asleep.

**251A.10**

1 pwhan Johnny wakend frae his sleep  
2 A sorry heart had he;  
3 His jaws and hands in iron bands,  
4 His feet in fetters three.

**251A.11**

1 'O whar will I get a little wee boy  
2 Will work for meat and fee,  
3 That will rin on to my uncle,  
4 At the foot of Benachie?'

**251A.12**

1 'Here am I, a little wee boy  
2 Will work for meat and fee,  
3 That will rin on to your uncle,  
4 At the foot of Benachie.'

**251A.13**

1 'Whan ye come whar grass grows green,  
2 Slack your shoes and rin;  
3 And whan ye come whar water's strong,  
4 Ye'll bend your bow and swim.

**251A.14**

1 'And whan ye come to Benachie  
2 Ye'll neither chap nor ca;  
3 Sae well 's ye'll ken auld Johnny there,  
4 Three feet abeen them a'.

**251A.15**

1 'Ye'll gie to him this braid letter,  
2 Seald wi my faith and troth,  
3 And ye'll bid him bring along wi him  
4 The body Jock o Noth.'

**251A.16**

1 Whan he came whar grass grew green,  
2 He slackt his shoes and ran;  
3 And whan he came whar water's strong  
4 He bent his bow and swam.

**251A.17**

1 And whan he came to Benachie  
2 Did neither chap nor ca;  
3 Sae well 's he kent auld Johnny there,  
4 Three feet abeen them a'.

**251A.18**

1 'What news, what news, my little wee boy?  
2 Ye never were here before;'  
3 'Nae news, nae news, but a letter from  
4 Your nephew, Johnny Moir.

**251A.19**

1 'Ye'll take here this braid letter,  
2 Seald wi his faith and troth,  
3 And ye're bidden bring along wi you  
4 The body Jock o Noth.'

**251A.20**

1 Benachie lyes very low,  
2 The tap o Noth lyes high;  
3 For a' the distance that's between,  
4 He heard auld Johnny cry.

**251A.21**

1 Whan on the plain these champions met,  
2 Twa grizly ghosts to see,  
3 There were three feet between their brows,  
4 And shoulders were yards three.

**251A.22**

1 These men they ran ower hills and dales,  
2 And ower mountains high,  
3 Till they came on to Lundan town,  
4 At the dawn o the third day.

**251A.23**

1 And whan they came to Lundan town  
2 The yetts were lockit wi bands,  
3 And wha were there but a trumpeter,  
4 Wi trumpet in his hands?

**251A.24**

1 'What is the matter, ye keepers all?  
2 Or what's the matter within  
3 That the drums do beat and bells do ring,  
4 And make sic dolefu din?'

**251A.25**

1 'There's naething the matter,' the keeper said,  
2 'There's naething the matter to thee,  
3 But a weighty Scot to strait the rope,  
4 And the morn he maun die.'

**251A.26**

1 'O open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
2 Ye'll open without delay;'  
3 The trembling keeper, smiling, said,  
4 'O I hae not the key.'

**251A.27**

1 'Ye'll open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
2 Ye'll open without dealy,  
3 Or here is a body at my back  
4 Frae Scotland has brought the key.'

**251A.28**

1 'Ye'll open the yetts,' 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 rooberie?  
3 If it is for ony 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 whar's thy sword,' says Jock o Noth,  
2 Ye brought frae Scotland wi thee?  
3 I never saw a scotsman yet  
4 But coud wield a sword or tree.'

**251A.34**

1 'A pox upo their lodomy,  
2 On me had sic a sway  
3 Four o their men, the bravest four,  
4 They bore my blade away.'

**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 The king he keeps the key.'

**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 as I woud her see;  
3 For we are come to her wedding,  
4 Frae the foot o benachie.'

**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 Frae the foot o Benachie.'

**251A.40**

1 'If I had kend,' said Jock o Noth,  
2 'Ye'd wonderd sae muckle at me,  
3 I woud hae brought ane larger far  
4 By sizes three times three.

**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 He's thretty feet and three.'

**251A.42**

1 'Wae to the little boy,' said the king,  
2 'Brought tidings unto thee!  
3 Let all England say what they will,  
4 High hangèd 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 rewarded ye shall be.'

**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 possessd o riches great,  
4 Hae fifty ploughs and three;  
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 Went a' to Benachie.

**252A.1**

1 THERE was a lady fair,  
2 An een a lady of birth an fame,  
3 She eyed her father's kitchen-boy,  
4 The greater was her shame.

**252A.2**

1 She could never her love reveal,  
2 Nor to him talk,  
3 But in the forest wide an brade,  
4 Where they were wont to walk.

**252A.3**

1 It fell ance upon a day  
2 Her father gaed frae home,  
3 And she sent for the kitchen-boy  
4 To her own room.

**252A.4**

1 'Canna ye fancy me, Willie?  
2 Canna ye fancy me?  
3 By a' the lords I ever saw  
4 There is nane I loo but ye.'

**252A.5**

1 'O latna this be kent, lady,  
2 O latna this be . . .  
3 For gin yer father got word of this  
4 I vou he'd gar me die.'

**252A.6**

1 'Yer life shall no be taen, Willie,  
2 Yer life sal na be taen;  
3 I wad er loss my ain heart's blood  
4 Or thy body gat wrang.'

**252A.7**

1 Wi her monny fair speeches  
2 She made the boy bold,  
3 Till he began to kiss an clap,  
4 An on her sine lay hold.

**252A.8**

1 They hadna kissed an love claped,  
2 As lovers whan they meet,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**252A.9**

1 'The master-cook he will on me call,  
2 An answered he man be;  
3 An it wer kent I war in bower wi thee,  
4 I fear they wad gar me die.'

**252A.10**

1 'The master-cook may on ye call,  
2 But answerd he will never be,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

**252A.11**

1 'For I hae three coffers fu o goud,  
2 Yer eyen did never see,  
3 An I will build a bonny ship for my love,  
4 An set her to the sea,  
5 And sail she east or sail she wast  
6 The ship sal be fair to see.'

**252A.12**

1 She has built a bonny ship,  
2 And set her to the sea;  
3 The topmasts war o the red goud,  
4 The sails of tafetie.

**252A.13**

1 She gae him a gay goud ring,  
2 . . .  
3 To ming him on a gay lady  
4 That ance bear love to him.

**252A.14**

1 The day was fair, the ship was rare,  
2 Whan that swain set to sea;  
3 Whan that day twal-moth came and gaed,  
4 At London landed he.

**252A.15**

1 A lady looked our the castle-wa,  
2 Beheld the day gae down,  
3 And she beheld that bonny ship  
4 Come hailing to the town.

**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 Yer eyes did ever see.

**252A.17**

1 'Gae busk ye, busk ye, my maries a',  
2 Busk ye unco fine,  
3 Till I gae down to yon shore-side,  
4 To invite yon squar to dine.

**252A.18**

1 'O ye come up, gay young squar,  
2 An take wi me a dine;  
3 Ye sal eat o the guid white loaf,  
4 An drink the claret wine.'

**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 fancy but ye.'

**252A.21**

1 'The'r far awa frae me,' he says,  
2 'The'r clean ayont the sea,  
3 That has my heart in hand,  
4 An my love ae sal be.'

**252A.22**

1 'Here is a guid goud ring,  
2 . . .  
3 It will mind ye on a gay lady  
4 That ance bare love to ye.'

**252A.23**

1 'I ha a ring on my finger  
2 I loe thrice 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 Whan that squar set to sea;  
3 Whan that day twal-month came an gaed,  
4 At hame again landed 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<a>e busk ye unco fine,  
3 An I'll gae down to yon shore-side,  
4 To invite the squar to dine;  
5 I wad gie a' my rents  
6 To hae ye married to him.'

**252A.28**

1 'The'r far awa frae me,' she says,  
2 'Far ayont the sea,  
3 That has my heart in hand  
4 An my love ai sal be.'

**252A.29**

1 'O will ye come, ye gay hine 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 ladys I eer did see  
4 There's nane I loo by ye.'

**252A.32**

1 'They are far awa frae me,' she says,  
2 'The'r far ayont the sea,  
3 That has my heart in hand,  
4 An my love ay sal be.'

**252A.33**

1 'Here it is, a gay goud ring,  
2 . . .  
3 It will mind ye on a gay hin chil  
4 That ance bare love to ye.'

**252A.34**

1 'O gat ye that ring on the sea sailing?  
2 Or gat ye it on the land?  
3 O gat ye it on the shore laying,  
4 On a drowned man's hand?'

**252A.35**

1 'I got na it on the sea sailing,  
2 I got na it on the land,  
3 But I got it on the shore lying,  
4 On a drowned man's hand.

**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 . . .

**252A.37**

1 He turned him round about,  
2 An sweetly could he smile;  
3 She turned her round, says, My love Willie,  
4 How could ye me 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 o 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 Nor fields where she could walk.

**252B.3**

1 But it fell ance 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 blude shall neer be drawn;  
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 me 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 coffer 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 brisk 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 blinded 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 landed he.

**252B.18**

1 A lady lay oer castle-wa,  
2 Beholding dale 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 eer 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 yon shore-side,  
4 Invite yon 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.23**

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.24**

1 'I would gie all my land,' she says,  
2 'Your gay bride were I she;  
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 taen out a gay gold ring,  
2 And gae him presentlie:  
3 'Twill mind you on the lady, young man,  
4 That laid her love on thee.'

**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 Then hoist the mainsail to the wind,  
4 Adieu, for evermore!

**252B.31**

1 He had not saild 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 oer 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 eer my eyes did see;  
3 O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,  
4 Come here, come here, 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 yon 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 nane but he.'

**252B.38**

1 'Whoever has your heart in hand,  
2 Yon 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.'

**252B.40**

1 'Yes, I'll come up to your castle  
2 With you and take my dine,  
3 For I would give my bonny ship  
4 Were your fair daughter mine.'

**252B.41**

1 'I would give all my lands,' she said,  
2 'That your bride she would be;  
3 Then to live on a small portion  
4 Contented would I be.'

**252B.42**

1 As they gaed up from yon sea-strand  
2 And down the bowling-green,  
3 He drew the mask out-oor his face,  
4 For fear he should be seen.

**252B.43**

1 He's done him down from bower to bower,  
2 Likewise from bower to ha,  
3 And there he saw that lady gay,  
4 The flower out-oor them a'.

**252B.44**

1 He's taen her in his arms twa,  
2 And haild her courtesouslie:  
3 'Excuse me, sir, there's no strange man  
4 Such freedom use with me.'

**252B.45**

1 Her father turnd him round about,  
2 A light laugh then gave he:  
3 'Stay, I'll retire a little while,  
4 Perhaps you may agree.'

**252B.46**

1 Now Willie's taen a gay gold ring,  
2 And gave her presentlie;  
3 Says, Take ye that, ye lady fair,  
4 A love-token from me.

**252B.47**

1 O got ye 't on the sea sailing?  
2 Or got ye 't on the sand?  
3 Or got ye 't on the coast of Spain,  
4 Upon a dead man's hand?'

**252B.48**

1 'Fine silk it was his sailing-clothes,  
2 Gold yellow was his hair;  
3 It would hae made a hale heart bleed  
4 To see him lying there.

**252B.49**

1 'He was not dead as I passd by,  
2 But no remeid could be;  
3 He gave me this token to bear  
4 Unto a fair ladie.

**252B.50**

1 'And by the marks he has descryvd  
2 I'm sure that you are she;  
3 So take this token of free will,  
4 For him you'll never see.'

**252B.51**

1 In sorrow she tore her mantle,  
2 With care she tore her hair:  
3 'Now since I've lost my own true-love,  
4 I'll neer love young men mair.'

**252B.52**

1 He drew the mask from off his face,  
2 The lady sweetly smiled:  
3 'Awa, awa, ye fause Willie!  
4 How have you me beguiled?'

**252B.53**

1 Earl Richard he went thro the ha,  
2 The wine-glass in his hand,  
3 But little thought his kitchen-boy  
4 Was heir oer a' his land.

**252B.54**

1 But this she kept within her heart,  
2 And never told to one  
3 Until nine months they were expir'd,  
4 That her young son came home.

**252B.55**

1 She told it to her father dear;  
2 He said, Daughter, well won;  
3 You've married for love, not for gold,  
4 Your joys will neer be done.

**252C.1**

1 O THERE was a ladie, a noble ladie,  
2 She was a ladie of birth and fame,  
3 But she fell in love wi her father's foot-boy,  
4 I wis she was the mair to blame.

**252C.2**

1 A word of him she neer could get  
2 Till her father was a hunting gone;  
3 Then she calld on the bonny foot-boy  
4 To speak wi her in her bower alone.

**252C.3**

1 Says, Ye ken you are my love, Willie,  
2 And that I am a ladie free,  
3 And there's naething ye can ask, Willie,  
4 But at your bidding I maun be.

**252C.4**

1 O the loving looks that ladie gave  
2 Soon made the bonny boy grow bold,  
3 And the loving words that ladie spake  
4 As soon on them he did lay hold.

**252C.5**

1 She has taen a ring frae her white finger,  
2 And unto him she did it gie;  
3 Says, Wear this token for my sake,  
4 And keep it till the day you die.

**252C.6**

1 'But shoud my father get word of this,  
2 I fear we baith will have cause to rue,  
3 For to some nunnery I shoud be sent,  
4 And I fear, my love, he would ruin you.

**252C.7**

1 'But here is a coffer of the good red gowd,  
2 I wot my mother left it to me;  
3 And wi it you'll buy a bonny ship,  
4 And ye maun sail the raging sea;  
5 Then like some earl or baron's son  
6 You can come back and marrie me.

**252C.8**

1 'But stay not lang awa, Willie,  
2 O stay not lang across the fame,  
3 For fear your ladie shoud lighter be,  
4 Or your young son shoud want a name.'

**252C.9**

1 He had not been o the sea sailing  
2 But till three months were come and gane,  
3 Till he has landed his bonny ship;  
4 It was upon the coast of Spain.

**252C.10**

1 There was a ladie of high degree  
2 That saw him walking up and down;  
3 She fell in love wi sweet Willie,  
4 But she wist no how to make it known.

**252C.11**

1 She has calld up her maries a',  
2 Says, Hearken well to what I say;  
3 There is a young man in yon ship  
4 That has been my love this many a day.

**252C.12**

1 'Now bear a hand, my maries a',  
2 And busk my brave and make me fine,  
3 And go wi me to yon shore-side  
4 To invite that noble youth to dine.'

**252C.13**

1 O they have buskit that ladie gay  
2 In velvet pall and jewels rare;  
3 A poor man might have been made rich  
4 Wi half the pearles they pat in her hair.

**252C.14**

1 Her mantle was of gowd sae red,  
2 It glaned as far as ane could see;  
3 Sweet Willie thought she had been the queen,  
4 And bowd full low and bent his knee.

**252C.15**

1 She's gard her maries step aside,  
2 And on sweet Willie sae did smile;  
3 She thought that man was not on earth  
4 But of his heart she could beguile.

**252C.16**

1 Says, Ye maun leave your bonny ship  
2 And go this day wi me and dine,  
3 And you shall eat the baken meat,  
4 And you shall drink the Spanish wine.

**252C.17**

1 'I canna leave my bonny ship,  
2 Nor go this day to dine wi thee,  
3 For a' my sails are ready bent  
4 To bear me back to my ain countrie.'

**252C.18**

1 'O gin you'd forsake your bonny ship  
2 And wed a ladie of this countrie,  
3 I would make you lord of a' this town,  
4 And towns and castles twa or three.'

**252C.19**

1 'Should I wed a ladie of this countrie,  
2 In sooth I woud be sair to blame,  
3 For the fairest ladie in fair Scotland  
4 Woud break her heart gin I gaed na hame.'

**252C.20**

1 'That ladie may choose another lord,  
2 And you another love may choose;  
3 There is not a lord in this countrie  
4 That such a proffer could refuse.'

**252C.21**

1 'O ladie, shoud I your proffer take,  
2 You'd soon yoursell 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 my 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 woud 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 sprang up and filld his sails,  
4 And he quickly left the Spanish land.

**252C.27**

1 He soon came back to his native strand,  
2 He langd his ain true-love to see;  
3 Her father saw him come to land,  
4 And took him some great lord to be.

**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 And you shall drink the claret wine.

**252C.29**

1 'O I will leave my bonny ship,  
2 And glaely 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 countrie,  
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 washd 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 kissd her there.

**252C.35**

1 She's looked in his bonny face,  
2 And thro 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 laughd 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 And 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 down 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 ' . . . . '  
2 AND she has built a lofty ship,  
3 And set her to the main;  
4 The masts o her were gude reed gowd,  
5 And the sails o silver clear.

**252E.2**

1 'Ye winna bide three months awa  
2 When ye'll return again,  
3 In case your lady lichtre be,  
4 And your baby want the name.'

**252E.3**

1 But the wind blew high,  
2 The mariners they did land at Lundin soon.

**252E.4**

1 A lady sat on the castell-wa,  
2 Beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And there she saw this lofty ship,  
4 Comin sailin in the Downs.

**252E.5**

1 'Look out, look out, my maidens a',  
2 Ye seena what I see;  
3 For I do see as bonny a ship

**252E.5**

4 As ever sailied the sea,  
5 And the master o her's the bonniest boy  
6 That ever my eyes did see.'

**252E.6**

1 She's taen her mantell her about,  
2 Her cane intill 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.'  
5 ' . . . . '

**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 sailin to the town.

**252E.10**

1 'Look out, look out, my daughter dear,  
2 Ye see not what I see;  
3 For I do see as bonny a ship  
4 As ever sailied the sea.

**252E.11**

1 'And 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 atween us twa,  
2 It'll be mair ere 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 intill 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 Beholding dale and down,  
3 But he's put his veil upon his face,  
4 That she might not him ken.  
5 ' . . . . '

**253A.1**

1 LADY MAISRY lives intill a bower,  
2 She never wore but what she would;  
3 Her gowns were o the silks sae fine,  
4 Her coats stood up wi bolts o gold.

**253A.2**

1 Mony a knight there courted her,  
2 And gentlemen o high degree,  
3 But it was Thomas o Yonderdale  
4 That gaind 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 walkèd 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.6

1 Now when Thomas heard her speak,  
2 The saut tear trinkled frae his ee;  
3 To Lady Maisry's bower he went,  
4 Says, Now I'm come to comfort thee.

## 253A.7

1 'Is this the promise ye did make  
2 Last when I was in your companie?  
3 You said before nine months were gane  
4 Your wedded wife that I should be.'

## 253A.8

1 'If Saturday be a bonny day,  
2 Then, my love, I maun sail the sea;  
3 But if I live for to return,  
4 O then, my love, I'll marry thee.'

## 253A.9

1 'I wish Saturday a stormy day,  
2 High and stormy be the sea,  
3 Ships may not sail, nor boats row,  
4 But gar true Thomas stay with me.'

## 253A.10

1 Saturday was a bonny day,  
2 Fair and leesome blew the wind;  
3 Ships did sail, and boats did row,  
4 Which had true Thomas to unco ground.

## 253A.11

1 He hadna been on unco ground  
2 A month, a month but barely three,  
3 Till he has courted anither maid,  
4 And quite forgotten Lady Maisry.

## 253A.12

1 Ae night as he lay on his bed,  
2 In a dreary dream dreamed he  
3 That Maisry stood by his bedside,  
4 Upbraiding him for 's inconstancie.

## 253A.13

1 He's call'd upon his little boy,  
2 Says, Bring me candle, that I see;  
3 And ye maun gang this night, [my] boy,  
4 Wi a letter to a gay ladie.

## 253A.14

1 'It is my duty you to serve,  
2 And bring you coal and candle-light,  
3 And I would rin your errand, master,  
4 If 'twere to Lady Maisry bright.

## 253A.15

1 'Tho my legs were sair I coudna gang,  
2 Tho the night were dark I coudna see,  
3 Tho I should creep on hands and feet,  
4 I woud gae to Lady Maisry.'

## 253A.16

1 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
2 And at my bidding for to be;  
3 For ye maun quickly my errand rin,  
4 For it is to Lady Maisry.

## 253A.17

1 'Ye'll bid her dress in the gowns o silk,  
2 Likewise in the coats o cramasie;  
3 Ye'll bid her coma alang wi you,  
4 True Thomas's wedding for to see.

## 253A.18

1 'Ye'll bid her shoe her steed before,  
2 And a' gowd graithing him behind;  
3 On ilka tip o her horse mane,  
4 Twa bonny bells to loudly ring.

## 253A.19

1 'And on the tor o her saddle  
2 A courtly bird to sweetly sing;  
3 Her bridle-reins o silver fine,  
4 And stirrups by her side to hing.'

## 253A.20

1 She dressd her in the finest silk,  
2 Her coats were o the cramasie,  
3 And she's awa to unco land,  
4 True Thomas's wedding for to see.

## 253A.21

1 At ilka tippet o her horse mane,  
2 Twa bonny bells did loudly ring,  
3 And on the tor o her saddle  
4 A courtly bird did sweetly sing.

## 253A.22

1 The bells they rang, the bird he sang,  
2 As they rode in yon pleasant plain;  
3 Then soon she met true Thomas's bride,  
4 Wi a' her maidens and young men.

## 253A.23

1 The bride she garded round about,  
2 'I wonder,' said she, 'who this may be?  
3 It surely is our Scottish queen,  
4 Come here our wedding for to see.'

## 253A.24

1 Out it speaks true Thomas's boy,  
2 'She maunna lift her head sae hie;  
3 But it's true Thomas's first love,  
4 Come here your wedding for to see.'

## 253A.25

1 Then out bespake true Thomas's bride,  
2 I wye the tear did blind her ee;  
3 If this be Thomas's first true-love,  
4 I'm sair afraid he'll neer hae me.

## 253A.26

1 Then in it came her Lady Maisry,  
2 And aye as she trips in the fleer,  
3 'What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
4 'This day, ye know, ye call'd me here.'

## 253A.27

1 'Come hither by me, ye lily flower,  
2 Come hither and set ye down by me,  
3 For ye're the ane I've call'd upon,  
4 And ye my wedded wife maun be.'

## 253A.28

1 Then in it came true Thomas's bride,  
2 And aye as she tripp'd on the stane,  
3 'What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
4 'This day, ye know, ye call'd my hame.'

## 253A.29

1 'Ye hae come on hired horseback,  
2 But ye'se gae hame in coach sae free;  
3 For here's the flower into my bower  
4 I mean my wedded wife shall be.'

## 253A.30

1 'O ye will break your lands, Thomas,  
2 And part them in divisions three;  
3 Gie twa o them to your ae brother,  
4 And cause your brother marry me.'

## 253A.31

1 'I winna break my lands,' he said,  
2 'For ony woman that I see;  
3 My brother's a knight o wealth and might,  
4 He'll wed nane but he will for me.'

## 254A.1

1 SWEET WILLIAM's gone over seas,  
2 Some unco lair to learn,  
3 And our gude Bailie's ae dochter  
4 Is awa to learn the same.

## 254A.2

1 in one broad buke they learned baith,  
2 In one broad bed they lay;  
3 But when her father came to know  
4 He gart her come away.

## 254A.3

1 'It's you must marry that Southland lord,  
2 His lady for to be;  
3 It's ye maun marry that Southland lord,  
4 Or nocht ye'll get frae me.'

## 254A.4

1 'I must marry that Southland lord,  
2 Father, an it be your will;  
3 But I rather it were my burial-day,  
4 My grave for to fill.'

## 254A.5

1 She walked up, she walked down,  
2 Had none to make her moan,  
3 Nothing but the pretty bird,  
4 Sat on the causey-stone.

## 254A.6

1 'If thou could speak, wee bird,' she says,  
2 'As weell as thou can flee,  
3 I would write a long letter  
4 To Will ayont the sea.'

## 254A.7

1 'What thou wants wi Will,' it says,  
2 'Thou'll seal it with thy ring,  
3 Tak a thread o silk and anither o twine,  
4 About my neck will hing.'

## 254A.8

1 What she wanted wi Willie  
2 She sealed it wi a ring,  
3 Took a thread of silk, another o twine,  
4 About its neck did hing.

## 254A.9

1 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
2 This bird flew owre the sea,  
3 Until it entered the same room  
4 Wherein was Sweet Willie.

## 254A.10

1 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
2 Poor bird, it was mistaen!  
3 It let the letter fa on Baldie's breist,  
4 Instead of Sweet William.

## 254A.11

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 Your love shall married be.'

## 254A.12

1 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
2 'The brown and a' that's speedie,  
3 And I'll awa to Old England,  
4 To bring home my ladie.'

## 254A.13

1 Awa he gaed, awa he rade,  
2 Awa wi mickle speed;  
3 He lichtit at every twa miles' end,  
4 Lichtit and changed his steed.

## 254A.14

1 When she entered the church-style,  
2 The tear was in her ee;  
3 But when she entered the church-door  
4 A blythe sicht did she see.

## 254A.15

1 'O hold your hand, you minister,  
2 Hold it a little wee,  
3 Till I speak wi the bonnie bride,  
4 For she's friend to me.

## 254A.16

1 'Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,  
2 Stand off a little wee;  
3 Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,  
4 For the bride shall join wi me.'

## 254A.17

1 Up and spak the bride's father,  
2 And an angry man was he;  
3 'If I had pistol, powther and lead,  
4 And all at my command,  
5 I would shoot thee stiff and dead  
6 In the place where thou dost stand.'

## 254A.18

1 Up and spoke then Sweet William,  
2 And a blithe blink from his ee;  
3 'If ye neer be shot till I shoot you,  
4 Ye'se neer be shot for me.

## 254A.19

1 'Come out, come out, my foremost man,  
2 And lift my lady on;  
3 Commend me all to my good-mother,  
4 At night when ye gang home.'

## 254B.1

1 LORD WILLIAM has but ae dear son,  
2 In this world had nae mair;  
3 Lord Lundie had but ae daughter,  
4 And he will hae nane but her.

## 254B.2

1 They dressed up in maids' array,  
2 And passd for sisters fair;  
3 With ae consent gaed over the sea,  
4 For to seek after lear.

## 254B.3

1 They baith did eat at ae braid board,  
2 In ae bed baith did lye;  
3 When Lord Lundie got word o that,  
4 He's taen her soon away.

## 254B.4

1 When Lord Lundie got word of that,  
2 An angry man was he;  
3 He wrote his daughter on great haste  
4 To return right speedilie.

## 254B.5

1 When she looked the letter upon,  
2 A light laugh then gae she;  
3 But ere she read it till an end  
4 The tear blinded her ee.

## 254B.6

1 'Bad news, bad news, my love Willie,  
2 Bad news is come to me;  
3 My father's written a braid letter,  
4 Bids me gae speedilie.

**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 courtesouslie;  
3 Says, I'll forgie 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 nane but he?'

**254B.11**

1 'I will marry yon young prince,  
2 Father, if it be your will;  
3 But i woud rather I were dead and gane,  
4 My grave I woud win till.'

**254B.12**

1 When she was in her saddle set,  
2 She skyred like the fire,  
3 To go her bridegroom for to meet,  
4 For whom she'd nae desire.

**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 They gae a sundry knell.

**254B.14**

1 And when she came to Mary's kirk  
2 She skyred like the fire;  
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 then saw she.

**254B.16**

1 There she saw Lord William's son,  
2 And mony a man him wi,  
3 Wi targes 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 welcomd  
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 askd of me.'

**254B.22**

1 'But since it's sae that she will gang,  
2 And proved sae fause 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 gaes 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 after lear;  
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 ly:  
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 Set trysts, set trysts wi me.'

**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 lday 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 welcomd  
4 Before ye came to me.'

**254C.11**

1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
2 And tears did blind her ee;  
3 But she looked oer her right shoulder,  
4 And a blythe sight saw she,  
5 For in there came him Lord William,  
6 And his valiant company.

**254C.12**

1 And in ther came him Lord William,  
2 His armour shining clear,  
3 And in it came him Lord William,  
4 And many glittering spear.

**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 gangs 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.'

**255A.1**

1 'TWAS 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?'

**255A.2**

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.3**

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 O dear, but he tarries long!'

**255A.4**

1 'Your love was not riding, nor yet was he  
running,  
2 But fast was he walking alone;  
3 He says that he will be here this night to thee,  
4 And forbids you to think long.'

**255A.5**

1 Then Willie he has gane to his love's door,  
2 And gently tird the pin:  
3 'O sleep ye, wake ye, my bonny Meggie,  
4 Ye'll rise, lat your true love in.'

**255A.6**

1 The lassie being swack ran to the door fu snack,  
2 And gently she lifted the pin,  
3 Then into her arms sae large and sae lang  
4 She embraced her bonny love in.

**255A.7**

1 'O will ye gang to the cards or the dice,  
2 Or to a table o wine?  
3 Or will ye gang to a well-made bed,  
4 Well coverd wi blankets fine?'

**255A.8**

1 'O I winna gang to the cards nor the dice,  
2 Nor yet to a table o wine;  
3 But I'll rather gang to a well-made bed,  
4 Well coverd wi blankets fine.'

**255A.9**

1 'My braw little cock, sits on the house tap,  
2 Ye'll craw not till it be day,  
3 And your kame shall be o the gude red gowd,  
4 And your wings o the siller grey.'

**255A.10**

1 The cock being fause untrue he was,  
2 And he crew an hour ower seen;  
3 They thought it was the gude day-light,  
4 But it was but the light o the meen.

**255A.11**

1 'Ohon, alas!' says bonny Meggie then,  
2 'This night we hae sleepd ower lang!'  
3 'O what is the matter?' then Willie replied,  
4 'The faster then I must gang.'

**255A.12**

1 Then Sweet Willie raise, and put on his claise,  
2 And drew till him stockings and sheen,  
3 And took by his side his berry-brown sword,  
4 And ower yon lang hill he's gane.

**255A.13**

1 As he gaed ower yon high, high hill,  
2 And down yon dowie den,  
3 Great and grievous was the ghost he saw,  
4 Would fear ten thousand men.

**255A.14**

1 As he gaed in by Mary kirk,  
2 And in by Mary stile,  
3 Wan and weary was the ghost  
4 Upon sweet Willie did smile.

**255A.15**

1 'Aft hae ye travell'd this road, Willie,  
2 Aft hae ye travell'd in sin;  
3 Ye neer said sae muckle for your saul  
4 As My Maker bring me hame!'

**255A.16**

1 'Aft hae ye travell'd this road, Willie,  
2 Your bonny love to see;  
3 But ye'll never travel this road again  
4 Till ye leave a token wi me.'

## 255A.17

1 Then she has taen him Sweet Willie,  
2 Riven him frae gair to gair,  
3 And on ilka 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.

## 255A.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 Lincolnshire,  
2 I wat she's neither black nor broun,  
3 But her hair is like the thread o gowd,  
4 Aye an it waur weel kaimèd 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 me the bridegroom to be.'

## 256A.4

1 'For me to be the bride mysel,  
2 An you the bonnie bridegroom to be——  
3 Cheer up you heart, Sweet Willie,' she said,  
4 'For that's the day you'll never see.'

## 256A.5

1 'Gin you waur on your saddle set,  
2 An gaily ridin on the way,  
3 You'll hae nae mair mind o Alison  
4 Than she waur dead an laid in clay.'

## 256A.6

1 When he was on his saiddle set,  
2 An slowly ridin on the way,  
3 He had mair mind o Alison  
4 Than he had o the licht o day.

## 256A.7

1 He saw a hart draw near a hare,  
2 An aye that hare drew near a toun,  
3 An that same hart did get a hare,  
4 But the gentle knight got neer a toun.

## 256A.8

1 He leant him owre his saiddle-bow,  
2 An his heart did brak in pieces three;  
3 Wi sighen said him Sweet Willie,  
4 'The pains o luve hae taen hald o me.'

## 256A.9

1 . . . .  
2 . . . .  
3 There cam a white horse an a letter,  
4 That stopped the weddin speidilie.

## 256A.10

1 She leant her back on her bed-side,  
2 An her heart did brak in pieces three;  
3 She was buried an bemoaned,  
4 But the birds waur Willie's companie.

## 257A.1

1 THERE is a stane in yon water,  
2 It's lang or it grow green;  
3 It's a maid that maks her ain fortune,  
4 It'll never end its leen.

## 257A.2

1 Burd Bell was na full fyfteen  
2 Till to service she did gae;  
3 Burd Bell was na full sixteen  
4 Till big wi bairn was scho.  
5 . . . .

## 257A.3

1 'Burd Bell she is a gude woman,  
2 She bides at hame wi me;  
3 She never seeks to gang to church,  
4 But bides at hame wi me.'

## 257A.4

1 It fell ance upon a day  
2 She fell in travail-pain;  
3 He is gane to the stair-head  
4 Some ladies to call in.

## 257A.5

1 'O gin ye hae 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 hae 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.  
5 . . . .

## 257A.8

1 Earl 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 sall I do her wi?'  
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 pressd 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 It's then I'll bring ye hame.'

## 257A.12

1 Earl Patrick's bigget to her a bour,  
2 And strawn it round wi sand;  
3 He coverd it wi silver on the outside,  
4 Wi the 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 biggert to you a bonnie bour,  
2 I've strawn it round wi sand;  
3 I've coverd it wi silver on the outside,  
4 Wi gude red gowd within.

## 257A.16

1 'If eer I marry anither woman,  
2 Or bring anither 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 bonnie young son;  
4 His bride fain 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 bowd my knee.'  
5 . . . .

## 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 Behauding 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 . . . .  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

## 257A.24

1 'I said nathing 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 bowd 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 provd fause to me?'

## 257A.26

1 He's turnd him richt and round about,  
2 His horse head to the wind,  
3 The hundred evils enterd 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 man  
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 love 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 fifeteen  
4 Whan 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 calld in,  
4 Wi ae shake o his hand.

## 257B.9

1 'Be favourable to Burd Isbel,  
2 Deal favourable if ye may;  
3 Her kirking 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.

**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 free;  
3 But ere you'd marry 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  
4 As ony 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 woud ye marry Burd Isbel,  
6 Make her wi me alike?

**257B.17**

1 'You want not lands nor rents, Patrick,  
2 You know your fortune's free;  
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  
4 An ony 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.

**257B.29**

1 Some time he spent in fair England,  
2 And when returnd again  
3 He laid his love on a duke's daughter,  
4 And he has brought her hame.

**257B.30**

1 Now he's forgot his first true love  
2 He ance lovd ower them a';  
3 But now the devil did begin  
4 To work between them twa.

**257B.31**

1 When Sir Patrick he was wed,  
2 And all set down to dine,  
3 Upon his first love, Burd Isbel,  
4 A thought ran in his mind.

**257B.32**

1 He calld upon his gude grand-aunt  
2 To come right speedilie;  
3 Says, Ye'll gae on to Burd Isbel,  
4 Bring my young son to me.

**257B.33**

1 She's taen her mantle her about,  
2 Wi gowd gloves on her hand,  
3 And she is on to Burd Isbel,  
4 As fast as she coud gang.

**257B.34**

1 She haild her high, she haild her low,  
2 With stile in great degree:  
3 'O busk, O busk your little young son,  
4 For he maun gang wi me.'

**257B.35**

1 'I woud fain see the one,' she said,  
2 'O low station or hie,  
3 Woud take the bairn frae my foot,  
4 For him I bowed my knee.

**257B.36**

1 'I woud fain see the one,' she said,  
2 'O low station or mean,  
3 Woud take the bairn frae my foot  
4 Whom I own to be mine.'

**257B.37**

1 Then she has done her hame again,  
2 As fast as gang coud she;  
3 'Present,' said he, 'My little young son,  
4 For him I wish to see.'

**257B.38**

1 'Burd Isbel's a bauld woman,' she said,  
2 'As eer I yet spake wi';  
3 But sighing said him Sir Patrick,  
4 She ne'er was bauld to me.

**257B.39**

1 But he's dressd in his best array,  
2 His gowd rod in his hand,  
3 And he is to Burd Isbel's bower,  
4 As fast as he coud gang.

**257B.40**

1 'O how is this, Burd Isbel,' he said,  
2 'So ill ye've used me?'  
3 What gart you anger my gude grand-aunt,  
4 That I did send to thee?'

**257B.41**

1 'If I hae angerd your gude grand-aunt,  
2 O then sae lat it be;  
3 I said naething to your gude grand-aunt  
4 But what I'll say to thee.

**257B.42**

1 'I woud fain see the one, I said,  
2 O low station or hie,  
3 Wha woud take this bairn frae my foot,  
4 For him I bowed the knee.

**257B.43**

1 'I woud fain see the one, I said,  
2 O low station or mean,  
3 Woud take this bairn frae my foot  
4 Whom I own to be mine.'

**257B.44**

1 'O if I had some counsellors here,  
2 And clerks to seal the band,  
3 I woud infest your son this day  
4 In third part o my land.'

**257B.45**

1 'I hae two couzins, Scottish clerks,  
2 Wi bills into their hand,  
3 An ye'll infest my son this day  
4 In third part o your land.'

**257B.46**

1 Then he calld in her Scottish clerks,  
2 Wi bills into their hand,  
3 And he's infest his son that day  
4 The third part o his land.

**257B.47**

1 To ane o these young clerks she spoke,  
2 Clerk John it was his name;  
3 Says, Of my son I gie you charge  
4 Till I return again.

**257B.48**

1 'Ye'll take here my son, clerk John,  
2 Learn him to dance and sing,  
3 And I will to some unco land,  
4 Drive love out of my mind.

**257B.49**

1 'And ye'll take here my son, clerk John,  
2 Learn him to hunt the roe,  
3 And I will to some unco land;  
4 Now lat Sir Patrick go.

**257B.50**

1 'But I'll cause this knight at church-door stand,  
2 For a' his noble train;  
3 For selling o his precious soul  
4 Dare never come farther ben.'

**257C.1**

1 ALL young maidens fair and gay,  
2 Whatever your station be,  
3 Never lay your love upon a man  
4 Above your own degree.

**257C.2**

1 I speak it all by Bird Isbel;  
2 She was her father's dear,  
3 She laid her love on Earl Patrick,  
4 Which she rues ever mair.

**257C.3**

1 'Oh, we began a wark, Patrick,  
2 That we two cannot end;  
3 Go you unto the outer stair  
4 And call some women in.'

**257C.4**

1 He's gone unto the outer stair,  
2 And up in it did stand,  
3 And did bring in eleven ladies,  
4 With one sign of his hand.

**257C.5**

1 He did him to the doctor's shop,  
2 As fast as he coud gang,  
3 But ere the doctor could get there  
4 Bird Isbel bore a son.

**257C.6**

1 But he has courted a duke's daughter,  
2 Lived far beyond the sea;  
3 Burd Isbel's parents were but mean,  
4 That had not gear to gie.

**257C.7**

1 He has courted a duke's daughter,  
2 Lived far beyond the foam;  
3 Burd Isbel was a mean woman,  
4 And tocher she had none.

**257C.8**

1 Now it fell once upon a day  
2 His wedding day was come;  
3 He's hied him to his great-grand-aunt,  
4 As fast as he coud gang.

**257C.9**

1 Says, Will you go this errand, aunt?  
2 Go you this errand for me,  
3 And if I live and bruck my life  
4 I will go as far for thee.

**257C.10**

1 'Go and bring me Bird Isbel's son,  
2 Dressed in silks so fine,  
3 And if he live to be a man  
4 He shall heir all my land.'

**257C.11**

1 Now she went hailing to the door,  
2 And hailing ben the floor,  
3 And Isbel styled her madame,  
4 And she, her Isbel dear.

**257C.12**

1 'I came to take Earl Patrick's son,  
2 To dress in silks so fine;  
3 For if he live to be a man  
4 He is to heir his land.'

**257C.13**

1 'Oh is there ever a woman,' she said,  
2 'Of high station or mean,  
3 Daur take this bairn from my knee?  
4 For he is called mine.

**257C.14**

1 'Oh is there ever a woman,' she said,  
2 'Of mean station or hie,  
3 Daur 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.'

**257C.18**

1 Now he went hailing to her door,  
2 And hailing ben the floor,  
3 And she has styled him, Patrick,  
4 And he her, Isabel dear.

**257C.19**

1 'O ye have angered my great-grand-aunt;  
2 You know she's a lady free;  
3 'I said naught to your great-grand-aunt  
4 But what I'll say to thee.

**257C.20**

1 'Oh is there ever a woman, I said,  
2 Of high station or mean,  
3 Daur tak this bairn from my knee?  
4 For he is called mine.

**257C.21**

1 'Oh is there ever a woman, I said,  
2 Of mean station or hie,  
3 Daur tak this bairn from my foot?  
4 For him I bowed my knee.

**257C.22**

1 'But I'll cause you stand at good church-door,  
2 For all your noble train;  
3 For selling of your precious soul,  
4 You shall not get further ben.'

**258A.1**

1 BURD HELEN was her mother's dear,  
2 Her father's heir to be;  
3 He was the laird of Broughty walls,  
4 And the provost o Dundee.

**258A.2**

1 Burd Helen she was much admired  
2 By all that were round about;  
3 Unto Hazelan she was betrothed,  
4 Her virgin days were out.

**258A.3**

1 Glenhazlen was a comely youth,  
2 And virtuous were his friends;  
3 He left the schools o bonny Dundee  
4 And on to Aberdeen.

**258A.4**

1 It fell upon a Christmas Day  
2 Burd Helen was left alone  
3 For to keep her father's towers;  
4 They stand two miles from town.

**258A.5**

1 Glenhazlen's on to Broughty Walls,  
2 Was thinking to win in;  
3 But the wind it blew, and the rain dang on  
4 And wat him to the skin.

**258A.6**

1 He was very well entertain'd,  
2 Baith for his bed and board,  
3 Till a band o men surrounded them,  
4 Well armd wi spear and sword.

**258A.7**

1 They hurried her along wi them,  
2 Lockd up her maids behind;  
3 They threw the keys out-ower the walls,  
4 That none the plot might find.

**258A.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.

**258A.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.'

**258A.10**

1 It fell out ance upon a day  
2 They went to take the air;  
3 She threw hersell 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 himsell,  
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 reachd again Dundee.

**258A.13**

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.'

**259A.1**

1 THOMAS STUART was a lord,  
2 A lord of mickle land;  
3 He used to wear a coat of gold,  
4 But now his grave is green.

**259A.2**

1 Now he has wooed the young countess,  
2 The Countess of Balquhin,  
3 An given her for a morning-gift  
4 Strathboggie and Aboyne.

**259A.3**

1 But women's wit is aye willful,  
2 Alas that ever it was ae!  
3 She longed to see the morning-gift  
4 That her gude lord to her gae.

**259A.4**

1 When steeds were saddled an weel bridled,  
2 An ready for to ride,  
3 There came a pain on that gude lord,  
4 His back, likewise his side.

**259A.5**

1 He said, Ride on, my lady fair,  
2 May goodness be your guide!  
3 For I'm sae sick and weary that  
4 No farther can I ride.

**259A.6**

1 Now ben did come his father dear,  
2 Wearing a golden band;  
3 Says, Is there nae leech in Edinburgh  
4 Can cure my son from wrang?

**259A.7**

1 'O leech is come, an leech is gane,  
2 Yet, father, I'm aye waur;  
3 There's not a leech in Edinbro  
4 Can death from me debar.

**259A.8**

1 'But be a friend to my wife, father,  
2 Restore to her her own;  
3 Restore to her my morning-gift,  
4 Strathboggie and Aboyne.

**259A.9**

1 'It had been gude for my wife, father,  
2 To me she'd born a son;  
3 He would have got my land an rents,  
4 Where they lie out an in.

**259A.10**

1 'It had been gude for my wife, father,  
2 To me she'd born an heir;  
3 He would have got my lands an rents,  
4 Where they lie fine and fair.'

**259A.11**

1 The steeds they strave into their stables,  
2 The boys could'nt get them bound;  
3 The hounds lay howling on the leech,  
4 Cause their master was behind.

**259A.12**

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.'

**259A.13**

1 I saw a woman come from the West,  
2 Full sore wringing her hands,  
3 And aye she cried, Ohon, alas!  
4 A my good lord's broken bands.

**259A.14**

1 As she came by my good lord's bower,  
2 Saw mony black steeds an brown:  
3 'I'm feared it be mony unco lords  
4 Havin my love from town!'

**259A.15**

1 As she came by my gude lord's bower,  
2 Saw mony black steeds an grey:  
3 'I'm feared it's mony unco lords  
4 Havin my love to the clay!'

**260A.1**

1 LORD THOMAS is to the hunting gone,  
2 To hunt the fallow deer;  
3 Lady Margaret's to the greenwood shaw,  
4 To see her lover hunt there.

**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 she was riding her lane.

**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 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,  
2 They hunted her over the plain,  
3 And the red scarlet robes Lady Margaret had on  
4 Would never be mended again.

**260A.5**

1 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,  
2 They hunted her over the plain,  
3 Till at last she spy'd a tall young man,  
4 As he was riding alane.

**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  
4 world  
4 My wedded wife for to be.'

**260A.8**

1 Then he set her on a milk-white steed,  
2 Himself upon a gray,  
3 And he has drawn his hat over his face,  
4 And cheerfully they rode away.

**260A.9**

1 Lady Margaret was at her bower-window,  
2 Sewing her silken seam,  
3 And there she spy'd, like a wandering bodie,  
4 Lord Thomas begging alane.

**260A.10**

1 'Dome relief, some relief, thou lady fair!  
2 Some relief, I pray thee grant me!  
3 For I am a puir auld doited carle,  
4 And banishd from my ain countrie.'

**260A.11**

1 'No relief, no relief, thou perjured man,  
2 No relief will I grant unto thee;  
3 For oh, if I had thee within my bower,  
4 There hanged dead thou would be.'

**260A.12**

1 'No such thing, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
2 'Such a thing would never be;  
3 For with my broadsword I would kill thy  
4 wedded lord,  
4 And carry thee far off with me.'

**260A.13**

1 'Oh no, no! Lord Thomas,' she said,  
2 'Oh, no such things must be;  
3 For I have wine in my cellars,  
4 And you must drink with me.'

**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 poisond 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,  
Margaret!  
2 I am wearied drinking with thee!  
3 'And so was I,' Lady Margaret said,  
4 'When thou hunted thy hounds after me.'

**260A.19**

1 'But I will bury thee, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
2 'Just 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 lovd her fair Annie  
2 As well as Mary lovd her son;  
3 But now he hates her fair Annie,  
4 And hates the lands that she lives in.

**260B.2**

1 'Ohon, 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 ower his shott-window,  
2 Just as the sun was gaen 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 wat, 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 nane o them they woud her bite,  
3 Save ane that is ca'd Gaudywhere,  
4 I wat he did the lady smite.

**260B.6**

1 'O wae mat worth ye, Gaudywhere!  
2 An ill reward this is to me;  
3 For ae bit that I gae the lave,  
4 I'm very sure I've gien you three.

**260B.7**

1 'For me, alas! there's nae remeid,  
2 Here comes the day that I maun die;  
3 I ken ye lovd your master well,  
4 And sae, alas for me! did I.'

**260B.8**

1 A captain lay ower his ship-window,  
2 Just as the sun was gaen down;  
3 There he beheld her fair Annie,  
4 As she was hunted frae the town.

**260B.9**

1 'Gin ye'll forsake father and mither,  
2 And sae will ye your friends and kin,  
3 Gin ye'll forsake your lands sae broad,  
4 Then come and I will take you in.'

**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 fause Tamas,  
2 And there was naething byde him wi;  
3 Then he thought lang for Arrandella,  
4 It was fair Annie for to see.

**260B.12**

1 'How do ye now, ye sweet Tamas?  
2 And how gaes a' in your countrie?'  
3 'I'll do better to you than ever I've done,  
4 Fair Annie, gin ye'll come an see.'

**260B.13**

1 'O Guid Forbid,' said fair Annie,  
2 'That e'er the like fa in my hand!  
3 Woud I forsake my ain gude lord  
4 And follow you, a gae-through-land?'

**260B.14**

1 'Yet nevertheless now, sweet Tamas,  
2 Ye'll drink a cup o wine wi me,  
3 And nine times in the live lang day  
4 Your fair claithing shall changed be.'

**260B.15**

1 Fair Annie pat it till her cheek,  
2 Sae did she till her milk-white chin,  
3 Sae did she till her flattering lips,  
4 But never a drap o wine gaed in.

**260B.16**

1 Tamas put it till his cheek,  
2 Sae did he till he dimpled chin;  
3 He pat it till his rosy lips,  
4 And then the well o wine gaed in.

**260B.17**

1 'These pains,' said he, ære ill to bide;  
2 Here is the day that I maun die;  
3 O take this cup frae me, Annie,  
4 For o the same I am weary.'

**260B.18**

1 'And sae was I o you, Tamas,  
2 When I was hunted to the sea;  
3 But I'se gar bury you in state,  
4 Which is mair than ye'd done to me.'

**261A.1**

1 'Twas early on a May morning  
2 Lady Isabel combd her hair;  
3 But little kent she, or the morn  
4 She woud never comb it mair.

**261A.2**

1 'Twas early on a May morning  
2 Lady Isabel rang the keys;  
3 But little kint she, or the morn  
4 A fey woman she was.

**261A.3**

1 Ben it came her step-mother,  
2 As white 's the lily flower:  
3 'It's tauld me this day, Isabel,  
4 You are your father's whore.'

**261A.4**

1 'O them that tauld you that, mother,  
2 I wish they neer drink wine;  
3 For if I be the same woman  
4 My ain sell drees the pine.

**261A.5**

1 'And them that's tauld you that, mother,  
2 I wish they neer drink ale;  
3 For if I be the same woman  
4 My ain sell drees the dail.'

**261A.6**

1 'It may be very well seen, Isabel,  
2 It may be very well seen;  
3 He buys to you the damask gowns,  
4 To me the dowie green.'

**261A.7**

1 'Ye are of age and I am young,  
2 And young amo my flowers;  
3 The fairer that my claithing be,  
4 The mair honour is yours.

**261A.8**

1 'I hae a love beyond the sea,  
2 And far ayont the faem;  
3 For ilka gown my father buys me,  
4 My ain luv sends me ten.'

**261A.9**

1 'Come ben, come ben now, Lady Isabel,  
2 And drink the wine wi me;  
3 I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
4 And nae o them I'll gie [ye].'

**261A.10**

1 'Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
2 Stay still a little while,  
3 Till I gang into Marykirk;  
4 It's but a little mile.'

**261A.11**

1 When she gaed on to Marykirk,  
2 And into Mary's quire,  
3 There she saw her ain mother  
4 Sit in a gowden chair.

**261A.12**

1 'O will I leave the lands, mother?  
2 Or shall I sail the sea?  
3 Or shall I drink this dowie drink  
4 That is prepar'd for me?'

**261A.13**

1 'Ye winna leave the lands, daughter,  
2 Nor will ye sail the sea,  
3 But ye will drink this dowie drink  
4 This woman's prepar'd for thee.

**261A.14**

1 'Your bed is made in a better place  
2 Than ever hers will be,  
3 And ere ye're cauld into the room  
4 Ye will be there wi me.'

**261A.15**

1 'Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
2 And drink the wine wi me;  
3 I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
4 And ane o them I'll gie [ye].'

**261A.16**

1 'Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
2 Stay still a little wee,  
3 Till I gang to yon garden green,  
4 My Maries a' to see.'

**261A.17**

1 To some she gae the broach, the broach,  
2 To some she gae a ring;  
3 But wae befa her step-mother!  
4 To her she gae nae thing.

**261A.18**

1 'Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
2 And drink the wine wi me;  
3 I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
4 And ane o them I'll gie [ye].'

**261A.19**

1 Slowly to the bower she came,  
2 And slowly enterd in,  
3 And being full o courtesie,  
4 Says, Begin, mother, begin.

**261A.20**

1 She put it till her cheek, her cheek,  
2 Sae did she till her chin,  
3 Sae did she till her fu fause lips,  
4 But never a drap gaed in.

**261A.21**

1 Lady Isabel put it till her cheek,  
2 Sae did she till her chin,  
3 Sae did she till her rosy lips,  
4 And the rank poison gaed in.

**261A.22**

1 'O take this cup frae me, mother,  
2 O take this cup frae me;  
3 My bed is made in a better place  
4 Than ever yours will be.

**261A.23**

1 'My bed is in the heavens high,  
2 Among the angels fine;  
3 But yours is in the lowest hell,  
4 To drie torment and pine.'

**261A.24**

1 Nae moan was made for Lady Isabel  
2 In bower where she lay dead,  
3 But a' was for that ill woman,  
4 In the fields mad she gaed.

**262A.1**

1 IT fell about the Lammas time,  
2 When wightsmen won their hay,  
3 A' the squires in merry Linkum  
4 Went a' forth till a play.

**262A.2**

1 They playd until the evening tide,  
2 The sun was gaeing down;  
3 A lady thro plain fields was bound,  
4 A lily leesome thing.

**262A.3**

1 Two squires that for this lady pledged,  
2 In hopes for a renown,  
3 The one was calld the proud Seaton,  
4 The other Livingston.

**262A.4**

1 'When will ye, Michael o Livingston,  
2 Wad for this lady gay?'  
3 'To-morrow, to-morrow,' said Livingston,  
4 'To-morrow, if you may.'

**262A.5**

1 Then they hae wadded their wagers,  
2 And laid their pledges down;  
3 To the high castle o Edinbro  
4 They made them ready boun.

**262A.6**

1 The chamber that they did gang in,  
2 There it was daily dight;  
3 The kipples were like the gude red gowd,  
4 As they stood up in hight,  
5 And the roof-tree like the siller white,  
6 And shin'd like candles bright.

**262A.7**

1 The lady fair into that ha  
2 Was comly to be seen;  
3 Her kirtle was made o the pa,  
4 Her gowns seemd o the green.

**262A.8**

1 Her gowns seemd like green, like green,  
2 Her kirtle o the pa;  
3 A siller wand intill her hand,  
4 She marshald ower them a'.

**262A.9**

1 She gae every knight a lady bright,  
2 And every squire a may;  
3 Her own sell chose him Livingston,  
4 They were a comely tway.

**262A.10**

1 Then Seaton started till his foot,  
2 The fierce flame in his ee:  
3 'On the next day, wi sword in hand,  
4 On plain fields meet ye me.'

**262A.11**

1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' man bound for bed,  
3 Lord Livingston and his fair dame  
4 In bed were sweetly laid.

**262A.12**

1 The bed, the bed where they lay in  
2 Was coverd wi the pa;  
3 A covering o the gude red gowd  
4 Lay nightly ower the twa.

**262A.13**

1 So they lay there, till on the morn  
2 The sun shone on their feet;  
3 Then up it raise him Livingston  
4 To draw to him a weed.

**262A.14**

1 The first an weed that he drew on  
2 Was o the linen clear;  
3 The next an weed that he drew on,  
4 It was a weed o weir.

**262A.15**

1 The niest an weed that he drew on  
2 Was gude iron and steel;  
3 Twa gloves o plate, a gowden helmet,  
4 Became that hind chiel weel.

**262A.16**

1 Then out it speaks that lady gay——  
2 A little forbye stood she——  
3 'I'll dress mysell in men's array,  
4 Gae to the fields for thee.'

**262A.17**

1 'O God forbid,' said Livingston,  
2 'That eer I dree the shame;  
3 My lady slain in plain fields,  
4 And I coward knight at hame!'

**262A.18**

1 He scarcely travelled frae the town  
2 A mile but barely twa  
3 Till he met wi a witch-woman,  
4 I pray to send her wae!

**262A.19**

1 'This is too gude a day, my lord,  
2 To gang sae far frae town;  
3 This is too gude a day, my lord,  
4 On field to make you boun.

**262A.20**

1 'I dreamd a dream concerning thee,  
2 O read ill dreams to guid!  
3 Your bower was full o milk-white swans,  
4 Your bride's bed full o bluid.'

**262A.21**

1 'O bluid is gude,' said Livingston,  
2 'To bide it whoso may;  
3 If I be frae yon plain fields,  
4 Nane knew the plight I lay.'

**262A.22**

1 Then he rade on to plain fields  
2 As swift's his horse coud 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 victorie.'

**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 'O dinna ye see your ain gude lord  
4 Stand bleeding by your knee?'

**262A.27**

1 'O live, O live, Lord Livingston,  
2 The space o ae half hour,  
3 There's nae a leech in Edinbro town  
4 But I'll bring to your door.'

**262A.28**

1 'Awa wi your leeches, 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 And blind that does na see,  
5 And help young maidens' marriages,  
6 That has nae gear to gie.'

**262A.30**

1 'My mother got it in a book,  
2 The first night I was born,  
3 I woud 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 gang on my sole.'

**262A.32**

1 'There's never lint gang on my head,  
2 Nor kame gang in my hair,  
3 Nor ever coal nor candle-light  
4 Shine in my bower mair.'

**262A.33**

1 When seven years were near an end,  
2 The lady she 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-fair 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 'Win up, win up, ye well-fair maid,  
4 This day ye sleep oer lang.'

**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.'

**263A.5**

1 'O what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
2 Or what like was his hound?  
3 And what like was the trusty brand  
4 This new-slain knight had on?'

**263A.6**

1 'His hawk and hound were from him gone,  
2 His steed tied to a tree;  
3 A bloody brand beneath his head,  
4 And on the ground lies he.'

**263A.7**

1 'O what like was his hose, his hose?  
2 And what like was his shoon?  
3 And what like was the gay clothing  
4 This new-slain knight had on?'

**263A.8**

1 'His coat was of the red scarlet,  
2 His waistcoat of the same;  
3 His hose were of the bonny black,  
4 And shoon laced with cordin.'

**263A.9**

1 'Bonny was his yellow hair,  
2 For it was new combd down;  
3 Then, sighing sair, said the lady fair,  
4 'I combd it late yestreen.'

**263A.10**

1 'O wha will shoe my fu fair foot?  
2 Or wha will glove my hand?  
3 Or wha will father my dear bairn,  
4 Since my love's dead and gane?'

**263A.11**

1 'O I will shoe your fu fair foot,  
2 And I will glove your hand;  
3 And I'll be father to your bairn,  
4 Since your love's dead and gane.'

**263A.12**

1 'I winna father my bairn,' she said,  
2 'Upon an unkent man;  
3 I'll father it on the King of Heaven,  
4 Since my love's dead and gane.'

**263A.13**

1 The knight he knockd his white fingers,  
2 The lady tore her hair;  
3 He's drawn the mask from off his face,  
4 Says, Lady, mourn nae mair.

**263A.14**

1 'For ye are mine, and I am thine,  
2 I see your love is true;  
3 And if I live and brook my life  
4 Ye'se never hae cause to rue.'

**264A.1**

1 'IT is a month, and isna mair,  
2 Love, sin I was at thee,  
3 But find a stirring in your side;  
4 Who may the father be?'

**264A.2**

1 'Is it to a lord of might,  
2 Or baron of high degree?  
3 Or is it to the little wee page  
4 That rode along wi me?'

**264A.3**

1 'It is not to a man of might,  
2 Nor baron of high degree,  
3 But it is to a popish priest;  
4 My lord, I winna lie.'

**264A.4**

1 'He got me in my bower alone,  
2 As I sat pensively;  
3 He vowed he woud forgive my sins,  
4 If I woud him obey.'

**264A.5**

1 Now it fell ance upon a day  
2 This young lord went from home,  
3 And great and heavy were the pains  
4 That came this lady on.

**264A.6**

1 Then word has gane to her gude lord,  
2 As he sat at the wine,  
3 And when the tidings he did hear  
4 Then he came singing hame.

**264A.7**

1 When he came to his own bower-door,  
2 He tirlt at the pin:  
3 'Sleep ye, wake ye, my gay lady,  
4 Ye'll let your gude lord in.'

**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 tauld 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's 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 Nae waur to your son will be done  
4 Than what was done to thee.'

**264A.17**

1 He's gane hame to his lady,  
2 And sair mourning was she:  
3 'What ails you now, my lady gay,  
4 Ye weep sa bitterlie?'

**264A.18**

1 'O bonny was the white fisher  
2 That I sent to the sea;  
3 But lang, lang will I look for fish  
4 Ere white fish he bring me!

**264A.19**

1 'O bonny was the white fisher  
2 That ye kiest in the faem;  
3 But lang, lang will I look for fish  
4 Ere white fish he fetch hame!

**264A.20**

1 'I fell a slumbering on my bed  
2 That time ye went frae me,  
3 And dreamd my young son filld my arms,  
4 But when waked, he's in the sea.'

**264A.21**

1 'O hold your tongue, my gay lady,  
2 Let a' your mourning be,  
3 And I'll gie you some fine cordial,  
4 My love, to comfort thee.'

**264A.22**

1 'I value not your fine cordial,  
2 Nor aught that ye can gie;  
3 Who could hae drown'd my bonny young son  
4 Could as well poisin me.'

**264A.23**

1 'Cheer up your heart, my lily flower,  
2 Think nae sic ill o me;  
3 Your young son's in my mother's bower,  
4 Set on the nourice knee.

**264A.24**

1 'Now, if ye'll be a gude woman,  
2 I'll neer mind this to thee;  
3 Nae waur is done to your young son  
4 Than what was done to me.'

**264A.25**

1 'Well fell's me now, my ain gude lord;  
2 These words do cherish me;  
3 If it hadna come o yoursell, my lord,  
4 'Twould neer hae come o me.'

**265A.1**

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:

**265A.2**

1 'Some wi hawks, and some wi hounds,  
2 And other some wi gay monie;  
3 Bit I will gae myself alone,  
4 And set his young son on his knee.'

**265A.3**

1 She's taen her young son in her arms,  
2 And nimble walkd by yon sea-strand,  
3 And there she spy'd her father's ship,  
4 As she was sailing to dry land.

**265A.4**

1 'Where hae ye put my ain gude lord,  
2 This day he stays sae far frae me?'  
3 'If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,  
4 A sight o him ye'll never see.'

**265A.5**

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?'

**265A.6**

1 'He wasna brunt, nor was he shot,  
2 Nor was he drowned in the sea;  
3 He was slain in Dunfermling,  
4 A fatal day to you and me.'

**265A.7**

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.'

**265A.8**

1 She's brought them down to yon cellar,  
2 She brought them fifty steps and three;  
3 She birl'd wi them the beer and wine,  
4 Till they were as drunk as drunk could be.

**265A.9**

1 Then she has lockd her cellar-door,  
2 For there were fifty steps and three:  
3 'Lie there, wi my sad malison,  
4 For this bad news ye've tauld to me.'

**265A.10**

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.'

**265A.11**

1 Then she sat down in her own room,  
2 And sorrow luld her fast asleep,  
3 And up it starts her own gude lord,  
4 And even at that lady's feet.

**265A.12**

1 'Take here the keys, Janet,' he says,  
2 'That ye threw deep, deep in the sea;  
3 And ye'll relieve my merry young men,  
4 For they've nane o the swick o me.'

**265A.13**

1 'They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,  
2 And wad in red bluid to the knee;  
3 Nae sailors mair for their lord could do  
4 Nor my young men they did for me.'

**265A.14**

1 'I hae a question at you to ask,  
2 Before that ye depart frae me;  
3 You'll tell to me what day I'll die,  
4 And what day will my burial be?'

**265A.15**

1 'I hae nae mair o God's power  
2 Than he has granted unto me;  
3 But come to heaven when ye will,  
4 There porter to you I will be.

**265A.16**

1 'But ye'll be wed to a finer knight  
2 Than ever was in my degree;  
3 Unto him ye'll hae children nine,  
4 And six o them will be ladies free.

**265A.17**

1 'The other three will be bold young men,  
2 To fight for king and countrie;  
3 The ane a duke, the second a knight,  
4 And third a laird o lands sae free.'

**266A.1**

1 John Thomson fought against the Turks  
2 Three years into a far country,  
3 And all that time, and something more,  
4 Was absent from his gay lady.

**266A.2**

1 But it fell ance upon a time,  
2 As this young chieftain sat alane,  
3 He spied his lady in rich array,  
4 As she walkd oer a rural plain.

**266A.3**

1 'What brought you here, my lady gay,  
2 So far awa from your own country?  
3 I've thought lang, and very lang,  
4 And all for your fair face to see.'

**266A.4**

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.'

**266A.5**

1 He's gien to her a jewel fine,  
2 Was set with pearl and precious stone;  
3 Says, My love, beware fo these savages bold,  
4 That's on your way as ye go home.

**266A.6**

1 Ye'll take the road, my lady fair,  
2 That leads you fair across the lee;  
3 That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,  
4 And likewise from base Violentrie.

**266A.7**

1 With heavy heart these two did part,  
2 And minted as she would go home;  
3 Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,  
4 But to base Violentrie she's gone.

**266A.8**

1 When a twelvemonth had expired,  
2 John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,  
3 And he has written a broad letter,  
4 And seal'd it well with his own hand.

**266A.9**

1 He sent it along with a small vessel  
2 That there was quickly going to sea,  
3 And sent it on to fair Scotland,  
4 To see about his gay ladie.

**266A.10**

1 But the answer he received again,  
2 The lines did grieve his heart right sair;  
3 None of her friends there had her seen  
4 For a twelvemonth and something mair.

**266A.11**

1 Then he put on a palmer's weed,  
2 And took a pikestaff in his hand;  
3 To Violentrie's castle he hied,  
4 But slowly, slowly he did gang.

**266A.12**

1 When within the hall he came,  
2 He joukd and couchd out-oer his tree:  
3 'If ye be lady of this hall,  
4 Some of your good bountieth give me.'

**266A.13**

1 'What news, what news, palmer?' she said,  
2 'And from what countrie came ye?'  
3 'I'm lately come from Grecian plains,  
4 Where lys some of the Scots army.'

**266A.14**

1 'If ye be come from Grecian plains,  
2 Some more news I will ask of thee;  
3 Of one of the chieftains that lies there,  
4 If he have lately seen his gay ladie.'

**266A.15**

1 'It is twelve months and something more  
2 Since we did part in yonder plain;  
3 And now this knight has begun to fear  
4 One of his foes he has her taen.'

**266A.16**

1 'He has not taen me by force nor might,  
2 It was all by my own free will;  
3 He may tarry in the fight,  
4 For here I mean to tarry still.



**266A.17**

1 'And if John Thomson ye do see,  
2 Tell him I wish him silent sleep;  
3 His head was not so cozelle  
4 Nor yet so well as lies at my feet.'

**266A.18**

5 With that he threw [aff] his strange disguise,  
6 Laid by the mask that he had on;  
7 Said, Hide me now, my ladie fair,  
8 For Violentrie will soon be home.

**266A.19**

1 'For the love I bare thee once,  
2 I'll strive to hide you if I can,'  
3 Then put him down to a dark cellar,  
4 Where there lay mony a new slain man.

**266A.20**

1 But he hadna in the cellar been  
2 Not an hour but barely three,  
3 Till hideous was the sound he heard;  
4 Then in at the gates came Violentrie.

**266A.21**

1 Says, I wish you well, my lady fair,  
2 It's time for us to sit and dine;  
3 Come, serve me with the good white bread,  
4 And likewise with the claret wine.

**266A.22**

1 'That Scots chieftain, our mortal foe,  
2 So oft from field has made us flee,  
3 Ten thousand sequins this day I'd give  
4 That I his face could only see.'

**266A.23**

1 'Of that same gift would ye give me,  
2 If I could bring him unto thee?  
3 I fairly hold you at your word;  
4 Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord.'

**266A.24**

1 Then from the vault John Thomson came,  
2 Wringing his hands most pitouslie;  
3 'What would ye do,' the Turk he cried,  
4 'If ye had me, as I have thee?'

**266A.25**

1 'If I had you, as ye have me,  
2 I'll tell you what I'd do to thee;  
3 I'd hang you up in good greenwood,  
4 And cause your own hand wile the tree.'

**266A.26**

1 'I meant to stick you with my knife,  
2 For kissing my beloved wife,'  
3 'But that same weed ye've shaped for me,  
4 It quickly shall be sewed for thee.'

**266A.27**

1 Then to the wood they both are gone,  
2 John Thomson clamb from tree to tree;  
3 And aye he sighd, and said, Ohon!  
4 Here comes the day that I must die!

**266A.28**

1 He tied a ribbon on every branch,  
2 Put up a flag his men might see;  
3 But little did his false foe ken  
4 He meant them any injurie.

**266A.29**

1 He set his horn to his mouth,  
2 And he has blawn baith loud and shrill;  
3 And then three thousand armed men  
4 Came tripping all out-oor the hill.

**266A.30**

1 'Deliver us our chief!' they all did cry,  
2 'It's by our hand that ye must die!'  
3 'Here is your chief,' the Turk replied,  
4 With that fell on his bended knee.

**266A.31**

1 'O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,  
2 Mercy I pray you'll grant to me!'  
3 'Such mercy as ye meant to give,  
4 Such mercy we shall give to thee.'

**266A.32**

1 This Turk they in his castle burnt,  
2 That stood upon yon hill so hie;  
3 John Thomson's gay lady they took,  
4 And hangd her on yon greenwood tree.

**266B.1**

1 O cam ye in by the House o Rodes,  
2 Or cam ye there away?  
3 Or have [ye] seen Johne Tamson?  
4 They say his wife has run away.  
5 ' , , , , , '

**266B.2**

1 'O what wad ye do, Johne Tamson,  
2 Gin ye had me as I hae thee?'  
3 'I wad tak ye to the gude green-wood,  
4 And gar your ain hand weil the tree.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**266B.3**

1 Johne Tamson peeped and poorly spake  
2 Untill he did his ain men see;  
3 'O by my sooth,' quo Johne Tamson,  
4 'Methinks I see a coming tree.'  
5 ' , , , , , '

**266B.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 scrogg-bush him beside.

**267A.1**

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

**267A.2**

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*>*inne.

**267A.3**

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

**267A.4**

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

**267A.5**

1 'Ffor . . . I . . .' he said,  
2 'My land, take it vnto thee';  
3 'I draw you to record, my lord*<ë>*s all';  
4 With *that* he cast him a god's peny.

**267A.6**

1 He told him the gold vpon the bord,  
2 It wanted neuer a bare penny;  
3 'That gold is thine, the land is mine,  
4 The heire of Linne I wilbee.'

**267A.7**

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

**267A.8**

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

**267A.9**

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

**267A.10**

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

**267A.11**

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 Edenborrow, and begg my bread.'

**267A.12**

1 He had not beene in Edenborrow  
2 Not three quarters of a yeere,  
3 But some did giue him, and some said nay,  
4 And some bid 'To the deele gang yee!

**267A.13**

1 'For if we shold hang any landlees feer,  
2 The first we wold begin with thee.'  
3 'Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,  
4 'No<w>] welladay, and woe is mee!

**267A.14**

1 'For now I have sold my lands soe broad,  
2 *That* mery man is irke with mee;  
3 But when *that* I was the *lord* of Linne,  
4 Then on my land I liued merrily.'

**267A.15**

1 'And now I have sold my land soe broade  
2 *That* I haue not left me one penny!  
3 God be with my father!' he said,  
4 'On his land he liued merrily.'

**267A.16**

1 Still in a study there as he stood,  
2 He vnbehought him of [a] bill;  
3 He vnbehought him of [a] bill  
4 Which his father had left with him.

**267A.17**

1 Bade him he shold neuer on it looke  
2 Till he was in extreame neede,  
3 'And by my faith,' said the heire of Linne,  
4 'Then now I had neuer more neede.'

**267A.18**

1 He tooke the bill, and looked it on,  
2 Good comfort *that* he found there;  
3 It told him of a castle wall  
4 Where there stood three chests in feare.

**267A.19**

1 Two were full of the beaten gold,  
2 The third was full of white mony;  
3 He turned then downe his baggs of bread,  
4 And filled them full of gold soe red.

**267A.20**

1 Then he did neuer cease nor blinne  
2 Till Iohn of the Scales house he did winne.  
3 When *that* he came to Iohn of the Scales,  
4 Vpp at the speere he looked then.

**267A.21**

1 There sate three lords vpon a rowe,  
2 And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord's head,  
3 And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord's head,  
4 Because he was the *lord* of Linne.

**267A.22**

1 And then bespake the heire of Linne,  
2 To Iohn o the Scales' wiffe thus sayd hee:  
3 Sayd, Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott  
4 *That* I may sitt downe in this company?

**267A.23**

1 'Now, Christ's curse on my head,' shee said,  
2 'If I doe trust thee one penny;  
3 Then be-spake a good fellowe,  
4 Which sate by Iohn o the Scales his knee.

**267A.24**

1 Said, Haue thou here, thou heire of Linne,  
2 Forty pence I will lend thee;  
3 Some time a good fellow thou hast beene;  
4 And other forty if neede bee.

**267A.25**

1 Thè dru<n>ken wine *that* was soe cleere,  
2 And euery man thè made merry;  
3 And then bespake him Iohn o the Scales,  
4 Vnto the *lord* of Linne said hee.

**267A.26**

1 Said, How dost thou, heire of Linne,  
2 Since I did buy thy lands of thee?  
3 I will sell it to thee twenty pound better cheepe  
4 Nor euer I did buy it of thee.

**267A.27**

1 'I draw you to recorde, lord<ë>s all,'  
2 With that he cast him [a] god's penny;  
3 Then he tooke to his baggs of bread,  
4 And they were full of the gold soe redd.

**267A.28**

1 He told him the gold then over the borde,  
2 It wanted neuer a broad penny;  
3 'That gold is thine, the land is mine,  
4 And the heire of Linne againe I wilbee.'

**267A.29**

1 'Now welladay!' said Iohn o the Scales' wiffe,  
2 'Welladay, and woe is me!  
3 Yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
4 And now I am but Iohn o the Scales' wiffe!'

**267A.30**

1 Saies, Haue thou heere, thou good fellow,  
2 Forty pence thou did lend me,  
3 Forty pence thou did lend me,  
4 And forty pound I will giue thee.

**267A.31**

1 'Tle make thee keeper of my forrest  
2 Both of the wild deere and the tame,'  
3 .....  
4 .....

**267A.32**

1 But then bespake the heire of Linne,  
2 These were the words, and thus said hee,  
3 Christs curse light vpon my crowne  
4 If ere my land stand in any ieopardye!

**267B.1**

1 'The bonny heir, and the well-faird heir,  
2 And the weary heir o Linne,  
3 Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,  
4 And naeboddy bids him come in.

**267B.2**

1 'O see for he gangs, an see for he stands,  
2 The weary heir o Linne!  
3 O see for he stands on the cauld casey,  
4 And nae an bids him come in!

**267B.3**

1 'But if he had been his father's heir,  
2 Or yet the heir o Linne,  
3 He wadna stand on the cauld casey,  
4 Some an woud taen him in.'

**267B.4**

1 'Sing ower again that sang, nourice,  
2 The sang ye sung just now,'  
3 'I never sung a sang in my life  
4 But I woud sing ower to you.

**267B.5**

1 'O see for he gangs, an see for he stands,  
2 The weary heir o Linne!  
3 O see for he stands on the cauld casey,  
4 An nae an bids him come in!

**267B.6**

1 'But if he had been his father's heir,  
2 Or yet the heir o Linne,  
3 He woudna stand on the cauld casey,  
4 Some an woud taen him in.

**267B.7**

1 'When his father's lands a selling were,  
2 His claise lay well in fauld,  
3 But now he wanders on the shore,  
4 Baith hungry, weet, and cauld.'

**267B.8**

1 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
2 The gentlemen were drinking;  
3 Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
4 And some bade him gie nane,  
5 Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
6 The weary heir o Linne.

**267B.9**

1 As Willie he came up the town,  
2 The fishers were a' sitting;  
3 Some bade gie Willie a fish, a fish,  
4 Some bade gie him a fin,  
5 Some bade gie him a fish, a fish,  
6 And lat the palmer gang.

**267B.10**

1 He turned him right and round about,  
2 As will as a woman's son,  
3 And taen his cane into his hand,  
4 And on his way to Linne.

**267B.11**

1 His nourice at her window lookd,  
2 Beholding dale and down,  
3 And she beheld this distressd young man  
4 Come walking to the town.

**267B.12**

1 'Come here, come here, Willie,' she said,  
2 'And rest yoursel wi me;  
3 I hae seen you in better days,  
4 And in jovial companie.'

**267B.13**

1 'Gie me a sheave o your bread, nourice,  
2 And a bottle o your wine,  
3 And I'll pay you it a' ower again,  
4 When I'm laird o Linne.'

**267B.14**

1 'Ye'se get a sheave o my bread, Willie,  
2 And a bottle o my wine,  
3 But ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry,  
4 For ye'll neer be heir o Linne.'

**267B.15**

1 Then he turnd him right and round about,  
2 As will as woman's son,  
3 And aff he set, and bent his way,  
4 And straightway came to Linne.

**267B.16**

1 But when he came to that castle,  
2 They were set down to dine;  
3 A score o nobles there he saw,  
4 Sat drinking at the wine.

**267B.17**

1 Then some bade gie him beef, the beef,  
2 And some bade gie him the bane;  
3 And some bade gie him naething at a',  
4 But lat the palmer gang.

**267B.18**

1 Then out it speaks the new-come laird,  
2 A saucy word spake hee;  
3 'Put round the cup, gie my rival a sup,  
4 Let him fare on his way.'

**267B.19**

1 Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,  
2 Ane o young Willie's kin;  
3 'This youth was ance a sprightly boy  
4 As ever lived in Linne.'

**267B.20**

1 He turned him right and round about,  
2 As will as woman's son,  
3 Then minded him on a little wee key,  
4 That his mother left to him.

**267B.21**

1 His mother left [him] this little wee key  
2 A little before she died;  
3 And bade him keep this little wee key  
4 Till he was in maist need.

**267B.22**

1 Then forth he went, these nobles left,  
2 All drinkin' in the room,  
3 Wi walking rod intill his hand,  
4 He walked the castle roun.

**267B.23**

1 There he found out a little door,  
2 For there the key slipped in,  
3 And there [he] got as muckle red gowd  
4 As freed the lands o Linne.

**267B.24**

1 Back through the nobles then he went,  
2 A saucy man was then:  
3 'I'll take the cup frae this new-come laird,  
4 For he neer bade me sit down.'

**267B.25**

1 Then out it speaks the new-come laird,  
2 He spake wi mock an jeer;  
3 'I'd gie a seat to the laird o Linne,  
4 Sae be that he were here.

**267B.26**

1 'When the lands o Linne a selling were,  
2 A' men said they were free;  
3 This lad shall hae them frae me this day,  
4 If he'll gie the third pennie.'

**267B.27**

1 'I take ye witness, nobles a',  
2 Guide witnesses ye'll be;  
3 I'm promisd the lands o Linne this day,  
4 If I gie the third pennie.'

**267B.28**

1 'Ye've taen us witness, Willie,' they said,  
2 'Guide witnesses we'll be,'  
3 'Buy the lands o Linne who likes,  
4 They'll neer be bought by thee.'

**267B.29**

1 He's done him to a gaming-table,  
2 For it stood fair and clean;  
3 There he tauld down as much rich gowd  
4 As freed the lands o Linne.

**267B.30**

1 Thus having done, he turnd about,  
2 A saucy man was he;  
3 'Take up your monie, my lad,' he says,  
4 'Take up your third pennie.'

**267B.31**

1 'Aft hae I gane wi barefeet cauld,  
2 Likewise wi legs full bare,  
3 An mony days walkd at these yetts  
4 Wi muckle dool and care.

**267B.32**

1 'But now my sorrow's past and gane,  
2 And joy's returned to me,  
3 And here i've gowd enough forbye,  
4 Ahin this third pennie.'

**267B.33**

1 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
2 There he crawd wonderous crouse;  
3 He calld the may afore them a',  
4 The nourice o the house,

**267B.34**

1 'Come here, come here, my nurse,' he says,  
2 'I'll pay your bread and wine;  
3 Seas ebb and flow [as] they want to do,  
4 Yet i'm the laird o Linne.'

**267B.35**

1 As he gaed up the Gallowgate port,  
2 His hose abeen his sheen;  
3 But lang ere he came down again  
4 Was convoyed by lords fifeteen.

**268A.1**

1 There were twa knights in fair Scotland,  
2 And they were brothers sworn;  
3 They made a vow to be as true  
4 As if they'd been brothers born.

**268A.2**

1 The one he was a wealthy knight,  
2 Had lands and buildings free;  
3 The other was a young hynde squire,  
4 In rank of lower degree.

**268A.3**

1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 These squires they walkd alone,  
3 And to each other they did talk  
4 About the fair women.

**268A.4**

1 'O wed a may,' the knight did say,  
2 'For your credit and fame;  
3 Lay never your love on lemanry,  
4 Bring nae gude woman to shame.'

**268A.5**

1 'There's nae gude women,' the squire did say,  
2 'Into this place but nine;'  
3 'O well falls me,' the knight replied,  
4 'For ane o them is mine.'

**268A.6**

1 'Ye say your lady's a gude woman,  
2 But I say she is nane;  
3 I think that I could gain her love  
4 Ere six months they are gane.

**268A.7**

1 'If ye will gang six months away,  
2 And sail upon the faem,  
3 Then I will gain your lady's love  
4 Before that ye come hame.'

**268A.8**

1 'O I'll gang till a far countrie,  
2 And far beyond the faem,  
3 And ye winna gain my lady's love  
4 Whan nine lang months are gane.'

**268A.9**

1 When the evening sun did set,  
2 And day came to an end,  
3 In then came the lady's gude lord,  
4 Just in at yon town's end.

**268A.10**

1 'O comely are ye, my lady gay,  
2 Sae fair and rare to see;  
3 I wish whan I am gane away  
4 Ye keep your mind to me.'

**268A.11**

1 She gae 'm a bason to wash in,  
2 It shin'd thro a' the ha;  
3 But aye as she gaed but and ben  
4 She loot the saut tears fa.

**268A.12**

1 'I wonder what ails my gude lord  
2 He has sic jealousy;  
3 Never when we parted before,  
4 He spak sic words to me.'

**268A.13**

1 When cocks did craw, and day did daw,  
2 This knight was fair at sea;  
3 Then in it came the young hynde squire,  
4 To work him villanie.

**268A.14**

1 'I hae a coffer o gude red gowd,  
2 Another o white monie;  
3 I woud gie you 't a', my gay lady,  
4 To lye this night wi me.'

**268A.15**

1 'If ye warn a 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.'

**268A.16**

1 He's gane frae the lady's bower,  
2 Wi the saut tear in his ee,  
3 And he is to his foster-mother  
4 As fast as gang could he.

**268A.17**

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.

**268A.18**

1 'I've fifty guineas in my pocket,  
2 I've fifty o them and three,  
3 And if ye'll grant what I request  
4 Ye'se hae them for your fee.'

**268A.19**

1 'Speak on, speak on, ye gude hynde squire,  
2 What may your asking be?  
3 I kenna wha woud be sae base  
4 As nae serve for sic a fee.'

**268A.20**

1 'O I hae wagherd wi my brother,  
2 When he went to the faem,  
3 That I woud gain his lady's love  
4 Ere six months they were gane.

**268A.21**

1 'To me he laid his lands at stake  
2 Tho he were on the faem,  
3 I wudna gain his lady's love  
4 Whan nine lang months were gane.

**268A.22**

1 'Now I hae tried to gain her love,  
2 But finds it winna do;  
3 And here I'm come, as ye her know,  
4 To seek some help frae you.

**268A.23**

1 'For I did lay my life at stake,  
2 Whan my brother went frae hame,  
3 That I woud gain his lady's love  
4 Whan he was on the faem.'

**268A.24**

1 But when the evening sun was set,  
2 And day came to an end,  
3 In it came that fause carline,  
4 Just in at yon town's end.

**268A.25**

1 'O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
2 Your lord is on the faem;  
3 Yon unco squire will gain your love,  
4 Before that he come hame.'

**268A.26**

1 'Forbid it,' said the lady fair,  
2 'That eer the like shoud be,  
3 That I woud wrang my ain gude lord,  
4 And him sae far at sea.'

**268A.27**

1 'O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
2 Stately is your fair bodie;  
3 Your lovely visage is far chang'd,  
4 That is best known to me.

**268A.28**

1 'You're sair dune out for want o sleep  
2 Sin your lord went to sea;  
3 Unless that ye do cease your grief,  
4 It will your ruin be.

**268A.29**

1 'You'll send your maids unto the hay,  
2 Your young men unto the corn;  
3 I'll gar ye sleep as soun a sleep  
4 As the night that ye were born.'

**268A.30**

1 She sent her maids to ted the hay,  
2 Her men to shear the corn,  
3 And she gard her sleep as soun a sleep  
4 As the night that she was born.

**268A.31**

1 She rowd that lady in the silk,  
2 Laid her on holland sheets;  
3 Wi fine enchanting melodie,  
4 She lulld her fast asleep.

**268A.32**

1 She lockd the yetts o that castle  
2 Wi thirty locks and three,  
3 Then went to meet the young hynde squire  
4 To him the keys gae she.

**268A.33**

5 He's opend the locks o that castle,  
6 Were thirty and were three,  
7 And he's gane where that lady lay,  
8 And thus to her said he.

**268A.34**

1 'O wake, O wake, ye gay lady,  
2 O wake and speak to me;  
3 I hae it fully in my power  
4 To come to bed to thee.'

**268A.35**

1 'For to defile my husband's bed,  
2 I woud think that a sin;  
3 As soon as this lang day is gane,  
4 Then I shall come to thine.'

**268A.36**

1 Then she has calld her niece Maisry,  
2 Says, An asking ye'll grant me,  
3 For to gang to yon unco squire  
4 And sleep this night for me.

**268A.37**

1 'The gude red gowd shall be your hire,  
2 And siller's be your fee;  
3 Five hundred pounds o pennies round,  
4 Your tocher it shall be.'

**268A.38**

1 She turnd her right and round about,  
2 And thus to her did say;  
3 O there was never a time on earth  
4 So fain's I woud say nay.

**268A.39**

1 But when the evening sun was set,  
2 And day drawn to an end,  
3 Then Lady Maisry she is gane,  
4 Fair out at yon town-end.

**268A.40**

1 Then she is to yon hynde squire's yates,  
2 And tirl'd at the pin;  
3 Wha was sae busy as the hynde squire  
4 To lat that lady in!

**268A.41**

1 He's taen her in his arms twa,  
2 He was a joyfu man;  
3 He neither bade her meat nor drink,  
4 But to the bed he ran.

**268A.42**

1 When he had got his will o her,  
2 His will as he lang sought,  
3 Her ring but and her ring-finger  
4 Away frae her he brought.

**268A.43**

1 With discontent straight home she went,  
2 And thus lamented she;  
3 Says, Wae be to yon young hynde squire!  
4 Sae ill as he's used me.

**268A.44**

1 When the maids came frae the hay,  
2 The young men frae the corn,  
3 Ben it came that lady gay,  
4 Who thought lang for their return.

**268A.45**

1 'Where hae ye been, my maidens a',  
2 Sae far awa frae me?  
3 My foster-mother and lord's brother  
4 Thought to hae beguiled me.

**268A.46**

1 'Had not she been my foster-mother,  
2 I suckd at her breast-bane,  
3 Even before my ain bower-door,  
4 She in a gleed shoud burn.

**268A.47**

1 'The squire he thought to gain my love,  
2 He's got but Lady Maisry;  
3 He's cutted her ring and her ring-finger,  
4 A love-token for to be.

**268A.48**

1 'I'll tie my finger in the dark,  
2 Where nae ane shall me see;  
3 I hope to loose it in the light,  
4 Amang gude companie.'

**268A.49**

1 When night was gane, and birds did sing,  
2 And day began to peep,  
3 The hynde squire walkd along the shore,  
4 His brother for to meet.

**268A.50**

1 'Ye are welcome, welcome, landless lord,  
2 To my ha's and my bowers;  
3 Ye are welcome hame, ye landless lord,  
4 To my lady white like flowers'

**268A.51**

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.'

**268A.52**

1 He drew the strings then o his purse,  
2 And they were a' bludie;  
3 The ring but and the ring-finger  
4 Sae soon as he lat him see.

**268A.53**

1 'O wae be to you, fause hynde squire,  
2 Ane ill death mat ye dee!  
3 It was too sair a love-token  
4 To take frae my ladie.

**268A.54**

1 'But ae asking of you, hynde squire,  
2 In your won bowers to dine;  
3 'With a' my heart, my brother dear,  
4 Tho ye had asked nine.'

**268A.55**

1 Then he is to his lady's father,  
2 And a sorrow man was he:  
3 'O judge, O judge, my father dear,  
4 This judgment pass for me.

**268A.56**

1 'What is the thing that shoud be done  
2 Unto that gay lady  
3 Who woud gar her lord gae landless,  
4 And children bastards to be?'

**268A.57**

1 'She shoud be brunt upon a hill,  
2 Or hangd upon a tree,  
3 That woud gar her lord gae landless,  
4 And children bastards be.'

**268A.58**

1 'Your judgment is too rash, father;  
2 Your ain daughter is she  
3 That this day has made me landless;  
4 Your squire gaind it frae me.

**268A.59**

1 'Yet nevertheless, my parents dear,  
2 Ae favour ye'll grant me,  
3 And gang along to my lost ha's,  
4 And take your dine wi me.'

**268A.60**

1 He threw the charters ower the table,  
2 And kissd the yates o tree;  
3 Says Fare ye well, my lady gay,  
4 Your face I'll never see.

**268A.61**

1 Then his lady calld out to him,  
2 Come here, my lord, and dine;  
3 There's nae a smith in a' the land  
4 That can ae finger join.

**268A.62**

1 'I tied my finger in the dark,  
2 Whan nae ane did me see;  
3 But now I'll loose it in the light,  
4 Amang gude companie.

**268A.63**

1 'Even my niece, Lady Maisry,  
2 The same woman was she;  
3 The gude red gowd shall be her hire,  
4 And likeways white monie.

**268A.64**

1 'Five hundred pounds o pennies round  
2 Her tocher then shall be,  
3 Because she did my wills obey,  
4 Beguild the squire for to be.'

**268A.65**

- 1 Then they did call this young hynde squire
- 2 To come right speedilie,
- 3 Likeways they calld young Lady Maisry.
- 4 To pay her down her fee.

**268A.66**

- 1 Then they laid down to Lady Maisry
- 2 The brand but and the ring;
- 3 It was to stick him wi the brand,
- 4 Or wed him wi the ring.

**268A.67**

- 1 Thrice she minted to the brand,
- 2 But she took up the ring;
- 3 And a' the ladies who heard o it
- 4 Said she was a wise woman.

**269A.1**

- 1 THERE was a king, and a very great king,
- 2 And a king of meikle fame;
- 3 He had not a child in the world but ane,
- 4 Lady Daisy was her name.

**269A.2**

- 1 He had a very bonnie kitchen-boy,
- 2 And William was his name;
- 3 He never lay out o Lady Daisy's bower,
- 4 Till he brought her body to shame.

**269A.3**

- 1 When een-birds sung, and een-bells rung,
- 2 And a' men were boune to rest,
- 3 The king went on to Lady Daisy's bower,
- 4 Just like a wandering ghaist.

**269A.4**

- 1 He has drawn the curtains round and round,
- 2 And there he has sat him down;
- 3 'To whom is this, Lady Daisy,' he says,
- 4 'That now you gae so round?'

**269A.5**

- 1 'Is it to a laird? or is it to a lord?
- 2 Or a baron of high degree?
- 3 Or is it William, my bonnie kitchen-boy?
- 4 Tell now the truth to me.'

**269A.6**

- 1 'It's no to a laird, and it's no to a lord,
- 2 Nor a baron of high degree;
- 3 But it's to William, your bonnie kitchen-boy:
- 4 What cause hae I to lee?'

**269A.7**

- 1 'O where is all my merry, merry men,
- 2 That I pay meat and fee,
- 3 That they will not take out this kitchen-boy,
- 4 And kill him presentlie?'

**269A.8**

- 1 They hae taen out this bonnie kitchen-boy,
- 2 And killd him on the plain;
- 3 His hair was like the threads o gold,
- 4 His een like crystal stane;
- 5 His hair was like the threads o gold,
- 6 His teeth like ivory bane.

**269A.9**

- 1 They hae taen out this bonnie boy's heart,
- 2 Put it in a cup o gold;
- 3 'Take that to Lady Daisy,' he said,
- 4 'For she's impudent and bold;
- 5 And she washd it with the tears that ran from  
her eye
- 6 Into the cup of gold.

**269A.10**

- 1 'Now fare ye weel, my father the king!
- 2 You hae taen my earthly joy;
- 3 Since he's died for me, I'll die for him,
- 4 My bonnie kitchen-boy.'

**269A.11**

- 1 'O where is all my merry, merry men,
- 2 That I pay meat and wage,
- 3 That they could not withold my cruel hand,
- 4 When I was mad with rage?'

**269A.12**

- 1 'I think nae wonder, Lady Daisy,' he said,
- 2 'That he brought your body to shame;
- 3 For there never was man of woman born
- 4 Sae fair as him that is slain.'

**269B.1**

- 1 THER was a king, an a worthy king,
- 2 [an a king] of birth an fame;
- 3 He had an only dear daughter,
- 4 An Dayesie was her name.

**269B.2**

- 1 Ther was a boy about the house,
- 2 Bod Roben was his name;
- 3 He would not stay out of Dayese's bour,
- 4 Till he brought her body [to] shame.

**269B.3**

- 1 When bells was rung, . . .
- 2 An a' man bon to rest,
- 3 The king went up to Lady Dayese's bour,
- 4 He was an unwelcom gast.

**269B.4**

- 1 'O Lady Dayesë, dear, d<ea>r Dayisie,
- 2 What gars ye gae sae round?
- 3 We yer tua sides high an yer bellie bige,
- 4 Fra yer face the couller is gane.'

**269B.5**

- 1 'O have ye loved? or have he lang-sought?
- 2 Or die ye goo we barn?'
- 3 'It's all for you, fair father,
- 4 That ye stayed so long in Spain.'

**269B.6**

- 1 'It's aff ye take yer berry-broun goon,
- 2 An ye lay it on a ston,
- 3 An I will tell you in a very short time
- 4 If ye loued any man or no<n].'

**269B.7**

- 1 It's aff she has tane her berry-broun goon,
- 2 An laid it on a ston;
- 3 We her tua sides high, her belley turned bigg,
- 4 Fra her face the couller was gane.

**269B.8**

- 1 'O is it to lord? or is to lard?
- 2 Or till a man of mean?
- 3 Or is it to Bold Roben, the kittchen-boy?
- 4 Nou, Dayisie, dinne lea<n].'

**269B.9**

- 1 'It's no to leard, nor [to] lord,
- 2 Nor to a man of mean,
- 3 But it's to Bold Robien, our kittchen-boy;
- 4 Fatt neads me for to lea<n].'

**269B.10**

- 1 . . . . .
- 2 . . . . .
- 3 It's the morn befor I eat or drink
- 4 His heart-blude I sall see.'

**269B.11**

- 1 He's tean Bold Robien by the hand
- 2 Lead him across the green;
- 3 His hear was leak the very threads of goud,
- 4 His face shone leak the moon.

**269B.12**

- 1 He's tane out this bonny boy's hear<t]
- 2 Into a cupe of gold,
- 3 Had it to Lady Dayese's bour,
- 4 Says, No<u], Dayesë, behold!

**269B.13**

- 1 'O welcom to me my heart's delight!
- 2 Nou welcom to me my joy!
- 3 Ye have dayed for me, an I'll day for ye,
- 4 Tho ye be but the kittchen-boy.'

**269B.14**

- 1 She has taen out the coup of gold,
- 2 Lead it belou her head,
- 3 An she wish it we the tears ran don fra her  
eays,
- 4 An or midnight she was dead.

**269B.15**

- 1 She has tean out the coup of gold,
- 2 Laid it belou her hear,
- 3 An she wish it we the tears ran don fra her eays,
- 4 An alas! spak never mare.

**269C.1**

- 1 THERE was a king, and a glorious king,
- 2 And a king of mickle fame,
- 3 And he had daughters only one,
- 4 Lady Dysmal was her name.

**269C.2**

- 1 He had a boy, and a kitchen-boy,
- 2 A boy of mickle scorn,
- 3 And she lovd him lang, and she loved him aye,
- 4 Till the grass oergrew the corn.

**269C.3**

- 1 When twenty weeks were gone and past,
- 2 O she began to greet!
- 3 Her petticoat grew short before,
- 4 And her stays they wadna meet.

**269C.4**

- 1 It fell upon a winter's night
- 2 The king could get nae rest;
- 3 He cam unto his daughter dear,
- 4 Just like a wandring ghaist.

**269C.5**

- 1 He cam into her bed-chalmer,
- 2 And drew the curtains round:
- 3 'What aileth thee, my daughter dear?
- 4 I fear you've gotten wrong.'

**269C.6**

- 1 'O if I have, despise me not,
- 2 For he is all my joy;
- 3 I will forsake baith dukes and earls,
- 4 And marry your kitchen-boy.'

**269C.7**

- 1 'Go call to me my merry men all,
- 2 By thirty and by three;
- 3 Go call to me my kitchen-boy,
- 4 We'll murder him secretlie.'

**269C.8**

- 1 There was nae din that could be heard,
- 2 And neer a word was said,
- 3 Till they got him baith fast and sure
- 4 Between twa feather-beds.

**269C.9**

- 1 'Go cut the heart out of his breast,
- 2 And put it in a cup of gold,
- 3 And present it to his Dysmal dear,
- 4 For she is baith stout and bold.'

**269C.10**

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

**269C.11**

- 1 'O come to me, my hinney, my heart,
- 2 O come to me, my joy!
- 3 O come to me, my hinney, my heart
- 4 My father's kitchen-boy!'

**269C.12**

- 1 She's taen the cup out of their hands,
- 2 And set it at her bed-head;
- 3 She washd it wi the tears that fell from her  
eyes,
- 4 And next morning she was dead.

**269C.13**

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

**269C.14**

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

**269D.1**

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

**269D.2**

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

**269D.3**

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

**269D.4**

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

**269D.5**

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

**269D.6**

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

**269D.7**

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

**269D.8**

1 The king's taen out a broad, broad sword,  
2 And streakd it on a strow,  
3 And thro and thro that bony boy's heart  
4 He's gart cauld iron go.

**269D.9**

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

**269D.10**

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

**269D.11**

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

**269E.1**

1 IT was a king, and a verra greit king,  
2 An a king o muckle fame,  
3 An he had a luvelie daughter fair,  
4 An Dysie was her name.

**269E.2**

1 She fell in love wi the kitchie-boy,  
2 An a verra bonnie boy was he,  
3 An word has gane till her father dear,  
4 An an angry man was he.

**269E.3**

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

**269E.4**

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

**269E.5**

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

**269E.6**

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

**270A.1**

1 IT was intill a pleasant time,  
2 Upon a simmer's day,  
3 The noble Earl of Mar's daughter  
4 Went forth to sport and play.

**270A.2**

1 As thus she did amuse hersell,  
2 Below a green aik tree,  
3 There she was a sprightly doo  
4 Set on a tower sae hie.

**270A.3**

1 'O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,  
2 If ye'll come down to me,  
3 Ye'se hae a cage o guid red gowd  
4 Instead o simple tree:

**270A.4**

1 'I'll put gowd hingers roun your cage,  
2 And siller roun your wa;  
3 I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird  
4 As ony o them a'.'

**270A.5**

1 But she hadnae these words well spoke,  
2 Nor yet these words well said,  
3 Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower  
4 And lighted on her head.

**270A.6**

1 Then she has brought this pretty bird  
2 Hame to her bowers and ha,  
3 And made him shine as fair a bird  
4 As ony o them a'.

**270A.7**

1 When day was gane, 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 come ye, young man?' she said;  
2 'That does surprise me sair;  
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 skild 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 luve sae true,  
2 Nae mair frae me ye'se gae;  
3 'That's never my intent, my luve,  
4 As ye said, it shall be sae.'

**270A.16**

1 'O Cow-me-doo, my luve sae true,  
2 It's time to gae to bed;  
3 'Wi a' my heart, my dear marrow,  
4 It's be as ye hae said.'

**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 fari 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 Amang 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 dismiss,  
4 Says, Wae's me for this day!

**270A.23**

1 'Before that I do langer stay,  
2 And thus to be forlorn,  
3 I'll gang unto my mither's bower,  
4 Where I was bred and born.'

**270A.24**

1 Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew  
2 Beyond the raging sea,  
3 And lighted near his mither's castle,  
4 On a tower a gowd sae hie.

**270A.25**

1 As his mither was waiking out,  
2 To see what she could see,  
3 And there she saw her little son,  
4 Set on the tower sae hie.

**270A.26**

1 'Get dancers here to dance,' she said,  
2 'And minstrells for to play;  
3 For here's my young son, Florentine,  
4 Come here wi me to stay.'

**270A.27**

1 'get nae dancers to dance, mither,  
2 Nor minstrells for to play,  
3 For the mither o my seven sons,  
4 The morn's her wedding-day.'

**270A.28**

1 'O tell me, tell me, Florentine,  
2 Tell me, and tell me true,  
3 Tell me this day without a flaw,  
4 What I will do for you.'

**270A.29**

1 'Instead of dancers to dance, mither,  
2 Or minstrells for to play,  
3 Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
4 Like storks in feathers gray;

**270A.30**

1 'My seven sons in seven swans,  
2 Aboon their heads to flee;  
3 And I mysell a gay gos-hawk,  
4 A bird o high degree.'

**270A.31**

1 Then sichin said the queen hersell,  
2 'That thing's too high for me;'  
3 But she applied to an auld woman,  
4 Who had mair skill than she.

**270A.32**

1 Instead o dancers to dance a dance,  
2 Or minstrells for to play,  
3 Four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
4 Turnd birds o feathers gray;

**270A.33**

1 Her seven sons in seven swans,  
2 Aboon their heads to flee;  
3 And he himsell a gay gos-hawk,  
4 A bird o high degree.

**270A.34**

1 This flock o birds took flight and flew  
2 Beyond the raging sea,  
3 And landed near the Earl Mar's castle,  
4 Took shelter in every tree.

**270A.35**

1 They were a flock o pretty birds,  
2 Right comely to be seen;  
3 The people viewd them wi surprise,  
4 As they dancd on the green.

**270A.36**

1 These birds ascended frae the tree  
2 And lighted on the ha,  
3 And at the last wi force did flee  
4 Amang the nobles a'.

**270A.37**

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

**270A.38**

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

**270A.39**

1 There's ancient men at weddings been  
2 For sixty years or more,  
3 But sic a curious wedding-day  
4 They never saw before.

**270A.40**

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

**270A.41**

1 When the Earl Mar he came to know  
2 Where his dochter did stay,  
3 He signd a bond o unity,  
4 And visits now they pay.

**271A.1**

1 IT was the worthy Lord of Learen,  
2 He was a lord of a hie degree;  
3 He had noe more children but one sonne,  
4 He sett him to schoole to learne curtesie.

**271A.2**

1 Lear<n>ing did soe *proceed* with that child,  
2 I tell you all in veretie,  
3 He learned more vpon one day  
4 Then other children did on three,

**271A.3**

1 And then bespake the schoole-master,  
2 Vnto the *Lord* of Learne said hee,  
3 I thinke thou be some stranger borne,  
4 For the holy gost remains 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 giuen vnto mee.

**271A.5**

1 The schoole-master turnd 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 bridle done him vpon;  
3 He tooke 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 ffell low downe vpon his knee:  
3 'My blessing, father, I wold aske,  
4 If Christ wold grant you wold gine it me.'

**271A.8**

1 'Now God thee blesse, my sonne and my heire,  
2 His servant in heauen *that* thou may bee!  
3 What tydings hast thou brought me, child,  
4 Thou art comen home so soone to mee?'

**271A.9**

1 'Good tydings, father, I haue you brought,  
2 Goo<d tydings] I hope it is to thee;  
3 The booke is not in all s<c>otlande  
4 But I can reade it before *your* eye.'

**271A.10**

1 A ioyed man his father was,  
2 Euen the worthy *lord* of Learne:  
3 'Thou shalt goe into Ffrance, my child,  
4 The speeches of all strange lands to learne.'

**271A.11**

1 But then bespake the child his mother,  
2 The Lady of Learne and then was shee;  
3 Saies, Who must be his well good guide,  
4 When he goes into that strange country?

**271A.12**

1 And then bespake that bonnie child,  
2 Vntill his father tenderlie;  
3 Saies, Father, I'le haue the hend steward,  
4 For he hath been true to you and mee.

**271A.13**

1 The lady to concell the steward did take,  
2 And counted downe a hundred pound there;  
3 Saies, Steward, be true to my sonne and my  
heire,  
4 And I will giue thee mickle mere.

**271A.14**

1 'If I be not true to my *master*,' he said,  
2 'Christ himselfe be not trew to mee!  
3 If I be not true to my lord and *master*,  
4 An ill death *that* I may die!'

**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 Thè say was worth a squier's liuinge.

**271A.16**

1 The parting of the younge *Lord* of Learne  
2 With his ffather, his mother, his ffellows deere,  
3 Wold haue made a manis hart for to change,  
4 If a lew borne that he were.

**271A.17**

1 The wind did serue, and thè did sayle  
2 Over the sea into Ffrance land;  
3 He vsed the child soe hardlie,  
4 He wold let him haue neuer a penny to spend.

**271A.18**

1 And meate he wold let the child haue none,  
2 Nor mony to buy none, trulie;  
3 The boy was hungry and thirsty both;  
4 Alas! it was the more pittie.

**271A.19**

1 He laid him downe to drinke the water  
2 *That* was soe low beneath the brime;  
3 He [that] was wont to haue drunke both ale and  
wine  
4 Then was faine of the water soe thinn.

**271A.20**

1 And as he was drinking of the water  
2 *That* ran soe low beneath the brime,  
3 Soe ready was the false steward  
4 To drown the bonny boy therin.

**271A.21**

1 'Haue mercy on me, worthy steward!  
2 My life,' he said, 'lend 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 pulld the child out of the brime;  
3 Euer alacke, the more pittie!  
4 He tooke his clothes euen from him.

**271A.23**

1 Saies, Doe thou me of that veluett gowne,  
2 The crimson hose beneath thy knee,  
3 And doe me of thy cordiuant shoone,  
4 Are buckled with the gold soe free.

**271A.24**

1 'Doe thou me off thy sattin doublett,  
2 Thy shirtband wrought with glistering gold,  
3 And doe mee off thy golden chaine,  
4 About they necke soe many a fold.

**271A.25**

1 'Doe thou me off thy veluett hat,  
2 With fether in *that* is soe fine;  
3 All vnto thy silken shirt,  
4 *That*'s wrought with many a golden seam.'

**271A.26**

1 The child before him naked stood,  
2 With skin as white as lilly flower;  
3 For [t>his worthy lords bewtie  
4 He might haue beene a ladye's paramoure.

**271A.27**

1 He put vpon him a lether cote,  
2 And breeches of the same beneath the knee,  
3 And sent that bony child him froe,  
4 Service for to craue, truly,

**271A.28**

1 He pulld then forth a naked sword  
2 *That* hange 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 sheepe on a lonelye 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 weeped tenderlye.

**271A.31**

1 Vnto a shepard's house *that* childe 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 thou borne?' the shepard said,  
2 'Where, my boy, or in what country?'  
3 'Sir,' he said, 'I was borne in fayre Scotland,  
4 *That* is soe farr beyond the sea.'

**271A.33**

1 'I haue noe child,' the shepard sayd;  
2 'My boy, thoust tarry and dwell with mee;  
3 My liuinge,' he sayd, 'end all my goods,  
4 I'le make thee heire [of] after mee.'

**271A.34**

1 And then bespake the shepard's wife,  
2 To the *Lord* of Learne thus did she say;  
3 'Goe 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 sheepe alone,  
4 Neither sport nor play cold hee.

**271A.36**

1 Let vs leaue 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 woe.

**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 apparrell  
4 Might well beseeame a *lord* to weare.

**271A.38**

1 When he *that* gorgeous apparrell bought,  
2 That did soe finelie 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* bonny boy to scorne;  
2 *Lord!* pittie it was to heare;  
3 I haue 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 apparrell,  
2 *That* did soe finelie his body vpon,  
3 He went a woiing 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 enteraind him with a quart of red Renish  
wi<ne],  
4 Saies, *Lord* of Learne, thou art welcome to me.

**271A.42**

1 Then to supper *that* they were sett,  
2 Lords and ladyes in thei degree;  
3 The steward was sett next the Duke of France;  
4 An vnseemlye sight it was to see.

**271A.43**

1 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrance,  
2 Vnto the *Lord* of Leearne said hee there,  
3 Sayes, *Lord* of Learne, if thou'le marry my  
daught<er],  
4 I'le mend thy liuing fiue hundred pound a  
yeere.

**271A.44**

1 Then bespake *that* lady fayre,  
2 Answered her ffather soe alone,  
3 That shee would be his married wiffe  
4 If he wold make her lady of Learne.

**271A.45**

1 Then hand in hand the steward her hee tooke,  
2 And plight *that* lady his troth alone,  
3 *That* shee 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 robucke run,  
4 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, trulye.  
3 .....  
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 shepard's boy,  
4 I'le know why he doth mourne, trulye.

**271A.49**

1 When he came before *that* lady fayer,  
2 He fell downe vpon his knee;  
3 He had beene so well brought vpp  
4 He needed not to learne curtesie.

## 271A.50

1 'Where wast thou borne, thou bonny boy?  
2 Where or in what countrye?'  
3 'Madam, I was borne in faire Scotland,  
4 *That* is soe farr 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 sayes, 'is Poore Disaware,  
4 *That* tends sheepe on a lonely lee.'

## 271A.52

1 'One thing thou must tell mee, bonny boy,  
2 *Which* I must needs aske of thee,  
3 Dost not thou know the young *Lord of Learne*?  
4 He is comen a woing into France to me.'

## 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 oune country.'

## 271A.54

1 'What ayles thee to weepe, my bonny boy?  
2 Tell me or ere I part thee free.'  
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 'I haue dwelled in France since I was borne;  
4 Such a shepard's boy I did neuer see.'

## 271A.56

1 'Wilt thou not leaue thy sheep, my child,  
2 And come vnto service vnto mee?  
3 And I will giue thee meate and fee,  
4 And my chamberlaine thou shalt bee.'

## 271A.57

1 'Then I will leaue my sheepe, madam,' he sayd,  
2 'And come into service vnto thee,  
3 If you will giue me meate and fee,  
4 *Your* chamberlaine *that* I may bee.'

## 271A.58

1 When the lady come 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 The *lord that* is come a woing to you  
4 Will be offended *with* you and mee.'

## 271A.60

5 Then came downe the false steward,  
6 *Which* called himselfe the *Lord of Learne*,  
7 trulie;  
8 When he looked that bonny boy vpon,  
9 An angry man i-wis was hee.

## 271A.61

1 'Where was thou borne, thou vagabond?  
2 Where?' he sayd, ænd in what country?'  
3 Says, I was borne in fayre Scotland,  
4 *That* is soe far beyond the sea.

## 271A.62

1 'What is thy name, thou vagabond?  
2 Haue done qu<i>cklie, and tell it to me;' *My name,*  
3 'he sayes, 'is Poore Disaware,  
4 I tend sheep on the lonelie lee.'

## 271A.63

1 'Thou art a theefe,' the steward said,  
2 'And soe in the end I will prouoe thee;'  
3 .....  
4 .....

## 271A.64

1 Then be-spake the ladie fayre,  
2 'Peace, *Lord of Learne!* I doe pray thee;  
3 Ffor if noe loue you show this child,  
4 Noe favor can you haue of mee.'

## 271A.65

1 'Will you beleue me, lady faire,  
2 When the truth I doe tell yee?  
3 Att 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 harsses well,  
4 My stable-groome I will make thee.

## 271A.67

1 And thus *that that* did passe vpon  
2 Till the twelve monthes did draw to an ende;  
3 The boy applied his office soe well  
4 Euey man became his freind.

## 271A.68

1 He went forth earlye one morning  
2 To water a gelding at the water soe free;  
3 The gelding vp, and *with* his head  
4 He hitt the child about his eye.

## 271A.69

1 'Woe be to thee, thou gelding,' he sayd,  
2 'And to the mare *that* foled thee!  
3 Thou hast striken the *Lord of Learne*  
4 A litle tinye 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 mourning 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 wilbe trew vnto thee.'

## 271A.73

1 'But nay, now nay, madam!' he sayd,  
2 'Soe *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 doest not sing to mee;  
3 And as I am a true ladie  
4 I will euer be true vnto thee.'

## 271A.75

5 He sayd, Woe be to thee, gelding,  
6 And to the mare *that* foled thee!  
7 For thou hast stricken the *Lord of Learne*,  
8 A litle about mine eye.

## 271A.76

1 First night I was borne, a *lord* I was,  
2 An earle after my father doth dye;  
3 My father is the good *Lord of Learne*,  
4 And child he hath noe other but mee;  
5 My father sent me over [the sea] *with* the false  
6 steward,  
7 And thus *that* he hath beguiled mee.

## 271A.77

1 'Woe be to the steward, lady,' he sayd,  
2 'Woe be to him verrily!  
3 He hath bene about this twelve months day  
4 For to deceiue both thee and mee.'

## 271A.78

1 'If you doe not my counsell keepe,  
2 *That* I haue told you *with* good intent,  
3 And if you doe it not well keepe,  
4 Ffarwell! 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 trew ladye,  
4 I'le neuer marry none but thee.'

## 271A.80

1 Shee sent in for her father, the Duke,  
2 In all the speed *that* ere might bee;  
3 'Put of my wedding, father,' 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 Ffor the loue of God, this monthes three.'

## 271A.82

1 The Duke of France put of this wedding  
2 Of the steward and the lady 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* euer might bee;  
3 Shee sent [it] over into Scotland,  
4 *That* is soe fflarr beyond the sea.

## 271A.84

1 When the messenger came beefore the old *Lor*  
2 *d of Learne*,  
3 He kneeled low downe on his knee,  
4 And he deliuered the letter vnto him,  
5 In all the speed *that* euer 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, Lady of Learne,' the lord did say,  
2 'For Christ his loue 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* ere 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 countrye,  
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 Ffive 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 worshippingfull, thē did bowe,  
2 The serving-men fell on their knee,  
3 They cast their hatts vp into the ayre  
4 For ioy *that* boy *that* they had seene.

## 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  
4 heire!  
5 The blisse of heauen *that* thou may winne!

## 271A.94

1 The false steward and the Duke of France  
2 Were in a castle-topp, trulie;  
3 'What fooles are yond,' says the false steward,  
4 'To the porter makes soe lowe curtesie?'

## 271A.95

1 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrance,  
2 Calling my *Lord of Learne*, trulie;  
3 He sayd, I doubt the day be come  
4 *That* either you or I must die.

## 271A.96

1 Thē sett the castle round about,  
2 A swallow cold not haue flone away;  
3 And there thē tooke the false steward  
4 *That* the *Lord of Learne* did betray.

## 271A.97

1 And when they had taken the false steward,  
2 He fell lowe downe vpon his knee,  
3 And craued mercy of the *Lord of Learne*  
4 For the villanous dedd he had done, trulie.

## 271A.98

1 'Thou shalt haue mercy,' said the *Lord of*  
2 *Learne*,  
3 'Thou vile traitor, I tell to thee,  
4 As the lawes of the realme they will thee beare,  
5 Wether it bee for thee to liue or dye.'

**271A.99**

1 A quest of lords *that* there was chosen,  
2 To goe vpon his death, trulie;  
3 There thē iudged the false steward,  
4 Whether he was guiltie, and for to dye.

**271A.100**

1 The forman of the iury he came in,  
2 He spake his words full lowd and hie;  
3 Said, Make thee ready, thou false steward,  
4 For now thy death it drawes full nie.

**271A.101**

1 Sayd he, If my death it doth draw nie,  
2 God forgiue me all I haue done amisse!  
3 Where is *that* lady I haue loued soe longe?  
4 Before my death to giue me a kisse.

**271A.102**

1 'Away, thou traitor!' the lady said,  
2 'Auoyd out of my company!  
3 For thy vild treason thou hast wrought,  
4 Thou had need to cry to God for mercye.'

**271A.103**

1 First they tooke him and h<a[ngd him halfe,  
2 And let him downe before he was dead,  
3 And quartered him in quarters many,  
4 And sodde him in a boyling lead.

**271A.104**

1 And then they tooke him out againe,  
2 And cutten all his ioynts in sunder,  
3 And burnte him eke vpon a hyll,  
4 I-wis thē did him curstlye cumber.

**271A.105**

1 A loud laughter the lady laugh,  
2 O Lord! she smiled merrylic;  
3 She said I may praise my heauenly *king*  
4 That euer I seene this vile traytor die.

**271A.106**

1 Then bespake the Duke of France,  
2 Vnto the right *Lord* of Learne sayd he there;  
3 Says, *Lord* of Learne, if thou wilt marry my  
daught<er]  
4 I'le mend thy liuing fiue hundred a yeere.

**271A.107**

1 But then bespake *that* bonie boy,  
2 And answered the Duke quicklie,  
3 I had rather marry *your* daughter with a ring of  
go<ld]  
4 Then all the gold *that* ere I blinket on with min  
e eye.

**271A.108**

1 But then bespake the old *Lord* of Learne,  
2 To the Duke of France thus he did say,  
3 Seeing our children doe soe well agree,  
4 They shalbe marryed ere wee goe away.

**271A.109**

5 The Lady of Learne shee was sent for  
6 Throughout Scotland soe speedilie,  
7 To see these two children sett vpp  
8 In their seats of gold full royallye.

**271B.1**

1 IT was a worthy Lord of Lorn,  
2 He was a lord of high degree,  
3 He sent [his son] unto the schoole,  
4 To learn some civility.

**271B.2**

1 He learned more learning in one day  
2 Than other children did in three;  
3 And then bespake the schoolmaster  
4 Unto him tenderly,

**271B.3**

1 'In faith thou art the honestest boy  
2 That ere I blink on with mine eye;  
3 I hope thou art some easterling born,  
4 The Holy Ghost is with thee.'

**271B.4**

1 He said he was no easterling born,  
2 The child thus answered courteously;  
3 My father is the Lord of Lorn,  
4 And I his son, perdye.

**271B.5**

1 The schoolmaster turned round about,  
2 His angry mood he could not swage;  
3 He marvelled the child could speak so wise,  
4 He being of so tender age.

**271B.6**

1 He girt the saddle to the steed,  
2 The bridle of the best gold shone;  
3 He took his leave of his fellows all,  
4 And quickly he was gone.

**271B.7**

1 And when he came to his father dear  
2 He kneeled down upon his knee;  
3 'I am come to you, fathe<r],' he said,  
4 'God's blessing give you me.'

**271B.8**

1 'Thou art welcome, son,' he said,  
2 'God's blessing I give thee;  
3 What tidings hast thou brought, my son,  
4 Being come so hastily?'

**271B.9**

1 'I have brought tidings, father,' he said,  
2 'And so likēd it may be.  
3 There's never a book in all Scotland  
4 But I can read it, truly.'

**271B.10**

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

**271B.11**

1 'That is good tidings,' said the lord,  
2 'All in the place where I do stand;  
3 My son, thou shalt into France go,  
4 To learn the speeches of each land.'

**271B.12**

1 'Who shall go with him?' said the lady;  
2 'Husband, we have no more but he';  
3 'Madam,' he saith, 'My head steward,  
4 He hath bin true to me.'

**271B.13**

1 She cal'd the steward to an account,  
2 A thousand pound she gave him anon;  
3 Sayes, Good Sir Steward, be as good to my  
child,  
4 When he is far from home.

**271B.14**

1 'If I be fals unto my young lord,  
2 Then God be [the] like to me indeed!'  
3 And now to France they both are gone,  
4 And God be their good speed.

**271B.15**

1 They had not been in France land  
2 Not three weeks unto an end,  
3 But meat and drink the child got none,  
4 Nor mony in purse to spend.

**271B.16**

1 The child ran to the river's side;  
2 He was fain to drink water then;  
3 And after followed the fals steward,  
4 To put the child therein.

**271B.17**

1 'But nay, marry!' said the child,  
2 He asked mercy pittifully,  
3 'Good steward, let me have my life,  
4 What ere betide my body.'

**271B.18**

1 'Now put off thy fair cloathing  
2 And give it me anon;  
3 So put thee of thy s'lken shirt,  
4 With many a golden seam.'

**271B.19**

1 But when the child was stript naked,  
2 His body white as the lilly-flower,  
3 He might have bin seen for his body  
4 A prince's paramour.

**271B.20**

1 He put him in an old kelter coat  
2 And hose of the same above the knee,  
3 He bid him go to the shepherd's house,  
4 To keep sheep on a lonely lee.

**271B.21**

1 The child did say, What shall be my name?  
2 Good steward, tell to me;  
3 'Thy name shall be Poor Disawear,  
4 That thy name shall be.'

**271B.22**

1 The child came to the shepherd's house,  
2 And asked mercy pittifully;  
3 Sayes, Good sir shepherd, take me in,  
4 To keep sheep on a lonely lee.

**271B.23**

1 But when the shepherd saw the child,  
2 He was so pleasant in his eye,  
3 'I have no child, I'le make thee my heir,  
4 Thou shalt have my goods, perdie.'

**271B.24**

1 And then bespake the shepherd's wife,  
2 Unto the child so tenderly;  
3 'Thou must take the sheep and go to the field,  
4 And keep them on a lonely lee.'

**271B.25**

5 Now let us leave talk of the child,  
6 That is keeping sheep on a lonely lee,  
7 And we'l talk more of the fals steward,  
8 And of his fals treachery.

**271B.26**

1 He bought himself three suits of apparrell,  
2 That any lord might a seem<d] to worn,  
3 He went a wooing to the Duke's daughter,  
4 And cal'd himself the Lord of Lorn.

**271B.27**

1 The duke he welcomed the yong lord  
2 With three baked stags anon;  
3 If he had wist him the fals steward,  
4 To the devill he would have gone.

**271B.28**

1 But when they were at supper set,  
2 With dainty delicates that was there,  
3 The d-cuke] said, If thou wilt wed my daughter,  
4 I'le give thee a thousand pound a year.

**271B.29**

1 The lady would see the red buck run,  
2 And also for to hunt the doe,  
3 And with a hundred lusty men  
4 The lady did a hunting go.

**271B.30**

1 The lady is a hunting gon,  
2 Over le and fell that is so high;  
3 There was she ware of a shepherd's boy,  
4 With sheep on a lonely lee.

**271B.31**

1 And ever he sighed and made moan,  
2 And cried out pittifully,  
3 'My father is the Lord of Lorn,  
4 And knows not wha<t>'s become of me.'

**271B.32**

1 And then bespake the lady gay,  
2 And to her maid she spake anon,  
3 'Go fetch me hither the shepherd's boy;  
4 Why maketh he all this moan?'

**271B.33**

1 But when he came before the lady  
2 .....  
3 .....  
4 He was not to learn his courtesie:

**271B.34**

1 'Where was thou born, thou bonny child?  
2 For whose sake makst thou all this mone?'  
3 'My dearest friend, lady,' he said,  
4 'Is dead many years agon.'

**271B.35**

1 'Tell thou to me, thou bonny child,  
2 Tell me the truth and do not lye,  
3 Knost thou not the yong lord of Lorn,  
4 Is come a wooing unto me?'

**271B.36**

1 'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,  
2 'I know the lord then, verily;  
3 The young lord is a valliant lord  
4 At home in his own country.'

**271B.37**

1 'Wilt leave thy sheep, thou bonny child,  
2 And come in service unto me?'  
3 'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,  
4 'At your bidding will I be.'

**271B.38**

1 When the steward lookt upon the child,  
2 He bewraild him villainously:  
3 'Where wast thou born, thou vagabone?  
4 Or where is thy country?'

**271B.39**

1 'Ha don! ha don!' said the lady gay,  
2 She cal'd the steward then presently;  
3 'Without you bear him more good will,  
4 You get no love of me.'



**271B.40**

1 Then bespake the false steward  
2 Unto the lady hastily:  
3 'At Aberdine, beyond the seas,  
4 His father robbèd thousands three.'

**271B.41**

1 But then bespake the lady gay  
2 Unto her father courteously,  
3 Saying, I have found a bonny child  
4 My chamberlain to be.

**271B.42**

1 'Not so, not so,' then said the duke,  
2 'For so it may not be,  
3 For that young L<ord] of Lorn that comes a  
woeing  
4 Will think something of thee and me.'

**271B.43**

1 When the duke had lookt upon the child,  
2 He seemd so pleasant to the eye,  
3 'Child, because thou lovest horses well,  
4 My groom of stables thou shalt be.'

**271B.44**

1 The child plied the horses well  
2 A twelve month to an end;  
3 He was so courteous and so true  
4 Every man became his fri<e>nd.

**271B.45**

1 He led a fair gelding to the water,  
2 Where he might drink, verily;  
3 The great gelding up with his head  
4 And hit the child above the eye.

**271B.46**

1 'Wo worth thee, horse!' then said the child,  
2 'That ere mare foalèd thee!  
3 Thou little knowst what thou hast done;  
4 Thou hast stricken a lord of high degree.'

**271B.47**

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 And left her maidens all alone.

**271B.48**

1 'Sing on thy song, thou bonny child,  
2 I will release thee of thy pain;'  
3 'I have made an oath, lady,' he said,  
4 'I dare not tell my tale again.'

**271B.49**

1 'Tell the horse thy tale, thou bonny child,  
2 And so thy oath shall savèd be;'  
3 But when he told the horse his tale  
4 The lady wept full tenderly.

**271B.50**

1 'I'll 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 speak with me.

**271B.51**

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'll put my wedding off months three.'

**271B.52**

1 The lady she did write a letter,  
2 Full pittifully with her own hand,  
3 She sent it to the Lord of Lorn  
4 Whereas he dwelt in fair Scotland.

**271B.53**

1 But when the lord had read the letter  
2 His lady wept most tenderly:  
3 'I knew what would become of my child  
4 In such a far country.'

**271B.54**

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 And into France rides he.

**271B.55**

1 The wind servd, and they did saile  
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.56**

1 The lords they moved hat and hand,  
2 The servingmen fell on their knee;  
3 'What folks be yonder,' said the steward,  
4 'That makes the porter courtesie?'

**271B.57**

1 'Thou art a false thief,' said the L<ord] of Lorn,  
2 'No longer might I bear with thee;  
3 By the law of France thou shalt be ju<d>gd,  
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 fals steward must dye.

**271B.59**

1 First they did him half hang,  
2 And then they took him down anon,  
3 And then put him in boyling lead,  
4 And then was sodden, brest and bone.

**271B.60**

1 And then bespake the Lord of Lorn,  
2 With many other lords mo;  
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 rejoyce  
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 joyes did turn,  
3 And happy news among the rest  
4 Unto the worthy Lord of Lorn.

**271B.66**

1 Let rebels therefore warnèd be  
2 How mischief once they do pretend;  
3 For God may suffer for a time,  
4 But will disclose it in the end.

**272A.1**

1 A WONDER stranger ne'r was known  
2 Then what I now shall treat upon.  
3 In Suffolk there did lately dwell  
4 A farmer rich and known full well.

**272A.2**

1 He had a daughter fair and bright,  
2 On whom he plac'd his chief delight;  
3 Her beauty was beyond compare,  
4 She was both virtuous and fair.

**272A.3**

1 A young man there was living by,  
2 Who was so charmèd with her eye  
3 That he could never be at rest,  
4 He was with love so much possess.

**272A.4**

1 He made address to her, and she  
2 Did grant him love immediately;  
3 Which when her father came to hear,  
4 He parted her and her poor dear.

**272A.5**

1 Forty miles distant was she sent,  
2 Unto his brother's, with intent  
3 That she should there so long remain  
4 Till she had chang'd her mind again.

**272A.6**

1 Hereat this young man sadly grievd,  
2 But knew not how to be reliev'd;  
3 He sighd and sobd continually  
4 That his true love he could not see.

**272A.7**

1 She by no means could to him send  
2 Who was her heart's espousèd friend;  
3 He sighd, she grievd, but all in vain,  
4 For she confin'd must still remain.

**272A.8**

1 He mournd so much that doctor's art  
2 Could give no ease unto his heart;  
3 Who was so strang<e>ly terrified,  
4 That in short time for love he dyed.

**272A.9**

1 She that from him was sent away  
2 Knew nothing of his dying-day,  
3 But constant still she did remain;  
4 To love the dead was then in vain.

**272A.10**

1 After he had in grave been laid  
2 A month or more, unto this maid  
3 He comes about middle of the night,  
4 Who joyd to see her heart's delight.

**272A.11**

1 Her father's horse, which well she knew,  
2 Her mother's hood and safeguard too,  
3 He brought with him to testifie  
4 Her parents' order he came by.

**272A.12**

1 Which when her unckle understood,  
2 He hop't it would be for her good,  
3 And gave consent to her straightway  
4 That with him she should come away.

**272A.13**

1 When she was got her love behind,  
2 They passd as swift as any wind,  
3 That in two hours, or little more,  
4 He brought her to her father's door.

**272A.14**

1 But as they did this great haste make,  
2 He did complain his head did ake;  
3 Her handkerchief she then took out,  
4 And tyed the same his head about.

**272A.15**

1 And unto him she thus did say:  
2 'Thou art as cold as any clay;  
3 When we come home, a fire we'll have;'  
4 But little dreamt he went to grave.

**272A.16**

1 Soon were they at her father's door,  
2 And after she ne'r see him more;  
3 'I'll set the horse up,' then he said,  
4 And there he left this harmless maid.

**272A.17**

1 She knockt, and strait a man he cryed,  
2 'Who's there?' 'Tis I,' she then replyed;  
3 Who wondred much her voice to hear,  
4 And was possess with dread and fear.

**272A.18**

1 Her father he did tell, and then  
2 He stared like an affrighted man:  
3 Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,  
4 Cry'd out, My child, how cam'st thou here?

**272A.19**

1 'Pray, sir, did you not send for me,  
2 By such a messenger?' said she;  
3 Which made his hair stare on his head,  
4 As knowing well that he was dead.

**272A.20**

1 'Where is he?' then to her he said;  
2 'He's in the stable,' quoth the maid.  
3 'Go in,' said he, and go to bed;  
4 I'll see the horse well littered.'

**272A.21**

1 He stared about, and there could hee  
2 No shape of any mankind see,  
3 But found his horse all on a sweat;  
4 Which made him in a deadly fret.

**272A.22**

1 His daughter he said nothing to,  
2 Nor no one else, though well they knew  
3 That he was dead a month before,  
4 For fear of grieveing her full sore.

**272A.23**

1 Her father to his father went  
2 Who was deceasd, with this intent,  
3 To tell him what his daughter said;  
4 So both came back unto this maid.

**272A.24**

1 They askd her, and she still did say  
2 'Twas he that then brought her away;  
3 Which when they heard they were amaz'd,  
4 And on each other strang<e>ly gaz'd.

**272A.25**

1 A handkerchief she said she tyed  
2 About his head, and that they tryed;  
3 The sexton they did speak unto,  
4 That he the grave would then undo.

**272A.26**

1 Affrighted then they did behold  
2 His body turning into mould,  
3 And though he had a month been dead,  
4 This kercheif was about his head.

**272A.27**

1 This thing unto her then they told,  
2 And the whole truth they did unfold;  
3 She was thereat so terrified  
4 And grievd, she quickly after dyed.

**272A.28**

1 Part not true love, you rich men, then;  
2 But, if they be right honest men  
3 Your daughters love, give them their way,  
4 For force oft breeds their lives' decay.

**273A.1**

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

**273A.2**

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

**273A.3**

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

**273A.4**

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

**273A.5**

1 'God speed, God speed,' then said our king;  
2 'Thou art welcome, good fellow,' quoth he;  
3 'Which is the way to Drayton Basset  
4 I pray thee shew to me.'

**273A.6**

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

**273A.7**

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

**273A.8**

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

**273A.9**

1 'Go with me to Drayton Basset,' said our king,  
2 'No daintyes we will lack;  
3 We'll have meat and drink of the best,  
4 And I will pay the shot.'

**273A.10**

1 'Godamercy for nothing,' said the tanner,  
2 'Thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine;  
3 I have more groats and nobles in my purse  
4 then thou hast pence in thine.'

**273A.11**

1 'God save your goods,' then said the king,  
2 and send them well to thee!  
3 'Be thou thief or true man,' quoth the tanner,  
4 'I am weary of thy company.'

**273A.12**

1 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
2 'of thee I stand in fear;  
3 The apparrell thou wearst on thy back  
4 May seem a good lord to wear.'

**273A.13**

1 'I never stole them' said our king,  
2 'I swear to thee by the rood;'  
3 'Thou art some ruffian of the country,  
4 thou rid'st in the midst of thy good.'

**273A.14**

5 'What news dost thou hear?' then said our king,  
6 'I pray what news do you hear?'  
7 'I hear no news,' answered the tanner,  
8 'But that cow-hides be dear.'

**273A.15**

1 'Cow-hides? cow-hides?' then said our king,  
2 'I marvell what they be;'  
3 'Why, art thou a fool?' quoth the tanner,  
4 'look, I have one under me.'

**273A.16**

1 'Yet one thing now I would thee pray,  
2 so that thou wouldst not be strange;  
3 If thy mare be better then my steed,  
4 I pray thee let us change.'

**273A.17**

1 'But if you needs with me will change,  
2 As change full well may ye,  
3 By the faith of my body,' quoth the tanner,  
4 'I look to have boot of thee.'

**273A.18**

1 'What boot wilt thou ask?' then said our king,  
2 'what boot dost thou ask on this ground?'  
3 'No pence nor half-pence,' said the tanner,  
4 'But a noble in gold so round.'

**273A.19**

1 'Here's twenty good groats,' then said the king,  
2 'So well paid see you be;'  
3 'I love thee better then I did before,  
4 I thought thou hadst nere a peny.'

**273A.20**

1 'But if so be we needs must change,  
2 as change thou must abide,  
3 Though thou hast gotten Brock my mare,  
4 thou shalt not have my cow-hide.'

**273A.21**

1 The tanner took the good cow-hide,  
2 that of the cow was hilt,  
3 And threw it upon the king's saddle,  
4 That was so fairly guilt.

**273A.22**

1 'Now help me, help me,' quoth the tanner,  
2 'Full quickly that I were gone,  
3 For when I come home to Gillian my wife  
4 she'll say I'm a gentleman.'

**273A.23**

1 The king took the tanner by the leg,  
2 he girded a fart so round;  
3 'You'r very homely,' said the king,  
4 'were I aware, I'd laid you o th' ground.'

**273A.24**

1 But when the tanner was in the king's saddle  
2 aston'd then he was;  
3 He knew not the stirrups that he did wear,  
4 whether they were gold or brass.

**273A.25**

1 But when the steed saw the black cow-tale wag,  
2 for and the black cow-horn,  
3 The steed began to run away,  
4 as the divel the tanner had born.

**273A.26**

1 Untill he came unto a nook,  
2 a little beside an ash;  
3 The steed gave the tanner such a fall  
4 his neck was almost brast.

**273A.27**

1 'Take thy horse again, with a vengeance,' he  
said,  
2 'with me he shall not abide;'  
3 'It is no marvell,' said the king, and laught,  
4 'He knew not your cow-hide.'

**273A.28**

1 'But if that we needs now must change,  
2 as change that well we mought,  
3 I'll swear to you plain, if you have your mare,  
4 I look to have some boot.'

**273A.29**

1 'What boot will you ask?' quoth the tanner,  
2 'What boot will you ask on this ground?'  
3 'No pence nor half-pence,' said our king,  
4 'But a noble in gold so round.'

**273A.30**

1 'Here's twenty [good] groats,' said the tanner,  
2 and twenty more I have of thine;  
3 I have ten groats more in my purse,  
4 we'll drink five of them at the wine.'

**273A.31**

1 The king set a bugle-horne to his mouth,  
2 that blew both loud and shrill,  
3 And five hundred lords and knights  
4 came riding over a hill.

**273A.32**

1 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
2 'with thee I'll no longer abide;  
3 Thou art a strong thief, yonder be thy fellows,  
4 they will steal away my cow-hide.'

**273A.33**

1 'No I protest,' then said our king,  
2 'For so it may not be;  
3 They be the lords of Drayton Basset,  
4 come out of the North Country.'

**273A.34**

1 But when they came before the king  
2 full low they fell on their knee;  
3 The tanner had rather then a thousand pound  
4 he had been out of his company.

**273A.35**

1 'A collar! a collar!' then said the king,  
2 'æ collar!' then did he cry;  
3 Then would he have given a thousand pound  
4 he had not been so nigh.

**273A.36**

1 'A collar? a collar?' then quoth the tanner,  
2 'it is a thing which will breed sorrow;  
3 For after a collar commeth a halter,  
4 and I shall be hanged tomorrow.'

**273A.37**

1 'No, do not fear,' the king did say;  
2 'For pastime thou hast shown me,  
3 No collar nor halter thou shalt have,  
4 but I will give thee a fee.

**273A.38**

1 'For Plompton Park I will give thee,  
2 with tenements three beside,  
3 Which is worth three hundred pound a year,  
4 to maintain thy good cow-hide.'

**273A.39**

1 'Godamercy, Godamercy,' quoth the tanner;  
2 'For this good deed thou hast done,  
3 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth  
4 thou shalt have clouting-leather for thy shone.'

**274A.1**

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

**274A.2**

1 'What's this now, goodwife?  
2 What's this I see?  
3 How came this horse here,  
4 Without the leave o me?'  
5 'A horse?' quo she.  
6 'Ay, a horse,' quo he.

**274A.3**

1 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
2 Ill mat ye see!  
3 'Tis naething but a broad sow,  
4 My minnie sent to me.'  
5 'A broad sow?' quo he.  
6 'Ay, a sow,' quo shee.

**274A.4**

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

**274A.5**

1 Hame came our goodman,  
2 And hame came he;  
3 He spy'd a pair of jack-boots,  
4 Hwere nae boots should be.

**274A.6**

1 'What's this now, goodwife?  
2 What's this I see?  
3 How came these boots here,  
4 Without the leave o me?'  
5 'Boots?' quo she.  
6 'Ay, boots,' quo he.

**274A.7**

1 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
2 And ill mat ye see!  
3 It's but a pair of water-stoups,  
4 My minnie sent to 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 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
2 Ill mat ye see!  
3 It's but a porridge-spurtle,  
4 My minnie sent to me.'  
5 'A spurtle?' quo he.  
6 'Ay, a spurtle,' quo she.

**274A.12**

1 'Far hae I ridden,  
2 And farer hae I gane,  
3 But siller-handed spurtles  
4 I saw never nane.'

**274A.13**

1 Hame came our goodman,  
2 And hame came he;  
3 There he spy'd a powderd wig,  
4 Where nae wig should be.

**274A.14**

1 'What's this now, goodwife?  
2 What's this I see?  
3 How came this wig here,  
4 Without the leave o me?'  
5 'A wig?' quo she.  
6 'Ay, a wig,' quo he.

**274A.15**

1 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
2 And ill mat you see!  
3 'Tis naething but a clocken-hen,  
4 My minnie sent to me.'  
5 'Clocken hen?' quo he.  
6 'Ay, clocken hen,' quo she.

**274A.16**

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

**274A.17**

1 Hame came our goodman,  
2 And hame came he,  
3 And there he saw a muckle coat,  
4 Where nae coat should be.

**274A.18**

1 'What's this now, goodwife?  
2 What's this I see?  
3 How came this coat here,  
4 Without the leave o me?'  
5 'A coat?' quo she.  
6 'Ay, a coat,' quo he.

**274A.19**

1 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
2 Ill mat ye see!  
3 It's but a pair o blankets,  
4 My minnie sent to me.'  
5 'Blankets?' quo he.  
6 'Ay, blankets,' quo she.

**274A.20**

1 'Far hae I ridden,  
2 And farer hae I gane,  
3 But buttons upon blankets  
4 I saw never nane.'

**274A.21**

1 'Ben went our goodman,  
2 And ben went he,  
3 And there he spy'd a study man,  
4 Where nae man should be.

**274A.22**

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.23**

1 'Poor blind body,  
2 And blinder 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.24**

1 'Far hae I ridden,  
2 And farer hae I gane,  
3 But lang-bearded maidens  
4 I saw never nane.

**274B.1**

1 O 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.

**274B.2**

1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
3 'O what do these three horses here,  
4 without the leave of me?'

**274B.3**

1 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
2 can't you very well see?  
3 These are three milking-cows,  
4 my mother sent O me.'

**274B.4**

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.5**

1 O I went into the kitchen,  
2 and there for to see,  
3 And there I saw three swords hang,  
4 by one, by two, and by three.

**274B.6**

1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
3 'O what do these three swords do here,  
4 without the leave of me?'

**274B.7**

1 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
2 can't you very well see?  
3 They are three roasting-spits,  
4 my mother sent to me.'

**274B.8**

1 'Heyday! Godzounds! Roasting spits with  
scabbards on!  
2 the like was never known!  
3 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
4 and a cuckold he came home.

**274B.9**

1 O I went into the parlour,  
2 and there for to see,  
3 And there I saw three cloaks hang,  
4 by one, by two, and by three.

**274B.10**

1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
3 'O what do these three cloaks do here,  
4 without the leave of me?'

**274B.11**

1 Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
2 can't you very well see?  
3 These are three mantuas,  
4 my mother sent to 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 I went into the pantry,  
2 and there for to see,  
3 And there I saw three pair of boots hang,  
4 by one, by two, and by three.

**274B.14**

1 O I called to my loving wife,  
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she  
3 'O what do these three pair of boots do here,  
4 without the leave of me?'

**274B.15**

1 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
2 can't you very well see?  
3 These are three pudding-bags,  
4 my mother sent to me.'

**274B.16**

5 'Heyday! Godzounds! Pudding-bags with  
spurs on!  
6 the like was never known!  
7 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
8 and a cuckold he came home.

**274B.17**

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.18**

1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
3 'O what do these three pair of breeches do here,  
4 without the leave of me?'

**274B.19**

1 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
2 can't you very well see?  
3 These are three petticoats,  
4 my mother sent to me.'

**274B.20**

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.21**

1 I went into the dairy,  
2 and there for to see,  
3 And there I saw three hats hang,  
4 by one, by two, and by three.

**274B.22**

1 I calld to my loving wife,  
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
3 'Pray what do these three hats do here,  
4 without the leave of me?'

**274B.23**

1 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
2 can't you very well see?  
3 They are three skimming-dishes,  
4 my mother sent to me.'

**274B.24**

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.25**

1 I went into the chamber,  
2 and there for to see,  
3 And there I saw three men in bed lie,  
4 by one, by two, and by three.

**274B.26**

1 I called to my loving wife,  
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
3 'O what do these three men in bed,  
4 without the leave of me?'

**274B.27**

1 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
2 don't you very well see?  
3 They are three milking-maids,  
4 my mother sent to me.'

**274B.28**

1 '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 IT fell about the Martinmas time,  
2 And a gay time it was then,  
3 When our goodwife got puddings to make,  
4 And she's boild them in the pan.

**275A.2**

1 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,  
2 And blew into the floor;  
3 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
4 'Gae out and bar the door.'

**275A.3**

5 'My hand is in my hussyfskap,  
6 Goodman, as ye may see;  
7 An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,  
8 It's no be barrd for me.'

**275A.4**

9 They made a paction tween them twa,  
10 They made it firm and sure,  
11 That the first word whaeer shoud speak,  
12 Shoud rise and bar the door.

**275A.5**

1 Then by there came two gentlemen,  
2 At twelve o'clock at night,  
3 And they could neither see house nor hall,  
4 Nor coal nor candle-light.

**275A.6**

1 'Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
2 Or whether is it a poor?'  
3 But neer a word wad ane o them speak,  
4 For barring of the door.

**275A.7**

1 And first they ate the white puddings,  
2 And then they ate the black;  
3 Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,  
4 Yet neer a word she spake.

**275A.8**

1 Then said the one unto the other,  
2 'Here, man, tak ye my knife;  
3 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
4 And I'll kiss the goodwife.'

**275A.9**

1 'But there's nae water in the house,  
2 And what shall we do than?'  
3 'What ails ye at the pudding-broo,  
4 That boils into the pan?'

**275A.10**

1 O up then started our goodman,  
2 An angry man was he:  
3 'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
4 And scad me wi pudding-bree?'

**275A.11**

1 Then up and started our goodwife,  
2 Gied three skips on the floor:  
3 'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,  
4 Get up and bar the door.'

**275B.1**

1 THERE leaved a wee man at the fit o yon hill,  
2 John Blunt it was his name, O  
3 And he sell'd liquor and ale o the best,  
4 And bears a wondrous fame. O  
5 Tal lara ta lilt, tal lare a lilt,  
6 Tal lara ta lilt, tal lara

**275B.2**

1 The wind it blew frae north to south,  
2 It blew into the floor;  
3 Says auld John Blunt to Janet the wife,  
4 Ye maun rise up and bar the door.

**275B.3**

1 'My hans are in my husseyskep,  
2 I canna weel get them free,  
3 And if ye dinna bar it yersel  
4 It'll never be barred by me.'

**275B.4**

1 They made it up atween them twa,  
2 They made it unco sure,  
3 That the ane that spoke the foremost word  
4 Was to rise and bar the door.

**275B.5**

1 There was twa travellers travelling late,  
2 Was travelling cross the muir,  
3 And they cam unto wee John Blunt's,  
4 Just by the light o the door.

**275B.6**

1 'O whether is this a rich man's house,  
2 Or whether is it a puir?'  
3 But never a word would the auld bodies speak,  
4 For the barring o the door.

**275B.7**

1 First they bad good een to them,  
2 And syne they bad good morrow;  
3 But never a word would the auld bodies speak,  
4 For the barring o the door, O.

**275B.8**

1 First they ate the white puddin,  
2 And syne they ate the black,  
3 And aye the auld wife said to hersel,  
4 May the deil slip down wi that!

**275B.9**

1 And next they drank o the liquor sea strong,  
2 And syne they drank o the yill:  
3 'And since we hae got a house o our ain  
4 I'm sure we may tak our fill.'

**275B.10**

1 It's says the ane unto the ither,  
2 Here, man, tak ye my knife,  
3 An ye'll scrape aff the auld man's beard,  
4 While I kiss the gudewife.

**275B.11**

1 'Ye hae 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.'

**275C.1**

1 THERE livd a man in yonder glen,  
2 And John Blunt was his name; O  
3 He maks gude maut and he brews gude ale,  
4 And he bears a wondrous fame. O

**275C.2**

1 The wind blew in the hallan ae night,  
2 Fu snell out oer the moor;  
3 'Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie,' he says,  
4 'Rise up, and bar the door.'

**275C.3**

1 They made a paction tween them twa,  
2 They made it firm and sure,  
3 Whaeer sud speak the foremost word  
4 Should rise and bar the door.

**275C.4**

1 Three travellers that had tint their gate,  
2 As thro the hills they foor,  
3 They airted by the line o light  
4 Fu straught to Johnnie Blunt's door.

**275C.5**

1 They haurld auld Luckie out o her bed  
2 And laid her on the floor,  
3 But never a word auld Luckie wad say,  
4 For barrin o the door.

**275C.6**

1 'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae druken my ale,  
2 And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore!'  
3 'A ha, Johnnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the first  
word,  
4 Get up and bar the door.'

**276A.1**

1 As I lay musing all alone,  
2 fa, la, la, la, la  
3 A pretty yeast I thought upon;  
4 fa, la, la, la, la  
5 Then listen a while, and I will you tell  
6 Of a fryer that loved a bonny lass well.  
7 fa, la, la, la, la  
8 fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly

**276A.2**

1 He came to the maid when she went to bed,  
2 Desiring to have her maidenhead,  
3 But she deny'd his desire,  
4 And told him that she fear'd hell-fire.

**276A.3**

1 'Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'Thou needst not doubt  
2 If thou wert in hell I could sing thee out:'  
3 'Then,' quoth the maid, 'Thou shalt have thy  
request.'  
4 The fryer was glad as a fox in his nest.

**276A.4**

1 'But one thing,' quoth she, 'I do desire,  
2 Before you have what you require;  
3 Before that you shall do the thing,  
4 An angel of mony thou shalt me bring.'

**276A.5**

1 'Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'we shall agree,  
2 No mony shall part my love and me;  
3 Before that I will see thee lack,  
4 I'll pawn the grey gown from my back.'

**276A.6**

1 The maid bethought her of a wile  
2 How she the fryer might bequile;  
3 While he was gone, the truth to tell,  
4 She hung a cloth before the well.

**276A.7**

1 The fryer came, as his covenant was,  
2 With money to his bonny lass;  
3 'Good morrow, fair maid!' 'Good morrow!'  
quoth she.  
4 'Here is the mony I promised thee.'

**276A.8**

5 Shw thank't the man, and she took his mony;  
6 'Now let us go to 't,' quoth he, 'Sweet hony:'  
7 'O stay,' quoth she, 'Some respite make,  
8 My father comes, he will me take.'

**276A.9**

1 'Alas!' quoth the fryer, 'where shall I run,  
2 To hide me till that he be gone?'  
3 'Behinde the cloath run thou,' quoth she,  
4 'And there my father cannot thee see.'

**276A.10**

1 Behind the cloath the fryer crept,  
2 And into the well on the sudden he leapt;  
3 'Alas,' quoth he, 'i am in the well!'  
4 'No matter,' quoth she, 'if thou wert in hell.'

**276A.11**

1 'Thou sayst thou couldst sing me out of hell,  
2 Now prithe sing thy self out of the well:'  
3 The fryer sung with a pittiful sound,  
4 Oh help me out, or I shall be dround!

**276A.12**

1 'I trow,' quoth she, 'your courage is coold.'  
2 Quoth the fryer, I was never so foold,  
3 I never was serv'd so before.  
4 'Then take heed,' quoth she, 'Thou comst there  
no more.'

**276A.13**

1 Quoth he, For sweet Saint Francis sake  
2 On his disciple some pittie take:  
3 Quoth she, Saint Francis never taught  
4 His scholars to tempt young maids to naught.

**276A.14**

1 The fryer did entreat her still  
2 That she should help him out of the well;  
3 She heard him make such pittious moan  
4 She help'd him out, and bid him be gone.

**276A.15**

1 Quoth he, Shall I have my mony again,  
2 Which thou from me hast beforehand tane?  
3 'Good sir,' said she, 'There's no such matter;  
4 I'll make you pay for fouling my water.'

**276A.16**

1 The fryer went all along the street,  
2 Drooping wet, like a new-wash'd sheep;  
3 Both old and young commended the maid  
4 That such a witty prank had plaid.

**276B.1**

1 O HEARKEN and hear, and I will you tell  
2 Sing, Faldidae, faldidadi  
3 Of a friar that loved a fair maiden well.  
4 Sing, Faldi dadi di di (*bis*)

**276B.2**

1 The friar he came to this maiden's bedside,  
2 And asking for her maidenhead.

**276B.3**

1 'O I would grant you your desire,  
2 If 'twerena for fear o hell's burning fire.'

**276B.4**

1 'O hell's burning fire ye need have no doubt;  
2 Altho you were in, I could whistle you out.'

**276B.5**

1 'O if I grant to you this thing,  
2 Some money you unto me must bring.'

**276B.6**

1 He brought her the money, and did it down tell;  
2 She had a white cloth spread over the well.

**276B.7**

1 Then the fair maid cried out that her master wa  
s come;  
2 'O,' said the friar, 'Then where shall I run?'

**276B.8**

1 'O ye will go in behind yon screen,  
2 And then by my master ye winna be seen.'

**276B.9**

3 Then in behind the screen she him sent.  
4 But he fell into the well by accident.

**276B.10**

1 Then the friar cried out with a piteous moan,  
2 O help! O help me! or else I am gone.



**279A.4**

- 1 'Awa, ye pear carl, ye dinne kean my name;
- 2 Ye sudd ha caed me mistress fan ye called me bat deam.'

**279A.5**

- 1 He tuke his hat in his hand an gied her juks three:
- 2 'An ye want manners, misstres, quarters ye'll gie me.'

**279A.6**

- 1 'Awa, ye pear carle, in ayont the fire,
- 2 An sing to our Lord Gray's men to their hearts' disire.'

**279A.7**

- 1 Some lowked to his goudie lowks, some to his milk-whit skine,
- 2 Some to his ruffled shirt, the gued read gold hang in.

**279A.8**

- 1 Out spak our madin, an she was ay shay,
- 2 Fatt will the jolly beager gett afore he gaa to lay?

**279A.9**

- 1 Out spak our goudwife, an she was not sae shay,
- 2 He'se gett a dish of lang kell, besids a puss pay.

**279A.10**

- 1 Out spak the jolly beager, That dish I dou deny;
- 2 I canne sup yer lang kell nor yet yer puss pay.

**279A.11**

- 1 Bat ye gett to my supper a capon of the best,
- 2 Tuo or three bottels of yer wine, an bear, an we sall ha a merry feast.

**279A.12**

- 1 'Ha ye ony siler, carll, to bint the bear an wine?'
- 2 'O never a peney, misstress, had I lang sine.'

**279A.13**

- 1 The beager wadne lay in the barn, nor yett in the bayr,
- 2 Bat in ahind the haa-dor, or att the kitchen-fire.

**279A.14**

- 1 The beager's bed was well [made] of gued clean stray an hay,
- 2 .....

**279A.15**

- 1 The madin she rose up to bar the dor,
- 2 An ther she spayed a naked man, was rinen throu the flour.

**279A.16**

- 1 He tuke her in his arms an to his bed he ran;
- 2 'Hollie we me, sir,' she says, 'or ye'll waken our pear man.'

**279A.17**

- 1 The begger was a cuning carle, an never a word he spake
- 2 Till he got his turn dean, an sayn began to crak.

**279A.18**

- 1 'Is ther ony dogs about this toun? madin, tell me nou.'
- 2 'Fatt wad ye dee we them, my hony an my dou?'

**279A.19**

- 1 'They wad ravie a' my meall-poks an die me mukell wrang.'
- 2 'O doll for the deaing o it! are ye the pear man?'

**279A.20**

- 1 'I thought ye had ben some gentelman, just lea k the leard of Brody!
- 2 I am sorry for the doing o itt! are ye the pore boddie?'

**279A.21**

- 1 She tuke the meall-poks by the strings an thru them our the waa!
- 2 'Doll gaa we meall-poks, madinhead an a'!'

**279A.22**

- 1 She tuke him to her press, gave him a glass of wine;
- 2 He tuke her in his arms, says, Honey, ye'ss be mine.

**279A.23**

- 1 He tuke a horn fra his side an he blue loud an shill,
- 2 An four-an-twenty belted knights came att the beager's will.

**279A.24**

- 1 He tuke out a pean-kniff, lute a' his dudes faa,
- 2 An he was the braest gentelman that was amon g them a'.

**279A.25**

- 1 He patt his hand in his poket an gaa her ginnes three,
- 2 An four-an-twenty hunder mark, to pay the nire s feea.

**279A.26**

- 1 'Gin ye had ben a gued woman, as I thought ye had ben,
- 2 I wad haa made ye lady of castels eaght or nine.'

**279B.1**

- 1 THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,
- 2 And he took up his quarters into a landart town.
- 3 Fa la la, etc.

**279B.2**

- 1 He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
- 2 But in ahint the ha-door, or else afore the fire.

**279B.3**

- 1 The beggar's bed was made at een wi good clean straw and hay,
- 2 And in ahint the ha-door, and there the beggar lay.

**279B.4**

- 3 Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
- 4 And there she saw the beggar standin i the floor.

**279B.5**

- 1 He took the lassie in his arms and to the bed he ran,
- 2 'O hooly, hooly wi me, sir! ye'll waken our goodman.'

**279B.6**

- 1 The beggar was a cunnin loon, and neer a word he spake
- 2 Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

**279B.7**

- 1 'Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true.'
- 2 'And what wad ye do wi them, my hinny and my dow?'

**279B.8**

- 1 'They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.'
- 2 'O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?'

**279B.9**

- 1 Then she took up the mealpocks and flang the m oer the wa:
- 2 'The d--l gae wi the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'!

**279B.10**

- 1 'I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Lari d of Brodie;
- 2 O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?'

**279B.11**

- 3 He took the lassie in his arms and gae her kisse s three,
- 4 And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-fee.

**279B.12**

- 1 He took a horn frae his side and blew baith loud and shrill,
- 2 And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping oer the hill.

**279B.13**

- 1 And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa,
- 2 And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.

**279B.14**

- 1 The beggar was a cliver loon and he lap shoulder height:
- 2 'O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight!'

**280A.1**

- 1 SHIPERD-BOY, what is yer trade?
- 2 Or what way do ye wine yer bread?
- 3 Or what way do ye wine yer bread,
- 4 Fan the kipeng nout gies over?

**280A.2**

- 1 'Spindels an forls it is my trade,
- 2 An bits o sticks to them who need,
- 3 Whilk is a gentell trade indeed;
- 4 Bony lassie, cane ye lea me?'

**280A.3**

- 1 'I lea you as I supos
- 2 Rachell loved Jacob of old,
- 3 As Jason loied his flice of gould,
- 4 Sae dearly do I lea ye.

**280A.4**

- 1 'Ye cast off yer clouty coat,
- 2 An ye pitt one my scarlett cloke,
- 3 An I will follou you just att the back,
- 4 Becass ye are a bonny laddie.'

**280A.5**

- 1 He cust off his cloutty coat,
- 2 An he patt on her scarlet cloke,
- 3 An she folloued him just att the back,
- 4 Becaus he was a bonny laddie.

**280A.6**

- 1 They gaed on, an forder on,
- 2 Till they came to yon borrous-toun;
- 3 She bought a loaf an they both satt down,
- 4 Bat she ate no we her laddie.

**280A.7**

- 1 They gaed on, an forder one,
- 2 Till they came to the nest borrous-toun;
- 3 I wat the lassie louked down,
- 4 For the following of her laddie.

**280A.8**

- 1 'O if I wer on the head of yon hill,
- 2 Ther I wad greet my fill,
- 3 For the follouing of my laddie.'

**280A.9**

- 1 'O had yer toung, my dearest dear,
- 2 I ill ha ye back as I brought ye hear,
- 3 For I canna bear yer morning.'

**280A.10**

- 1 'O had yer toung, my dearest dear,
- 2 I will gae throu the warld baith far an near,
- 3 Becass ye'r a bonny ladie.'

**280A.11**

- 1 They gad on, an forder on,
- 2 Till they came to his father's haa,
- 3 An he knocked ther fue loudly.

**280A.12**

- 1 'O had ye hand, my dear<est] dear,
- 2 An dou not knoke sae loudly,
- 3 For fear they sud be angry.'

**280A.13**

- 1 Four-an-twenty gentelmen
- 2 They conved the beager ben,
- 3 An as mony gay ladès
- 4 Conved the beager's lassie.

**280A.14**

- 1 His brother lead her throu the haa:
- 2 'I wis, brother, we had beagged a',
- 3 For sick a bonny lassie.'

**280A.15**

- 1 That smae night she was bedded,
- 2 An the nist morning she was wedded;
- 3 She came to gued by grait misgiding,
- 4 By the follouing of her laddie.

**280B.1**

- 1 'T'WAS on a day in the month o June
- 2 .....
- 3 .....
- 4 When Phoebus shines sae clearly.

**280B.2**

- 1 .....
- 2 .....
- 3 She says, My dear, what is your trade
- 4 When thiggin ye give over?

**280B.3**

- 1 'Spinls and forls is my trade,
- 2 Wi bits o sticks I win my bread,
- 3 An O it is a winnin trade;
- 4 Bonnie lassie, can ye loo me?'
- 5 An O it is, etc.

**280B.4**

- 1 'O I can love ye manyfold,
- 2 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
- 3 And as Jessie loved the cups o gold;
- 4 My dear, can ye believe me?'
- 5 As Jessie, etc.

**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 loaf an they baith sat doon,  
3 They bocht a loaf an they baith sat doon,  
4 An the lassie ate wi her laddie.

**280B.7**

1 When they cam to yon grassy hill,  
2 Where spotted flocks do feed their fill,  
3 'I'll sit me doon 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 ye back the road ye cam  
4 For I canna bide yer greetin.'

**280B.9**

1 'Betide me weel, betide me woe,  
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 yonder ha,  
2 He knockit loud an sair did ca;  
3 She says, My dear, we'll be foun in fa  
4 For knockin here sae loudly.

**280B.11**

1 Four-an-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 Tney a' did laugh, they were like to fa,  
3 Sayin, Brither, I wish we had beggit a',  
4 For sic a bonnie lassie.

**280B.13**

1 'The streen ye was the beggar's bride,  
2 An noo this nicht ye'll lie by my side,  
3 Come weel, come woe, whateer betide,  
4 An ye'll be aye my dawtie.'

**280C.1**

1 DOWN in yonder garden gay,  
2 Where many a ladie does repair,  
3 Where many a ladie does repair,  
4 Puing of flowers sae bonnie.

**280C.2**

1 'O do you see yon shepherd's son,  
2 Feeding his flocks in yonder loan,  
3 Feeding his flocks 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 lady, do you love me?'

**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 sh'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 doon!  
3 Vow but the lassie lookit doon!  
4 Following her beggar-laddie.

**280C.9**

1 O when they cam to Stirling toun,  
2 He coft a loaf and they baith sat doon,  
3 He coft a loaf and they baith sat doon,  
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 came to his brother's hall,  
2 Vow but he chappit loud and schill!  
3 'Don't chap sea loud,' the lassie said,  
4 'For we may be fund faut wi.'

**280C.12**

5 Four-and-twenty gentlemen,  
6 And twice as many gay ladies,  
7 And twice as many gay ladies,  
8 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 He 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.  
5 And valiant ladies, etc.

**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 said, Lassie, I could love you.  
5 He was driving ewes, etc.

**280D.3**

1 'Oh, I could love you manifold,  
2 As Jacob lovd 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'se be laid,  
2 In silks and cambrics ye'se be clade,  
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 soon sweep  
clean,  
2 Wi your flattering tongue now let me alane;  
3 You are designd 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 .....  
4 .....

**280D.7**

1 'By making besoms I win by bread,  
2 And spindles and whorles in time o need;  
3 Isn't that a gentle trade indeed?  
4 Bonnie lassie, can you loe me?'

**280D.8**

1 'Will ye cast aff your mantle black  
2 And put on you a clouty cloak,  
3 And follow me close at the back,  
4 The gaberlunye-laddie?'

**280D.9**

5 Then she coost aff her mantle black,  
6 And she put on a clouty cloak,  
7 And she followd him close at the back,  
8 Her gaberlunye-laddie.

**280D.10**

1 As they gaed through youn borough-town,  
2 For shame the lassie lookit doon,  
3 But they bought a loaf and they both sat doon,  
4 And the lassie ate wi her laddie.

**280D.11**

1 When they came to his father's gate,  
2 Sae loudly as he rappd thereat;  
3 'My dear,' said she, 'ye'll be found in faut  
4 For rapping there sae loudly.'

**280D.12**

1 Then four-and-twenty gentlemen  
2 Convoyd the gentle beggar ben,  
3 And aye as mony gay ladies  
4 Convoyd the bonny lassie.

**280D.13**

5 When they were come into the ha,  
6 Wi laughter a' were like to fa:  
7 'I wish, dear brother, we had beggèd a',  
8 For sic a bonnie lassie.'

**280D.14**

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.15**

1 Yestreen she was the begger's bride,  
2 As his wife she now stood by his side,  
3 And for a' the lassie's ill misguide,  
4 She's now the young knight's lady.

**280E.1**

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.

**280E.2**

1 Did you not see your shepherd-swain,  
2 Feeding his flocks upon the plain,  
3 Feeding his flocks all one by one,  
4 And keeping them together?

**280E.3**

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?

**280E.4**

1 'O shepherd, shepherd, tell me indeed  
2 Which is the way you dou win your bread,  
3 Which is the way you dou win your bread,  
4 When feeding you give over?'

**280E.5**

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 love me?'

**280E.6**

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.'

**280E.7**

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.'

**280E.8**

1 She has cast off her robes of silk,  
2 And put about his shepherd's cloak,  
3 And she has walkd down at his back,  
4 Like a shepherd's bonny lassie.

**280E.9**

1 O they walked up, and they walked down,  
2 Till this fair maiden she's wearyed grown;  
3 Says she, My dear, we'll go to some town,  
4 And there tak up our lodgings.

**280E.10**

1 O when 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.

**280E.11**

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.

**280E.12**

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.

**281A.1**

1 A FAIR young may went up the street,  
2 Some white-fish for to buy,  
3 And a bonnie clerk's faen 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 nicht 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 has made a lang ladder,  
8 Was thirty steps and three.

**281A.5**

1 He has made a cleek 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 coverd 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 disturbd 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 prayin for you and me.'

**281A.10**

1 The auld wife being not asleep,  
2 Then something mair was said;  
3 'I'll lay my life,' quo the silly auld wife,  
4 'There's a man i our dochter's bed.'

**281A.11**

1 The auld wife she got owre the bed,  
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 me to  
4 He's carryin me off just now.'

**281A.14**

1 'O if the foul thief's gotten ye,  
2 I wish he may keep his haud;  
3 For a' the lee lang winter nicht  
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 Playd 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!

**281B.1**

1 As bonnie may went up the street,  
2 Some sweetmeats for to buy,  
3 There was a young clerk followed after her,  
4 And followed her by and by, by,  
5 And followed her by and by.

**281B.2**

1 'It's bonnie may, where do you stay?  
2 Or where is 't that you be?  
3 Oh if the night be neer so dark,  
4 Awat I'll come and visit thee.'

**281B.3**

1 'My father locks the door at een,  
2 My mother keeps the key;  
3 Gin ye were neer sic a rovin blade,  
4 Ye canna win in to me.'

**281B.4**

1 The young clerk has a young brither,  
2 And a wily wag was he;  
3 He's made to him a long ladder,  
4 Wi thirty steps and three.

**281B.5**

1 And he's put it to the chimney-top,  
2 And the creel he's put on a pin,  
3 And he's put it to the chimney-top,  
4 And he's let the young clerk in.

**281B.6**

1 The auld wife she was standing by,  
2 She heard a word was said;  
3 'I could lay my life,' said the silly auld wife,  
4 'There's a man in oor dochter's bed.'

**281B.7**

1 The auld man he cam down the stairs  
2 To see if it were true;  
3 The young clerk was lying in bonnie may's  
arms,  
4 And she's covered him oer wi blue.

**281B.8**

1 'Where are you goin, dear father?' she says,  
2 'Where are you going so late?  
3 You stopped me of my evening prayers,  
4 And oh, but they were sweet!'

**281B.9**

1 'The deil tak you, ye silly auld wife,  
2 And an ill death may ye dee!  
3 For your dochter was lyin wi the book in her  
arms,  
4 And she's praying for you and me.'

**281B.10**

1 The auld wife still standin no far by,  
2 Still hearin a word, she said,  
3 'Ye may say as ye like, ye silly auld man,  
4 There's a man in oor dochter's bed.'

**281B.11**

1 I dinna ken what's taen the auld wife's fit,  
2 But into the creel she flew;  
3 The young clerk's brither] being at the  
chimney-top,  
4 He found the creel was fu.

**281B.12**

1 He's thrown the rope out-owre his shouther,  
2 And to him he did draw;  
3 He's drawn her up, he's drawn her down,  
4 He's drawn her through and through.

**281B.13**

1 Till the auld wife she began to cry,  
2 I'm just departin noo!  
3 But aye he drew her up and down,  
4 And drew her through and through.

**281B.14**

1 He's drawn her up, he's let her down,  
2 He's gien her evendoun fall,  
3 Till every rib on the auld wife's side  
4 Played nick-nack on the wall.

**281B.15**

1 It's O the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,  
2 I wish the blue may do weel!  
3 For every auld wife that is jealous o her dochter  
4 May be rockit to the d---l in a creel!

**281C.1**

1 As I gaed down to Collistown,  
2 Some white-fish for to buy, buy,  
3 The cunning clerk he followed me,  
4 And he followed me speedily, ly,  
5 And he followed me speedily.

**281C.2**

1 Says, Faur ye gaun, my dearest dear?  
2 O faur ye gaun, my dow?  
3 There's naebody comes to my bedside,  
4 And naebody wins to you.

**281C.3**

1 'Your brother is a gallant square-wright,  
2 A gallant square-wright is he;  
3 Ye'll gar him make a lang ladder,  
4 Wi thirty steps and three.

**281C.4**

1 'And gar him big a deep, deep creel,  
2 A deep creel and a string,  
3 And ye'll come up to my bedside,  
4 And come bonnily linken in.'

**281C.5**

1 The auld gudemand and auld gudewife,  
2 To bed they went, to sleep;  
3 But wae mat worth the auld gudewife!  
4 A wink she coudna get.

**281C.6**

1 'I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
2 I wish it binna true,  
3 That the rottens had come thro the wa,  
4 And cutted the coverin blue.'

**281C.7**

1 Then up it raise the auld gudeman,  
2 To see gin it was true;  
3 And he's gane to his daughter dear,  
4 Says, What are ye doing, my dow?

**281C.8**

1 'What are ye doing, my daughter dear?  
2 What are ye doing, my dow?'  
3 'The prayer book's in my hand, father,  
4 Praying for my auld minnie and you.'

**281C.9**

1 The auld gudeman and auld gudewife,  
2 To bed they went, to sleep;  
3 But wae mat worth the auld gudewife!  
4 But aye she wakend yet.

**281C.10**

1 'I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
2 I wish it binna true,  
3 That the cunning clerk and your ae daughter  
4 Were aneath the coverin blue'

**281C.11**

1 'O rise yoursell, gudewife,' he says,  
2 'The diel may had you fast!  
3 Atween you and your ae daughter  
4 I canno get ae night's rest.'

**281C.12**

1 Up then raise the auld gudewife,  
2 To see gin it was true,  
3 And she feel arselins in the creel,  
4 And up the string they drew.

**281C.13**

1 'Win up, win up, gudeman,' she says,  
2 'Win up and help me now!  
3 For he that ye gae me to last night,  
4 I think he's catchd me now.'

**281C.14**

1 'Gin Auld Nick he has catchd you now,  
2 I wish he may had you fast;  
3 As for you and your ae daughter,  
4 I never get kindly rest.'

**281C.15**

1 They howded her, and they showed her,  
2 Till the auld wife gat a fa,  
3 And three ribs o the auld wife's side  
4 Gaed knip-knap ower in twa.

**281D.1**

1 'MY father he locks the doors at nicht,  
2 My mither the keys carries ben, ben;  
3 There's naebody dare gae out,' she says,  
4 'And as few dare come in, in,  
5 And as few dare come in.'

**281D.2**

1 'I will mak a lang ladder,  
2 Wi fifty steps and three,  
3 I will mak a lang ladder,  
4 And lightly come down to thee.'

**281D.3**

1 He has made a lang ladder,  
2 Wi fifty steps and three,  
3 He has made a lang ladder,  
4 And lightly come down the lum.



**281D.4**

1 They had na kissd nor lang clappit,  
2 As lovers do whan they meet,  
3 Till the auld wife says to the auld man,  
4 I hear somebody speak.

**281D.5**

1 'I dreamed a dream sin late yestreen,  
2 And I'm feard my dream be true;  
3 I dreamd that the rottens cam thro the wa,  
4 And cuttit the covering blue.

**281D.6**

1 'Ye'll rise, ye'll rise, my auld gudeman,  
2 And see gin this be true;  
3 'If ye're wanting rising, rise yoursel,  
4 For I wish the auld chiel ahd you.'

**281D.7**

1 'I dreamed a dream sin late yestreen,  
2 And I'm feard my dream be true;  
3 I dreamd that the clerk and our ae dother  
4 War rowed in the covering blue.

**281D.8**

1 'Ye'll rise, ye'll rise, my auld gudeman,  
2 And see gin this be true;  
3 'If ye're wanting rising, rise yoursel,  
4 For I wish the auld chiel had you.'

**281D.9**

1 But up she raise, and but she gaes,  
2 And she fell into the gin;  
3 He gied the tow a clever tit,  
4 That brought her out at the lum.

**281D.10**

1 'Ye'll rise, ye'll rise, my auld gudeman,  
2 Ye'll rise and come to me now,  
3 For him that ye've gien me sae lang till,  
4 I fear he has gotten me now.'

**281D.11**

1 'The grip that he's gotten, I wish he may haud,  
2 And never let it gae,  
3 For atween you and your ae dother  
4 I rest neither nicht nor day.'

**282A.1**

1 As Jock the Leg and the merry merchant  
2 Came from yon borrow's town,  
3 They took their budgets on their backs,  
4 And fieldert they were boun.

**282A.2**

1 But they came to a tavern-house,  
2 Where chapmen used to be:  
3 'Provide, provide,' said Jock the Leg,  
4 'A good supper for me.

**282A.3**

1 'For the merry merchant shall pay it',  
2 Tho it were good merks three;  
3 'But never a penny,' said the merry merchant,  
4 'But shot, as it fa's me.

**282A.4**

1 'A bed, a bed,' said the merry merchant,  
2 'It's time to go to rest;  
3 'And that ye shall,' said the good goodwife,  
4 'And your covrings o the best.'

**282A.5**

1 Then Jock the Leg in one chamber was laid,  
2 The merchant in another,  
3 And lockfast door atween them twa,  
4 That the one might not see the other.

**282A.6**

1 But the merchant was not well lain down,  
2 Nor yet well fa'en asleep,  
3 Till up it starts him Jock the Leg,  
4 Just at the merchant's feet.

**282A.7**

1 'Win up, win up,' said Jock the Leg,  
2 'We might hae been miles three;  
3 'But never a foot,' said the merry merchant,  
4 'Till day that I do see.

**282A.8**

1 'For I cannot go by Barnisdale,  
2 Nor yet by Coventry;  
3 For Jock the Leg, that common thief,  
4 Would take my pack from me.'

**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 yon 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 merry merchant,  
4 'For men to asking are free.'

**282A.16**

1 'I've dune little harm to you,' he said,  
2 'More than you'd been my brother;  
3 Give me a blast o 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 bauld bowmen  
4 Came Jock the Leg until.

**282A.19**

1 'Ohon, alas!' said the merry merchant,  
2 'Alas! and woe is me!  
3 Sae many, a party o common theifs,  
4 But nane to party me!

**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 Himslef the seventh to be,  
3 But [him] frae his pack they couldna get,  
4 For all that they could dee.

**282A.22**

1 He's taen his pack into one hand,  
2 His broadsword in the other,  
3 And he slew five o the best bowmen,  
4 And the sixth he has dung 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 ye can do the brand,  
3 I would hae you 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 yon greenwood-tree.'

**282A.28**

1 'Ye'se hae nane o my fine linen,  
2 To cleathe your men and thee,  
3 And I'll hae nane o your stown deers' skins,  
4 Below yon 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 their 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 The thief he pulled out a pistol  
4 And bid the old man stand still.

**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'lt have 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;  
3 To its side he clapt his spur 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.'

**283A.14**

- 1 The thief he was not content,
- 2 But he thought there must be bags;
- 3 He out with his rusty old sword
- 4 And chopt the old saddle in rags.

**283A.15**

- 1 When he came to the landlord's house,
- 2 This old man he was almost spent;
- 3 Saying, Come, show me a private room
- 4 And I'll pay you a whole year's rent.

**283A.16**

- 1 'I've met a fond fool by the way,
- 2 I swapt horses and gave him no boot;
- 3 But never mind,' said the old man,
- 4 'For I got the fond fool by the foot.'

**283A.17**

- 1 He opend this rogue's portmantle,
- 2 It was glorious to behold;
- 3 There were three hundred pounds in silver,
- 4 And three hundred pounds in gold.

**283A.18**

- 1 And as he was riding home,
- 2 And down a narrow lane,
- 3 He espied his mare tied to a hedge,
- 4 Saying, Prithee, Tib, wilt thou gang hame?

**283A.19**

- 1 When he got home to his wife
- 2 And told her what he had done,
- 3 Up she rose and put on her clothes,
- 4 And about the house did run.

**283A.20**

- 1 She sung, and she sung, and she sung,
- 2 She sung with a merry devotion,
- 3 Saying, If ever our daughter gets wed,
- 4 It will help to enlarge her portion.

**284A.1**

- 1 As it fell on a holy-day,
- 2 And vpon an holy-tide-a,
- 3 John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
- 4 To Paris for to ride-a.

**284A.2**

- 1 And when John Dory to Paris was come,
- 2 A little before the gate-a,
- 3 John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted
- 4 To let him in thereat-a.

**284A.3**

- 1 The first man that John Dory did meet
- 2 Was good king John of France-a;
- 3 John Dory could well of his courtesie,
- 4 But fell downe in a trance-a.

**284A.4**

- 1 'A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
- 2 For my merie men and for me-a,
- 3 And all the churles in merie England,
- 4 I'le bring them all bound to thee-a.'

**284A.5**

- 1 And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
- 2 A little beside Bohide-a,
- 3 And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
- 4 With fiftie good oares on a side-a.

**284A.6**

- 1 'Run vp, my boy, vnto the maine top,
- 2 And looke what thou canst spie-a.'
- 3 'Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see,
- 4 I trow it be John Dory<-a']

**284A.7**

- 1 They hoist their sailes, both top and top,
- 2 The meisseine and all was tride-a,
- 3 And euery man stood to his lot,
- 4 What euer should betide-a.

**284A.8**

- 1 The roing cannons then were plide,
- 2 And dub-a-dub went the drumme-a;
- 3 The braying trumpets lowdte they cride
- 4 To courage both all and some-a.

**284A.9**

- 1 The grappling-hooks were brought at length,
- 2 The browne bill and the sword-a,
- 3 John Dory at length, for all his strength,
- 4 Was clapt fast vnder board-a.

**285A.1**

- 1 THE George Aloe and the Sweepstakes too,
- 2 With hey, with ho, for and a nony no
- 3 They were two merchant-men, a sailing for
- 4 And along the course of Barbary

**285A.2**

- 1 [The George Aloe to anchor came,
- 2 But the jolly Sweepstake kept on her way.]

**285A.3**

- 1 They had not sayled leagues two or three
- 2 Before they spyed a sail upon the sea.

**285A.4**

- 1 'O hail, O hail, you lusty gallants,
- 2 From whence is your good ship, and whither is
- she bound?'

**285A.5**

- 1 'O we are some merchant-men, sailing for
- Safee:'
- 2 'And we be French rebels, a roving on the sea.

**285A.6**

- 1 'O hail, O hail, you English dogs, [hail!']
- 2 'The<n come aboard, you French dogs, and
- strike down your sail!'

**285A.7**

- 1 'Amain, amain, you gallant Englishmen!'
- 2 'Come, you French swades, and strike down
- your sails!'

**285A.8**

- 1 They laid us aboard on the starboard side,
- 2 And they overthrew us into the sea so wide.

**285A.9**

- 1 When tidings to the George Aloe came
- 2 That the jolly Sweepstakes by a Frenchman wa
- s tane,

**285A.10**

- 1 'To top, to top, thou little ship-boy,
- 2 And see if this French man-of-war thou canst
- descry.'

**285A.11**

- 1 'A sail, a sail, under your lee,
- 2 Yea, and another under her bough.'

**285A.12**

- 1 'Weigh anchor, weigh anchor, O jolly
- boatswain,
- 2 We will take this Frenchman if we can.'

**285A.13**

- 1 We had not sailed leagues two or three
- 2 But we met the French man-of-war upon the
- sea.

**285A.14**

- 1 'All hail, all hail, you lusty gallants,
- 2 Of whence is your fair ship, and whither is she
- bound?'

**285A.15**

- 1 'O we are merchant-men, and bound for Safee;'
- 2 'And we are Frenchmen, roving upon the sea.

**285A.16**

- 1 'Amain, amain, you English dogs!'
- 2 'Come aboard, you French rogues, and strike
- your sails!'

**285A.17**

- 1 The first good shot the George Aloe shot,
- 2 It made the Frenchmen's hearts sore afraid.

**285A.18**

- 1 The second shot the George Aloe did afford,
- 2 He struck the main-mast over the board.

**285A.19**

- 1 'Have mercy, have mercy, you brave
- English<men].'
- 2 'O what have you done with our brethren on
- [shore]?'.
- 3 As they sail<ed].

**285A.20**

- 1 'We laid them aboard on the starboard side,
- 2 And we threw them into the sea so wide.'

**285A.21**

- 1 'Such mercy as you have shewed unto them,
- 2 Even the like mercy shall you have again.'

**285A.22**

- 1 We laid them aboard on the larboard side,
- 2 And we threw them into the sea so wide.

**285A.23**

- 1 Lord, how it grieved our hearts full sore
- 2 To see the drowned Frenchmen float along the
- shore!

**285A.24**

- 1 Now, gallant seamen all, adieu,
- 2 With hey, with ho, for a nony no
- 3 This is the last news that I can write to you.
- 4 To England's coast from Barbary

**286A.1**

- 1 SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH has built a ship,
- 2 In the Neatherlands
- 3 Sir Walter Rawleigh has built a ship,
- 4 In the Neatherlands
- 5 And it is called The Sweet Trinity,
- 6 And was taken by the false gallaly,
- 7 Sailing in the Low-lands

**286A.2**

- 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 gallaly,
- 6 And to redeem The Sweet Trinity?'
- 7 Sailing, etc.

**286A.3**

- 1 Then spoke the little ship-boy;
- 2 In the Neather-lands
- 3 Then spoke the little ship-boy;
- 4 In the Neather-lands
- 5 'Master, master, what will you give me
- 6 And I will take this false gallaly,
- 7 And release The Sweet Trinity?'
- 8 Sailing, etc.

**286A.4**

- 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 my eldest daughter thy wife shall be.'
- 6 Sailing, etc.

**286A.5**

- 1 He set his breast, and away he did swim,
- 2 Until he came to the false gallaly.

**286A.6**

- 1 He had an augor fit for the [n>once,
- 2 The which will bore fifteen good holes at once.

**286A.7**

- 1 Some ware at cards, and some at dice,
- 2 Until the salt water flashd in their eyes.

**286A.8**

- 1 Some cut their hats, and some cuth their caps,
- 2 For to stop the salt-water gaps.

**286A.9**

- 1 He set his breast, and away did swim,
- 2 Until he came to his own ship again.

**286A.10**

- 1 'I have done the work I promised to do,
- 2 For I have sunk the false gallaly,
- 3 And released The Sweet Trinity.

**286A.11**

- 1 'You promised me gold, and you promised me
- fee,
- 2 Your eldest daughter my wife she must be.'

**286A.12**

- 1 'You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
- 2 But my eldest daughter you wife shall never be
- 3 For sailing, etc.

**286A.13**

- 1 'Then fare you well, you cozening lord,
- 2 Seeling you are not so good as your word.'
- 3 For sailing, etc.

**286A.14**

- 1 And thus I shall conclude my song,
- 2 Of the sailing in the Low-lands
- 3 Wishing all happiness too all seamen both old
- and young.
- 4 In their sailing in the Low-lands

**286B.1**

- 1 THERE was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship
- was she
- 2 Eck iddle du, and the Lowlands low
- 3 And she was called The Goulden Vanitie.
- 4 As she sailed to the Lowlands low

**286B.2**

- 1 She had not sailed a league, a league but only
- three,
- 2 Eck, etc.
- 3 When she came up with a French gallee.
- 4 As she sailed, etc.

**286B.3**

- 1 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;
- 2 'What will you give me if I sink that French
- gallee?'
- 3 As ye sail, etc.

**286B.4**

- 1 Out spoke the captain, out spoke he;
- 2 'We'll gie ye an estate in the North Countrie.'
- 3 As ye sail, etc.

**286B.5**

- 1 'Then row me up ticht in a black bull's skin,
- 2 And throw me oer deck-buir, sink I or swim.'
- 3 As ye sail, etc.

**286B.6**

- 1 So they've rowed him up ticht in a black bull's skin,
- 2 And have thrown him oer deck-buir, sink he o r soom.
- 3 As they sail, etc.

**286B.7**

- 1 About, and about, and about went he,
- 2 Until he cam up with the French gallee,
- 3 As they sailed, etc.

**286B.8**

- 1 O some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
- 2 When he took out an instrument, bored thrity holes at twice.
- 3 As they sailed, etc.

**286B.9**

- 1 Then some they ran with cloaks, and some they ran with caps,
- 2 To try if they could stap the saut-water draps.
- 3 As they sailed, etc.

**286B.10**

- 1 About, and about, and about went he,
- 2 Until he cam back to The Goulden Vanitie.
- 3 As they sailed, etc.

**286B.11**

- 1 'Now throw me oer a rope and pu me up on buird,
- 2 And prove unto me as guid as your word.'
- 3 As ye sail, etc.

**286B.12**

- 1 'We'll no throw you oer a rope, nor pu you up on buird,
- 2 Nor prove unto you as guid as our word.'
- 3 As ye sail, etc.

**286B.13**

- 1 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;
- 2 Then hang me, I'll sink ye as I sunk the French gallee.
- 3 As ye sail, etc.

**286B.14**

- 1 But they've thrown him oer a rope, and have pu'd him up on buird,
- 2 And have proved unto him far better than their word.
- 3 As they sailed, etc.

**286C.1**

- 1 'I HAVE a ship in the North Countrie,
- 2 And she goes by the name of the The Golden Vanity;
- 3 I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,
- 4 As she sails on the Low Lands Low.'

**286C.2**

- 1 Then up starts our little cabin-boy,
- 2 Saying, Master, what will you give me if I do them destroy?
- 3 'I will give you gold, I will give you store,
- 4 You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,
- 5 If ye sink them in the Low Lands Low.'

**286C.3**

- 1 The boy bent his breast and away he jumt in;
- 2 He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,
- 3 As she laid on the Low Lands Low.

**286C.4**

- 1 The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice;
- 2 While some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
- 3 He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
- 4 And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

**286C.5**

- 1 The boy he bent his breast and away he swam back again,
- 2 Saying, Master take me up, or I shall be slain,
- 3 For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

**286C.6**

- 1 'I'll not take you up,' the master he cried;
- 2 'I'll not take you up,' the master replied;
- 3 'I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the tide,
- 4 I will sink you in the Low Lands Low.'

**286C.7**

- 1 The boy he swam round all by the starboardside;
- 2 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,
- 4 And they threw him overboard, to go down with the tide,
- 5 And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

**287A.1**

- 1 STRIKE up, you lusty gallants, with musick and sound of drum,
- 2 For we have descryed a rover, upon the sea is come;
- 3 His name is Captain Ward, right well it doth appear,
- 4 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 ransom full thirty tun of gold.'

**287A.3**

- 1 'O nay! O nay!' then said our king, 'O nay! this may not be,
- 2 To yield to such a rover my self will not agree;
- 3 He hath deceivd the French-man, likewise the King of Spain,
- 4 And how can he be true to me that hath been false to twain?'

**287A.4**

- 1 With that our king provided a ship of worthy fame,
- 2 Rainbow she is called, if you would know her name;
- 3 Now the gallant Rainbow she rowes upon the sea,
- 4 Five hundred gallant seamen to bear her company.

**287A.5**

- 1 The Dutch-man and the Spaniard she made them for to flye,
- 2 Also the bonny French-man, 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 tell 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, charged 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.

**287A.10**

- 1 'Go tell the King of England, go tell him thus from me,
- 2 If he reign king of all the land, I will reign king at sea.'
- 3 With that the gallant Rainbow shot, and shot, and shot in vain,
- 4 And left the rover's company, and returnd home again.

**287A.11**

- 1 'Our royal king of England, your ship's returned again,
- 2 For Ward's ship is so strong it never will be tane.'
- 3 'O everlasting!' says our king, 'I have lost jewels three,
- 4 Which would have gone unto the seas and brought proud Ward to me.

**287A.12**

- 1 'The first was Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumberland;
- 2 The second was the lord Mountjoy, as you shall understand;
- 3 The third was brave Essex, from field would never flee;
- 4 Which would a gone unto the seas and brought proud Ward to me.'

**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 The like has not been for these fifty long year.
- 5 Raderer two, tandaro te,
- 6 Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

**288A.2**

- 7 The queen she provided a navy of ships,
- 8 With sweet flying streamers, so glorious to see,
- 9 Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants,
- 10 Some forty, some fifty, brass-pieces and three.

**288A.3**

- 1 They had not saild 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 valour and fame,
- 4 Then to his warlike command-<er> he cry'd.

**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 s<h>ips,
- 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.'

**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<e] three keys of gold,  
4 The one shall be of High Germany.'

**288A.12**

1 'I care not for thy three keys of gold,  
2 Which thou hast profferd to set him free,  
3 But thy son he 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 returnd 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—S, 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?"  
1 'O Billy, O Billy, talk not of the seas,  
2 But stay at home with me on the shore;  
3 I'll do my endeavour thy fancy to please,  
4 And there's others to go where loud cannons  
roar.'

**288B.3**

1 'O Nelly, O Nelly, I must to the seas,  
2 For there is no gold to be had upon shore;  
3 There's honour, and gold, and riches likewise,  
4 To the man that doth die where loud cannons  
roar.'

**288B.4**

1 'Remember the winds, love, remember the  
waves,  
2 Remember the dangers that are upon seas;  
3 Remember there is neither coffin nor grave  
4 To the man that doth die where loud cannons  
roar.'

**288B.5**

1 'Remember old Benbow, and think on his  
blows;  
2 Remember the dangers he felt upon seas;  
3 He lost both his legs by one shot of his foes;  
4 He lost his sweet life, yet his honour's the  
more.'

**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 days two or three,  
3 Till up came the bold emperor,  
4 The bold emperor of High Germanie.

**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 knight, or a king of crown,  
4 O 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 feard 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, lend me your 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 And as 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 cried,  
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 Germanie.'

**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 companie.'

**289A.1**

1 AS we lay musing in our beds,  
2 So well and so warm at ease,  
3 I thought upon those lodging-beds  
4 Poor seamen have at seas.

**289A.2**

1 Last Easter day, in the morning fair,  
2 We was not far from land,  
3 Where we spied a mermaid on the rock,  
4 With comb and glass in hand.

**289A.3**

1 The first came up the mate of our ship,  
2 With lead and line in hand,  
3 To sound and see how deep we was  
4 From any rock or sand.

**289A.4**

1 The next came up the boatswain of our ship,  
2 With courage stout and bold:  
3 'Stand fast, stand fast, my brave lively lads,  
4 Stand fast, my brave hearts of gold!'

**289A.5**

1 Our gallant ship is gone to wreck,  
2 Which was so lately trimmd;  
3 The raging seas has sprung a leak,  
4 And the salt water does run in.

**289A.6**

1 Our gold and silver, and all our cloths,  
2 And all that ever we had,  
3 We forced was to heave them overboard,  
4 Thinking our lives to save.

**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-bespoke 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-bespoke 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 cabbins-boy,  
2 And a well-bespoke boy was he;  
3 'I am as sorry 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 drownd.'

**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 With a comb and a glass in her hand, 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 While we jolly sailor-boys were up into the top,  
9 And the land-lubbers lying down below, below  
, below,  
10 And the land-lubbers lying down below.

**288B.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.'  
5 For the raging seas, etc.

**288B.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.'  
5 For the raging seas, etc.

**288B.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.'

**288B.5**

1 And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,  
2 And a pretty little boy was he;  
3 'Oh! I am more grievd for my daddy and my  
mammy  
4 Than you for your wives all three.'

**288B.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 And our ship not far from land,  
3 We there did espy a fair mermaid,

**289C.1**

- 4 With a comb and a glass in her hand, 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, up aloft,
- 9 And the landsmen were lying down below,
- 10 And the landlubbers all down below, below,  
below,
- 11 And the landlubbers all down 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 fair London town,
- 4 And tonight she a widow will be.'

**289C.3**

- 1 And then up spoke the litel cabin-boy,
- 2 And a fair-haired boy was he;
- 3 'I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth  
town,
- 4 And this night she will weep for me.'

**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  
drownd,
- 4 As she went to the bottom of the sea.

**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 sailor-boys were all up aloft,
- 8 And the land-lubbers lying down below, below  
, below,
- 9 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've a father and a mother in old Portsmouth  
town,
- 4 And this night they will both weep for me.'

**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  
drownd,
- 4 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 You are not very far from the land.
- 5 And the raging seas do foam, foam,
- 6 And the stormy winds do blow,
- 7 While we poor sailors must mount to the top,
- 8 When the landsmen they lye low.

**289E.2**

- 1 Out and spoke the captain of our ship,
- 2 And a fine little man 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.'

**289E.5**

- 1 Out and spoke our little prentice boy,
- 2 And a fine little boy was he;
- 3 'Oh I am sorry for my mother,' he said,
- 4 'As you are for your wives all three.'

**289E.6**

- 1 Out and spoke the cook of our ship,
- 2 And a rusty old dog was he;
- 3 Says, I am as sorry for my pats and my pans
- 4 As you are for your wives all three.

**289F.1**

- 1 GREENLAND, Greenland, is a bonny, bonny  
place,
- 2 Whare there's neither grief nor flowr,
- 3 Whare there's neither grief nor tier to be seen,
- 4 But hills and frost and snow.

**289F.2**

- 1 Up starts the kemp o 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 gie aw my pans and my kettles
- 4 For aw the lords in the sea.'

**289F.4**

- 1 Up starts the kemp o the ship,
- 2 Wi a bottle and a glass intil 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 sune as he had gane up to the tap,
- 4 As . . . low.

**290A.1**

- 1 IT fell about the Martinmas,
- 2 When the gentlemen were drinking there wine,
- 3 And a' the discourse that they had
- 4 Was about the ladies they gude fine.

**290A.2**

- 1 It's up an spake a tall young man,
- 2 The tallest o the companie;
- 3 'The bonniest lass that I ken off
- 4 She lives into the hee town hee.

**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 For to wile that bonny lassie in.'

**290A.4**

- 1 The hostler's wife gaed down the stair,
- 2 And she's looked hersell round near by,
- 3 And there she spied the bonny handsom girl,
- 4 Coming walking down the hee town high.

**290A.5**

- 1 'Come in, come in, my bonny handsom girl,
- 2 Come speak one word with me;
- 3 Come taste a little of our wine,
- 4 For it's new come out of Italie.'

**290A.6**

- 1 So willillie she wil'd her up,
- 2 And so willillie she wil'd her in,
- 3 And so cunningly she's locked the door,
- 4 And she's comd down the stair again.

**290A.7**

- 1 One of them took her by the milk-white hand,
- 2 And he's laid her body on the ground,
- 3 And aye she sightd, and said, Alass,
- 4 'Tis a sin to do me wrong!

**290A.8**

- 1 'But since ye hae done sae muckle to me,
- 2 And brought me to so muckle shame,
- 3 O wad ye be so kind to me
- 4 As to tell to me your name.'

**290A.9**

- 1 'Of if I tell to you my name,
- 2 It's a thing I never did to none;
- 3 But I will tell to the, my dear;
- 4 I am the Earl of Beaton's son.'

**290A.10**

- 1 When two years were past and gone,
- 2 This gentleman came walking by,
- 3 And there he spied the bonny handsome girl,
- 4 Coming walking down the hie town high.

**290A.11**

- 1 'To whom belongs that pretty child,
- 2 That blinks with its pretty eye?'
- 3 'His father's from home and has left me alone,
- 4 And I have been at the fold milking my ky.'

**290A.12**

- 1 'You lie, you lie, my bonny handsome girl,
- 2 So loudlie I hear you lie;
- 3 O do not you mind that happie day
- 4 When ye was drinking the wine wi me?'

**290A.13**

- 1 He's lighted off his milk-white steed,
- 2 He's kissd her both cheek and chin;
- 3 He's made a' the servants in Beaton castle
- 4 To welcome this fair lady in.

**290B.1**

- 1 IT fell about the Martinmas time,
- 2 When the nobles were drinking wine,
- 3 And the matter of their discourse it was,
- 4 'O the ladies they go fine.'

**290B.2**

- 1 Up then spake a brave gentleman,
- 2 The best in the companie;
- 3 'The bonniest lass that eer I saw,
- 4 She dwells in the hie town hie.

**290B.3**

- 1 'I wad give a guinea of red gold,
- 2 Sae wad I a pint of wine,
- 3 To onie of the hostler-wives
- 4 That wad wyle to me the bonnie lassie in.'

**290B.4**

- 1 Up then spake the hostler's wife,
- 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.5**

- 1 The hostler's wife stood on the stair-head,
- 2 To see what she could see,
- 3 And there she saw this fair creature,
- 4 Coming down frae the hie town hie.

**290B.6**

- 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.7**

- 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.8**

- 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.9**

- 1 Sae cunningly she wyld her in,
- 2 And sae cunningly she led her round,
- 3 Till she wyld her to the room where he was,
- 4 And she locked the door the bonnie lass behind.

**290B.10**

- 1 First he kissd her cherry cheeks,
- 2 And than he kissd her cherry chin,
- 3 And than he kissd her ruby lips,
- 4 Saying, Indeed ye're a weel-faurd thing.

**290B.11**

- 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.12**

- 1 'If I tell my name to you, bonnie lassie,
- 2 It's mair than ever I told ane;
- 3 But I will tell to you, bonnie lassie;
- 4 I am an earl's second son.

**290B.13**

- 1 'I am an earl's second son,
- 2 My father has more children than me;
- 3 My eldest brother he heirs the land,
- 4 And my father he sent me to the sea.'

**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 cling.'  
5 '.....'

**290B.16**

1 He hadna been ae week at the sea,  
2 Not a week but only five,  
3 Till the king made him 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 drucken 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 And so would I a pint of wine,  
5 And I would make them their licence free  
6 That would welcome this bonnie lassie in.'

**290C.4**

1 The ostler's wife, on hearin this,  
2 So nimbly 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 get a cup o oor claret wine;  
3 It's new come oer the ragin sea,  
4 Awat it is baith gude and fine.'

**290C.6**

1 'To gang wi you I daurna stay,  
2 My mither's wearyin for me in;  
3 I am so beautiful and fine  
4 I am a prey to all young men.'

**290C.7**

1 Wi sattin slippers on her feet,  
2 So nimbly up the stair she ran,  
3 And wha so ready as this young squire  
4 To welcome the bonny lassie in.

**290C.8**

1 He<[s] 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 faither has fifty ploughs o land,  
3 And I'm a man in the miltrie,  
4 And I must away and rank up my men.'

**290C.11**

1 'And Jamie Lumsdaine is my name,  
2 From the North Countrie, love, I really came.'

**290C.12**

1 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.13**

1 About a twelvemonth after that,  
2 He himsel cam owre the main;  
3 He made her Duchess o Douglas Dale,  
4 And to him she's had 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 officier,  
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 down 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 stair-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 An twenty times her bonny chin,  
3 An twenty times her ruby lips!  
4 'O but ye are a bonny thing!'  
5 '.....'

**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 was forced to be a highwayman,  
4 Or else a soldier, as I am.'

**290D.11**

1 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
2 An aye thae words spak them atween,  
3 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
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 grat,  
2 An aye thae words spak them atween,  
3 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
4 And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

**290D.14**

1 They had na been in Aberdeen  
2 A month, 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 thae words spak them atween,  
3 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,  
4 An hersed the auld wife that brocht her in.

**291A.1**

1 LADY ERSKINE sits in her chamber,  
2 Sewing at her silken seam,  
3 A chain of gold for Childe Owlet,  
4 As he goes out and in.

**291A.2**

1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 She unto him did say,  
3 Ye must cuckold Lord Ronald,  
4 For a' his lands and ley.

**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 bleed.

**291A.5**

1 Then in it came him 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**

5 'Young Childe Owlet, your sister's son,  
6 Is now gane frae my bower;  
7 If I hadna been a good woman,  
8 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 woud work him wrong.

**291A.8**

1 Some said they woud Childe Owlet hang,  
2 Some said they woud him burn;  
3 Some said they woud have Childe Owlet  
4 Bewteen wild horses torn.

**291A.9**

5 'There are horses in your stables stand  
6 Can run right speedilie,  
7 And ye will to your stable go,  
8 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 cou'd gang.

**291A.11**

1 There was not a kow in Darling muir,  
2 Nor ae piece o a rind,  
3 But drappit o Child 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.

**292A.1**

1 'WHEN will you 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.'

**292A.2**

1 'Say no more so then, lady,  
2 Say you no more then so,  
3 For you shall into the wild forrest,  
4 And amongst the buck and doe.'

**292A.3**

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.'

**292A.4**

1 Now she had not been in the wild forrest  
2 Passing three months and a day  
3 But with hunger and cold she had her fill,  
4 Till she was quite worn away.

**292A.5**

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 There for to get her some food.

**292A.6**

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.

**292A.7**

1 Her sister call'd 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.8**

1 They hunted her ore hill and dale,  
2 And they hunted her so sore  
3 That they hunted her into the forrest,  
4 Where her sorrows grew more and more.

**292A.9**

1 She laid a stone all at her head,  
2 And another all at her feet,  
3 And down she lay between these two,  
4 Till death had lulld her asleep.

**292A.10**

1 When sweet Will came and stood at her head,  
2 And likewise stood at her feet,  
3 A thousand times he kist he<r] cold lips,  
4 Her body being fast asleep.

**292A.11**

1 Yea, seven times he stood at her feet,  
2 And seven times at her head,  
3 A thousand times he shook her hand,  
4 Although her body was dead.

**292A.12**

1 'Ah wretched me!' he loudly cry'd,  
2 'What is it that I have done?'  
3 O woud to the powers above I'de dy'd,  
4 When thus I left her alone!

**292A.13**

1 'Come, come, you gentle red-breast now,  
2 And prepare for us a tomb,  
3 Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,  
4 And sing like a swan my doom.

**292A.14**

1 'Why could I ever cruel be  
2 Unto so fair a creature?  
3 Alas! she dy'd for love of me,  
4 The loveliest she in nature!

**292A.15**

1 'For me she left her home so fair  
2 To wander in ths wild grove,  
3 And there with sighs and pensive care  
4 She ended her life for love.

**292A.16**

1 'O constancy, in her thou'rt lost!  
2 Now let women boast no more;  
3 She's fled unto the Elizium coast,  
4 And with her carryd the store.

**292A.17**

1 'O break, my heart, with sorrow filld,  
2 Come, swell, you strong tides of grief!  
3 You that my dear love have killd,  
4 Come, yield in death to me relief.

**292A.18**

1 'Cruel her sister, was't for me  
2 That to her she was unkind?  
3 Her hunband I will never be,  
4 But with this my love be joynd.

**292A.19**

1 'Grim Death shall tye the marriage-bands,  
2 Which jealousy shan't divide;  
3 Together shall tye our cold hands,  
4 Whilst here we lye side by side.

**292A.20**

1 'Witness, ye groves, and chrystal streams,  
2 How faithless I late have been,  
3 But do repent with dying leaves  
4 Of that my ungrateful sin;

**292A.21**

1 'And wish a thousand times that I  
2 Had been but to her more kind,  
3 And not have let a virgin dye  
4 Whose equal there's none can find.

**292A.22**

1 'Now heaps of sorrow press my soul;  
2 Now, now 'tis she takes her way;  
3 I come, my love, without controule,  
4 Nor from thee will longer stay.'

**292A.23**

1 With that he fetchd a heavy groar  
2 Which rent his tender breast,  
3 And then by her he laid him down,  
4 When as death did give him rest.

**292A.24**

1 Whilst mournful birds, with leavy boughs,  
2 To them a kind burial gave,  
3 And warbled out their love-sick vows,  
4 Whilst they both slept in their grave.

**293A.1**

1 INTO a sweet May morning,  
2 As the sun clearly shone,  
3 I heard a propper damsell  
4 Making a heavy moan;  
5 Making a heavy moan,  
6 I marvelled what she did mean,  
7 And it was for a gentleman,  
8 Sir John of Hasilgreen.

**293A.2**

1 'What aileth thee now, bony maid  
2 To mourn so sore into the tide?  
3 O happy were the man,' he says,  
4 'That had thee to his bride,  
5 To ly down by his side;  
6 Then he were not to mean;'  
7 But still she let the tears down fall  
8 For pleasant Hasilgreen.

**293A.3**

1 'Oh what for a man is Hasilgreen?  
2 Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'  
3 'He is a propper gentleman,  
4 Dwels in the South Countrie;  
5 With shoulders broad and arms long,  
6 And comely to be seen;  
7 His hairs are like the threads of gold,  
8 My pleasant Hasilgreen.'

**293A.4**

1 'Now Hasilgreen is married,  
2 Let all this talking be.'  
3 'If Hasilgreen be married,  
4 This day then woe to me;  
5 For I may sigh and sob no more,  
6 But close my weeping een,  
7 And hold my peace and cry no more,  
8 But dy for Hasilgreen.'

**293A.5**

1 'Will you let Hasilgreen alone,  
2 And go along with me?  
3 I'll marry you on my eldest son,  
4 Make you a gay lady.'  
5 'Make me a gay lady?' she says,  
6 'I am a maid too mean;  
7 I'll rather stay at home,' she cries,  
8 'And dy for Hasilgreen.'

**293A.6**

1 He takes this pretty maid him behind  
2 And fast he spurred the horse,  
3 And they're away to Bigger toun,  
4 The in to Biggar Cross.  
5 Their lodging was far sought,  
6 And so was it foreseen;  
7 But still she let the tears down fall  
8 For pleasant Hasilgreen.

**293A.7**

1 He's ta'en this pretty maid by the hand,  
2 And he is doun the toun;  
3 He bought for her a pettycoat,  
4 Yea, and a trailing gown;  
5 A silken kell fitt for her head,  
6 Laid oer with silver sheen;  
7 But still she let the tears down fall  
8 For pleasant Hasilgreen.

**293A.8**

1 He's taen this bony mey him behind,  
2 And he is to the Place,  
3 Where there was mirth and merryness,  
4 And ladyes fair of face;  
5 And ladyes fair of face,  
6 Right seemly to be seen,  
7 But still she let the tears down fall  
8 For pleasant Hasilgreen.

**293A.9**

1 Young Hasilgreen ran hastilie  
2 To welcome his father dear;  
3 He's ta'en that pretty maid in his arms,  
4 And kist off her falling tear:  
5 'O bony mey, now for thy sake  
6 I would be rent and rien;  
7 I would give all my father's lands  
8 To have thee in Hasilgreen.'

**293A.10**

1 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he says,  
2 'Let no more talking be;  
3 This maid has come right far from home  
4 This day to visit thee.  
5 This day should been your wedding-day,

**293A.10**

6 It shall be thy bridal-een,  
7 And thou 's get all thy father's lands,  
8 And dwell in Hasillgreen.'

**293B.1**

1 IT was on a morning early,  
2 Before day-licht did appear,  
3 I heard a pretty damsell  
4 Making a heavy bier;  
5 Making a heavy bier,  
6 I wonderd what she did mean;  
7 But ay the tears they rappit doun,  
8 Crying, O Jock o Hazelgreen!

**293B.2**

1 'O whare is this Hazelgreen, maid?  
2 That I may him see.'  
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man,  
4 Lives in the South Cuntree.  
5 His shoulders broad, his arms lang,  
6 O he's comely to be seen!'——  
7 But ay the tears they drappit doun  
8 For Jock o Hazelgreen.

**293B.3**

1 'Will ye gang wi me, fair maid?  
2 .....  
3 And I'll marry ye on my son,'  
4 .....

**293B.4**

5 'Afore I'd go along wi you,  
6 To be married on your son,  
7 I'd rather choose to stay at hame,  
8 And die for Hazelgreen.'

**293B.4**

1 But he has tane her up behind,  
2 And spurred on his horse,  
3 Till ance he cam to Embro toun,  
4 And lichted at the corss.  
5 He bought to her a petticoat,  
6 Besides a handsome gown;  
7 He tied a silver belt about her waist,  
8 Worth thrice three hunder pund.

**293B.5**

1 And whan he cam to Hazelyetts,  
2 He lichted doun therein;  
3 Monie war the brave ladies there,  
4 Monie ane to be seen.  
5 She lichted doun among them aw,  
6 She seemed to be the queen;  
7 But ay the tears they rappit doun  
8 For Jock o Hazelgreen.

**293B.6**

1 Young Hasilgreen took her by the hand  
2 And led her out and in:  
3 Said, Bonnie lady, for your sake,  
4 I could be baith rent and rien;  
5 I wad gie aw my lands and rents,  
6 Tho I had kingdoms three,  
7 If I could hae the great pleasure  
8 To enjoy thy fair bodie.

**293B.7**

1 'No more of this,' his father said,  
2 'Of your mourning let abee,  
3 I brought the damsels far frae hame,  
4 She's thrice as wae for thee.  
5 The morn is your bridal-day,  
6 The nicht is your bridal-een,  
7 And I'll gie you aw my lands and rents,  
8 My pleasing son, Hazelgreen.'

**293C.1**

1 As I gaed out in a may morning,  
2 Afore that I could see,  
3 And there I heard a pretty fair may  
4 Making sweet melodie,  
5 She was making sic melodie,  
6 I wonderd what she could mean;  
7 But ay she sang and sang about  
8 Sweet John o Hazelgreen.

**293C.2**

1 'O what na man is Hazelgreen?  
2 Fair may, pray tell to me.'  
3 'He is a stout and a tall young man  
4 As in a' the South Countrie.  
5 He is a stout and a tall young man,  
6 And comely to be seen;  
7 But still O I maun weep and wail  
8 For John o Hazelgreen.'

**293C.3**

1 'Hold your tongue, fair maid,' he says,  
2 'And let your weeping alane;  
3 I'll marry you to my eldest son,  
4 And you shall be ca'd my dame.'

**293C.4**

1 He has tane her on ahint him,  
2 And fast he spurred the steed;  
3 For Edinbro town he there was bound,  
4 Where they soon came wi speed.

**293C.7**

1 He's tane her to the Luckenbooths,  
2 Coft her a braw new gown,  
3 A handsome feather for her hat,  
4 And a pair o silken shoon.

**293C.8**

1 He has tane the fair may up again,  
2 And fast awa rode he;  
3 For Hazelgreen now he was bound,  
4 Her lodging there to be.

**293C.9**

1 She jumped aff frae ahint him,  
2 As fair as any queen;  
3 'Come down, come down, Lord John,' he says,  
4 'And welcome your lady hame.

**293C.10**

1 'It is the tall and comely youth,  
2 Sweet John o Hazelgreen;  
3 If we canna see it bridal-day,  
4 It shall be bridal-een'

**293D.1**

1 As I went forth to take the air  
2 Intill an evening clear,  
3 And there I spied a lady fair,  
4 Making a heavy bier;  
5 Making a heavy bier, I say,  
6 But and a piteous meen,  
7 And aye she sighd, and said, Alas,  
8 For John o Hazelgreen!

**293D.2**

1 The sun was sinking in the west,  
2 The stars were shining clear,  
3 When thro the thickets o the wood,  
4 A gentleman did appear.  
5 Says, Who has done you the wrong, fair maid,  
6 And left you here alane?  
7 Or who has kissd your lovely lips,  
8 That ye ca Hazelgreen?

**293D.3**

1 'Hold your tongue, kind sir,' she said,  
2 'And do not banter so;  
3 How will ye add affliction  
4 Unto a lover's woe?  
5 For none's done me the wrong,' she said,  
6 'Nor left me here alane;  
7 Nor none has kissd my lovely lips,  
8 That I ca Hazelgreen.'

**293D.4**

1 'Why weep ye by the tide, lady?  
2 Why weep ye by the tide?  
3 How blythe and happy might he be  
4 Gets you to be his bride!  
5 Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,  
6 And him I'll no bemean;  
7 But when I take my words again,  
8 Whom call ye Hazelgreen?

**293D.5**

1 'What like a man was Hazelgreen?  
2 Will ye show him to me?'  
3 'He is a comely, proper youth  
4 I in my sleep did see;  
5 Wi arms tall, and fingers small,  
6 He's comely to be seen;  
7 And aye she loot the tears down fall  
8 For John o Hazelgreen.

**293D.6**

1 'If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,  
2 And go along with me,  
3 I'll wed you to my eldest son,  
4 Make you a lady free.'  
5 'It's for to wed your eldest son  
6 I am a maid oer mean;  
7 I'll rather stay at home,' she says  
8 'And die for Hazelgreen.'

**293D.7**

1 'If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,  
2 And go along with me,  
3 I'll wed you to my second son,  
4 And your weight o gowd I'll gie.'  
5 'It's for to wed your second son  
6 I am a maid oer mean;  
7 I'll rather stay at home,' she says,  
8 'And die for Hazelgreen.'

**293D.8**

1 Then he's tane out a siller comb,  
2 Combd down her yellow hair;  
3 And lookèd in a diamond bright,  
4 To see if she were fair,  
5 'My girl, ye do all maids surpass  
6 That ever I have seen;  
7 Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass,  
8 And hate young Hazelgreen.'

**293D.9**

1 'Young Hazelgreen he is my love,  
2 And ever mair shall be;  
3 I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen  
4 For a' the gowd ye'll gie.'  
5 But aye she sighd, and said, Alas!  
6 And made a piteous meen,  
7 And aye she loot the tears down fa  
8 For John o Hazelgreen.

**293D.10**

1 He lookèd high, and lighted low,  
2 Set her upon his horse;  
3 And they rode on the Edinburgh,  
4 To Edinburgh's own cross.  
5 And when she in that city was,  
6 She lookd like ony queen:  
7 'Tis a pity such a lovely lass  
8 Shoud love young Hazelgreen.'

**293D.11**

1 'Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,  
2 And ever mair shall be;  
3 I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen  
4 For a' the gowd ye'll gie.'  
5 And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!  
6 And made a piteous meen,  
7 And aye she loot the tears down fa  
8 For John o Hazelgreen.

**293D.12**

1 'Now hold your tongue, my well-fard maid,  
2 Lat a' your mourning be,  
3 And a' endeavours I shall try  
4 To bring that youth to thee,  
5 If ye'll tell me where your love stays,  
6 His stile and proper name.'  
7 'He's laird o Taperbank,' she says,  
8 'His stile, Young Hazelgreen.'

**293D.13**

1 Then he has coft for that lady  
2 A fine silk riding-gown,  
3 Likewise he coft for that lady  
4 A steed, and set her on;  
5 Wi menji feathers in her hat,  
6 Silk stockings and siller sheen,  
7 And they are on to Taperbank,  
8 Seeking young Hazelgreen.

**293D.14**

1 They nimbly rode along the way,  
2 And gently spurrd their horse,  
3 Till they rode on to Hazelgreen,  
4 To Hazelgreen's own close.  
5 Then forth he came, young Hazelgreen,  
6 To welcome his father free:  
7 'You're welcome here, my father dear,  
8 And a' your companie.'

**293D.15**

1 But when he lookd oer his shoulder,  
2 A light laugh then gae he;  
3 Says, If I getna this lady,  
4 It's for her I must die.  
5 I must confess this is the maid  
6 I ance saw in a dream,  
7 A walking thro a pleasant shade,  
8 As fair's a cypress queen.

**293D.16**

1 'Now hold your tongue, young Hazelgreen,  
2 Lat a' your folly be;  
3 If ye be wae for that lady,  
4 She's thrice as wae for thee.  
5 She's thrice as wae for thee, my son,

**293D.16**

6 As bitter doth complain;  
7 Well is she worthy o the rigs  
8 That lie on Hazelgreen.'

**293D.17**

1 He's tane her in his arms twa,  
2 Led her thro bower and ha:  
3 'Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,  
4 Ye're flower out-oer them a'.  
5 This night shall be our wedding-een,  
6 The morn we'll say, Amen;  
7 Ye'se never mair hae cause to mourn,  
8 Ye're lady o Hazelgreen.'

**293E.1**

1 'WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye?  
2 Why weep ye by the tide?  
3 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
4 And ye sall be his bride,  
5 And ye sall be his bride, ladye,  
6 Sae comely to be seen;  
7 But aye she loot the tears down fa  
8 For John o Hazelgreen.

**293E.2**

1 'O whaten a man is Hazelgreen?  
2 I pray thee tell to me.'  
3 'O there's not a handsomer gentleman  
4 In a' the South Countrie.  
5 His arms are long, his shoulder broad,  
6 Sae comely to be seen!  
7 And aye she loot the tears down fa  
8 For John o Hazelgreen.

**294A.1**

1 DUGALL QUIN came to the toun,  
2 An he's ben lang awaa,  
3 An he is one to Lissie's bed,  
4 Tartan, trues, an a'.

**294A.2**

1 'Hou wad ye leak me, Lisie,' he says,  
2 'Gin that I war yer ain,  
3 We ragged cot upon yer back,  
4 An singel-soled sheen,  
5 A littel we bonnet on my head,  
6 An tua merry wenking ean?'

**294A.3**

1 'Well wad I leak ye, Dugall,' she says,  
2 'Gin that ye war my ain,  
3 We ragged coat upon yer back,  
4 An singel-soled sheen,  
5 A littel we bonnet on yer head,  
6 An tua merry wenking eyn.

**294A.4**

1 'Hou wad ye leak me, Dugall,' she says,  
2 'Gin I wer yer ain,  
3 We silken sneed upon my head,  
4 An gold fann in my hand,  
5 An madins ning, a' clead in green,  
6 To be att my comand?'

**294A.5**

1 'Well wad I leak ye, Lisie,' he says,  
2 'Gin ye wer my ain,  
3 We silken sneed upon yer head,  
4 An a goud fan in yer hand,  
5 An madins nine, a' clad in green,  
6 To be att yer command.

**294A.6**

1 'Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,  
2 'Follou me throu Farie,  
3 An reap the boddoms of my pakets,  
4 An ye'll gett tempeng chiss of farel.'

**294A.7**

1 Outspak her father, says,  
2 Lissie, I widna wish ye,  
3 For gin ye gay we this young man  
4 They will say I ha bat lost ye.

**294A.8**

1 'O had yer toun, my father dear,  
2 For a' that winne brake me;  
3 For I will gaa we this young man,  
4 Since it's his will to take me.'

**294A.9**

1 'Follou me nou, Lissè,' he says,  
2 'An follou me throu Farie,  
3 An reap the boddom of my poket,  
4 An ye'll gett tempeng chess of farie.'



**294A.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.'

**294A.11**

1 Dugall Quin read down the toun,  
2 Upon Dumfarling's horses,  
3 An Lisie Meanes folloued him,  
4 For a' her father's forces.

**294A.12**

1 'Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,  
2 'An follou me our Boggie;  
3 I ill make ye lady of ning mills,  
4 An lady of bonny Garlogè.'

**294A.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.

**295A.1**

1 'I am as brown as brown can be,  
2 My eyes as black as a sloe;  
3 I am as brisk as a nightingale,  
4 And as wilde as any doe.

**295A.2**

1 'My love has sent me a love-letter,  
2 Not far from yonder toun,  
3 That he could not fancy me,  
4 Because I was so brown.

**295A.3**

1 'I sent him his letter back again,  
2 For his love I valu'd not,  
3 Whether that he could fancy me  
4 Or whether he could not.

**295A.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.'

**295A.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.

**295A.6**

1 When she came to her love's bed-side,  
2 Where he lay dangerous sick,  
3 She could not for laughing stand  
4 Upright upon her feet.

**295A.7**

1 She had a white wand all in her hand,  
2 And smoothd it all on his breast;  
3 'In faith and troth come pardon me,  
4 I hope your soul's at rest.

**295A.8**

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 twelvemonth and a day.'

**295B.1**

1 'I am as brown as brown can be,  
2 And my eyes as black as sloe;  
3 I am as brisk as brisk can be,  
4 And wild as forest doe.

**295B.2**

1 'My love he was so high and proud,  
2 His fortune too so high,  
3 He for another fair pretty maid  
4 Me left and passed me by.

**295B.3**

1 'Me did he send a love-letter,  
2 He sent it from the toun,  
3 Saying no more he loved me,  
4 For that I was so brown.

**295B.4**

1 'I sent his letter back again,  
2 Saying his love I valued not,  
3 Whether that he would fancy me,  
4 Whether that he would not.

**295B.5**

1 'When that six months were overpassd,  
2 Were overpassd and gone,  
3 Then did my lover, once so bold,  
4 Lie on his bed and groan.

**295B.6**

1 'When that six months were overpassd,  
2 Were gone and overpassd,  
3 O then my lover, once so bold,  
4 With love was sick at last.

**295B.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.'

**295B.8**

1 'Next did he send from out the toun,  
2 O next did send for me;  
3 He sent for me, the brown, brown girl  
4 Who once his wife should be.

**295B.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.'

**295B.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.

**295B.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 Upright upon her feet.

**295B.12**

1 'You flouted me, you scouted me,  
2 And many another one;  
3 Now the reward is come at last,  
4 For all that you have done.'

**295B.13**

1 The rings she took from off her hands,  
2 The rings by two and three:  
3 'O take, O take these golden rings,  
4 By them remember me.'

**295B.14**

1 She had a white wand in her hand,  
2 She strake him on the breast:  
3 'My faith and troth I give back to thee,  
4 So may thy soul have rest.'

**295B.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.'

**295B.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 Where you do lie beneath.'

**296A.1**

1 On the second of October, a Monday at noon,  
2 In came Walter Lesly, to see his proper one;  
3 He sent a chair down by her side, and gently sa  
t her by,  
4 Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time t  
o lye?

**296A.2**

1 He's taen a glass into his hand, inviting her to  
drink,  
2 But little knew she his meaning, or what the  
rogue did think;  
3 Nor what the rogue did think, to steal the maid  
away;  
4 'Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye  
?'

**296A.3**

1 When they had taen a glass or two, and all wer  
e making merry,  
2 In came Geordy Lesly, and forth he did her  
carry;  
3 Then upon high horseback sae hard's he did he  
r tye,  
4 'Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye  
?'

**296A.4**

1 Her mother she came to the door, the saut tears  
on her cheek,  
2 She coudna see her daughter, it was for dust  
and reek;  
3 It was for dust and reek, the swords they glanc  
d sae high;  
4 'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to  
lye?'

**296A.5**

1 When they came to the ale-house, the people  
there were busy;  
2 A bridal-bed it was well made, and supper well  
made ready;  
3 When the supper down was set, baith plum  
-pudding and pie,  
4 'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to  
lye?'

**296A.6**

1 When they had eaten and well drunken, and a'  
man bound for bed,  
2 The laddie and the lassie in ae chamber were  
laid;  
3 He quickly stript her to the smock, and gently  
laid her bye,  
4 Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time t  
o lye?

**296A.7**

1 But Walter being weary, he fell fast asleep,  
2 And then the lassie thought it fit to start up till  
her feet;  
3 To start up till her feet, and her petticoats to tye,  
4 'We'll go no more to Conland, the winter-time  
to lye.'

**296A.8**

1 Then over moss and over muir sae cleverly she  
ran,  
2 And over hill and over dale, without stockings  
or shoon;  
3 The men pursued her full fast, wi mony shout  
and cry,  
4 Says, Will ye go to Conland, the winter-time to  
lye.

**296A.9**

1 'Wae to the dubs o Duffus land, that eer they  
were sae deep;  
2 They've trachled a' our horsemen and gart our  
captain sleep;  
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.'

**296A.10**

1 'I'd rather be in Duffus land, selling at the ale,  
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.

**296A.11**

1 'I'd rather be in Duffus land, draggin at the  
ware,  
2 Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his yellow hair;  
3 For a' his yellow hair, and sae well's he can it  
tye;  
4 I'll go no more to Conland, this winter-time to  
lye.'

**296A.12**

1 It was not for her beauty, nor yet her gentle  
bluid,  
2 But for her mither's dollars, of them he had  
great need;  
3 Of them he had great need, now he maun do  
them by,  
4 For she'll go no more to Conland, this winter  
-time to lye.

**297A.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 tippie at the wine,  
4 And be my bottle with any.'

**297A.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?'

**297A.3**

1 'O I'll pay you your tocher, Lady Ann,  
2 Both in gear and money,  
3 If ye'll forsake Earl Rothes's companie,  
4 And mind that he has a ladie.'

**297A.4**

1 'I do not value your gold,' she says,  
2 'Your gear it's no sae readie;  
3 I'll neer forsake Earl Rothes's companie,  
4 And I don't gie a fig for his ladie.'

**297A.5**

1 'I'll keep ye i the caslte, Lady Ann,  
2 O servants ye shall hae monie;  
3 I'll keep ye till ye're safely brocht to bed,  
4 And I'll mak you a marquis's ladie.'

**297A.6**

1 'I do not value your castle,' she says,  
2 'Your servants are no sae readie;  
3 Earl Rothes will keep me till I'm brocht to bed,  
4 And he'll mak me a marquis's ladie.'

**297A.7**

1 'Woe be to thee, Earl Rothes,' he says,  
2 'And the mark o the judge be upon thee,  
3 For the using o this poor thing sae,  
4 For the using my sister so badly.'

**297A.8**

1 'When I'm come to the years of a man,  
2 And able a sword to carry,  
3 I'll thrust it thro Earl Rothes' bodie  
4 For the using my sister sae basely.'

**297A.9**

1 'Fare thee well, Lady Ann,' he says,  
2 'No longer will I tarry;  
3 You and I will never meet again,  
4 Till we meet at the bonny town o Torry.'

**298A.1**

1 'O WHARE hae ye been, Peggy?  
2 O whare hae ye been?'  
3 'I the garden amang the gilly-flowrs,  
4 Atween twal hours and een.'

**298A.2**

1 'Ye've na been there your leen, Peggy,  
2 Ye've na been there your leen;  
3 Your father saw you in Jamie's arms,  
4 Atween twal hours and een.'

**298A.3**

1 'Tho my father saw me in Jamie's arms,  
2 He'll see me there again;  
3 For I will sleep in Jamie's arms  
4 When his grave's growin green.'

**298A.4**

1 'Your Jamie is a rogue, Peggy,  
2 Your Jamie is a loun,  
3 For trystring out our ae dochter,  
4 And her sae very young.'

**298A.5**

1 'Lay no the wyte on Jamie, mither,  
2 The blame a' lies on me;  
3 For I will sleep in Jamie's arms  
4 When your een winna see.'

**298A.6**

1 Now she has to her ain bouer gane;  
2 He was waiting there him leen:  
3 'I'm blythe to see ye, Jamie, here,  
4 For we maunna meet again.'

**298A.7**

1 She's tane the wine-glass in her hand,  
2 Poured out the wine sae clear;  
3 Says, Here's your health and mine, Jamie,  
4 And we maun meet na mair.

**298A.8**

1 She has tane him in her arms twa,  
2 And gien him kisses five;  
3 Says, Here's your health and mine, Jamie,  
4 I wish weel mote ye thrive.

**298A.9**

1 'Your father has a bonnie cock,  
2 Divides the nicht and day,  
3 And at the middle watch o the nicht  
4 In greenwud ye'll meet me.'

**298A.10**

1 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
2 And a' men boun for bed,  
3 She's kilted up her green claithing,  
4 And met Jamie in the wud.

**298A.11**

1 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
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.1**

1 One evening as a maid did walk,  
2 The moon was shining clearly,  
3 She heard a trooper at the gates,  
4 She thought it was her dearie.  
5 She's taen his horse then by the head,  
6 And led him to the stable,  
7 And gien to him baith corn and hay,  
8 To eat what he was able.  
9 Bonny lass, gin I come near you,  
10 Bonny lass, gin I come near you,  
11 I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,  
12 Bonny lass, or eer I lea you.

**299A.2**

1 She's taen the trooper by the hand,  
2 And led him to the table,  
3 And furnishd him wi bread and cheese,  
4 To eat what he was able.  
5 She's taen the wine-glass in her hand,  
6 Poured out the wine sae clearly;  
7 'Here is your health an mine,' she cried,  
8 'And ye're welcome hame, my deary!'

**299A.3**

1 'A glass o wine for gentlemen,  
2 And bonny lads for lasses,  
3 And bread and cheese for cavaliers,  
4 And corn and hay for asses.'  
5 Then she went but and made his bed,  
6 She made it like a lady,  
7 And she coost aff her mankie gown,  
8 Says, Laddie, are you ready?

**299A.4**

1 Then he coost aff his big watch-coat,  
2 But and his silken beaver,  
3 A pair o pistols frae his side,  
4 And he lay down beside her.  
5 'Bonny lassie, I am wi you now,  
6 Bonny lassie I am wi you,  
7 But I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,  
8 Bonny lassie, ere I lea you.'

**299A.5**

1 The trumpet sounds thro Birlsdale,  
2 Says, Men and horse, make ready;  
3 The drums do beat at Staneman hill,  
4 'Lads, leave your mam and daddie.'  
5 The fifes did play at Cromley banks,  
6 'Lads, leave the lewes o Fyvie;'  
7 And then the trooper he got up,  
8 Says, Lassie, I must lea you.

**299A.6**

1 'Bonny lassie, I maun lea you now,  
2 Bonny lassie, I maun lea you;  
3 But if ever I come this road again,  
4 I will come in and see you.'

**299A.7**

1 She's taen her gown out-ower her arms,  
2 And followed him to Stirling,  
3 And aye the trooper he did say,  
4 O turn ye back, my darling.  
5 'O when will we twa meet again?  
6 Or when will you me marry?'  
7 'When rashin rinds grow gay gowd rings,  
8 I winna langer tarry.'

**299A.8**

1 'O when will we twa meet again?  
2 Or when will you me marry?'  
3 'When heather-knaps grow siller taps,  
4 I winna langer tarry.'  
5 'O when will we twa meet again?  
6 Or when will you me marry?'  
7 'When heather-cows grow owsen-bows,  
8 I winna langer tarry.'

**299A.9**

1 'O when will we twa meet again?  
2 Or when will you me marry?'  
3 'When cockle-shells grow siller bells,  
4 I winna langer tarry.'

**299A.9**

5 'O when will we twa meet again?  
6 Or when will you me marry?'  
7 'When apple-trees grow in the seas,  
8 I winna langer tarry.'

**299A.10**

1 'O when will we twa meet again?  
2 Or when will you me marry?'  
3 'When fishes fly, and seas gang dry,  
4 I winna langer tarry.'  
5 'O when will we twa meet again?  
6 Or when will you me marry?'  
7 'When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
8 I winna langer tarry.'

**299A.11**

1 'Yestreen I was my daddie's dow,  
2 But an my mamy's dawtie;  
3 This night I gang wi bairn to you,  
4 Wae's me that I eer saw thee!'  
5 'Yestreen ye were your daddie's dow,  
6 But an your mammie's dawtie;  
7 But gin ye gang wi bairn to me,  
8 Ye may rue that eer 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 bluidy swords woud fear ye.'

**299B.1**

1 There cam a trooper frae the West,  
2 And of riding he was weary;  
3 He rappid 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 opened the gates and let him in,  
8 Says, Ye're welcome hame, my dearie.

**299B.2**

1 She took the horse by the bridle-reins  
2 And led him to the stable;  
3 She gave 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 fit for a lady,  
7 Then she coost aff her petticoat,  
8 Said, Trooper, are ye ready?

**299B.3**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 .....  
4 .....  
5 'There's bread and cheese for musqueteers,  
6 And corn and hay for hor<s>es,  
7 Sack and sugar for auld wives,  
8 And lads for bonnie lasses.'

**299B.4**

1 He coost aff his gude buff coat,  
2 His boots, likewise his beaver,  
3 He drew his rapier frae his side,  
4 And streekit him down beside her.  
5 'Bonnie lass, I trew I'm near the<e> now,  
6 Bonnie lass, I trew I'm near thee,  
7 And I'll gar a' thy ribbons reel,  
8 Bonnie lassie, or I lea thee.'

**299B.5**

1 They had but spoken little a while  
2 Till of speaking they were weary;  
3 They sleept 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 'Whem cockle-shells grow siller bells;  
4 No longer must I tarry.'

**299C.1**

1 THERE cam a trooper frae the west,  
2 And he's ridden till his deary;  
3 'It's open and lat me in,' he says,  
4 For I am wet and weary.'  
5 '.....'

**299C.2**

1 'O whan sall we be married, love?  
2 O whan sall we be married?'  
3 'Whan heather-cows turn owsen-bows,  
4 It's then that we'll be married.'

**299C.3**

1 'O whan sall we be married, love?  
2 O when sall we be married?'  
3 'When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
4 It's then that we'll be married.'

**299C.4**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 'Whan the sun and moon dance on the green,  
4 It's then that we'll be married.'

**299[D.1]**

1 The tropper lad cam to oor gate,  
2 And oh! but he was weary,  
3 He rapped at and chapped at,  
4 Syne called for his kind deary.

**299[D.2]**

1 The bonnie lass being in the close,  
2 The moon was shining clearly,—  
3 'Ye'r welcome here, my trooper lad,  
4 Ye'r welcome, my kind deary.'

**299[D.3]**

1 She's taen his horse by the bridle-reins,  
2 And led him to the stable,  
3 She's gien him corn and hay to eat,  
4 As much as he was able.

**299[D.4]**

1 She's taen the knight by the milk-white hand,  
2 And led him to her chamber,  
3 And gied him bread and cheese to eat,  
4 And wine to drink his pleasure.

**299[D.5]**

1 'Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye noo,  
2 Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye,  
3 An I'll gar a' your ribbons reel  
4 In the morning or I leave ye.'

**299[D.6]**

1 .....  
2 .....  
3 And she put off her wee white smock,  
4 Crying, 'Laddie, are ye ready?'  
5 '.....'

**299[D.7]**

1 The first time that the trumpet played  
2 Was, Up, up and awa, man!  
3 The next time that the trumpet played  
4 Was, The morn's the battle-day, man!

**299[D.8]**

1 'Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye noo,  
2 Bonne lassie, I maun leave ye;  
3 But, if e'er I come this way again  
4 I will ca in an see ye.'

**299[D.9]**

1 Bread and cheese for gentlemen,  
2 An corn and hay for horses;  
3 Pipes and tobacco for auld wives,  
4 And bonnie lads for lasses.

**299[D.10]**

1 'When will us twa meet again?  
2 When will we meet and marry?'  
3 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
4 Nae langer, love, we'll tarry.'

**299[D.11]**

1 So he's taen his auld grey cloak about him noo,  
2 An he's ower the mountains fairly,  
3 Crying, 'Fare ye weel, my bonnie lass,  
4 Farewell, my ain kind deary.'

**300A.1**

1 THERE was a maid, richly arrayd,  
2 In robes were rare to see,  
3 For seven years and something mair  
4 She servd a gay ladie.

**300A.2**

1 But being fond o a higher place,  
2 In service she thought lang;  
3 She took her mantle her about,  
4 Her coffer by the band.

**300A.3**

1 And as she walkd 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.4**

1 At last she spied a little castle,  
2 That stood near by the sea;  
3 She spied it far and drew it near,  
4 To that castle went she.

**300A.5**

1 And when she came to that castle  
2 She tirl'd at the pin,  
3 And ready stood a little wee boy  
4 To lat this fair maid in.

**300A.6**

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.7**

1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
2 And gae him shillings three:  
3 'O porter, bear my message well  
4 Unto the queen frae me.'

**300A.8**

1 The porter's gane before the queen,  
2 Fell low down on his knee:  
3 'Win up, win up, my porter-boy,  
4 What makes this courtesie?'

**300A.9**

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.10**

1 'Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,  
2 Lat her come in to me,  
3 And I'll know by her courtesie  
4 Lord's daughter if she be.'

**300A.11**

1 When she came in before the queen,  
2 Fell low down on her knee:  
3 'Service frae you, my dame the queen,  
4 I pray you grant it me.'

**300A.12**

1 'If that service ye now do want,  
2 What station will ye be?  
3 Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,  
4 Or milk the cows to me?'

**300A.13**

1 'No, I can neither card nor spin,  
2 Nor cows I canno milk,  
3 But sit into a lady's bower  
4 And sew the seams o silk.'

**300A.14**

1 'What is your name, ye comely dame?  
2 Pray tell this unto me:  
3 'O Blancheffour, that is my name,  
4 Born in a strange countrie.'

**300A.15**

1 'O keep ye well frae Jellyfflorice—  
2 My ain dear son is he—  
3 When other ladies get a gift,  
4 O that ye shall get three.'

**300A.16**

1 It wasna tald into the bower  
2 Till it went thro the ha,  
3 That Jellyfflorice and Blancheffour  
4 Were grown ower great witha.

**300A.17**

1 When the queen's maids their visits paid,  
2 Upo the gude Yule-day,  
3 When other ladies got horse to ride,  
4 She boud take foot and gae.

**300A.18**

1 The queen she call'd her stable-groom,  
2 To come to her right seen;  
3 Says, 'Ye'll take out yon wild waith steed  
4 And bring him to the green.'

**300A.19**

1 'Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,  
2 The lighters frae his een;  
3 Ere she ride three times roun the cross,  
4 Her weel-days will be done.'

**300A.20**

1 Jellyfflorice his true-love spy'd  
2 As she rade roun the cross,  
3 And thrice he kiss'd her lovely lips,  
4 And took her frae her horse.

**300A.21**

1 'Gang to your bower, my lily-flower,  
2 For a' my mother's spite;  
3 There's nae other amang her maids,  
4 In whom I take delight.

**300A.22**

1 'Ye are my jewel, and only ane,  
2 Nane's do you injury;  
3 For ere this-day-month come and gang  
4 My wedded wife ye'se be.'

**301A.1**

1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,  
2 An asking I'll ask thee;  
3 Will ye come to my bigley bower  
4 And drink the wine wi me?'

**301A.2**

1 'My dame, this is too much honour  
2 You have conferr'd on me;  
3 I'm sure it's mair than I've deserv'd  
4 Frae sic a one as thee.'

**301A.3**

1 'In Reekie's towers I hae a bower,  
2 And pictures round it set;  
3 There is a bed that is well made,  
4 Where you and I shall sleep.'

**301A.4**

1 'O God forbid,' this youth then said,  
2 'That ever I drie sic blame  
3 As ever to touch the queen's bodie,  
4 Altho the king's frae hame.'

**301A.5**

1 When that he had these words spoken,  
2 She secretly did say,  
3 Some evil I shall work this man,  
4 Before that it be day.

**301A.6**

1 Whan a' her maids were gane to bed,  
2 And knights were gane frae hame,  
3 She call'd upon young Troy Muir,  
4 To put fire in her room.

**301A.7**

1 'An asking, asking, Troy Muir,  
2 An asking ye'll grant me;  
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,  
4 My dame it's granted be.'

**301A.8**

1 'There is a stane in yon garden,  
2 Nae ane lifts it for me;  
3 But if that ye woud lift the same,  
4 A brave man I'll ca thee.

**301A.9**

1 'Under yon stane there is a pit,  
2 Most dreary for to see,  
3 And in it there's as much red gowd  
4 As buy a dukedom to thee.'

**301A.10**

1 'O if I had ae sleep in bed,  
2 And saw the morning sun,  
3 As soon 's I rise and see the skies,  
4 Your will it shall be done.'

**301A.11**

1 When birds did sing, and sun did rise,  
2 And sweetly sang the lark,  
3 Troy Muir to the garden went,  
4 To work this dreary wark.

**301A.12**

1 He's taen the stane then by a ring,  
2 And lifted manfullie;  
3 A serpent that lang wanted meat  
4 Round Troy Muir's middle did flee.

**301A.13**

1 'How shall I get rid o this foul beast?  
2 It's by it I must dee;  
3 I never thought the queen, my friend,  
4 Woud work this mischief to me.'

**301A.14**

1 But by there came a weelfaird may,  
2 As Troy Muir did tauk,  
3 The serpent's furious rage to lay,  
4 Cut aff her fair white pap.

**301A.15**

1 As soon as she the same had done,  
2 Young Troy Muir was set free,  
3 And in ane hour the wound was heald,  
4 That nae mair pain had she.

**301A.16**

1 Says Troy Muir, My lily-flower,  
2 Ye hae releas'd me;  
3 But before I see another day,  
4 My wedded wife ye'se be.

**301A.17**

1 He married her on that same day,  
2 Brought her to his ain hame;  
3 A lovely son to him she bare,  
4 When full nine months were gane.

**301A.18**

1 As heaven was pleas'd, in a short time,  
2 To ease her first sad pain,  
3 Sae was it pleas'd, when she'd a son,  
4 To hae a pap again.

**302A.1**

1 WHEN two lovers love each other well,  
2 Great sin it were them to twinn;  
3 And this I speak from Young Bearwell;  
4 He loved a lady young,  
5 The Mayor's daughter of Birkton-brae,  
6 That lovely, leesome thing.

**302A.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.

**302A.3**

1 Says, Wae's me for you, Young Bearwell,  
2 Such tales of you are tauld;  
3 They'll cause you sail the salt sea so far  
4 As beyond Yorkisfauld.

**302A.4**

1 . . . . .  
2 . . . . .  
3 'O shall I bide in good greenwood,  
4 Or stay in bower with thee?'

**302A.5**

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 You will be taken and slain.

**302A.6**

1 'But I caused build a ship for you  
2 Upon Saint Innocent's day;  
3 I'll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,  
4 And Our Lady, that meikle may.  
5 You are a lady's first true-love,  
6 God carry you well away!'

**302A.7**

1 Then he sailed east, and he sailed west,  
2 By many a comely strand;  
3 At length a puff of northern wind  
4 Did blow him to the land.

**302A.8**

1 When he did see the king and court,  
2 Were playing at the ba;  
3 Gave him a harp into his hand,  
4 Says, Stay, Bearwell, and play.

**302A.9**

5 He had not been in the king's court  
6 A twelvemonth and a day,  
7 Till there came lairds and lords anew  
8 To court that lady gay.

**302A.10**

1 They wooed her with brooch and ring,  
2 They nothing could keep back;  
3 The very charters of their lands  
4 Into her hands they pat.

**302A.11**

1 She's done her down to Heyvalin,  
2 With the light of the moon;  
3 Says, Will ye do this deed for me,  
4 And will ye do it soon?

**302A.12**

1 'Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,  
2 On seas wherever he be?  
3 And if I live and bruk my life  
4 Rewarded ye shall be.'

**302A.13**

1 'Alas, I am too young a skipper,  
2 So far to sail the faem;  
3 Bit if I live and bruk 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 And there the king and all his court  
2 Were playing at the ba;  
3 Gave him a harp into his hand,  
4 Says, Stay, Heyvalin, and play.

**302A.16**

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.  
5 \* \* \* \* \*

**303A.1**

1 FAIR ANNIE had a costly bower,  
2 Well built wi lime and stane,  
3 And Willie came to visit her,  
4 Wit the light o the meen.

**303A.2**

1 When he came to Annie's bower-door,  
2 He tirl'd at the pin:  
3 'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Fair Annie,  
4 Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

**303A.3**

1 'O never a fit,' says Fair Annie,  
2 'Till I your errand ken';  
3 'My father's vowed a vow, Annie,  
4 I'll tell you when I'm in.

**303A.4**

1 'My father's vowed a rash vow,  
2 I darena marry thee;  
3 My mither's vowed anither vow,  
4 My bride ye'se never be.'

**303A.5**

1 'If ye had tauld me that, Willie,  
2 When we began to woo,  
3 There was naithing in this world wide  
4 Shoud drawn my love to you.

**303A.6**

1 'A nun, a nun,' said Fair Annie,  
2 'A nun will I be then';  
3 'A priest, a priest,' said Sweet Willie,  
4 'A priest will I be syne.'

**303A.7**

1 She is gane to her father,  
2 For mither she had nane;  
3 And she is on to her father,  
4 To see if she'd be a nun.

**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 And there to live or die.'

**303A.9**

1 'Your asking's nae sae great, daughter,  
2 But granted it shall be;  
3 For ye'se won to the holy nunnery,  
4 There to live or die.'

**303A.10**

1 Then 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.11**

1 'An asking, asking, maiden porter,  
2 An asking ye'll grant me;  
3 If I'll won to the holy nunnery,  
4 There to live or die.'

**303A.12**

1 'Your asking's nae sae great, lady,  
2 But granted it shall be;  
3 For ye'se won to the holy nunnery,  
4 There to live or die.

**303A.13**

1 'But ye maun vow a vow, lady,  
2 Before that ye seek in;  
3 Never to kiss a young man's mouth  
4 That goes upon the grin.

**303A.14**

1 'And ye must vow anither 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 a vow,' she said,  
2 'Before that I seek in;  
3 I neer shall kiss a young man's mouth  
4 That goes upon the grin.

**303A.16**

1 'And I will vow anither vow,  
2 Severly I will work;  
3 The well-warst vow that I'm to vow  
4 Is never to gang to kirk.'

**303A.17**

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.18**

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.19**

1 'There is nae duke nor lord's daughter,  
2 Mother, can cofort me,  
3 Except it be my love, Annie,  
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.'

**303A.20**

1 They've dressd Sweet Willie up in silk,  
2 Wi gowd his gown did shine,  
3 And nane could ken by his pale face  
4 But he was a lady fine.

**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 into the holy nunnery,  
4 Fair Annie for to see.

**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.

**304A.1**

1 IT fell upon the Lammas time,  
2 When flowers were fresh and green,  
3 And craig and cleugh was covered ower  
4 With cloathing that was clean.

**304A.2**

1 'Twas at that time a noble squire,  
2 Sprung from an ancient line,  
3 Laid his love on a lady fair,  
4 The king's daughter o Linne.

**304A.3**

1 When cocks did crawl, and day did daw,  
2 And mint in meadows sprang,  
3 Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
4 They rode the way along.

**304A.4**

1 So they rode on, and farther on,  
2 To yonder pleasant green,  
3 And there he spied that lady fair,  
4 In her garden alane.

**304A.5**

1 These two together lang they stood,  
2 And love's tale there they tauld;  
3 The glancing o her fair color  
4 Did Ronald's own impale.

**304A.6**

1 He lifted 's hat, and thus he spake;  
2 O pity have on me!  
3 For I could pledge what is my right,  
4 All for the sake of thee.

**304A.7**

1 'Ye're young amo your mirth, kind sir,  
2 And fair o your dull hours;  
3 There's nae a lady in a' London  
4 But might be your paramour.

**304A.8**

1 'But I'm too young to wed, kind sir,  
2 You must not take it ill;  
3 Whate'er my father bids me do,  
4 I maun be at his will.'

**304A.9**

1 He kissd her then and took his leave,  
2 His heart was all in pride,  
3 And he is on to Windsor gone,  
4 And his boy by his side.

**304A.10**

1 And when he unto Windsor came,  
2 And lighted on the green,  
3 There he spied his mother dear,  
4 Was walking there alane.

**304A.11**

1 'Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,  
2 From gude school-house, this day?'  
3 'I hae been at Linne, mother,  
4 Seeing yon bonny may.'

**304A.12**

1 'O wae's me for you now, Ronald,  
2 For she will not you hae;  
3 For mony a knight and bauld baron  
4 She's nickd them a' wi nae.'

**304A.13**

1 Young Ronald's done him to his bower,  
2 And he took bed and lay;  
3 Nae woman could come in his sight,  
4 For the thoughts o this well-fard may.

**304A.14**

1 Then in it came his father dear,  
2 Well belted in a brand;  
3 The tears ran frae his twa gray eyes,  
4 All for his lovely son.

**304A.15**

1 Then Ronald calld his stable-groom  
2 To come right speedilie;  
3 Says, Ye'll gang to yon stable, boy,  
4 And saddle a steed for me.

**304A.16**

1 'His saddle o the guid red gowd,  
2 His bits be o the steel,  
3 His bridle o a glittering hue;  
4 See that ye saddle him weel.

**304A.17**

1 'For I've heard greeters at your school-house,  
2 Near thirty in a day;  
3 But for to hear an auld man greet,  
4 It passes bairns' play.'

**304A.18**

1 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
2 And mint in meadows sprang,  
3 Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
4 The way they rode alang.

**304A.19**

1 So they rode on, and further on,  
2 To yonder pleasant green,  
3 And there they saw that lady fair,  
4 In her garden alane.

**304A.20**

1 And twenty times before he ceasd  
2 He kissd her lips sae clear,  
3 And said, Dear lady, for your sake,  
4 I'll fight fell lang and sair.

**304A.21**

1 'Full haste, nae speed, for me, kind sir,'  
2 Replied the lady clear;  
3 'Far better bucklings ye maun bide  
4 Or ye gain my love by weir.

**304A.22**

1 'King Honour is my father's name,  
2 The morn to war maun fare,  
3 And that's to fight a proud giant,  
4 That's wrought him muckle care.

**304A.23**

1 'Along wi him he is to take  
2 Baith noble knights and squires,  
3 I woud wish you as well-dressd a knight  
4 As ony will be there.

**304A.24**

1 'And I'll gie you a thousand crowns,  
2 To part amang your men;  
3 A robe upon your ain body,  
4 Weel sewd wi my ain hand.

**304A.25**

1 'Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
2 The virtue it is gude;  
3 If ony o your men be hurt,  
4 It soon will stem their blude.

**304A.26**

1 'Another ring, a royal thing,  
2 Whose virtue is well known;  
3 As lang's this ring your body's on,  
4 Your bluid shall neer be drawn.'

**304A.27**

1 He kissd her then, and took his leave,  
2 His heart was all in pride,  
3 And he is on to Windsor gone,  
4 And his boy by his side.

**304A.28**

1 And when he unto Windsor came,  
2 And lighted on the green,  
3 There he saw his auld father,  
4 Was walking him alane.

**304A.29**

1 'Where hae ye been, my son, Ronald,  
2 From gude school-house the day?'  
3 'O I hae been at Linne, father,  
4 Seeking yon bonny may.'

**304A.30**

1 'O wae's me for you now, Ronald,  
2 For she will not you hae;  
3 Mony a knight and bauld baron  
4 She's nickd them a' wi nay.'

**304A.31**

1 'O had your tongue, my father dear,  
2 Lat a' your folly be;  
3 The last words that I wi her spake,  
4 Her love was granted me.

**304A.32**

1 'King Honour is her father's name,  
2 The morn to war maun fare,  
3 And that's to fight a proud giant,  
4 That's wrought him muckle care.

**304A.33**

1 'Alang wi him he means to take  
2 Baith knights and noble squires;  
3 And she wishes me as well drest a knight  
4 As ony will be there.

**304A.34**

1 'And she's gaen me a thousand crowns,  
2 To part amang my men;  
3 A robe upon my ain body,  
4 Weel sewd wi her ain hand.

**304A.35**

1 'Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
2 The virtue it is gude;  
3 If ony o my men be hurt,  
4 It soon will stem their blude.

**304A.36**

1 'Another ring, a royal thing,  
2 Whose virtue is unknown;  
3 As lang's this ring my body's on,  
4 My blude will neer be drawn.'

**304A.37**

1 'If that be true, my son, Ronald,  
2 That ye hae tauld to me,  
3 I'll gie to you an hundred men,  
4 To bear you companie.

**304A.38**

1 'Besides as muckle gude harness  
2 As carry them on the lee;  
3 It is a company gude enough  
4 For sic a squire as thee.'

**304A.39**

1 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
2 And mint in meadows spread,  
3 Young Ronald and his merry young men  
4 Were ready for to ride.

**304A.40**

1 So they rode on, and farther on,  
2 To yonder pleasant green,  
3 And there they spied that lady fair,  
4 In her garden, sair mourning.

**304A.41**

1 These twa together lang they stood,  
2 And love's tale there they taul,  
3 Till her father and his merry young men  
4 Ahd ridden seven mile.

**304A.42**

1 He kissd her then, and took his leave,  
2 His heart was all in pride,  
3 And then he sprang along the road  
4 As sparks do frae the gleeed.

**304A.43**

1 Then to his great steed he set spur;  
2 He being swift o feet,  
3 They soon arrived on the plain,  
4 Where all the rest did meet.

**304A.44**

1 Then flew the foul thief frae the west,  
2 His make was never seen;  
3 He had three heads upon ae hause,  
4 Three heads on ae breast-bane.

**304A.45**

1 He bauldly stept up to the king,  
2 Seiz'd 's steed in his right hand;  
3 Says, Here I am, a valiant man,  
4 Fight me now if ye can.

**304A.46**

1 'Where is the man in a' my train  
2 Will take this deed in hand?  
3 And he shall hae my daughter dear,  
4 And third part o my land.'

**304A.47**

1 'O here am I,' said young Ronald,  
2 'Will take the deed in hand;  
3 And ye'll gie me your daughter dear,  
4 I'll seek nane o your land.'

**304A.48**

1 'I woudna for my life, Ronald,  
2 This day I left you here;  
3 Remember ye yon lady gay  
4 For you shed mony a tear.'

**304A.49**

1 Fan he did mind on that lady  
2 That he left him behind,  
3 He hadna mair fear to fight  
4 Nor a lion frae a chain.

**304A.50**

1 Then he cut aff the giant's heads  
2 Wi ae sweep o his hand,  
3 Gaed hame and married that lady,  
4 And heird her father's land.

**305A.1**

1 ETRICK FOREST is a fair foreste,  
2 In it grows manie a semelie trie;  
3 The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,  
4 And of a' [wylde] beastis grete plentie.

**305A.2**

1 There's a castell biggit with lime and stane,  
2 O gin it stands not pleasantlie!  
3 In the fore front o that castell fair  
4 Twa unicorns are bra to see.

**305A.3**

1 There's the picture of a knight and a ladye  
2 bright,  
2 And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
3 There an Outlaw keepis five hundred men,  
4 He keepis a royalle companie.

**305A.4**

1 His merrie men are in [ae] liverie clad,  
2 Of the Lincoln grene so fair to see;  
3 He and his ladie in purple clad,  
4 O if they live not royallie!

**305A.5**

1 Word is gane to our nobell king,  
2 In Edinburgh where that he lay,  
3 That there was an Outlaw in Eterrick forest  
4 Counted him nought and all his courtrie gay.

**305A.6**

1 'I mak a vowe,' then the goode king said,  
2 'Unto the man that dear bought me,  
3 I'se either be king of Etrick forest,  
4 Or king of Scotland that Outlaw's bee.'

**305A.7**

1 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
2 And to the noble king said he;  
3 My sovereign prince, sum counsell tak,  
4 First of your nobles, syne of me.

**305A.8**

1 'I redd you send yon bra Outlaw till  
2 And see gif your man cum will he;  
3 Desire him cum and be your man,  
4 And hald of you yon forest frie.

**305A.9**

1 'And gif he refuses to do that,  
2 We'll conquest both his lands and he,  
3 Or else we'll throw his castell down,  
4 And mak a widowe of his gaye ladie.'

**305A.10**

1 The king called on a gentleman,  
2 James Boyd, Erle of Arran, his brother was he;  
3 When James he came before the king  
4 He fell before him on his knie.

**305A.11**

1 'Welcum James Boyd,' said our nobil king,  
2 'A message ye maun gang for me;  
3 Ye maun hie to Etrick forrest,  
4 To yon Outlaw, where dwelleth he.

**305A.12**

1 'Ask hym of quhom he haldis his lands,  
2 Or, man, wha may his master be;  
3 Desyre him come and be my man,  
4 And hald of me yon forrest frie.

**305A.13**

1 'To Edinburgh to cum and gang  
2 His safe-warrant I sall be;  
3 And, gif he refuses to do that,  
4 We'll conquest baith his lands and he.

**305A.14**

1 'Thou mayst vow I'll cast his castell doun,  
2 And mak a widow of his gaye ladie;  
3 I'll hang his merrie men pair by pair  
4 In ony frith where I may them see.'

**305A.15**

1 James Boyd took his leave of the nobill king,  
2 To Etrick forrest fair came he;  
3 Down Birkendale brae when that he cam,  
4 He saw the fair forest with his ee.

**305A.16**

1 Baith dae and rae and hart and hynd,  
2 And of all wyld beastis grete plentie;  
3 He heard the bows that bauldly ring,  
4 And arrows whidderand near him by.

**305A.17**

1 Of the fair castell he got a sight,  
2 The like he nere saw with his ee;  
3 On the fore front of that castell  
4 Twa unicorns were bra to see.

**305A.18**

1 The picture of a knight and a ladie bright,  
2 And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
3 Thereat he spy'd five hundred men,  
4 Shuting with bows upon the lee.

**305A.19**

1 They a' were in ae liverie clad,  
2 Of the Lincoln grene, sae fair to see;  
3 The knight and his ladye in purple clad;  
4 O gif they lived right royallie!  
5 Therefore he kend he was master-man,  
6 And served him in his ain degree.

**305A.20**

1 'God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray,  
2 Thy ladie and a' they chivalrie!'  
3 'Marry, thou's wellcum, gentleman,  
4 Sum king's-messenger thou seems to be.'

**305A.21**

1 'The King of Scotland sent me hier,  
2 And, gude Outlaw, I'm sent to thee;  
3 I wad wat of whom ye hald your lands,  
4 Or, man, wha may thy master be'

**305A.22**

1 'Thir landis are mine,' the Outlaw said,  
2 'I own na king in Christentie;  
3 Frae Soudron I this forest wan,  
4 When the king nor's knights were not to see.'

**305A.23**

1 'He desires you'I come to Edinburgh,  
2 And hald of him this forest frie;  
3 And gif you refuse to do this,  
4 He'll conquest both thy landis and thee;

**305A.23**

5 He has vovd to cast thy castell down,  
6 And make a widow of thy gaye ladie.

**305A.24**

1 'He'll hang thy merrie men pair by pair,  
2 In ony frith where he may them finde;'  
3 'Aye, by my troth,' the Outlaw said,  
4 'Then wad I think me far behinde.

**305A.25**

1 'Eere the king my fair countrie get,  
2 This land that's nativest to me,  
3 Mony of his nobils sall be cauld,  
4 Their ladies sall be right wearie.'

**305A.26**

1 Then spak his ladye fair of face,  
2 She said, Without consent of me  
3 That an outlaw shuld come before the king:  
4 I am right rad of treasonrie.

**305A.27**

1 'Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame,  
2 For Edinburgh my lord sall never see;'  
3 James tuke his leave of the Outlaw keene,  
4 To Edinburgh bouin is he.

**305A.28**

1 And when he came before the king,  
2 He fell before him on his knie:  
3 'Wellcum, James Boyd,' said the nobil king,  
4 'What foreste is Etrick forest frie?'

**305A.29**

1 'Etrick forest is the fairest forest  
2 That ever man saw with his ee;  
3 There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,  
4 And of all wild beastis great plentie.

**305A.30**

1 'There's a prittie castell of lime and stone,  
2 O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!  
3 There's on the fore side of that castell  
4 Twa unicorns sae bra to see.

**305A.31**

1 'There's the picture of a knight and [a] ladie  
2 bright,  
3 And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
4 There the Outlaw keepis five hundred men,  
5 O gif they live not royallie!

**305A.32**

1 'His merry men in [ae] liverie clad,  
2 O the Lincoln grene, so fair to see;  
3 He and his ladye in purple clad,  
4 O gif they live not royallie!

**305A.33**

1 'He says yon forest is his ain,  
2 He wan it from the Soudronie;  
3 Sae as he won it, sae will he keep it,  
4 Contrair all kings in Christentie.'

**305A.34**

1 'Gar ray my horse,' said the nobil king,  
2 'To Etrick [forest] he will I me;'  
3 Then he gard graith five thousand men,  
4 And sent them on for the forest frie.

**305A.35**

1 Then word is gane the Outlaw till,  
2 In Etrick forest where dwelleth he,  
3 That the king was cumand to his cuntrie,  
4 To conquest baith his lands and he.

**305A.36**

1 'I mak a vow,' the Outlaw said,  
2 'I mak a vow, and that trulie,  
3 Were there but three men to tak my part,  
4 Yon king's cuming full deir suld be.'

**305A.37**

1 Then messengers he called forth,  
2 And bade them haste them speedilie:  
3 'Ane of you go to Halliday,  
4 The laird of the Corehead is he.

**305A.38**

1 'He certain is my sister's son,  
2 Bid him cum quick and succour me;  
3 Tell Halliday with thee to cum,  
4 And shaw him a' the veritie.'

**305A.39**

1 'What news? what news,' said Halliday,  
2 'Man, frae thy master unto me?'  
3 'Not as ye wad; seeking your aid;  
4 The king's his mortal enemy.'

**305A.40**

1 'Aye, by my troth,' quoth Halliday,  
2 'Even for that it repenteth me;  
3 For, gif he lose fair Etrick forest,  
4 He'll take fair Moffatdale frae me.

**305A.41**

1 'I'll meet him wi five hundred men,  
2 And surely mae, if mae may be:.'  
3 [The Outlaw calld a messenger,  
4 And bid him hie him speedily.]

**305A.42**

1 'To Andrew Murray of Cockpool,  
2 That man's a deir cousin to me;  
3 Desire him cum and make me aid,  
4 With all the power that he may be.

**305A.43**

1 'The king has vovd to cast my castell down,  
2 And mak a widow of my gaye ladie;  
3 He'll hang my merry men pair by pair  
4 I-<n any place where he may them see.'

**305A.44**

1 'It stands me hard,' quoth Andrew Murray,  
2 'Judge if it stands not hard with me,  
3 To enter against a king with crown,  
4 And put my lands in jeopardie.

**305A.45**

1 'Yet, gif I cum not on the daye,  
2 Surelie at night he sall me see:.'  
3 To Sir James Murray, laird of Traquair,  
4 A message came right speedilie.

**305A.46**

1 'What news? what news,' James Murray said,  
2 'Man, frae thy master unto me?'  
3 'What needs I tell? for well ye ken  
4 The king's his mortal enemy.

**305A.47**

1 'He desires ye'll cum and make him aid,  
2 With all the powers that ye may be:.'  
3 'And, by my troth,' James Murray said,  
4 'With that Outlaw I'll live and die.

**305A.48**

1 'The king has gifted my lands lang syne,  
2 It can not be nae war with me;'  
3 .....  
4 .....

**305A.49**

1 The king was cumand thro Cadden ford,  
2 And fiftene thousand men was he;  
3 They saw the forest them before,  
4 They thought it awsom for to see.

**305A.50**

1 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
2 And to the nobil king said he,  
3 My sovereign prince, sum counsell take,  
4 First at your nobles, syne at me.

**305A.51**

1 'Desyre him meet you at Penman's Core,  
2 And bring four in his companie;  
3 Fyve erles sall gang yoursell before,  
4 Gude cause that you suld honord be.

**305A.52**

1 'And, if he refuses to do that,  
2 Wi fire and sword we'll follow thee;  
3 There sall never a Murray after him  
4 Have land in Etrick forest frie.'

**305A.53**

1 The king then called a gentleman,  
2 Royal-banner-bearer then was he,  
3 James Hope Pringle of Torsonse by name;  
4 He came and knelit upon his knie.

**305A.54**

1 'Welcum, James Pringle of Torsonse;  
2 Ye man a message gae for me;  
3 Ye man gae to yon Outlaw Murray,  
4 Surely where bauldly bideth he.

**305A.55**

1 'Bid him meet me at Penman's Core,  
2 And bring four of his companie;  
3 Five erles sall cum wi mysell,  
4 Gude reason I suld honord be.

**305A.56**

1 'And if he refuses to do that,  
2 Bid him look for nae gude o me;  
3 There sall never a Murray after him  
4 Have land in Etrick forest frie.'

## 305A.57

1 James came before the Outlaw keene,  
2 And served him in his ain degree;  
3 'Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse,  
4 What tidings frae the king to me?'

## 305A.58

1 'He bids you meet him at Penman's Core,  
2 And bring four of your companie;  
3 Five erles will cum with the king,  
4 Nae more in number will he be.

## 305A.59

1 'And gif you refuse to do that,  
2 I freely here upgive with thee,  
3 There will never a Murray after thee  
4 Have land in Etrick forest frie.

## 305A.60

1 'He'll cast your bonny castell down,  
2 And make a widow of your gay ladie,  
3 He'll hang your merry men pair by pair  
4 In ony place where he may them see.'

## 305A.61

1 'It stands me hard,' the Outlaw said,  
2 'Judge if it stands not hard with me;  
3 I reck not of losing of mysell,  
4 But all my offspring after me.

## 305A.62

1 'Auld Haliday, young Haliday,  
2 Ye sall be twa to gang wi me;  
3 Andrew Murray and Sir James Murray,  
4 We'll be nae mae in cumpanie.'

## 305A.63

1 When that they came before the king,  
2 They fell before him on their knee:  
3 'Grant mercy, mercy, royal king,  
4 Een for his sake who died on tre!'

## 305A.64

1 'Sicken-like mercy sall ye have,  
2 On gallows ye sall hangit be;'  
3 'God forbid!' quo the Outlaw then,  
4 'I hope your Grace will better be.

## 305A.65

1 'These lands of Etrick forest fair,  
2 I wan them frae the enemy;  
3 Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,  
4 Contrair all kings in Christentie.'

## 305A.66

1 All the nobilis said, the king about,  
2 Pitye it were to see him die:  
3 'Yet graunt me mercye, sovereign prince,  
4 Extend your favour unto me!

## 305A.67

1 'I'll give you the keys of my castell,  
2 With the blessing of my fair ladie;  
3 Mak me the sheriff of the forest,  
4 And all my offspring after me.'

## 305A.68

5 'Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,  
6 With the blessing of thy fair ladye?  
7 I'll mak the shiryff of the forest,  
8 Surely while upwards grows the trie;  
9 If you be not traytoure to the king,  
10 Forfaulted sall ye never be.'

## 305A.69

1 'But, prince, what sall cum o my men?  
2 When I go back, traitour they'll ca me;  
3 I had rather lose my life and land,  
4 Eer my merry men rebuked me.'

## 305A.70

5 'Will your merry men amend their lives  
6 And all their pardouns I grant thee:  
7 Now name thy landes wh'er they be,  
8 And here I render them to thee.'

## 305A.71

1 'Fair Philiphaugh, prince, is my awin,  
2 I biggit it wi lime and stane;  
3 The Tinnies and the Hangingshaw,  
4 My leige, are native steeds of mine.

## 305A.72

1 '.....  
2 .....  
3 I have mony steeds in the forest shaw,  
4 But them by name I dinna know.'

## 305A.73

1 The keys of the castell he gave the king,  
2 With the blessing of his fair ladye;  
3 He was made sheryff of Etrick forest,  
4 Surely while upward grows the trie;

## 305A.73

5 And, if he was not traytoure to the king,  
6 Forfaulted he suld never be.

## 305A.74

1 Wha ever heard, in ony tymes,  
2 Sicken an outlaw in his degree  
3 Sic favour get before a king  
4 As did the Outlaw Murray of the forest frie?

## 305B.1

1 ETTERICK FOREST's pleasant land,  
2 And it grows mony a bonny tree;  
3 With buck and doe and a wild beast,  
4 As castle stands right bonnilie.

## 305B.2

1 Yon castle has twa unicorns,  
2 The like I never saw wi my ee,  
3 The picture of a knight and lady bright,  
4 And the green hollin's aboon her [bree].

## 305B.3

1 Word is gane to Edinbro town  
2 .....  
3 That there's an Outlaw in Etterick forest  
4 That keeps as fine a court as he.

## 305B.4

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.5

1 He has ca'd up Mr James Boyd,  
2 A highland laird I'm sure was he:  
3 'Ye must gae to Etterick forest  
4 And see of wha he had his land,  
5 And wha pays yon men meat and fee.'

## 305B.6

1 He's tane his leave o the king and court,  
2 Een as hard as he may dree;  
3 When he came in O'er London edge,  
4 He viewed the forest wi his ee.

## 305B.7

1 He thought it was as pleasant a land  
2 As ever his two eyes did see,  
3 But when he came in oer . . . ,  
4 They were a' ranked on Newark lee.

## 305B.8

1 O waly, but they were bonny to see!  
2 Five hundred men playing at the ba;  
3 They were a' clad in the Lincoln green,  
4 And the Outlaw's sell in taffety.

## 305B.9

1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,  
2 'You and your brave companie;  
3 The King of Scotland hath sent me here,  
4 To see whom on you hold your lands,  
5 Or who pays thir men meat and fee.'

## 305B.10

1 The first ae man the answer made,  
2 It was the Outlaw he:  
3 'The lands they are all mine,  
4 And I pay thir men meat and fee,  
5 And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
6 Contrair the kings o Cristendie.

## 305B.11

1 'I never was a king's subject,  
2 And a king's subject I'll never be;  
3 For I wan them i the fields fighting,  
4 Where him and his nobles durst not come and see.'

## 305B.12

1 O out bespeaks the Outlaw's lady,  
2 I wot she spake right wisely;  
3 'Be good unto your nobles at home,  
4 For Edinbro mine shall never see;'  
5 But meat and drink o the best I'm sure got he.

## 305B.13

1 He has taen his leave o the Outlaw free,  
2 And een as hard as he may dree,  
3 While he came to the king's court,  
4 Where he kneeld low down on his knee.

## 305B.14

1 'What news? what news, James,' he says,  
2 'Frae yon Outlaw and his company?'  
3 'Yon forest is as fine a land  
4 As ever I did see.

## 305B.15

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 yon men meat and fee,  
5 And as he wan them so will he lose them,  
6 Contrair the kings of Cristendie.

## 305B.16

1 'He never 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.17

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.18

1 The king has ca'd up Mr James Pringle,  
2 Laird of Torson<s>e at the time was he:  
3 'Ye must gae to Etterick forest,  
4 And see wha of he had his land,  
5 And wha pays yon men meat and fee.'

## 305B.19

1 He's tane his leave o the king and court,  
2 Een as hard as he may dree;  
3 When he came in O'er London edge,  
4 He viewed the forest wi his ee.

## 305B.20

1 He thought it was as pleasant a land  
2 As ever his two eyes did see,  
3 But when he came in oer . . . ,  
4 They were a' ranked on Newark lee.

## 305B.21

1 O waly, but they were bonny to see!  
2 Five hundred men playing at the ba;  
3 They were a' clad in the Lincoln green,  
4 And the Outlaw's sell in taffety.

## 305B.22

1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,  
2 'You and your brave companie;  
3 The King of Scotland hath sent me here,  
4 To see whom on you hold your lands,  
5 Or who pays thir men meat and fee.'

## 305B.23

1 The first ae man the answer made,  
2 It was the Outlaw he:  
3 'The lands they are all mine,  
4 And I pay thir men meat and fee,  
5 And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
6 Contrair the kings o Cristendie.

## 305B.24

1 'I never was a king's subject,  
2 And a king's subject I'll never be;  
3 For I wan them i the fields fighting,  
4 Where him and his nobles durst not come and see.'

## 305B.25

1 O out bespeaks the Outlaw's lady,  
2 I wot she spake right wisely;  
3 'Be good unto your nobles at home,  
4 For Edinbro mine shall never see;'  
5 But meat and drink o the best I'm sure got he.

## 305B.26

1 'And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
2 Contrair the kings o Cristendie;  
3 I wan them frae the Soudan Turk,  
4 Whem their cuckold king durst not come to see;  
5 For I wan them in the fields fighting,  
6 Where him and his nobles durst not come to see.'

## 305B.27

1 O out bespeaks the Outlaw's lady,  
2 I wot she spake right wisely;  
3 'Be good unto your nobles at home,  
4 For Edinbro mine shall never see;'  
5 But meat and drink o the best I'm sure got he.

## 305B.28

1 He has taen his leave o the Outlaw free,  
2 And een as hard as he may dree,  
3 While he came to the king's court,  
4 Where he kneeld low down on his knee.

## 305B.29

1 'What news? what news, James,' he says,  
2 'Frae yon 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 yon 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 hae great need,  
4 . . . . .'

## 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 He's called up his little foot-page,  
5 His sister's son I trow was he.

## 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 . . . . .  
4 And tell him to send me some supply.'

## 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 get the forest fair frae him,  
4 He'll hae Moffat-dale frae me.'

## 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 he,  
3 To meet him the morn wi some supply,  
4 'For the noble king comes in the morn,  
5 And landless men 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].

## 305B.45

1 'In the day I daur not be seen,  
2 But in the night he shall me find  
3 With five hundred men and fifty, if they may  
be,  
4 And before he get the forest fair  
5 We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'

## 305B.46

6 When the king came in oer Loudon edge,  
7 Wi three thousand weel told was he,  
8 And when he came in oer . . .  
9 He viewd that forest wi his ee.

## 305B.47

1 The Outlaw and his men were a'  
2 Ranked on the Newark lee;  
3 They were a' clad in the Lincoln green,  
4 And he himsell in the taffety.

## 305B.48

1 An auld grey-haired knight has taen aff his cap,  
2 . . . . .  
3 'Pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,  
4 Two or three words to speak wi you.

## 305B.49

1 'If you please to send for the Outlaw,  
2 To see if he could with you agree,  
3 There's not a man yon Outlaw has  
4 But of yours he'll choose to be.'

## 305B.50

1 The king he has taen af his cap,  
2 He held it on his majesty;  
3 'I'll meet him the morn at the poor man's  
house,  
4 In number not above two or three;  
5 The Outlaw says, I'll hae as few as thee.

## 305B.51

1 'There's Andrew Brown, and Andrew Murray,  
2 And Mess James Murray shall gang wi me,  
3 . . . . .  
4 And nae mae shall my number be.'

## 305B.52

1 And when they came to the poor man's core  
2 They waited two lang hours or three,  
3 And they were aware of the noble king coming,  
4 And hundreds three in his company.

## 305B.53

1 'I wonder what the muckle Deel  
2 He'll learned kings to lie,  
3 For to fetch me here frae among my men  
4 Even like a dog for to die;  
5 But before I gang to Edinbro town  
6 Monny toom saddles shall there be.'

## 305B.54

1 The king he has taen aff his cap;  
2 . . . . .  
3 'It [were] great offence here,' he says,  
4 'And great pity to see thee die.'

## 305B.55

1 'For thou shalt be laerd o this forest fair  
2 As lang as upwards grows the tree  
3 adn downward the twa rivers run,  
4 If the steads thou can but rightly name to me'

## 305B.56

1 'There's Hangingshaw high and Hangingshaw  
laigh,  
2 . . . . .  
3 The Tinis and the Tinis-burn,  
4 The Newark and the Newark lee.'  
5 . . . . .

## 305C.1

1 'GAE fetch to me James Pringle wi hast,  
2 An see that he come speedilie,  
3 For he maun on to Ettrick forest,  
4 An see whae pays yon men meat and fee.'

## 305C.2

1 When James Pringle cam down oer  
Birkendalee,  
2 The hawks war yellin right loudlie,  
3 The hunds war rinnin oer hill and dale,  
4 As the bugle-horn soundit bonnilie.

## 305C.3

1 'Gae tell yer king this land's my ain,  
2 An to thir men I pay meat and fee;  
3 I took it thrae the Souden Turk,  
4 When nae sic cuckold king might be.

## 305C.4

1 'Sae as I wan, sae will I lose,  
2 Spite o the kings in Christendie;  
3 I never was a king's subject,  
4 Nor a king's subject will I ever be.'

## 305C.5

1 'Outlaw Murray says yon land's his ain,  
2 And to yon men he pays meat and fee;  
3 He took it frae the Souden Turk,  
4 When you and your men durstna come and see.'

## 305C.6

1 It was than the king he gat up in hast,  
2 An wou an angrie man was he!  
3 'I see either be king o Ettrick forest,  
4 Or king o Scotland sal he be.'

## 305C.7

1 'Gar warn me Fife an a' Lothian land,  
2 An Perth an Angus, to ride wi me,  
3 For gin we war five thousan strang  
4 Master and mair I fear he'll be.'

## 305C.8

1 When the king came oer be Birkendalee,  
2 He spy'd the forest wi his ee;  
3 There war daes an raes an monie wild beast,  
4 An a castle stannin right bonnilie.

## 305C.9

1 An in that caslte a unicorn,  
2 An, waly, but they war fair to see!  
3 A warlike knight and a lady bright,  
4 An the green halleen aboon her bree.

## 305C.10

1 An Outlaw Murray an his merry men  
2 War a' rankit up i the Newark lee,  
3 Well mountit on a milk-white steed;  
4 Waly, he rankit them bonnilie!

## 305C.11

1 His men war a clad oer wi green,  
2 An he was clad i the taffatie,  
3 Wi belt an pistle by his side;  
4 O waly, but they war fair to see!  
5 . . . . .

## 305C.12

1 'Haliday young an Halliday auld,  
2 Ye ir the men that man ride wi me;  
3 But gin we war five hunder strang  
4 Master an mair I fear they'll be.'  
5 . . . . .

## 305C.13

1 'Philliphaugh it is my ain,  
2 An Newark it belongs to me;  
3 Lewinshope an Hanginshaw  
4 Nae mortal man can claim thrae me.'  
5 . . . . .

## 305C.14

1 It was than James Boyd got up in hast,  
2 An to his merry men a' spak he;  
3 . . . . .  
4 . . . . .